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# ST. NICHOLAS

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

# FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOLUME XLV

PART I.—NOVEMBER, 1917, TO APRIL, 1918

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# ST. NICHOLAS

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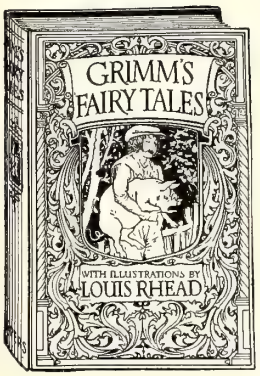
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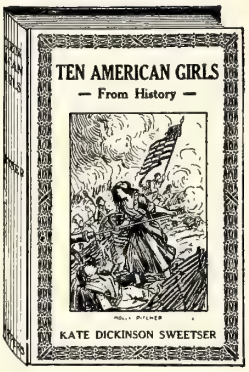



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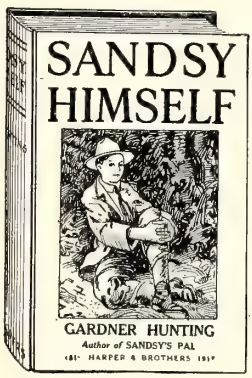
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# THE BOOK MAN

THIS year Mr. and Mrs. Knipe have written another story, with a new background. "The Lost Little Lady" (The Century Co., $1.35) is laid in New York City, during the war riots of 1863, when thirteen-year-old Nora O'Neil rescued a frightened little Southern girl from a mob of New York hoodlums. Because Nora was "a lonely bit of an Irish girl," who mothered every one, from her big rich father to Johnny Clancy, the newsboy, she took the "lost little lady" into her home and heart. "Bébée," the child called herself; and though Nora was content with this, there were others who eagerly tried to learn her last name. Was she the Patricia Cochrane stolen from her Irish home, for whom Lady Castleton sought? Or the little daughter of Captain Dennis Burke, who was a Union man in a Southern state and scorned by his neighbors as a "renegade and a traitor"?

There is no end to the mysteries the story unfolds—of the hook-nosed Mr. Hitchens, whose sinister influence drives Bébée from the home of those she loves; the theft of Mr. O'Neil's government papers, with suspicion falling on the Southern Bébée, and the fires started in the old Astor House, where the O'Neils live. The story keeps you guessing to the end and then treats you to a great surprise. Like every one who meets the warm-hearted Nora, you will fall captive to her quick generosity and her quaint humor. If you like a story about big-hearted people, a story with a historical background, a story of mystery and unexpected climaxes with an ending that is happy for every one concerned, "The Lost Little Lady" is the book you will want to buy at Christmas time.

How many Book Man readers have crossed the palm of an old Gypsy and listened to her while she foretold strange happenings to come in later years? How would any one of you feel if at six years old a Gypsy said of you: "Poor, she shall rule lands fit for a princess. Unwanted, she shall be beloved by all. And her star is the star of war!" Fulfilling this prophecy, little Beatrice Travers found herself, six years later, alone and dressed in her brother's clothes, aboard a ship to America to live

with her Cousin John, who had said he could not take a girl to live with him in what Beatrice called his "Wampum" in Philadelphia. How she helped the great General Washington in the war, and met Dr. Franklin and many other great people known to American history, form the charming story of "The Lucky Sixpence" (The Century Co., $1.25), written by Emilie Benson Knipe and Arthur Alden Knipe.

In "Beatrice of Denewood" (The Century Co., $1.25) these same two authors continue the story of the English maiden who became so good a patriot. All the Colonial cousins whom she meets in the former book are found once more in the second, only two years older and wiser. The Revolution still goes on, and the lives of Beatrice and John are intimately connected with its vicissitudes. They find themselves parted by the width of the Atlantic. But the Gypsy's prophecy comes true and Beatrice returns to happiness and Denewood. Every girl will read with interest this plucky girl's life and her misadventures through her search for pirate treasures.



ILLUSTRATION FROM PEG O' THE RING

The third and last of the Denewood stories is "Peg o' the Ring" (The Century Co., $1.25). Peg entered "The Lucky Sixpence" as a winsome, laughter-loving youngster who saved Jack's life one time by mewing like a forlorn kitten and who afterward mischievously said, "Isn't it lucky I d-d-don't s-s-stutter when I mew?" Peg possessed a courage no less admirable than Beatrice's, and the story of the dangers she encountered in defending Bee's small son, Jacky, "the Eaglet" takes us back to the days when Indians still promenaded city streets and menaced the peace of country folk.

The Book Man


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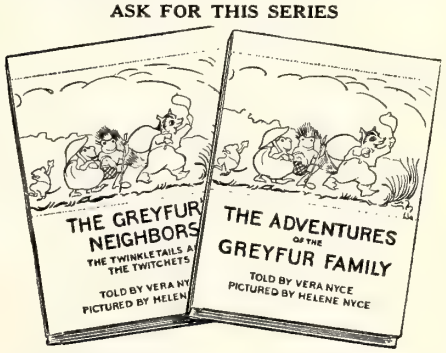



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Also See Pages 53 and 54

*"The Christmas which comes twelve times a year"*

# ST. NICHOLAS

## for 1918

WITH its November issue ST. NICHOLAS enters upon the forty-fourth year of its remarkable success as recognized mentor and "chum" of American boys and girls. No other periodical has ever held quite the unique place in the affection of young readers that ST. NICHOLAS won for itself long ago and has maintained for almost half a century. As a friendly parent of to-day, who was an ardent reader of ST. NICHOLAS in his teens, and now shares his boys' appreciation of it, recently remarked: "The wonder is how the Saint can keep it up at the same old pace—or even better! But ST. NICHOLAS long ago ranged itself right along-side of Santa Claus, who can never grow old either, so there you are! *Which of them was named after the other?*" The magazine is, in reality, as truly devoted to the cheer and happiness and welfare of boys and girls as is Santa Claus Himself.

Its continued stories are sure to interest and enliven, with every page, and yet in theme and incident to be of sterling value in the molding of character. During the past year, for instance, the magazine has had the good fortune to print, as its leading serial, a story which, on publication in book form, has everywhere been acclaimed with the warmest praise of newspaper reviewers. "The New York Times" declared that it "will be read with pleasure by people who are small and young, while people who are larger and older also will read it with pleasure combined, if they have humor and sense, with profit." "The Evening Post" avers: "There is not a dull moment in it." And "The New York Tribune": "From first to last it simply throbs with warm-hearted human nature; and blithely ripples with irresistible humor; and is instinct with practical wisdom that the sagest philosopher might envy."

As for short stories and articles, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe":—biographical and historical sketches, both informative and inspiring; travel papers, written by well-known tourists or explorers, and illustrated with special photographs "taken on the spot"; reviews of sports and athletic events; records of great inventions or achievements in the scientific world, explained in simple language and with diagrams; stories of adventure; fanciful tales and legends; and a whole miscellany of delightful rhymes and jingles, of witty fun and frolic, and of mirth-provoking pictures as well as many a masterpiece of art—the number of such features as these that the magazine continues to crowd into each and every volume is amazing and seems well-nigh inexhaustible.

A leading serial for 1918 will be

## "LOST ISLAND"

**By Ralph Henry Barbour and H. P. Holt.**

IN "Lost Island" the reader is taken to the romantic and ever mysterious South Seas in the footsteps of the youthful hero, Dave Hallard, and his grown-up chum, Bruce Tempest. The tale is first and foremost a sea story, for, from the time he listens to the yarn of the lost

**(See next page**

bark *Hatteras* and her treasure of platinum bars, from the old sailor on a Brooklyn dock, until, having faced many perils and adventures afloat and ashore, he and Tempest and Kanaka Jim raise the distant outlines of Lost Island, Dave is never long away from a ship's deck. And many a deck his feet become acquainted with, from that of the ocean tramp *Pacific Queen* on which he embarks at the outset of his wanderings to, at last, that of the little schooner *Nautilus* which bears them away from Washington Island in the Pacific on their stirring race with a certain breezy Westerner for the wreck of the *Hatteras* and her long-lost treasure. What happens after this should not be told here; but the story is a tense narrative from start to finish—a genuine adventure-story of the best sort that will be welcomed both by young readers and their elders.

Another serial, for girls, is

## "CINDERELLA'S GRANDDAUGHTER"

**By Beth B. Gilchrist.**

MISS GILCHRIST is well-known to a wide circle of readers through her admirable "Life of Mary Lyon" and a series of story-books for girls; and she has endeared herself to ST. NICHOLAS young folk by several short stories of remarkable power and charm. "The End of the Road" and "Where Journeys End" are among the most memorable contributions the magazine has printed within recent years. But in this new story, which will run through five or six numbers, their author has surpassed all her previous work.

A third serial of rare literary excellence and assured of a warm welcome is a set of four articles entitled

## "MOTORING THROUGH THE GOLDEN AGE"

**By Albert Bigelow Paine.**

MR. PAINE'S "Boys' Life of Mark Twain", published originally as a year-long serial in ST. NICHOLAS in 1916, and a number of single contributions of earlier and later date, have won for him a high place among the special favorites of the magazine's readers. And this series of articles, tinged with poetry and romance and spiced with delightful humor, in its author's best vein, forms a set of travel papers of unusual quality and distinction. Moreover, they are written from the heart, out of a great love for France, and cannot fail to inspire a like reverence and affection in the boys and girls who are so fortunate as to read them month by month. A certain chapter traverses the very region of the Marne where the heroic soldiers of the French Republic have since saved the liberties of the world.

AS a single illustration of how even complicated technical knowledge is brought home to Young America in clear and understandable form, Mr. A. Russell Bond, Managing Editor of "The Scientific American", contributed within the past three years two long serials, "With Men Who Do Things" and "On the Battlefront of Engineering", which won high praise both from the boy-readers interested in mechanics and from prominent educators. During the coming winter, Mr. Bond will furnish three articles that will enable boys to understand far more clearly than many grown-ups the special news from the front; for they will deal with

1. Heavy and Field Artillery (Construction and life of a big gun. Mortars and rifles. Disappearing guns and how they work; why not used in the European war. Maximum range.

(See next page

Range finding, how affected by the weather. Shells; high-explosive, shrapnel, smoke and searchlight shells. How the fuse works. Ground covered by shrapnel shells. Curtain of fire.)

2. Machine Guns (The Gatling, Maxim, Colt, Bennet-Mercier and Lewis guns, showing just how they work. Complicated mechanical operations that take place in a fraction of a second. Use of machine guns on land and in the air. Concealed emplacements. Machine gun forts that rise out of the ground.

3. Submarine Warfare (Construction, operation, range, etc., of torpedoes and guns used on submarines. Disguises of the submarine. Handicaps of the U-boat. How submarines are netted. Submarine chasers and why no longer very efficient. Depth bombs. How ships defend themselves; zigzagging, smoke boxes, camouflage, etc. Schemes for ship protection and why they fail.)

Again and again, when a teacher or parent has chanced to ask assembled youngsters a "poser" about some leading person or event or other subject of interest, and—to his surprise—has received a full and satisfactory answer from some one of them, his second query: "Why, where did you find out all that, Johnny?" has met with the response: "Oh, ST. NICHOLAS told us all about it!"

BUT while the first aim of the magazine is to furnish its young readers with wholesome entertainment—to be a special mental playground for their leisure hour—and its second ambition is to provide a varied store of wholesome knowledge and inspiration—there is still a third field in which it has always been, and will always strive to be, pre-eminent. For no magazine for young folk should neglect the imaginative element that alike offers a stimulus to the imagination of the boy or girl reader and joyous surcease from work-a-day existence in the "once-upon-a-time"-ness of that realm of fancy "where anything can happen and the world is always young". Stories of this sort are sure to be found, in plenty, in every volume of ST. NICHOLAS, from the days of the famous "Davy and the Goblin" and "The Admiral's Caravan" to Will Bradley's "Wonder-Box". During 1918, the magazine will print a series of delightful fanciful stories under the general title of

## "THE JOYOUS TRAVELERS"

**By Emilie Poulsson and Maud Lindsay.**

A SERIES of tales told by the "travelers" to beguile the journey for the "Squire's Little Son". These stories will be profusely and beautifully illustrated.

### INTRODUCTION

"Once in the month of May when loud called Cuckoo, and fair bloomed the hawthorn, certain Joyous Travelers met at an inn by the King's Highway.

"And because they were all homeward bound and because their ways lay in the same direction, and because they liked good company and merry, they agreed to travel together.

"A Squire there was and his Lady:
Their little Son, and his good Nurse,
Two Sisters, young and fair to see;
Their Aunt and her Scotch Maid,
An Oxford Scholar, bound to see his mother;
A Chapman (peddler) with his pack upon his back;
A Farmer who had been to see the sights of London Town;
And with his servant, a sturdy fellow,
A Young Lord, hastening to his manor.

"And on their way, at inn, or brook, or spreading tree, each one in turn, a Tale did tell, to please the Squire's little son, and while away the time.

Thus did they travel pleasantly from meeting place to journey's end."

The foregoing lists include only a few of the most prominent features of the new volume of the magazine. Other announcements of equal importance will be made soon, and in forthcoming numbers its young readers will have the pleasure of welcoming a play by Mary Austin, "The Man Who Didn't Believe in Christmas"; a thrilling short serial by George E. Walsh, "The Code Signal", telling how a boy discovers and defeats a submarine; articles on "Tactics and Strategy" and "Digging In", by Captain Frank E. Channon; "How President Lincoln helped a little girl to earn her missionary money"; "Over the Rockies by Electricity"; "Rediscovering the Mississippi"; "The Yankee Doodle Scarab"; etc., etc.

**(See next page ➔➔**

## (*St. Nicholas for 1918*)

### For Country and Liberty

In its July issue the magazine inaugurated perhaps the most important of all its departments, devoted to the development and increase of a genuine patriotic spirit, and entitled "For Country and for Liberty". It is dedicated to patriotic service in behalf of the young readers of the magazine, explaining the issues of the great world-conflict now in progress and calling attention to the various projects and methods that have received the official sanction of our government, by which boys and girls of the high-school age can render aid or be of service to their country. It has been enthusiastically welcomed by the zealous young patriots who read the magazine.

### The Watch Tower

A department recently begun is entitled "The Watch Tower", and, as the name implies, is a review of the most important and significant current events from month to month, thus presenting "history in the making" to its young readers. It has been ably conducted by Dr. Samuel E. Forman, for years a prominent instructor and the author of "First Lessons in American History". Mr. Edward N. Teall, a well-known journalist, and for several years on the Editorial Staff of the New York "Sun," takes charge of the Department with this November issue.

### Nature and Science

Several pages, each month, are devoted to "Nature and Science", in which the young readers are introduced both to the wonders of nature and to the latest achievements of science and invention. This department has long been a favorite in schools and is regarded everywhere by teachers as a most useful adjunct in awakening and inspiring in their young pupils both the love of nature and interest in the various scientific projects and marvels of our day.

### Books and Reading

Of equal importance in another field is the "Books and Reading" department which for some years past has been edited by Hildegarde Hawthorne, a granddaughter of America's most famous novelist. A gifted writer herself, Miss Hawthorne has a sympathetic understanding of the needs of her young readers, and an unusual gift for skillfully imparting to them the love and appreciation of good literature. Miss Hawthorne is not content with merely pointing out the inestimable worth of literary masterpieces, but her glowing pages are sure to arouse an equal enthusiasm in the minds of those who read them. This department also has received the warmest commendation both in the school and the home, where its value and vital importance are fully recognized.

### St. Nicholas League

In this particular, however, the magazine itself has long set the example in the department, "The St. Nicholas League", which was inaugurated in November, 1899, and for seventeen years has been a union of cheerful, fun-loving, and industrious young people, bound together by worthy aims and accomplishments, and stimulated by a wide range of competitions that offer every member a chance of recognition and success. The four principal competitions are in prose writing, verse writing, drawing, and photography, and in each one the results obtained almost immediately and maintained regularly for some fifteen years, have constantly called forth expressions of delight and astonishment from all the grown folk who have read or inspected them.

### The Letter-Box

The St. Nicholas "Letter-Box" prints every month a selection of the letters received from its young readers, nearly all of them of a unique charm or interest. And they come literally from all over the world, for there seems to be no corner of the earth where St. Nicholas is not known and loved—from Alaska to Australia, throughout both hemispheres and even in the islands of the farthest seas.

**Now is the best time of the year to subscribe for ST. NICHOLAS, the best-loved magazine in the world. During this Autumn Season more serial stories are begun than at any other season. Moreover, those who join the great international family of ST. NICHOLAS readers now are sure of getting the wonderful Christmas number, which is of extraordinary richness and size, and which is usually sold out early on the news-stands. Subscribe now.**

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## *Stories of Adventure for Young People*

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Allen French is the author of books for boys and girls which never lose their popularity. Perhaps this is because, being a father to several young people, he has always kept in close touch with their interests and sports.

"The Golden Eagle" is his latest book. The same Pelham and Harriet who figured in "The Runaway" are among the leading characters of the new story, the scenes of which are laid along the New England coast during the summer season, when boating and sailing are the principal pleasures of the young.

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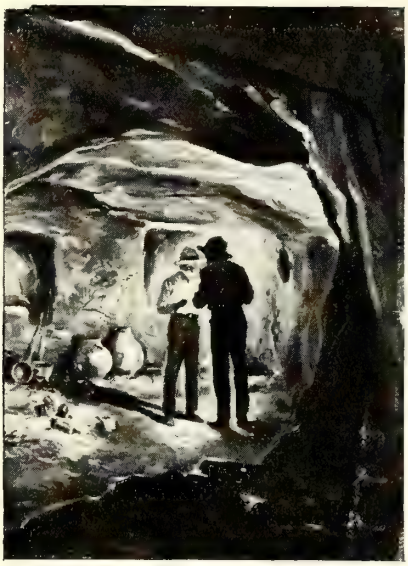
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Mr. Hargrave was a "Secret Finder"; that is, he went about digging up secrets of how the world was made, to put them into books that read like romances. His son David, Billy his nephew, and their small negro chum Robert Lee Abe Lincoln George Washington Sherman—known for short as "Rags"—went with him and they hunted buried treasure and all sorts of adventures, and found them aplenty. Wild-Cat Pete, their guide, did not need to search for adventures. Every day held many for him.

Just to read the chapter headings will make every boy and girl eager to devour this fascinating story. From "The Start" to "A Feast and Farewell," there isn't a page without its thrill. And between these chapters lies the story of "The Hotel and the Big Guide"; "A Terrible Sound"; "The Find"; "Shooting the Rapids"; "A Runaway Burro and a Flood"; "Goodbye, Canyon, Howd'ye Do, Indians," and other adventures.

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The wilderness held many an unguessed adventure for them, threatening disaster and sometimes death: a fight with a mad timber-wolf, for example, an escape from a wounded, infuriated bull-moose, an encounter with a black bear, and the enmity of Larue, the half-breed, whose drunken hatred started the forest fires. And always the bees—swarming, robbing, fighting, winging their way through the sunlight to gather the golden honey; guarding the Queen Bee, and protecting their hives from all invaders.

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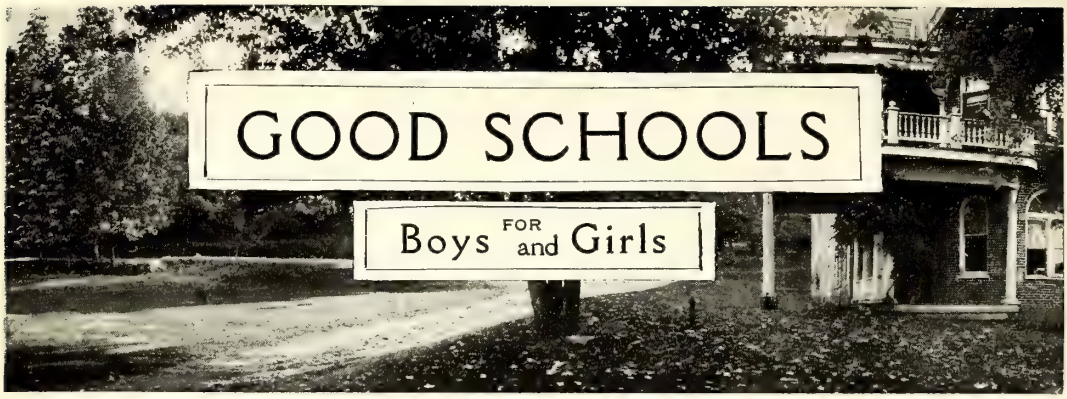
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# ST. NICHOLAS

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## LOST ISLAND

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR AND H. P. HOLT

### CHAPTER I

IN WHICH DAVID HALLARD HEARS THE CALL OF THE SEA

"I DARE say you 've seen a lot of strange things in the South Seas," said David Hallard, a bit wistfully.

"Aye, there 's queer sights in them latitudes," agreed the old sailor, pausing in his task of slapping paint on the side of the ship and gazing thoughtfully across the sunlit harbor. "Lots an' lots of 'em," he added after a moment as, lighting his pipe again, he went on with his work. "I suppose you 've never been to sea, have you?" he asked, casting a sidelong glance at the boy who, for the last half-hour had been perched on the string-piece of the wharf, his legs dangling above the oily water.

"Not yet," answered Dave, regretfully.

"An' I guess you 're seventeen, eh? Or maybe a bit more."

"Sixteen," the boy replied. He was, however, tall for sixteen, and there was the promise of much strength in his broad shoulders. A keen enthusiasm for outdoor sports had developed his body and, without doubt, fostered the determination apparent in the firm mouth, the square chin, and the steady gray eyes.

"Well, when I was your age," said the mariner, "I was cabin-boy under old Captain Zebalon Pratt. He was one of your old-fashioned Yankee skippers, and no mistake, and many 's the dose of rope's-end I got, my hearty. Barrin' the rope's-end, though, I liked it all well enough. It 's a hard life, but it 's the only life for me. It gets a hold over you, but it ain't a bed of roses at any time. We 've just finished a rough enough time this last voyage, after we left Honolulu for home, and I won't say there was n't a while when I 'd have given a month's pay to feel solid land under my feet. But it 's forgotten now."

"Were you ever shipwrecked?" the boy asked.

"Three times. Once off the coast of China, once in the Mediterranean, and once hard by New Guinea."

He paused for a moment, while allowing his memory to dwell upon those vivid moments.

"I don't know, though," he went on, "that any of them shipwrecks ever proved quite so excitin' as the last shakin' up we had in this steamer. When you get an easterly gale blowin' in that part of the Pacific, it suttinly comes good and hard. We were making a course 'most due sou'east when the wind hit us. It came sudden, cuttin' slices clean off the surface, and the old ship listed over till I thought she was a goner. Her port rail was right under water, and the big waves that broke over us sometimes reached half-way up the funnel. One man must have gone overboard at once, and the mate was knocked senseless against a stanchion. He 'd have gone too, but he got entangled in some gear, and after a while we dragged him under shelter.

"It sure was blowin' for about an hour, and

then it eased off quick like, but we knew what to expect when it started again. Everything loose had been shot over the side, and one of the boats had been stove in. We just had time to get ready for the next snorter before it arrived, and then the old ship was nearly lifted clean out of water. You 've heard of seas runnin' mountains high, p'raps. Well, them seas was like mountains, and we were slidin' down the sides same as the coasters at Coney, only it did n't cost ten cents a time, and we did n't know exactly what was going to happen when we got to the bottom."

The sailor put down the paint-brush and recharged his pipe with great care before continuing:

"Give me an old wind-jammer for weatherin' a gale. You never know what 's going to happen to these new-fangled steam contraptions. The ship's engines was 'most shook to pieces after two days of it, and we all made up our minds we 'd seen the last of New York or anywhere else on dry land. The ship was leakin' enough to scare any one, and it was too rough to use the hand-pumps. We 'd drifted some distance out of our course between Fanning and Christmas Islands when the current and wind took us under the lee of another island, and that saved us. Before you could say 'knife' we had the anchor down and were ridin' as comfortable and snug as any man could want.

"We sheltered for three days under that bit of a place. As a rule, you don't get much besides low coral islands in them waters, but there was a hill on this one. I remember that, from where we were lyin', part of the island looked a good deal like a camel's back.

"We were anchored off a little lagoon, and one day the captain sees something that might have been a wreck half buried in the sand. When the gale had spent itself he went ashore in a boat, thinkin' p'raps there might be a chance of a bit of salvage. But there was n't. It was an old bark that must have been lost some years ago. We reckoned she 'd struck a reef of rocks outside the lagoon, drifted over them afterwards, and landed inside the cove where we found her. Only the stumps of her masts were left. I remember her name. We could just make it out on a copper plate where the bell had hung. She was the *Hatteras*."

"Had the crew been saved?" Dave asked.

"Bless you, I dunno," replied the mariner. "There 's hundreds and hundreds of ships breakin' to pieces off the track of regular traffic, and only the sea knows what became of the men on 'em; and she don't tell. No, siree! she holds her secrets fast."

"But did n't the people on the island know?" the boy queried.

There was a comical look in the old man's eyes as he regarded his questioner.

"Say, sonny," he said, "you don't think there 's trolley-cars runnin' and department stores on every little two-by-four dump in the South Seas?"

"I thought there might be a few natives," Dave suggested.

"Well, sometimes you find a bunch of them stoppin' on an island, but we did n't see anything livin' there except a few turtles and seabirds that knew nothing and cared less about how the *Hatteras* got there. You never know what luck is comin' your way when you' re a sailor. It might be our turn to get piled up on a rock after we leave here to-night at high water."

Somebody on deck called to the mariner. Dave, with a curious feeling, watched him clamber over the side and disappear. At high water the old salt was to begin a new series of adventures, all with the smack of the sea in them. In his imagination the boy depicted the sailor as undergoing hairbreadth escapes and encountering perils of every description, all of which he would overcome so that when the ship reached port he could sit contentedly in a swinging cradle, painting the hull, and applying innumerable matches to a most obstinate pipe.

Dave came of sea-going stock, the Hallards having followed the sea for generations. Dave's father created a record in his early manhood by driving a clipper from Hong Kong to San Francisco in thirty-three days; and old Phineas Hallard, David's grandfather, had been a pioneer in the copra trade with the West Indies.

From one window of his home in Brooklyn the boy could obtain a panoramic view of the ceaseless traffic in the harbor to and from New York—big, stately mail-boats with tugs puffing fussily at their sides; mysterious, birdlike sailing-ships with crowded canvas; strings of barges in tow; rusty and lazy tramp steamers homeward bound after wonderful voyages to foreign lands. The sight of these messengers of the deep stirred something in the blood of Dave Hallard. He liked to go down to the wharf on his way home from school and drift into conversation, just as he had done to-day, with men who had sailed to distant ports. On this occasion he had been lucky. The old mariner with the paint-brush had been full of reminiscences; and for the first time Dave, as he walked home, felt that the glamor of the sea was something real to him—something that was bound to have a vital influence over him. Hitherto his life had been

wrapped up in school, sports, and his home, but now it was dawning on him that there was a great world outside that in which he had moved so far, a world in which he would, sooner or later, take his place. Some day he, too, might stand on a ship scudding before the breeze, under the wonderful Southern Cross where flying-fish skimmed the water and turtles lived on desert islands. He threw out his chest a little and sniffed the crisp air of early spring straight from the broad Atlantic. It seemed good. He felt a vague regret that he was not with the old mariner on the tramp steamer, learning the mysteries of sails and halyards and hovering on the brink of great unknown adventures.



"'WERE YOU EVER SHIPWRECKED?' THE BOY ASKED."

Dave was quiet when he entered the house. His Aunt Martha, who had been a mother to him ever since he could remember, glanced at him curiously several times, thinking something was worrying the boy, for he was usually bubbling over with good spirits.

"What 's amiss, Dave?" she asked at last, while preparing supper. "You 're not sick, are you?"

"I 'm all right," he said, coming out of a reverie with a start. "I was only thinking, Aunt Martha, what do people do when—when they want to be sailors?"

"For the land's sake, this boy has got it too!" she exclaimed, with a touch of pathos in her voice. "All the Hallards go the same way, and there 's no stopping them as soon as they get out of short pants."

Dave's thoughts were far away. The sting of salt air on his cheeks that afternoon, and the sailor's reminiscences, had stirred him strangely. Hitherto he had not been directly thrown into association much with sailors. True, there were in his home a dozen distinctive signs that his father had spent many years at sea—a full-rigged four-master careening over on a painted ocean, under a glass case, in the parlor; two assagais and a knobkerrie picked up at some South African port; a compass and an old brass sextant kept in a sacred place; a pair of powerful binoculars; strangely carved figures which might at one time have been idols in some heathenish land. But these relics had been collected some years before. Andrew Hallard gave up the sea soon after Dave was born.

"Supper is ready," said Aunt Martha, resignedly. "Go and tell your dad."

Dave obeyed mechanically.

"The sea is calling this boy already," Miss Hallard said a little later as she served their frugal meal. "He 's puzzling how to get afloat now."

Captain Hallard cast an uneasy glance at his son. He had always expected this eventuality, but somehow the possibility of the wrench had seemed a long way off.

"There 's time enough to think about that, lad," he declared; but even as he said it he knew the boy's days ashore must be numbered now. Long ago, he, and generations of his men-folk, had passed through the same phase.

Dave was Captain Hallard's only son, and there

was a strong affinity between them. The man dreaded the moment when his boy must go, only to return occasionally between long voyages, but he knew the power with which the sea must be calling Dave.

There had been a time when a business career had seemed probable for Dave. That was when Andrew Hallard first gave up the sea. He had made a considerable fortune by sea trading and wise investment. Everything appeared rosy in those days, and if Captain Hallard had rested on his laurels, all would have been well. He was a true sailor and knew his work thoroughly, but success had made him ambitious for greater things. The business of underwriting ships is one which needs not only a close knowledge of shipping, but also considerable skill in the world of finance. It appeared, however, to Andrew Hallard to offer excellent opportunities, and he launched forth into it. For a while luck went with him, but one or two of his speculations came to grief. In order to recoup himself for these losses he plunged a shade deeper, taking risks about which more experienced men would have hesitated. At this critical moment two vessels were lost, and in order to pay the insurance he had to raise a mortgage on his own property which left him financially crippled. It did not take him long to discover that without the power of money behind him his position in business amounted to nothing, and he had to hunt for the command of another ship. On his first voyage, however, rheumatism, brought on by long exposure in bad weather, left him unfit for the one profession he had at his finger-tips. Then he was compelled to settle down ashore and share his home with his sister Martha.

Aunt Martha had a very small income and few relatives. She was a prim, elderly lady with a profound distrust of anything in the way of speculation. Several times before Andrew Hallard's crash arrived she warned him that a bird in the hand was safer than ten in a bush, but when he came back, almost a physical wreck, to his motherless boy, her heart softened, and she threw in her lot with his. It was sometimes a struggle for them to make ends meet, but her brother Andrew had been good to her in his successful days, so it gave her additional pleasure to help him now.

The bitterest blow was when his little estate on Long Island went—the home he had worked for during so many years. It was just the sort of place a sea-captain might picture, during his travels, as that in which he could spend the autumn of his life contentedly. When it was built, and he went to live there, he called the house "Journey's End." It was perched high on a cliff, facing the sea he loved, and while he lived there he spent many hours watching the distant ships through a telescope. Once or twice in recent years he had taken Dave with him to look at the old place, drawn to it by happy memories, but the visit always made him unhappy.

"Journey's End" was now occupied by Stephen Strong, an old friend of Captain Hallard, who had come to the rescue when the mortgage was foreclosed. Mr. Strong was a New Englander, and when the time came for him to take possession he did so regretfully, declaring that at any time the fortunes of the Hallards changed once more he would be willing to leave the house.

"I 'm a wanderer, anyway," he said, "so I guess this won't be the end of my journey. Besides, I was bred and born in Gloucester, and when I drop my anchor the last time it ought to be there. Cheer up, Hallard, you 'll be heaving me out of this place yet."

Mr. Strong often made some similar remark when Captain Hallard revisited the house on the cliff, and Captain Hallard laughed at such cheery optimism, for he knew his days of fortune-hunting were over. Dave, however, was imbued with a youthful notion of retrieving the family fortunes, and he realized that as it must be many years before he could obtain command of a ship himself, the sooner he got to work the better. A few days after his encounter with the ancient mariner he spoke to his father on the subject.

"Tush, lad, what 's put such notions into your head?" Andrew Hallard asked, anxious to draw from the boy his real feelings.

"I don't think I should like to be anything but a sailor, Dad," the boy said. Then he told his father of his talk with the old salt. Captain Hallard listened, and nodded. It came to him as an echo of his own boyhood. Thus encouraged, Dave warmed up, and repeated some of the sailor's stories. When he came to the discovery of the *Hatteras* on a desert island his father turned quickly in his chair.

*"Hatteras, Hatteras,"* he repeated, wrinkling his brows. "I seem to remember something about a ship called the *Hatteras,* years ago, but I don't recall exactly what for the moment."

He drummed his finger-tips on the edge of the chair and looked up at the ceiling.

"Why!" he exclaimed after a pause; "was n't there a ship called the *Hatteras* disappeared once? I think I 've got something about it in my book of newspaper cuttings. Let me see."

He foraged in a drawer, fished out an old collection of clippings, and turned over the leaves.

## Chapter II

### The Mystery of the Bark *Hatteras*

"Here she is," he said at last. "This can't be the same *Hatteras* that you 're talking about though, because they searched everywhere for her at the time."

Adjusting his glasses, Captain Hallard read:

"A strange mystery of the sea is recalled now that the bark *Hatteras* is definitely given up for lost. Six months have elapsed since she was last heard of in the Pacific Ocean, and the owners have no alternative but to regard her as sunk. The vessel herself was fully insured, but not the cargo, and it now appears that the latter included one small shipment which was of considerable value, consisting of a quantity of platinum. A good deal of money has been spent, since she was first reported missing, in searching for any trace of the *Hatteras,* but no sign of her has been discovered.

"A curious feature of the story is that no man knows, or ever will know, exactly where this valuable consignment came from originally. Possibly it was mined in New Guinea, where platinum is known to exist, or possibly in some part of Australia, but that must always remain a matter for conjecture.

"About a year ago Messrs. Jacobs & Krantz of San Francisco, dealers in precious metals, received a letter from one Vance Peters, written at Sydney, New South Wales. Peters stated that he had discovered a rich deposit of platinum, and had worked on it for two years until the supply was exhausted. He said he had melted it down into bars, had deposited it in a Sydney bank, and now wanted Jacobs & Krantz to market it for him, as facilities for disposing of it in Sydney were not good.

"The San Francisco firm consented to handle the transaction, and in due course received a letter from Peters announcing that he was sailing from Sydney on the *Hatteras,* bringing the platinum with him. There the known history of the platinum almost ends. After the *Hatteras* put to sea she was spoken twice between Sydney and Honolulu. Then there swept over that part of the Pacific the succession of devastating north-easterly gales which wreaked havoc among shipping there six months ago. Vessels of all kinds were blown far out of their course, and many of them were lost. The last heard of the *Hatteras* was a report from the ship *Minerva* that she had passed within a mile of her in the neighbourhood of Fanning Island. The bark was then partly dismantled and flying signals of distress. The *Minerva* herself was in great difficulties, and was unable to go to her assistance. From that moment the *Hatteras* became a thing of mystery. It is probable that she foundered with all hands in water a mile deep. There are many islands, mostly low-lying coral reefs, in that part of the Pacific, and in the faint hope that the treasure-ship might have gone on one of these, Messrs. Jacobs & Krantz arranged with a vessel that was due to pass there to explore the region thoroughly, and the captains of other ships were offered a reward for definite news. But nothing has ever been heard of the ill-fated vessel or those who were on her."

While his father was reading the old newspaper cutting Dave Hallard sat motionless, his hands gripping the arms of the chair tightly.

"That sailor told me the *Hatteras* they saw was near Fanning Island, Dad," he said eagerly.

Captain Hallard looked up quickly.

"That 's queer," he said. "I wonder if she could have been the same ship."

"Well, if she was, Dad, and nobody's got that platinum out of her——"

"*If,*" Captain Hallard interrupted, laughing. "I guess there are lots of ifs. To begin with, your sailor probably was spinning a yarn, and even if he did see the old wreck of the *Hatteras,* she must have been smashed to pieces long ago. Everything in her would be washed away by now. Besides, where was this island he saw her on?"

"I remembered he mentioned Fanning Island when you read it just now," said Dave; "and besides that he said they were sailing between there and an island called Christmas when they came across the wreck of the *Hatteras.*"

"That 's a pretty wide field," commented Captain Hallard. "Those two places are hundreds of miles apart, and you might spend a lifetime hunting about there for what you were after."

"He also said there was a hill," declared Dave, as the ancient mariner's story came back to his memory, "that looked like the back of a camel."

"You 're sure he did n't say a cow, or a rabbit?" Captain Hallard asked jocularly. "I 'm afraid, Dave, he was having fun with you."

"I don't think so," Dave replied quietly. He had the greatest faith in his father's judgment, but on the other hand he had a vivid memory of the old sailor's simple directness.

Aunt Martha, who had been sitting knitting industriously, as usual, throughout the conversation, made no comment, and registered a mental note of the fact that Dave was growing more like his father every day. The Hallards did not have those steady grey eyes for nothing. It had been inflexible devotion to one purpose which enabled the retired sea-captain to amass his original fortune, and Dave was already exhibiting the same capacity for sticking to his guns, whatever object he wished to achieve. And she knew that the boy's determination to go to sea would never leave him until the salt water was rolling under him. This new notion that had entered his head, of treasure-ships lying waiting to disgorge their precious stores, would most likely add a romantic tinge to his desire, making certain that still another of the Hallards was to take to the roving life.

A day or two later, after supper, Dave produced a school atlas, and pored over it with a pencil and paper, measuring off distances.

"Dad, how long would it take for a bark to sail a hundred and fifty miles?" he asked.

"About a thousand years if there was n't any wind."

"Yes, but with a fair wind?"

"Oh, maybe a day or two. Why?"

"Then it only takes a day or two to go from Fanning Island to Christmas Island in a bark in a fair wind?" said Dave.

"It depends how long you waste on the way picking up that treasure," replied Captain Hallard, with a twinkle in his eye. "Don't you worry, my lad. Hard dollars don't come like that. You 're just as likely to bump up in Broadway against a solid chunk of gold so big that it holds up the traffic as anybody is to rescue a fortune that 's been lost in the sea for years."

"I know that, Dad," Dave agreed. "But it does seem an awful shame that the man who spent two years mining the stuff should never have got here with it safely. I asked Billy Tench yesterday to find out from his father what platinum is worth. Billy's father works in a jewelry store. I wrote down what he said to show you. How much do you guess Mr. Peters would have got for the stuff if he had reached America with it?"

Captain Hallard puffed at his pipe and wrinkled his brows in an effort of mental arithmetic.

"I suppose somewhere between ten and twenty dollars an ounce," he guessed.

"Wrong," corrected Dave. "At that time it was worth over thirty dollars an ounce."

"Rough luck on Peters," commented Captain Hallard. He knew by bitter experience what it felt like to lose a fortune.

"But that is n't all," Dave went on. "The price of platinum has gone up to three times its old value since then. That means if any one were lucky enough to find the treasure now, it would bring about a hundred dollars an ounce."

Captain Hallard raised his eyebrows.

"I vote we start an expedition to find treasure-ships, Dave," he said, wincing as his rheumatism gave an extra twinge. "Then we 'll be able to come back and buy Aunt Martha that new coffee-percolator she 's set her heart on. Then we might go over to Europe and hunt up some of those Spanish galleons. There were lots of 'em sunk, half full of gold coins. I 'm badly in need of a new pipe."

"Yes, and we 'd buy 'Journey's End' back, eh, Dad?" Dave suggested.

"Aye, lad," his father agreed, with a sigh. The loss of his home on the cliff was still a very sore point to Captain Hallard. "But don't ever get such notions of easy money into your head. You have a lot of hard work to put in at school yet before you earn your first cent."

"How soon can I go to sea?" Dave asked abruptly.

"Not until this time next year," said his father. "I don't suppose you 'll ever rest contentedly until you have tried it out and found that a sailor's life is n't a bit as they say it is in story-books. I went through it. I thought I was going to have a wonderful time when I joined my first ship. She was a square-rigger, of the old-fashioned type. I remember I had a coat with some brass buttons on it, and I had an idea that I should spend most of my time on the poop, or the fo'-c'sle-deck, looking through a long telescope. But they set me on to peeling potatoes, and kept me at it though I was so seasick I did n't care whether I lived or died. Then the mate told me to dress up, as I had to do something special for the captain. I put on my best duds, including the coat with the brass buttons, and they started me on the job of taring the rigging. By the time I 'd got through with that, and after I 'd upset the tar-bucket when the ship gave an extra hard roll, I was so messed up from head to foot I hardly knew my own name, though I 'd learnt that sailoring did n't consist chiefly in looking smart in brass buttons and navigating the ship."

"But you did n't give up the sea for years and years after that, did you?" the boy persisted.

"No, I 'll admit that, though there was many a time I 'd have done 'most anything to get back home and put on some dry clothes. The grub was n't too good, either, in those days, and the older hands got the pick of what was going. Ship-owners don't believe in overfeeding their crews. The men might get too fat to shin up the rigging if they had three square meals a day, so they 're given ship's biscuits to keep 'em in condition and cut expenses down."

Dave plied his father with questions about life afloat, and Captain Hallard gave him as accurate a picture as he could of the routine on board ship. To the boy it all seemed fascinating, including the hard, dirty work and the "salt horse" which, he gathered, together with the extremely hard biscuits, formed the staple diet on many craft.

The only thing worrying him was that he had to start at high school and wait a whole year before he would be allowed to eat "salt horse" and feel the motion of the boat under him as she nosed her way out of the harbor, past that flashing light on Sandy Hook, and carried him to those entrancing distant lands of which he had heard so much.

School seemed a dull affair during the next two months when such radiant possibilities lay in store. Dave went on with his studies, but his

heart was not in them. Every day, after dark, he spent hours at the window from which he could see the lights of passing vessels, and in the afternoons he haunted the wharves, where screaming winches were hauling bales and cases from the mysterious depths of different vessels. The smell of tarred ropes became a thing of joy to him, and when, on occasions, the mate or "bo'sun" of some ship invited him on board to look around after they had had a long chat, Dave thrilled with a new delight. The snug cabins and berths, not always as clean or tidy as they might have been, were a source of infinite wonder.

Though he did not realize it, Dave was fanning the flame within him. At home he came out with nautical terms which he had picked up, to the great distress of Aunt Martha, for, to her, it was clearly the beginning of the end. Secretly she had always treasured the hope that her brother would put his foot down firmly and prevent Dave from risking his life on the sea, and occasionally, even now, she would have a passage of arms with Captain Hallard on the subject.

"Let the boy have a taste of it," he always declared. "You would n't bring ducks up without water, and the Hallards are worse than any ducks I ever knew, only they want salt water. He 'll go whether I let him or not, so I 've made up my mind I might just as well let him, when he 's old enough."

Aunt Martha bent over her knitting on these occasions, making the needles fly and missing stitches, because you can't see to knit, even with spectacles, when your eyes are full of tears.

"Don't worry, Martha dear," Andrew Hallard said once, when this happened. "He won't come to any harm, and if I had my time over again, I 'd be a sailor just the same, so we can't blame him. Now, stop crying. It 's a healthy life at sea, after all; and to listen to you, one would think every mariner went straight to Davy Jones's locker as soon as he got into deep water."

Soon after the summer vacation began, Dave stood on one of the wharves within a mile of his home and watched a trim-looking steamer sidle to her berth. She was low in the water with a heavy cargo. Some time after the gangway was let down and traffic on it had started, an undersized youth, whose pockets bulged strangely, strolled casually ashore. He was about Dave's age, had red hair, and an extremely dirty face. Something about the boy attracted Dave's attention. He noticed that the red-headed youth looked quickly to the right and left, and then,



"'HELLO, KID, WHICH IS THE WAY TO NEW YORK?' HE ASKED." (See next page.)

dodging behind a truck, began to walk hurriedly away from the ship.

Dave stepped across the wharf so that the owner of the red hair would have to pass close to him. The boy was glancing over his shoulder and nearly bumped into Dave.

"Hello, kid, which is the way to New York?" he asked. "I want to get out of this quick."

"It 's miles from here. This is Brooklyn; come with me," said Dave, growing interested. Three minutes later they were in a busy street, and the boy seemed to breathe more freely. "That 's fine!" he said. "I 'll be safe now."

"Safe from what?"

"I 've skipped the ship. I was scared to death somebody would spot me. I 've got all my things in my pockets."

"What did you skip the ship for?" Dave asked, hugely pleased at being concerned, even in a small way, with a nautical adventure.

"Wanted to see America," responded the youth. "Don't you let on you 've seen me. So long."

A moment later he was lost to sight, and Dave went back to the steamer with new interest. An idea has occurred to him. It was only a vague idea, but it concerned the fact that he felt perfectly capable of doing anything that red-headed, undersized chap had done on the ship; and moreover, the ship was now short of a boy.

A curious tightness gripped him at the throat. For perhaps five minutes he stood still, thinking hard; then he walked down the gangway.

"Can I see the captain, please?" he said to a tall man who was standing on deck talking to a companion.

"What do you want the captain for?"

"I want to see him on—on business," said Dave.

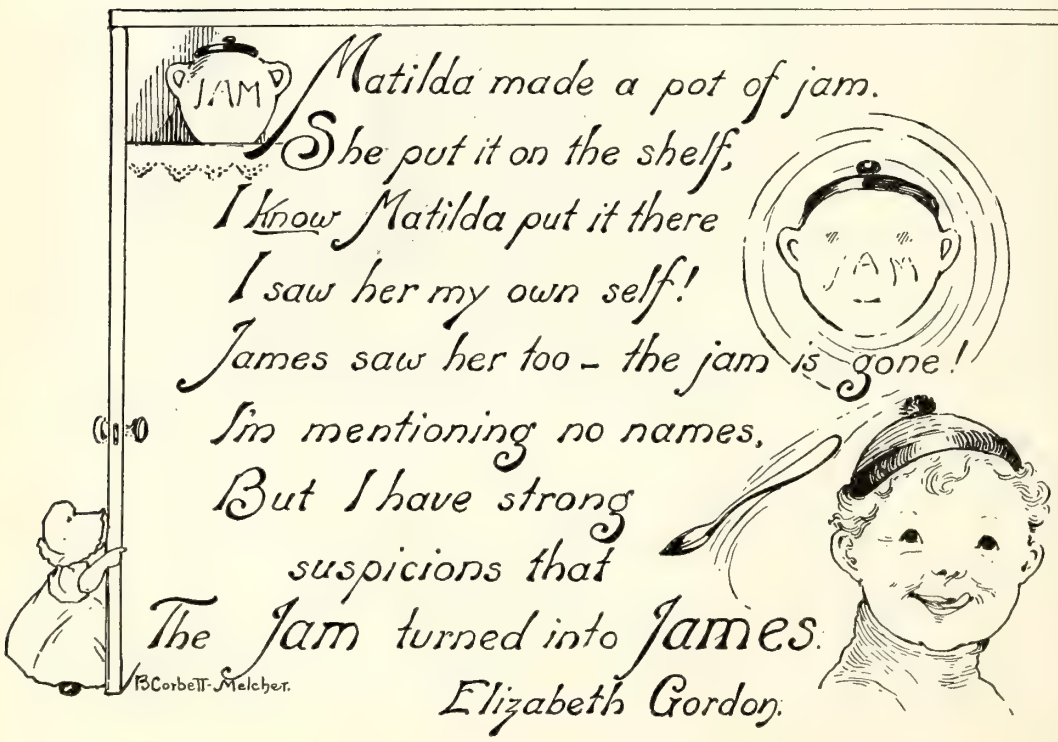
The man looked down into the boy's grey eyes, which showed neither fear nor disrespect.

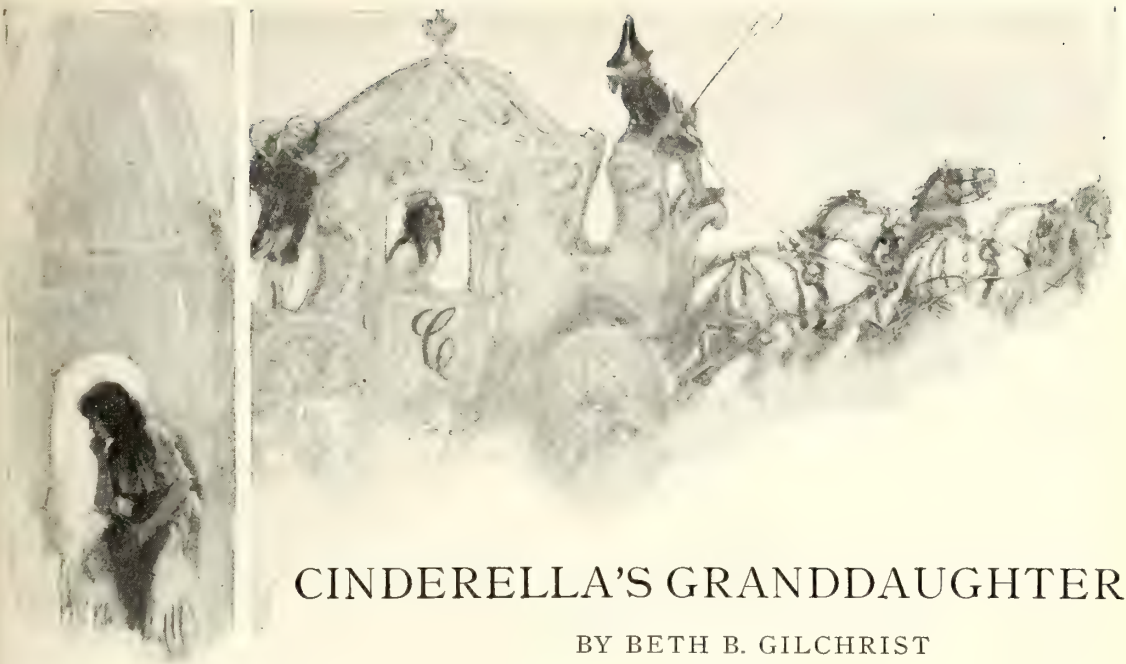
"Well, sonny, I 'm the captain," he said. "What is it?"

"I guess you want a boy, sir," said Dave. "The other one 's gone. I 'd like his job."

*(To be continued)*

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# CINDERELLA'S GRANDDAUGHTER

BY BETH B. GILCHRIST

## Chapter I

"Of course," said Dorothea, "I shall do no such thing. But it would be fun." For a minute the brown eyes held a wistful gleam.

"Of course, that is exactly what you are going to do." For a tractable younger sister, Elise's voice was singularly emphatic.

"But, Lisa, don't you see that I can't? What would become of Father and you and Jim and the twins if I went gadding for a month? The twins have needed more looking-after than ever, since that playground woman came up here visiting the Curtises and practised on the children of this street. Besides, there is apple jelly to make."

"What do you take me for, Dorothea Graham? I can boss the jelly-making perfectly well. I helped you last year. And I 'd love to do it. As for the twins, they 're old enough to do their share in giving you a vacation."

"But Bridget needs to be constantly followed up. I don't know what she might do, left to herself. She 's as trusty as a clock, but she can't go without being wound up every few minutes."

"I 'll wind her. Goodness, Dot, you 're not the only person who can keep Bridget to the chalk line. Let 's see that letter again."

Dorothea tossed it over without speaking. Elise's gay assumption of efficiency hurt a little, but she was too honest not to admit that there might be justice in her sister's thrust. Perhaps she was a bit inclined to accent her own importance in the household machinery. Nevertheless, she thought she knew what she knew. Let Elise try it and see whether keeping house for Father and Jim and the twins was the easy thing her sister seemed to think it. Only, of course, it was out of the question that Elise should be given the opportunity.

"Um-m-m," murmured Elise. "'Your mother's daughter'—I 'm our mother's daughter, too, I suppose. She seems to have overlooked that fact—'Come at once and spend a month—'"

"The very thing! Aunt Ida would love you."

"Me? She won't get the chance," said Elise.

Dorothea's cheeks were pink. "She does n't really care. As she says in the letter, she has never seen any of us. You can go perfectly well. You will have a lovely time, much better than I should. Truly, you will. I—I feel so rusty."

"Sorry," said Elise. "Better begin right away to polish up, because you 're the one who is going, you know."

"No, indeed, I—"

A firm hand closed Dorothea's mouth. "I 'm going to read it to you. I 'm going to read it to you from beginning to end. Just sit still and let it percolate, and don't forget for a minute it is talking about *you!*"

A gurgle arose behind Elise's hand, but that obstinate young person paid no heed.

"'My dear Dorothea'—Dorothea, observe, not

Elise, nor Jim, nor Father John, nor even the twins—

'My dear Dorothea:

'Can you come to see me for a month at Fairwood? It is a shocking thing that I, who was your mother's dearest friend, should know none of her children. Even you were born after I had quitted the States. But now that this cruel war has quenched my *wanderlust* for a time, I want to pick up old threads, to weave myself again, somehow or other, into the pattern of the things that were, for me a pattern sadly changed. Come and let me get acquainted with your mother's daughter. Alas, that I cannot renew acquaintance with your mother! There are plenty of young people in the neighborhood—you will not be shut up continuously with an ex-globe-trotter. Do come at once.

'Now don't write and say the family cannot spare you. People can always do the things they have to. Your father will know that this is one of them. It will do me good, and you, too, I hope. Being your mother's daughter, it can't hurt you.

'One thing more—don't bring a trunk. Don't even pack a suitcase. Pick up your umbrella, if it rains; otherwise, leave it in the rack. You will find here everything you need. I want to give you in this month a complete change; nothing to wear that you have ever worn before, nothing to do that you have been doing,—oh, I know all about the past two years,—new scenes, new friends. I shall expect you Friday the twenty-second at four-thirty. I have marked the trains. My love to the family. Sometime I shall want to know them, too. You first, my dear.

'Your aunt by courtesy, always your friend,

'Ida Wright.'

"There!" said Elise. "Don't you see how that cuts the rest of us out? We 're on the waiting-list. Our only hope is for you to trot along quick and get it over." Suddenly she pounced on the slender sister in the low chair. "Oh, you old *conscience!* Lose it! Throw it away—just for a month! Sitting there darning stockings when you ought to be rioting around on your tippy-toes for joy of being asked to Fairwood."

Dorothea emerged from the embrace, dishevelled and laughing. "You 've made me lose my needle, Lisa. These stockings simply must be done or we 'll have nothing to wear."

"Bother stockings!" Elise frowned prodigiously, but she dropped to her knees to hunt for the missing needle, then threaded one for herself and attacked the mending-basket vehemently.

"Just the same, you know," said Dorothea, soberly, "I can't accept the invitation."

"Go tell that to Father," jeered Elise. "'People can always do the things they have to.'"

"Fine!" said Father, when he read the letter. "Well, little big-daughter, I guess we 'll have to let you go. It is time you had a vacation."

"But, Father—"

"But! What 's that word? Take it away! We don't want any buts around here."

"But—" in spite of herself Dorothea had to smile—"what are you and the others going to do?"

"Bridget and Elise here will look after us. It 's high time Elise tried her hand at running the ranch."

Elise hugged him. "That 's the way to talk, Father."

"Of course it is. We know a thing or two, don't we, Lisa?" Later he added to Dorothea, "Just the thing for Elise. Do her good. The child is inclined to be a bit flighty—by streaks. Responsibility will steady her."

"But while she is steadying," expostulated Dorothea, "what about your breakfast, Jim's Saturday lunch, the apple jelly, and the twins—"

"Tut-tut! One thing at a time. The rest of us can afford to contribute a little toward Elise's education. I prophesy she will do better than you fear, daughter. And if she should n't, just think how we shall appreciate you when we get you back again."

That was how it came about that Dorothea found herself, a few days later, standing on the station platform, a railway ticket in her neat brown hand-bag, not even an umbrella in her hand, and, as it seemed to the traveler, an unduly cheerful family around her.

"You 're going to have a gorgeous time," Elise was saying. "Don't forget to write us about every single thing that happens."

"Indeed, I will. And do remember, Lisa, about Father's breakfast eggs. Bridget always leaves them in the water too long. Just four minutes, you know, is the way he likes—"

"I 'll remember. And specially write about the clothes, every teeny thing. Why, if I was going away, when my train stopped, to walk into a whole new wardrobe that I 'd never even tried on, I 'd be too excited to think about eggs! How do you suppose they 'll fit?"

"I might telegraph you when I find out. Oh, Jim, I put your heavier underwear in the middle drawer of your bureau where you can get it easier than not. You won't go off hunting in those thin things, will you? The nights are sure to be cool, and—"

"Oh, come now, old lady. Just drop us off your shoulders and have a good time."

"I 'm going to—when I get started. If Father should forget to lock the front door some night—you know how absent-minded he is when he gets to thinking hard—"

"I 'll 'phone for the slickest burglar I know." Jim's eyes were teasing.

"But you *will* look out for it when he seems to have something on his mind?"

"Sure, I 'll look out for it."

"Do just as Sister Elise says, won't you, twinnies? Remember she is in my place now, and

you 're going to be the nicest twins while I am away."

But the approaching visit, merry enough in anticipation, was now advancing too rapidly for the twins' equanimity. "We don't want to be good!" they wailed, clutching at Dorothea's waist. "We don't wa-a-ant you to go away!"

"Why twinnies! Why, my dears!" Dorothea was on her knees now. "How would I ever write you letters, if I did n't go away? And I 'm going to write you the very first letter of all. I expect maybe you 'll get it to-night—to-morrow, anyway. It 's going to say, 'Master John Graham and Miss Janet Graham' on the envelop. You look and see if it does n't."



"'YOU KNOW'," SAID DOROTHEA, SOBERLY, 'I CAN'T ACCEPT THE INVITATION'!"

"Honest?"

"Honest Injun. Cross my heart."

The twins sniffled.

"And the letter inside is going to tell you all about Cinderella's very first adventure."

"Cind'rella's?"

"Well, her granddaughter's."

"Who 's Cind'rella's granddaughter?"

"I am—for a month. And if I don't go away, I can't have any adventures. You want me to have some adventures to write about, don't you?"

The twins nodded, gulpingly. Dorothea kissed them and straightened their hats. "Of course you do."

"You goin' to a ball?" demanded little Jack.

"Dozens of them, I expect."

"In a punkin coach?" seconded Janet.

"In something much more up to date than a pumpkin coach—much nicer."

Janet looked as though she had doubts of anything being nicer than a pumpkin coach. "Shall you dance with a prince?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Write us 'bout him in the letter," said Jack.

"The one to-day," said Janet.

"I will, if I see him."

"But you said—" Faces clouded.

"I 'm almost sure I 'll catch a glimpse of him to-day," Dorothea interposed hastily. "And I 'll tell you just exactly how he looks. Oh, here 's Father! I was so afraid he 'd be late. Father, if you should go autoing in the evening, even if it feels warm when you start—"

"Take my overcoat. Yes, daughter. Now suppose you forget about being a woman with a family of five and try how it feels to be a girl again. Here comes your train."

Dorothea began to kiss the family, starting with the twins. "I can't make it seem real that I 'm going anywhere, even now. All I 've packed is my toothbrush. And when you don't pack even a suitcase— Oh, you dears! Take care of them hard, Lisa."

"Don't forget to write often, Dot."

"Good luck, sis! And the best ever!"

"Remember us only to love us, daughter."

"'By, sister dear!"

From the rear platform of the rapidly moving train Dorothea watched the five faces recede through a blur of tears. A curve whisked them from sight; she blinked rapidly and walked back through the car to the green upholstered chair to which Father and Jim had escorted her. Extravagance! But Father had insisted on it. "When you 're making a change, do it thoroughly, daughter," he had remarked, in his eye the funny little twinkle that she loved. Dorothea called the porter, asked for a foot-rest, and set her small feet on the green cushion luxuriously. After all, it had been sweet of them to let her go so light-heartedly. Their alacrity had meant only their lovableness. Even Elise had been as dear

and good as she was natural in her eagerness to play at housekeeping for a month. And Bridget was capable, though more than a trifle inclined to save her head at the expense of her heels. But that was Bridget's affair, except when she lost her head altogether. Perhaps Elise might prove so good a housekeeper that Bridget would never lose her head. But that was now Elise's affair —and Bridget's.

Dorothea withdrew her unseeing gaze from the fugitive landscape and closed her eyes. Deliberately she let her slender body relax against the plush. The fleet rush of the train caught her thoughts and swung them far from their wonted orbit, its subdued clangor and roar sang in her ears like strange music. No mending-basket for a month. No meals, except to eat them. No concocting menus and interviewing the butcher and searching for the elastic properties of a dollar. No tactful oversight of Bridget. No gentle domination of the twins. Nobody to be responsible for but—Dorothea. Care dropped from the brown-clad shoulders. The light-hearted, adventrous outlook, which is youth's birthright, claimed its own. The heart under the pongee blouse began to pound a little. What would Fairwood be like? A little cottage with one maid or maybe none? Hardly that. What would Aunt Ida be like? And how would Dorothea know her when she saw her? What would—what *could* —the new clothes be like? The girl's eyes flew open with a sparkle in them; a smile, shy, eager, anticipating, curved her lips. She was not quite eighteen, and at eighteen it does not take long to remember how to play.

The train had stopped. Dorothea's eyes opened on the bustle of a station platform. Trunk-loaded trucks lumbered across her line of vision; hurrying backs, old and young, trim and shabby. Dorothea watched with interested eyes.

Suddenly she leaned forward. Yes, there he was, just vanishing down the platform, cleaving the crowd with his bare head high. Gerald Stanton? Was that what Jim had said his name was? A new-comer at home, a boy whom she did n't know. He had too much money, for one thing. Where was he going? Was he on this train? The young head passed the window again and yet again. Dorothea leaned covertly forward. Anything so good-looking as that was legitimate staring-matter, if he did n't know you were looking.

Six hours later, with a heart throbbing excitedly, she stepped down from the train to a tall smiling woman in gray, who made no manner of doubt that this was Dorothea.

"Dear child," breathed a deep, mellow voice, "you are really here. How thankful I am to get my hands on you!"

Dorothea smiled back, not resenting the "child." That was what she was in this big, capable, glorious presence, a child who knew she was going to have a wonderful time. The presence absorbed her; the inflections of the voice, the modeling of the head, the splendid, deep-chested laughter that pealed once from the firm strong throat. Vaguely the girl was conscious of a high-powered motor-car that whisked them through the green stretches of wide estates, of a gray lodge-gate and a winding, wooded road, of close-clipped lawns and a rambling half-timbered house, of tea and delicious little cakes under big trees, where the large beautiful hands moved deftly amid silver and glass.

"There is no one else staying in the house yet," said the fascinating voice. "I was selfish enough to want to have you to myself a bit, though not selfish enough to make your first evening dull. A few young people will be in for dinner."

"As though it could be dull!" murmured Dorothea, regretting the "young people." When she came to know her better, would "Aunt Ida" let her sometimes just sit and look and *look* at her?

Mrs. Wright rose. "We shall have time enough for each other, never fear. Now you will want to rest a little." Within the blue-and-gold bedroom she drew Dorothea to her and kissed the girl. "My dear, your eyes are exactly like your mother's. We dine at half after seven. Catch a nap now. I will call for you on my way downstairs. By the way, everything in the closet and presses is yours, you know. Choose the rose-pink, please, for to-night. I 'll send Marie to you."

There was no nap for Dorothea. She took one glance into the closet and sat down dizzily on the nearest chair. "I *am* Cinderella's granddaughter," she said aloud, her thought reverting to the jest with the twins. "Only instead of one gown I have a whole closet full."

With a gentle knock, Marie entered. She laid out kimono and slippers. From behind a half-open door came the sound of running water.

"Shall I draw Mademoiselle's bath warm or hot?"

"Warm, please."

At seven o'clock a girl stood before the pier-glass in the blue-and-gold bedroom, a girl who had never seen herself before. Dorothea had not dreamed she could look like that.

"Was this the way *you* felt, Grandmother Cinderella?" She kissed her hand to the rose-hued vision. "It was the dress that made you a beauty, not at all this style, of course, but— That is all, Marie, and thank you so much."

For a minute after the door closed Dorothea continued to stare dreamily at the mirror.

*"You,"* she said wonderingly, nodding emphatically at the reflection, "washed the dishes last night in a brown gingham, because it was Bridget's night out. Would you believe it?"

forty winks?" The gracious figure in the trailing gray lace and chiffon laid both hands on Dorothea's shoulders.

"Indeed, I did n't. How could I, with a closet full of these?" Dorothea's glance caressed her gown.



"'YOU', SHE SAID, NODDING AT THE REFLECTION, 'WASHED THE DISHES LAST NIGHT'."

Then she curtsied to the pink vision, and, slipping into the chair at the dainty rosewood desk, drew out stamped paper and began to write:

"Dear Twinnies: If you could see me, you would know for certain that I am Cinderella's granddaughter. You could n't help it." The pen ran on lightly.

At the end there was a postscript. "I forgot to tell you about the Prince. He was on the train, but he did n't see me. That was probably because Godmother had n't waved her wand then. The next time—"

A light knock fell on the door.

Dorothea, cut short in her soliloquy, ran gaily across the room in her rose-colored slippers to greet her visitor.

"You look like a rose, my dear. Did you steal

Aunt Ida laughed and held the girl a minute at arm's length. "As bad as that? It fits well, does n't it?"

"But how?" breathed Dorothea. "How could anything fit as though it had been made for me when I never was even measured for it? You must be a magician."

"Perhaps I am. A very simple wave of my wand produced this, however. Shall I tell you the secret?" She slipped her arm through the girl's and drew her toward the stairs. "Elise sent your measures and an old frock, at my request."

*"Elise?* I never knew it."

"We did not intend that you should. If all my magic proves as successful, I shall be satisfied. Don't you hope that they won't be late? I have

been tramping in the woods all day until I am ravenous."

"I love to tramp!" said Dorothea.

"Good! We will go together. Two is better company than one any day, when the second is of the right stuff. Come and admire the fringed gentians I found. They are rare about here."

"Oh, the dears! We used to find them when I was small—Father often took his vacation in the autumn—and I always thought they were little pieces of sky that had fallen down when the stars pricked through."

"A very pretty fancy. Perhaps they are. Certainly they are elusive enough to be made of pure ether. Fringed gentians and Indian pipes—those two stand to me for happiness—fugitive, shy, not to be had every day, but as common as the dusty roadside and as remote as the deep woods. These grew by the side of the road, so I put them in beaten brass from Benares. I would rather find fringed gentians than travel around the world."

"You have done both," said Dorothea.

The gray lady looked at her sharply. "Did you say that by chance, my dear, or are you as wise as it sounds? Yes, I have done both, but if I could do only one—" she laughed. *"Que voulez vous?* I know now which I like the better. I might have thought otherwise at your age. Sit down, or wander about, as you choose. A princess used that chair four centuries ago. I picked it up in Florence. It is really more comfortable than it looks."

Dorothea tried the chair. "I shall not pity the princess," she announced. "What a lovely, lovely room!"

"Something of a junk-shop, I am afraid, but what can you expect of a woman who for twenty years has been foot-loose on the planet? That door came from an Italian palace. I am wondering how its gold-leaf will endure our dry climate. The rugs—I must tell you about them some day. Even if one is a confirmed globe-trotter, one buys to preserve the illusion of a tether somewhere. Now they store my memories. That Satsuma jar is n't a jar to me—it is Kioto. And that old Imari bowl is Nikko."

"What a wonderful memory-book!"

"Sometimes, I fear, a cemetery, and these are the headstones. Oh, my dear, things will never be the same again over there. The Far East, perhaps, but even the bazaars are changing—and as for the beaten track, you were born quite too late for Europe."

"I am sorry," Dorothea said soberly. "It was one of my dreams, when I was a little girl, to go to London."

"London? That you may find yet. But the English parks—the country— And as for northern France—" The deep mellow voice ran on fascinatingly.

Surreptitiously Dorothea pinched herself. The beautiful rooms with their marvelous furnishings, the stimulating talk, redolent of easy contact with a world of which she had only read, stirred in the girl an odd sense of illusion. She could not shake off the feeling that it was n't real. A play, perhaps, in which she had unaccountably crossed the footlights. The teakwood and bronze and lacquer, the glass and embroidery, set the stage; the regal figure in gray, the strange, bewitching, rose-colored girl that the mirror reflected, were only players. Side by side with her delight in the exotic storied charm of the rooms ran an appreciation of the drama that they staged. With the candid fascination of a child she watched the fall of a satin-shod foot on soft rugs, the glint of light in the folds of a gown. She even pranced a little, delicately, elusively, as a fairy might delight in its own exquisiteness.

What next? Why, the guests, of course. A delicate exhilaration quickened Dorothea's blood. She was frankly glad that people were to see her —as glad as that she was to see them. It would be a pity not to have a party in these rooms, they were so preëminently made for laughter and joyous talk and pretty clothes. And then the people within the clothes! Dorothea had always liked people, but never before had she felt so excited about them.

A motor whirred to a stop on the drive; voices sounded in the hall. Through the wide doors swept, as it seemed to Dorothea's stimulated eyes, a dozen daintily gowned girls, thrown into bold relief against a bevy of black coats. By actual count there were eight in all, but Dorothea did not count them then. Her glance, flitting across the gay company, stopped suddenly with the next to the last man. Now surely she was dreaming!

"Oh, Mrs. Wright!" a lovely mauve-and-yellow creature was saying, "will you ever forgive me? I brought along my cousin, Gerald Stanton. He is up for the week-end, just came, and I told him you would love to have him. I might have telephoned, but I thought—"

"That it was n't necessary. You thought right, Marjorie. I do love to have him." The gray lady shook hands with the tall boy cordially and swept them on to Dorothea.

"Marjorie Lake is a girl after my own heart, Dorothea. She knows when to discard the conventions and give one a chance to do the thing one would like to do if only one knew it was waiting to be done. And here is Allison Burt, our nearest neighbor on the right. Fay Warren



"GERALD STANTON CAME STRAIGHT TO DOROTHEA." (SEE PAGE 19)

lives on the other side. Norman Lake you would know for Marjorie's brother just to look at him. Lawrence Burt is Allison's, of course. Henry and Barnard Gleason are cousins to Allison and Lawrence."

A minute later Dorothea, outwardly composed and smiling, inwardly a trifle dizzy, was the center of a chattering group.

"It is nice of Mrs. Wright to have us to-night," declared Marjorie, "so that we don't lose time in getting acquainted. You play tennis, of course."

"A little. But I 'm not in practice. I used to play fairly well."

"I shall enter you in the Junior Cup tournament. It begins to-morrow."

"Oh, please— Indeed, I don't play well enough—"

"That does n't matter, neither do some of the rest of us. Larry can vouch for that."

"Quit calling names, Marje, even if you are one of the bosses."

"I 'm not libeling anybody. Merely telling Miss Graham that we are not all cup-winners. It 's just a lark with most of us." To Dorothea, "If you play at all, you might as well be in the tournament and have some of the fun."

"Come on in, Miss Graham." The boy "Larry" had a wide, reassuring smile. "You and I can't do worse than tie for the biggest losers."

"I can do that," said Dorothea, quaintly. "It won't be any trouble at all. But I did n't bring my racket."

"We 'll fit you out at the club," Norman Lake told her.

"You play golf, of course," said Fay Warren. "We have the best links in the State."

"No," Dorothea acknowledged, "I don't play golf."

"Good for you!" exclaimed Henry Gleason. "I don't think much of it, either."

"I might like it, if I played." Dorothea was honest.

"Golf 's an old-man's game," declared Henry.

"Not much it is n't!" corrected his brother. "It 's a game you 've got to begin young if you want to get anywhere before you 're seventy."

"Just what I said," drawled Henry.

"It is so nice," Allison Burt was saying, "to have this house open again. With nobody but servants in it for years and so few houses on the road, we have really felt lonely. Are you staying long?"

"A month."

"We 're not going to town till November. Everybody is staying late this fall."

"Wish I was," said Gerald Stanton. "I hear, like me, you 've just come."

"This afternoon," said Dorothea.

"Jolly hot on the trains. But perhaps you motored or did n't have a long trip."

"I came by train. Was it hot? I did n't notice."

"If I could do what I liked, I 'd always motor," said Fay Warren. "It 's the only way to travel."

"More comfortable on a hot day," conceded Gerald. "How about the dead of winter, Fay?"

"Then, too; it is so much less promiscuous."

An imp of perversity plucked Dorothea's sleeve. "I rather like a train, just because you see so many different kinds of people. And ordinary coaches are better than Pullmans for that."

"Don't you think Mrs. Wright has the most scrumptious things, Miss Graham?" asked Marjorie. "I just envy you living here."

"Say it again," said Dorothea, "and perhaps I shall believe I *am* living here."

"Ho!" laughed Marjorie. "That 's the way I feel every time I come into this room. I can't believe it 's real. It 's more like a—a—" she hesitated for a simile to fit her thought.

"Museum," suggested Allison, "with the museum feeling left out."

"Goodness, no!" demurred Marjorie. "Nothing in a museum could ever be lived with. These things belong together."

"It feels like a story-book," said Dorothea.

It felt more like a story-book in the dining-room. The circle of smiling, careless faces, the shine of silver and flash of glass, the light, inconsequent chatter, heady from its very strangeness, exhilarated the girl. Rusty? Who could be rusty in this g good-fellowship? She felt warmed, alert, bril nt. Thoughts flew to sparkling words. She lid not know that she could ever have so muc to say or say it so readily. The table listene to her sallies, listened and laughed, and appealed for her opinion.

It was her first dinner. Dorothea wondered how it tasted to the other girls. To them such things were an old story. No question but that they enjoyed it. They were too well used, however, too wonted, Dorothea surmised sagely, to know its full flavor. Only a Cinderella could know that.

Dorothea thought of the table where she usually sat, herself behind the tea-things, with an eye to the twins' manners, and Bridget's entrances, and every one's requirements, pulling the strings as unobtrusively as might be for the family comfort. This noiseless service, this happy chatter for whose windings she was wholly unresponsible, these jolly stories poured into her ears by an attentive boy on either hand, could anything be more completely different? The girl's lips curved

in appreciation. Fay Warren's voice penetrated her momentary reverie.

"What I don't see is how anybody can *stand* it a hundred miles from the jumping-off place. That 's what Blake called the camp. Why, they have *nothing,* absolutely nothing. And Blake and Alice are crazy about it."

"It *is* queer," Marjorie conceded.

"Good sport out there," Norman interposed. "Wyoming, you know, Mrs. Wright. Would n't mind trying it myself."

"Think of the things you 'd have to go without," said Henry Gleason. "No Wyoming for me. I 'm a tenderfoot."

"It may be well enough for people who are used to nothing." A shrug of Fay's pretty shoulders disposed of such people. "But how Blake and Alice can write the way they do, I don't see."

"Perhaps that is just why," Dorothea said quickly. "I don't know them, but I should guess that, just because the camp life is so different from all they have ever known, they like it."

"Would you like a kind of life absolutely different from the sort you 're used to?" Fay demanded.

Dorothea's eyes danced. "Oh, yes," she said. "Not for always, of course," she hastened to add. "But I think," her eyes smiled at the gray lady, "it is perfectly thrilling to live in a way you have never lived before. It 's the fact that you never have done it before that makes it thrilling. The differentness, you know. Unless you have something to contrast things with, you can't see how exciting they are."

Mrs. Wright returned Dorothea's smile. "I always liked in Paris to remember Frontier Day at Cheyenne, and in Cheyenne to think of Paris. It deepened the colors."

"I think I get you." Gerald Stanton nodded across the table to Dorothea. "You never get to a place quite so quick in your car as the day after a hike."

"I get you, too," drawled Henry Gleason. "When your pocket's full, remember the last time you were broke."

They rose from the table, laughing, and Mrs. Wright led the way to the terrace, where the girls threw light wraps over their shoulders and grouped themselves picturesquely on the carved stone seats. The pale light of a full moon flickered through the branches of the old oak that shadowed the flagged expanse. Below in the gardens flowers glimmered with an eery whiteness.

Gerald Stanton came straight to Dorothea.

"Funny," he said, "but that *is* it, you know—what you said about contrasts. I went home with a fellow last year, seemed a good sort of chap and all that, but, my eye, did n't his people roast him! Roasted each other, too, roasted the servants, roasted everybody in sight except guests. They did leave us out. Not a very comfortable house to stay in, you can see. Well, from there I went on to another fellow's; perfectly ordinary place, I guess, but they did n't do any picking on each other. It felt like heaven. This fellow had an uncle. I thought he was a great old chap. The fellow did n't seem to think much about him. Always had had him around, you see. That 's the way I explain it. I never *had* an uncle. The old boy could tell stories by the yard, capital stories. Listen? I 'd listen till my eyes fell out. And Terry 'hoped I would n't be bored'." The boy's fine white teeth showed in a wide grin. "Well, I was n't."

Dorothea nodded. "When a thing has happened to you before, has happened over and over again, you know exactly how you are going to feel about it. When it has n't ever happened before, you 're exploring. It 's fun to explore."

"You bet it is! Hello, there 's the Victrola. Care to dance?"

Now Dorothea blessed the day when she had reluctantly allowed Elise to teach her the new steps. Yet if it had not been for the evident admiration in Gerald Stanton's eyes, she might have known misgivings. That look and the moon and the music gave her courage. Moreover, a secret thought tickled her fancy. "He would n't even have seen me," she said to herself, as her slender body swayed to the music, "if I 'd been at a party at home in my flowered mull."

"I like that young Stanton," Aunt Ida remarked, as they mounted the stairs to bed.

"He *is* nice," Dorothea acknowledged. "As nice as he looks, and that means a good deal. He comes from home," she added carelessly.

"Then you knew him before? He did not speak of it."

Dorothea dimpled. "He does n't know where I come from. You see, I don't know him at home. He 's a new-comer— But I should n't anyway, not well. I don't know the girls he goes with, more than to speak to them. For one thing, I have n't time. And they live mostly in the new part of town—we 're in the old. Besides, Father could n't afford to have us play around with them. They 're like the girls who were here to-night. That 's why I loved it so much. It was so different. No, I sha' n't tell him. I 'm simply going to enjoy every minute tremendously till my clock strikes twelve."

"Twelve?"

"Cinderella, you know. I *hope* I sha' n't have to run away with one shoe trailing."

*(To be continued)*

# THE BOY AND THE BLACKSMITH

BY EMILIE POULSSON

Now many good smiths there have always been,
And many good smiths there be,
But the unseen smith of the hidden forge,—
Ah! magical might had he!

Not mortal the strength of his brawny arm,
Nor came he of mortal race;
Yet here did he live to serve mortal men
Who knew not his name or place.

Condemned had he been for some wrongful deed—
For this to the earth was sent
To labor, unseen and unknown, until
Released from his punishment.

Like humblest of smiths he must tend his forge,
Like poorest must take his fee,
And wait for some traveler's word of thanks—
That, only, would set him free.





Among rough rocks was his smithy hid,
Far off from the market town,
Yet never for customers did he lack,
All sought him, from king to clown.

Came noble and knight, came outlaw, page,
Came riders from hut and hall,
Came jogging farmer, came dashing beau,
To him they came, one and all.

To all the mysterious blacksmith gave
The skilfullest help e'er known;
The fee was a sixpence—no less, no more—
Put down on a certain stone.

From begum or beggar, no more, no less,
A sixpence from rich or poor;
And sixpence the high and the low must pay
To the smith on the lonely moor.

And never a puff would his bellows get,
Nor would he his anvil smite,
Till only the beast to be shod was near;
He worked not in mortal's sight.

But once left alone, how his hammer rang!
How the sparks flew high in air!
How brightened the smithy's rocky walls
In his forge-fire's sudden flare!



Each time that he fashioned a horse's shoe,
Or tightened a loos'ning nail,
Or straightened a warrior's crooked lance,
Or mended a coat of mail,

He wistfully thought, "Now perhaps this one
The long-looked-for man will be
Who'll give with his sixpence the word of thanks,
The thanks that will set me free."

Alack and alas! They were heedless folk;
So day after day he wrought,
And month after month did he serve them well,
Yet no one to thank him thought.

As soon as the blacksmith their work had done
They all rode their various ways—
The begum, the beggar, the king, the clown—
Without any thanks or praise.

Whatever the service, whomever he served,
He won but the sixpence fee,
Until in despair he could only think
That freed he should never be.

And then it befell, on a morn of May,
A country lad brought his mare.
"I pray you, shoe quickly my Meg," he called,
"That soon I may reach the Fair."

His sixpence he placed on the proper stone,
His mare he left loose hard by,
Then hastened away that the smith might work
Unseen by a mortal's eye.

While waiting, he sang with a lusty voice
Some songs from his "wallet book"
(A treasure just bought from the chapman's pack).
The breezes the gay songs took

To where the grim smith, with despairing heart
But clever hands, worked away;
And lo! As he heard the songs, he, too,
Began to feel glad and gay!

And while the lad sang out his *"Tra-la-la!"*
The smith beat a *"Clang! Cling-clang!"*
Till merriest music that merry morn
'Mid echoing rocks loud rang.

So soon did the mare amble forth well shod,
So quickly the task was done,
"My faith!" cried the lad, "any other smith
By now would have just begun!"

In joyfullest haste did he mount the mare,
And say, as he stroked her flank,
"We 'll be at the Fair ere the drum-beat calls.
For that the good smith we thank!"




Now scarce had he uttered his grateful words
Ere a glad voice cried "Free! Free!"
And something—a shadowy, mist-veiled form—
The dumfounded lad did see.

Then "Free! Free! Free!" the lad heard again
As vanished that figure vast;
He stared in amaze; then, to tell the tale,
Away to the Fair rode fast.

No din of a forge and no hammer-stroke
Has clanged in that moorland since.
But the lad in prosperity from that day
Lived happy as any prince.




# THE JUNIOR RED CROSS

## PRESIDENT WILSON WELCOMES YOUNG AMERICA TO THE JUNIOR RED CROSS.

PRESIDENT WILSON, when the launching of the Junior Red Cross was announced, wrote as follows to Dr. MacCracken, the director of the organization:

*My dear Dr. MacCracken:*

*I am very much interested to learn that you have taken up the work of organizing a junior membership of the Red Cross for work among the school-children, and I write to express my very deep interest in the movement.*

*If you have an opportunity, will you not bid the young people, whom you are assembling in this organization, a very warm welcome from me, and give them a message of the heartiest good cheer as they enroll themselves among the servants of the nation and of the people everywhere who need help and comfort and encouragement?*

*I think they will all look back upon this work they are undertaking as a happy circumstance of their school-days.*

*Very sincerely yours,*
WOODROW WILSON.

## A SPECIAL MESSAGE TO ST. NICHOLAS READERS FROM DR. H. N. MAC CRACKEN

ST. NICHOLAS *boys and girls are part of our national army, Soldiers of Service for America. President Wilson in a proclamation has summoned them to the colors, the Red, White, and Blue—Blue of Truth, White of Purity, and the Red of Sacrifice and Service. And the Red Cross stands at the turn of the road, showing the way, as the President has said, in which all the children can find their place to help America win for the world.*

H. N. MACCRACKEN,
*Director Red Cross Junior Membership.*

RED CROSS inspectors were examining hospital garments—men's shirts and pajamas—sent to the Buffalo, New York, chapter by a group of volunteer workers. It was a large consignment, several big packing-cases being required to hold all of the pieces.

The inspectors looked over each garment with close scrutiny. The Army is precise in its requirements. When its specifications call for tape an inch wide, it will reject goods made up with tape a quarter of an inch narrower or wider than that. This may seem to be unreasonable when the specifications apply to so unimportant an article as a hospital shirt; yet if the medical authorities were to permit variations in trivial things, they might at a critical moment find a defect in some vital surgical dressing that would prove fatal to a wounded soldier. At any rate, army discipline does not permit the individual to use discretion in carrying out orders. The surgeon-general

makes certain specifications for supplies for hospitals, and he expects those specifications to be met *exactly*.

As the inspectors worked over the Buffalo consignment they tossed the approved garments upon a pile. This pile grew and grew, and with it the wonder of the inspectors.

"Astonishing!" exclaimed one of them, when the work was half done and still they had failed to find a single garment that was defective. "I have never seen better workmanship."

"I do not remember any work as perfect as this," replied the other. Many women, intelligent, enthusiastic, and devoted to our work, seem incapable of carrying out orders to the letter. Most of our city chapters are compelled to hire professional seamstresses to do nothing else but alter garments improperly made in the first place. But there is nothing of that in this lot."

Nor was there. The boxes were found to contain 1,500 garments, and not one of them required the slightest correction. "I wish I knew what system these women used to get such intelligent compliance with our directions," said one of the inspectors. "I would like to spread the information around."

Then one of the Red Cross officials who knew the story of the consignment told him the truth.



A SCHOOL CHAPTER OF THE RED CROSS AT BUFFALO, NEW YORK

"These fifteen hundred shirts and pajamas were not sewn by women at all," said the official. "They were made by the girls of the eighth and ninth grades of the Buffalo schools, working under the direction of their sewing-teachers."

This incident, together with an accumulation of similar ones, brought about recently an announcement by the Red Cross — from the standpoint of twenty-two million American boys and girls quite the most important announcement that the American National Red Cross has made since our war began. It announced the formation of the Junior Red Cross, open to every school-girl and school-boy in the United States, and directed by Dr. H. N. MacCracken, president of Vassar College.

The Red Cross was forced by the boys and girls themselves—by the merit of their Red Cross service, that is—to admit them to the organization on special terms. As soon as the war came to America, numerous plans were sug-



CHILDREN PICKING CURRANTS FOR RED CROSS HOSPITAL JELLY (SEE NEXT PAGE)

gested to the Red Cross authorities for giving a different and definite membership standing to boys and girls. But the national organization was loath to do this. It savored too much of seeking juvenile members for the sake of the fees they would turn into the Red Cross coffers. The governing boards felt that the financial sacrifices ought to be made by those better able to make them.

But the work of boys and girls for the Red Cross turned the scales in their favor. Some unusual accomplishments were reported before summer came. For instance, Dr. Finley, the New York State commissioner of education, arranged for the co-operation of the New York vocational training-schools with the Red Cross, under the direction of Anna Hedges Talbot. In the spring term the vocational classes in New York turned out over forty thousand articles for the Red Cross. The standard for these articles was, if anything, higher than that of adult work.

What was done in Buffalo was repeated elsewhere. In Albany the girls of two elementary grades made many hundreds of perfect garments to be used by our soldiers in the hospitals. In Troy the public schools earned a thousand dollars in entertainments and invested this sum in materials from which they made fifteen hundred garments, while their zealous efforts so interested their parents that the adult membership campaign in Troy was a great success.

A wealthy farmer of central New York offered his entire currant crop to the Red Cross if the organization would have the berries picked and made into jelly. The Catholic orphan-asylums of Troy and Albany, with the Albany Orphan Asylum, took a two days' outing on this farm and picked three thousand quarts. These were shipped to Yonkers, where a group of girls in the Saunders Trade School and their mothers had a soul-satisfying week making the most currant jelly any one of them had ever seen. And finally, the boys in this fine school crated the thousands of jars of jelly for later shipment to our hospitals in France.

It was in this Yonkers school, too, that the girls took remnants and discarded clothing and made five hundred dresses for refugee children in Europe.

In one New York school the boys sent a committee to the principal to demand equal rights with the girls—that is, knitting-needles, yarn, and instruction; and shortly thereafter they were making equally good articles.

# THANKSGIVING Á LA HOOVER

(*As Recorded the Day After*)

ESTELLE put her foot down very decidedly on the whole proposition.

"Thanksgiving this year is particularly a day for sacrifice and table economy," she said firmly.

"Oh, come now, Kittens," coaxed her father. "Let 's cut loose this once. You have been Hooverizing so long that I grow positively sentimental over the memory of broiled sirloin. It is n't as if we could n't afford a blow-out."

"Why I was rather hoping for lamb chops again as a side-dish to the turkey!" and Mrs. Burgess sighed in mild protest.

"What!" exploded Estelle's brother Tom, who was just beginning to realize what the conversation meant. "No big feed this year at Thanksgiving? No mince pie? No plum pudding, or California grapes, or tomato salad, or salted almonds, or oysters, or——"

Tom was interrupted in his rather haphazard cataloguing of his favorite foods. The two red spots that burned on his sister's cheeks made her prettier than ever.

"Are n't you all ashamed," she demanded, "to be talking about things to eat after the pictures you have seen of those starving French and Belgian children? You know we should all save every ounce of sugar, fats, meat, and wheat that we can spare to those children and to our own soldiers who are fighting for them. Simply because the Burgess family can afford to be extravagant makes it——"

"Help!" exclaimed Mr. Burgess, in mock terror. "You win, Stelle; we surrender, and you can dictate the terms. Tell us the worst."

"Well," said Mrs. Burgess, "if Estelle insists upon a food-conservation Thanksgiving dinner, she will have to do most of the planning herself, for I know so little about the subject I am sure I should make some frightful blunder."

"Oh, may I, mother," breathed Estelle.

"Of course, dear, I 'll help you——"

Estelle clapped her hands joyously. "No, I can do it alone, I 'm sure. I have an idea for it right now; and the surprise for you all will be half the fun of Thanksgiving."

In the past months Estelle had been taking the lead in the thought of the Burgess household. She was the first member of the family to realize

the significance of the war—how every one must help voluntarily to bring about that national efficiency which must rival the autocratic efficiency of the great world-enemy if the enemy is not to conquer. The mid-western town of Pleasantville had been opposed to war before it came, and indifferent to it immediately afterward, and Mr. Burgess shared in the prevailing opinion. But Estelle had become a fiery little warrior at the start. Her heart had bled for Belgium and France, and in her soul had grown a great abhorrence for the military machine that had brought all this suffering upon the earth. And when peace-loving America had finally thrown her awakened might behind the cause of militant righteousness, the girl burned with zeal to help.




MUNICIPAL BUILDING AT TRENTON, NEW JERSEY, BEARING THE UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION'S SIGN

Her ardent patriotism had a quick effect upon the family. Mr. Burgess became the leader in the campaign to sell the first Liberty bonds in Pleasantville. Mrs. Burgess busied herself with Red Cross work. Even Tom, lazy Tom, Estelle persuaded to join the United States Boys' Working Reserve and to go with a crew of Pleasantville boys to help the near-by farmers harvest their crops.

The alert girl was continually finding out new ways in which the Burgess family could coöperate with the Government. It was at her suggestion that Mrs. Burgess signed the Hoover food-pledge, and the Food-Administration card was hung in the front window. Estelle wore the Four-H badge of the Garden and Canning Club, and all summer long, under the guidance of the county agent of the Department of Agriculture, she had toiled in her garden and preserved the vegetables raised there. This was her senior year in the high school. She was deeply interested in the work of the domestic-science class, where the principles underlying the work of the Food Administration in Washington were being taught; and thus she had become the Burgess family's authority on the subject of food conservation.

It had been her thoughtful father's plan to take the whole family to the hotel for the Thanksgiving dinner, to save Mrs. Burgess the task of planning it. But Mrs. Burgess demurred, because she thought they ought to invite some of their relatives to a family feast. Estelle vetoed both plans—the hotel, because the proprietor was wasteful of food; the reunion, because she knew her mother would not be content to serve to guests the sort of a meal which Estelle believed that patriotic duty required.

Only Tom grumbled at the decision. Tom was fond of rich food, but he also had a special grievance. He was a year behind Estelle in school and this fall he had realized his ambition to be a regular, not a substitute, player on the high-school football team, a halfback. In the two preceding seasons Tom, though a big, strong fellow, had been unable to gain such distinction. Consequently the boy argued that the coming dinner ought to be made a special celebration, because on Thanksgiving Day he would play in the annual game against Brookfield.

But Tom's appeal failed to move his sister to pity. Her first act was to consult old Martha, the cook. Then she commandeered the family motor-car and spent several pleasant autumn afternoons driving about the country on mysterious errands. On the day before the holiday she returned late in the afternoon with the car piled high with autumn foliage and laden with baskets.

Tom was allowed to sleep late the next morning, so that when he finally dashed down to eat an athlete's austere breakfast he found his sister already at work with Martha in the kitchen.

"Hurry up, Stelle!" he cried. "You know the game starts at ten."

"I 'm not going," replied his sister, cheerfully.

"Not going?" repeated Tom, blankly. "Not to the Brookfield game? We have a chance to beat them this year."

"It 's Mother's turn this time. She always has had to stay at home before. Go ahead, Tom, and win if you can. I 'm the chief cook to-day."

Just then Mr. Burgess called that it was time for Tom to be getting ready, and the boy ran to his room to don his moleskins, his disappointment that his sister would not attend the game considerably softened by the fact that his mother would be there to see him play. When the trio left for the athletic-field Tom was in his usual high spirits.

Three hours later Estelle, in her prettiest frock and looking as if she had never seen a kitchen, stood smilingly at the front door to welcome them on their return.

"How was it?" she cried. "Who won?"

"We did," Tom answered with a touch of embarrassment. "By one touch-down—only score made. Good deal of a fluke."

"Listen to him!" said Mr. Burgess, with pride. "*We* did! Why don 't you say, '*I* did?' Your brother won the game single-handed, Estelle. In the last minute of play he picked up the ball and dodged clear through the whole Brookville outfit for seventy yards and the greatest finish I ever saw at a football game."

"It was just a fumble," stammered Tom, modestly, "and I managed to get through, and—and they could n't catch me. Mmh!"—Tom sniffed the fragrant air of the house—"That 's turkey, all right! Guess Stelle is not going to starve us after all."

"Everything will be ready as soon as you are; so hurry," commanded the young chatelaine.

Curiosity vied with hunger when Estelle at length led the way to the dining-room and threw open the doors that had been concealing the surprise. Mother, father, and brother exclaimed with admiration as they looked, for the table seemed to be an autumnal bower and to groan with plenty. On a mat of autumn leaves, pinned together with the stems, stood a hollowed-out half of a pumpkin in the center of the table. This was lined with two layers of waxed paper covered with green crape paper with cut points turning over the outside of the pumpkin, which was filled with apples, pears, and grapes. From the chandelier hung strings of pop-corn to each person's place, each string connected to a scarlet leaf which served as a doily for a dish of salted hickory-nuts and black walnuts.

In front of each plate, too, was a menu card on which the Burgesses read:

*Cream-of-Corn Soup, Pop-Corn Garnish*
*Celery* *Pickles*
*Roast Turkey*
*Mashed Potatoes* *Onions Estelle*
*String Beans Burgess*
*Raised Corn-Bread* *Indian Pudding*
*Coffee* *Nuts* *Fruit*

Before they could discuss this promised feast Martha was serving the soup; and, by the time its praises were sung, the main course was brought in. But when Mr. Burgess had finished carving the turkey he shook his finger at his daughter.

"Now see here, young lady; it seems to me that you are not living up to your resolves. You insisted upon economy, but this Thanksgiving dinner looks to me to be as lavish as ever."

"Oh, but it is n't," protested Estelle. "It is a perfectly scientific war Thanksgiving dinner. You see where I put down on the cards, 'Onions Estelle,' and 'String beans Burgess'? That means that I grew both in the garden here, and stored the onions and canned the beans by the cold-pack method. We have nothing in the dinner that came to Pleasantville on a train. I bought the turkey out at Mr. Bemis's farm, and the Bemis boys gathered the nuts for me, even the chestnuts in the turkey stuffing. That is one of the most important things; for while it might seem that what food we eat would take up only a little bit of space in a big freight-car, yet when everybody is using home things it makes a great deal more room for freight for our soldiers. So in this dinner we have no New England oysters or tropical fruit or hothouse tomatoes—nothing that needs railroad transportation.

"But I must explain my idea. You remember about the first Thanksgiving; after the Indians had given the Pilgrim Fathers seeds and the harvest had been plentiful, Governor Bradford set aside three days of feasting. Do you know what those seeds were? Nothing but corn; and that first Thanksgiving feast consisted of wild turkey, corn dishes, and wild roots and berries. So this war Thanksgiving dinner combines sentiment and utility. It is principally of turkey and corn—turkey to conserve meat, for the food authorities do not count fowls as meat, and corn to save wheat for our army and for our Allies. The only wheat in this meal is in the turkey dressing, and that is made of scraps of stale bread that I have been saving. All the dishes were made with a minimum of fats and sugar."

"And I know something else about the dinner," added Mrs. Burgess; "and that is that my little

daughter wanted to see the game, but patriotically stayed at home instead to do her bit in this way."

"Say, sis, you 're all right!" cried Tom, with boisterous approval. "After the game the coach told me I never would have made the team this year except for the farm-work you persuaded me to do last summer, and also that I must be taking good care of myself to make a long run like that right at the end of a hard, tiring game. I told him I had been eating plainer food than usual, and he said that explained it. I tell you," and Tom nodded sagely, "there's a good deal to this war service after all!"

# UNDER AUSTRIAN SHELLS

A Story of the School-children on the Italian War-front

BY AMY A. BERNARDY

Special Educational Commissioner of the Italian Government to the Schools of the Adriatic Coast

Sixteen thousand children are going to school under the Italian flag in the Italian lands that the armies of General Cadorna have been successively, as well as successfully, wrenching from the claws of the twin-headed Austrian eagle. Where the Italian soldiers advance, the Italian schoolmaster follows; and in some cases, in fact, the schoolmaster is a soldier himself, detailed to such duty in view of his previous profession and experience.

Throughout the reconquered highlands of the Trentino, as well as through eastern Friuli and the former county of Gorizia, down to the sea and to the water city of Grado, surrounded by lagoons, school-houses have been built or schools accommodated in comfortable military barracks or other available quarters; and they go the whole range, from "babies' nests"—day nurseries—and the like, to high schools, evening schools, and industrial schools. Food is plentifully served everywhere at the expense of the military or naval authorities in power, since war conditions would have made it difficult for the families to provide individually for each youngster, and since also, in some cases, no extra trips to and from home are advisable in the clear daylight, when the Austrian shells love to travel over open towns, schools and hospitals.

Except in a very few instances, the former Austrian school-buildings have been used for field-hospital service during the fight for the surrounding country, and they continue to serve in this capacity. Besides, the new school quarters have been arranged with a view to the frequent aircraft alarms and the vicinity of cellars, dugouts and other refuges. Some of the schools, in fact, are practically enclosed in a wall of sand-bags against the explosion of shells and the enemy fire generally; for many of them are literally on the front. The children know it and are rather proud of it than otherwise: they feel that they are having a part in the deliberate chasing of "the old hen" (as they call the twin-headed Hapsburg eagle) out of the Italian way.

These children have been known to break forth of their own impulse into the refrain of the famous "Garibaldi Hymn" when an Austrian



A SCHOOL-HOUSE WRECKED BY AN AUSTRIAN SHELL

aëroplane has sent them scurrying down their appointed rabbit-holes, or when they have emerged just in time to see the bird of evil flying out of Italian reach beyond the mountain into the Austrian lines.

This is one of the songs for which some of their fathers have died and for which others have endured suffering and imprisonment.

As a characteristic instance, on the other hand, of the cheerful spirit with which Latin adaptability meets the awful conditions of war, we may cite the case of the high school of one town that has been frequently selected as a target by enemy aviators. In this town the tooting of a fog-horn was the signal of the approach of an enemy aëroplane and the warning to the school-children to file out of their classrooms into their appointed places of refuge. The boys became so accustomed to this experience that they composed a doggerel verse calling upon the fog-horn to deliver them from the dull class of a certain unpopular schoolmaster.



A BOMB-PROOF LUNCH-ROOM FOR ITALIAN SCHOOL-CHILDREN

Moreover, all through this war district the boys—and girls, too, some of them—have heard so many shells whistle overhead that they have learned to give a life-like imitation of the strange and unforgettable sound, just as boys and girls in this country are able to imitate a particularly nerve-racking automobile horn. And some of them can reproduce, too, the faint hum of a distant aëroplane. I regret to say that these young rascals are not above practising their accomplishments upon timid and unsuspecting strangers and observing the effect.

The school-children of Aquileia, the City of Patriarchs, that was overrun by the Huns—the original Huns—in the early Middle Ages, are particularly privileged, in that the wonderful Roman museum, with its cypress-shaded lawns and its long, sunlit porticos filled with classic memories and classic monuments, is constantly open to them, and the study of local history and the Latin traditions of the land is a happy feature of their school-hours.

Thence, after seeing the "baby nests" of Grado, you move on to Villa Vicentina, or Cervignano, where to their sand-bagged, wooden barracks the little girls from the surrounding villages bring daily offerings of primroses and violets and peach-blossoms galore, while sturdy little men dig away at regular potato-trenches and cabbage-fields.

Another pleasant feature of school-life in the Italian reclaimed lands is the correspondence between these children and those of the motherland—unknown personally to each other, but, under the teachers' guidance, put in touch with suitable fellow-writers, connected with them by the all-powerful link and spirit of common language and nationality. It is touching to see and hear from the teachers



AN OPEN-AIR SCHOOL-ROOM. READY TO SCATTER IF THE AUSTRIAN AVIATOR COMES

how some of them insisted upon writing to the Italian royal children, addressing them as *"I toseti della Regina,"* which in Italian slang would be about the same as "the queen's kids," if you please. The royal children replied delightfully to some of these letters. Truly, democracy is safe under the Italian flag!



SIX HUNDRED ITALIAN SCHOOL-CHILDREN FORMING THE WORD "ITALIA"

But to the writer of the present notes the most impressive memory of all is doubtless that of six hundred children of Italian speech, blood, and heart, reunited to the mother-land by the Italian conquest of several villages and townships, gathered in a radiant autumn day at the foot of the tremendous Mount Stol, falling in line swiftly and precisely to form with their youthful, healthy, agile bodies the one great word

ITALIA

# An Amateur Censor

by Ellis Parker Butler



"'MAKE A SPECIAL EFFORT, GRAYSON. IT MUST BE STOPPED.'"

In an office in a huge building in London, known as Strand House, George William Walsingham sat at a desk and frowned. On the desk before him lay an official-looking document, and at his side stood Roger Grayson, A. C. M. C.,—these letters meaning Assistant Chief Mail Censor,—and he too frowned, because there was evidently something wrong with the wonderful organization England had created to censor the mails.

"This is the third time it has happened," said Colonel Walsingham, with more than annoyance. "England's munition factories must have platinum, and each of the three ships carrying the precious ounces of the metal has been sunk by submarines."

"Many other ships have been sunk by submarines," suggested Roger Grayson.

"I know, but by submarines evidently cruising at large to destroy whatever they came across on the seas," said Colonel Walsingham. "These platinum ships have been attacked with especial vigor. Three, and in one case four, submarines concentrated their efforts on the platinum ships. It can mean but one thing. All our platinum comes through Benson & Corley, in New York. Some one connected with Benson & Corley must be getting word through to Berlin, advising the German government of every shipment of platinum, with the name of the ship and its probable route, so the German submarines can make special efforts to attack and sink our platinum bearers. That means just one thing, Grayson—the information is slipping through this censorship of ours."

"I can't believe it," said Grayson, firmly. "Never in the history of the world has such an organization been created as this English mail-censorship. Every letter coming from America or going to America is examined. We have experts in every known language and dialect. Letters to and from the warring nations as well as Holland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and all the other neutrals are examined, and if there is the slightest suspicion that they contain hidden information of value to our enemy they are destroyed. There is no secret code we cannot unravel. Colonel Walsingham, it is impossible that information regarding the platinum ships could pass through this censorship of ours."

"The information is reaching Germany," said Colonel Walsingham. "Make a special effort, Grayson. It must be stopped."

Roger Grayson did not need to be told to make a special effort. Not only was his patriotism

touched, but his pride in the great censorship machine he had helped to create was touched as well. To all the hundreds, yes, thousands of assistants who were under him he gave instructions to exert the keenest watchfulness for anything that might possibly be a secret code-message. This was hardly necessary, for every effort was already being made.

In his heart Roger Grayson felt that Colonel Walsingham was right, but how could he stop the leak? First, of course, the letters carrying the information must reach the censorship bureau, then the clever secret code that had so far failed to attract the attention of the "readers" must be discovered. To aid him he had just one important fact. The ship *Coloris* was to leave New York in ten days, carrying, in addition to other war supplies, five hundred ounces of platinum. If there was a leak in the censorship, now was the time to find it. The letter carrying the information to some neutral country, possibly Holland, whence it could be sent into Germany, ought to pass through the censorship bureau in a few days, if it had not already passed.

Every letter and every parcel was scrutinized most carefully. No secret means of communication was too cleverly conceived to evade the watchfulness of the keen-eyed men at the hundreds of tables, it seemed; and no bit of information was too trivial to escape their closest inspection. In spite of this they found nothing. There were hidden code-messages discovered, of course, but they had nothing to do with the platinum carriers. As a matter of fact, the thousands of censors had the task of discovering some secret method of communication, some secret code, that must have escaped their keen attention before and might well escape it still.

In one of the rooms of Strand House that very afternoon a man was at work at one of the tables. He did not look like an Englishman, and he was not an Englishman. At first glance you would have thought he was a Frenchman for he looked something like one, and especially because of the way he wore his beard and moustache; but he was a Belgian, Professor Henri Kampf. Early in the war his home had been destroyed and he, with his wife and two children, had become refugees and had fled to England. He was a clever man. He had deciphered, in his day, some of the most difficult Egyptian hieroglyphics. He knew a great deal about cipher-writing, too, but he was in Strand House because he knew to the utmost the four tongues—no, five tongues—mostly spoken in Belgium: Flemish, German, Walloon, French, and Dutch. He spoke and read English better than half the English themselves. He was a world-renowned professor, and yet he was glad and content to occupy one chair at a table with a dozen other men, working for a few shillings a week, because he could thus do his part in winning the war.

About three o'clock in the afternoon of this day Madame Kampf brought her two children to London from the suburb where they were living. She wanted shoes for the little girl, and she brought young Henri, too, because his father had said Henri might see something of the great censorship bureau the next time he came to London.

London was always an interesting place to Henri. It was bigger than Antwerp and bigger than Brussels, and so different!

"Do you think," said his mother, "you can find Father if I leave you at the door of Strand House, Henri?"

"To be sure I can!" exclaimed the boy. "I am not a child, Mother."

He was twelve. Being in England and among friends, he was not one of the hungry little Belgians. His legs were stout and round and his face full and rosy.

"Very well, I will trust you," said his mother. Before the war she would never have thought of trusting a twelve-year-old boy alone in such a big, crowded building, but every boy seemed to become more self-reliant after the war began. She told Henri she would return about five o'clock and would meet him at the door.

"Have no fear for me, Mama," said Henri, and he kissed her and entered the big building. He knew just how to proceed, for his father had told him. "American Mails, Destination Holland," was the phrase he had to say, for that meant the department where his father was working. There were guards and watchmen everywhere, and they looked at the card Henri's father had given him and said "Left," "Right," "Up one flight," or whatever was necessary to guide him, and at last Henri stood before the door on which was inscribed, "American Mails, Destination Holland."

In this room and the rooms adjoining were handled all the letters mailed in America and addressed to persons in Holland. If one of these letters happened to be written in a strange language—as in Choctaw, Egyptian, or ancient Sanskrit—it went to the Uncommon Languages Department; but if in an ordinary language, it went to one of the men in these rooms. In the months the war had been going on the system of handling these letters had become almost perfect. Certain of the men handled all the letters to or from one town or city in Holland. Where a city was large, as Amsterdam or Rotterdam, one man would handle only the letters to or from firms or persons

whose names began with A, B, or C, or D, E, or F. In this way each man became as well acquainted with the kind of correspondence going on as if he had written it himself. It helped them to catch tricky messages. It helped in a thousand ways, as any bright person can easily imagine. Mr. Henri Kampf had one whole district to care for, but it was a sparsely settled district with no big towns and with, altogether, perhaps only one-tenth the correspondence of the city of Amsterdam.

Young Henri opened the door and peered into the busy room, and the guard at the door took him by the arm.

"What do you want here?" he asked, a little gruffly.

Henri showed him his card, which was in effect a pass. He did not need to say that he wanted two things. One of the things was to see his dear father, whom he had not seen for a week. The other thing he wanted was "war envelops." He hoped his father would have some for him. Henri was getting a collection of them.

War envelops are, as any stamp-collector knows, the envelops with the censorship marks, the military franks and the Red Cross and other war-stamps on them. They are interesting things to collect, and Belgian boys are great collectors. Practically every Belgian boy is a stamp-collector, and a Belgian boy with a father in the censorship bureau is a happy boy indeed. He is able to get some very rare envelops.

The guard, reading Henri's pass, smiled and patted him on the shoulder and led him to where Henri's father was at work. His father looked up and greeted him fondly, and Henri kissed him on both cheeks.

"Just a minute, little son!" said his father. "Come! you can stand here beside me and see how I do it, if you wish."

The table ran the whole length of the room, and there were twenty men seated at it, ten on each side. The top of the table was separated into twenty small bins by division boards, so that one inspector's pile of opened mail might not get mixed with another man's pile. Mr. Kampf took up an envelop, slipped out the contents, and opened it.

"Ah! Henri, here is something will interest you!" he said.

"Stamps!" cried Henri, eagerly.

The contents of the envelop consisted of four thin sheets of paper and a small sheet of letter-paper. The four thin sheets were of the sort stamp-collectors and dealers know as "approval sheets." Each sheet had a blank space at the top, and below this was printed fifty squares, five in a row and ten rows, each big enough to hold one postage-stamp. Dealers and boys who want to exchange stamps use thousands of these sheets in sending stamps for sale on approval or for exchange. On the four approval sheets in this letter every space bore a stamp. Mr. Kampf handed the sheets to Henri.

"The way one poor fellow fills in his weary days," he explained. "Every mail from Holland for America has ten or twenty of his post-card appeals. His name, as you see on this envelop addressed to him, is Lieutenant Felix Monson. He must have a list of many of the stamp-collectors in America, and to them he writes his post-cards. They are all much the same: 'I am a Belgian soldier, interned in Holland until the end of the war, and to pass my weary days I am getting together a collection of postage-stamps for my children at home. Please send me any duplicates you do not want.'"

"That is a nice way to do," said Henri.

"Ah! you know the fun of collecting stamps, my little son!" laughed Professor Kampf. "Perhaps you would like to send some stamps to poor Lieutenant Monson some day, yes?"

"Yes, I would, Father," said Henri.

He passed the four approval sheets from hand to hand, one at a time.

"I can send him better ones than these," he said. "These are all the cheapest and commonest ones. I would be ashamed to send him such common ones, Father. And all mixed up. I would n't send them all mixed up on an approval sheet. If I used an approval sheet, I would arrange the stamps by countries, as the dealers do."

"You are all for system!" smiled Professor Kampf, proudly. "I expect the poor Belgian, interned in Holland, does n't care whether they are arranged by countries or not."

"But these are such common stamps!" insisted Henri, "See, here are United States two-cent stamps, the ones used now; they are not worth a penny a peck, Father. Who would send them to a poor soldier? See, here is one, and here, and here, and here. *Father!*"

"What, Henri?"

"Father," said the boy, his eyes big with the idea that had occurred to him, "might n't these stamps be a cipher? Might n't somebody have a code, and each stamp stand for a word? There are hundreds and hundreds of stamps that are cheap and easy to get. Might n't somebody take a catalogue and give each stamp a word? You know how I mean. This United States stamp might be 'the,' and this French stamp might be 'ship,' and so on. And then they could arrange them on these approval sheets so they would make

sentences and carry news through the censorship bureau, and nobody would guess. Could n't they do that, Father?"

Professor Kampf grasped the four sheets out of his son's hand, grasping them so eagerly he tore one half across.

"Wait here, Henri!" he commanded. "I will come back!"

He almost ran out of the room, down the corridors and up the stairs, until he burst into the Decoding Room, where the cipher experts held sway.

"This!" he cried breathlessly. "These stamps. All mixed up, you see. Could it be a cipher? Might it be a code? Dozens and dozens of parcels of stamps have gone thus into Holland."

The chief of the Decoding Room took the sheets and looked at them.

"Always on sheets, like this?" he asked.

"No, for the most part they are loose. Now and then on sheets."

He explained rapidly the post-cards sent by the appealing Lieutenant Monson to various addresses in the United States and the floods of stamps that went to him in return, all passed by the censors as harmless matter.

"Unless I am mistaken," said the head of the Decoding Room, with a thrill in his voice, "you have discovered something of the greatest importance. This is undoubtedly a code message."

"My boy Henri—my little son Henri discovered it," said Professor Kampf, proudly.

"No matter who discovered it," said the head of the Decoding Room. "Come with me to Mr. Grayson."

Roger Grayson listened to the story.



"'SEE, HERE IS ONE, AND HERE, AND HERE, AND HERE. *FATHER!*'"

"We have caught them!" he cried. "Come with me to Colonel Walsingham!"

In five minutes after they stood before Colonel Walsingham two cablegrams were flying under the water in two directions. One was to the head of the secret service in New York, the other to the head of the secret service in Holland. From the New York headquarters five men hurried out. In less than twenty-four hours they discovered which of the employees of Benson & Corley was sending duplicate postage-stamps to the interned prisoner in Holland, and in his house they found a stamp-catalogue with code words written in a fine hand opposite all the cheap and easily obtained stamps. In less than forty-eight hours other secret-service men had discovered that

Lieutenant Monson, in Holland, had a similar catalogue hidden under his blanket in the camp where the interned soldiers were kept. In less than a week Colonel Walsingham learned that Lieutenant Monson was a German secret-service man who had joined the Belgian army merely in order that he might flee across the border from Belgium into Holland and put into operation the postage-stamp code he had invented, getting news from America and forwarding it to Berlin. He had guessed rightly that the flood of stamps coming to him from genuine and unsuspecting collectors in America would keep him free from suspicion for a considerable time.

From the lucky day when Henri Kampf, Junior, looked at the approval sheets his father had placed in his hands, there were no more special attacks on the platinum carriers. He was a proud Belgian boy, the proudest in England, and he was more proud than ever when Colonel George William Walsingham pinned on his breast an Order of Merit for notable services to the king and nation.



COLONEL GEORGE WILLIAM WALSINGHAM PINNED ON HIS BREAST AN ORDER OF MERIT

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# FRIEND WIND

By Isabel McKinney

Out on the hill-top the wind is awake,
Out on the hill-top calling,
"Come, little comrade, come and take!
Come, for the nuts are falling!"

# PUFF O' SMOKE

BY ESTHER BIRDSALL DARLING
Author of "Baldy of Nome," "Up in Alaska," etc.



LITTLE Jimmie Gibson was blue—but not depressed and unhappy, you must understand, as he had a merry nature and jolly ways; but he was blue, nevertheless, and *born* blue, so that it was no fault of his. As a matter of fact, one gains much admiration by being born blue in *his* country, for Jimmie Gibson was a blue fox from Northern Alaska, and the blue fox is of great commercial value at this particular time.

One day late in spring, an Eskimo, hunting and trapping on the Kobuk River, in the arctic, saw a fox-hole in the snow, and captured a white mother fox and one white puppy-fox, bringing them to Martin Moran, who has a famous fox farm in that vicinity. Knowing that there are generally from three to seven puppies in a family, he had the Eskimo return to the burrow to see if there were not some still left—for the wise fox parent has usually a number of entrances to the den, which give several other ways of escape if one is blocked.

The Eskimo discovered two more white puppies and two blue puppies. Still unconvinced that the native had them all, Moran again sent him back, and, a week from the day that the mother was caught, little Jimmie Gibson was found.

The poor baby, deserted for this long time, had existed on scraps of food stored away by the provident mother. He heard the Eskimo coming and ran out of his hole to meet him—evidently glad of some companionship, even that of a human being; and there was no difficulty in catching him and carrying him to the farm to join the rest of his family, who had taken up their residence there.

Because of exceptional intelligence and amiability in the one who had so nearly perished, Martin Moran made a pet of him, and named him after a dear old friend—James Gibson. Of course no one could think of such a tiny, round, mischievous creature as "James," so he was dubbed "Jimmie," and soon learned to answer to his name, running to Moran the moment he heard it called.

When Jimmie was about three months old, Moran had to make a trip for supplies to Nome, which is a great trading-post, as well as a celebrated mining-camp, on Bering Sea, not far from the arctic circle. It was a tiresome journey of many days from the Kobuk, by means of a small coastwise steamer, and he decided to take his favorite fox with him for company.

It was in my own home in Nome that I first met Jimmie Gibson. I had gone down to answer the call of the Big Man, "Look what I have here!" expecting, as usual, to find that he had brought to see me some attractive malamute or "husky" puppy; but instead there stood in the middle of the room a strange, unknown little



"HE DISCOVERED THE STAIRWAY" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

creature. He was about the height and color of a Maltese cat, but his fur was more fluffy and beautiful than that of any Persian cat I have ever

seen, and his tail was like a huge, soft, blue-gray plume. His pointed nose and prick ears were suggestive of the small Siberian dogs, which are so numerous here, but there was something distinctive about him, decidedly different from either a dog or a cat; and after I had recovered from the surprise of finding a "wild animal" in the bosom of my family, I realized that my visitor was a baby fox.

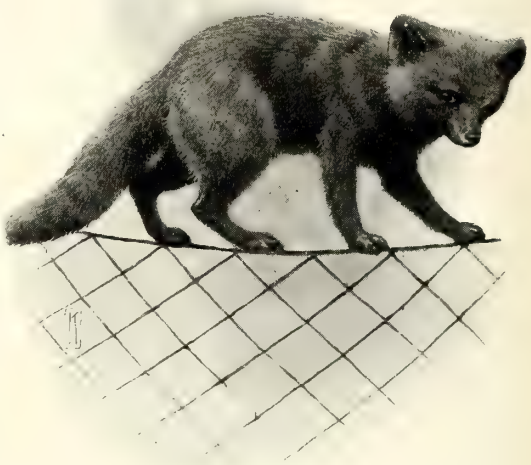
He seemed a bit shy, but not exactly frightened. He drank milk from a saucer and hid, or "cached," behind a chair in the corner the chicken-bone that I gave him. Then, with the greatest curiosity, he began to examine the place thoroughly; he peered behind the curtains, crawled under the furniture, jumped on the table and couch, and finally discovered the stairway, which interested him enormously.

When he was nearly at the top, I remembered that a low window in my room was open, and I started up behind him, only to bring about what I most desired to prevent. Jimmie knew nothing of second stories, but the open sash offered him a means of escape from pursuit, and I reached the last stair just in time to see him make a flying leap out of the window. For a moment I was afraid to glance down, for the ground was fully twenty feet below; but when I *did* have the courage, I discovered Jimmie Gibson standing on the graveled walk, regarding one paw rather ruefully and the window rather resentfully. When the Big Man picked him up he proved to be none the worse for his unexpected imitation of an aëroplane, though he was panting and nervous.

Mr. Moran, who had expected to be in Nome only a few days, was obliged to make a trip to some distance, and, not wishing to expose Jimmie unnecessarily to the discomforts of the sea, it was decided to leave the fox in the Big Man's hardware store during his six weeks' absence.

So Jimmie was comfortably installed in the deep embrasure of a huge window, where the plate-glass on the street side and the high poultry netting on the store side provided safety without interfering with his opportunity to watch all of the new and interesting sights about him.

At first he was quite contented in the place assigned him, which must have seemed spacious after the small box in which he had traveled to Nome; but after two or three days he commenced to try to scale the wire netting that separated him from all of the many wonderful things he wanted to investigate closely, and after innumerable failures and falls he succeeded. He paused a moment, balancing on top of the net, and then jumped onto a bale of goods standing near. Three times the Big Man put him back, and three times Jimmie Gibson jumped out again. He was plainly determined to start on an exploring expedition, and with a complete disregard of our presence and defiance of our wishes he made still



"BALANCING ON THE TOP OF THE NET"

another escape. This time we let him have his way, and Jimmie began a tour of inspection—disappearing for intervals of ten or fifteen minutes, but returning regularly to see that we were still there; for he had now begun to show that he greatly preferred the society of people to remaining alone. From the night that he learned he could scale his prison walls he made it a habit to go into the office, where he would sit on a desk by the bookkeeper, who generally spent an hour or so over his books after the others had gone. He was very quiet at such times, and only the rustling of a paper or the rolling of a pencil would betray his presence there at all. But when the bookkeeper was ready to leave, and turned off the electric lights, the fox would follow him to the outer door, whimpering at being deserted.

In the morning he showed the keenest delight when Charlie, one of the clerks, came in, and went the rounds of the store with him, delaying the sweeping by sudden attacks on the broom, and running off with the dust-cloth if it was laid down for an instant.

He made a peculiar chattering sound, which he seemed to feel was a method of communication; and he would look up into your face during the interview, cocking his head on one side, then on the other, and apparently trying to con-

vey to you some need or express some sentiment of criticism or satisfaction over matters that concerned him. This chattering was varied by a clucking, like that of a hen, or a sharp shrill barking, like that of a tiny puppy.

I have seen Jimmie Gibson comfortably ensconced in some position favorable to quick action,—and retreat, if necessary,—holding long "conversations" with "Scotty" Allan, who could soon imitate the fox noises very well. As Scotty worked they would harangue one another in the most animated way, Scotty always ending their dialogue by a question of much importance to the fox. "Well, what does the little mannie want now? A drink of water? Something to eat?" And the "little mannie" would jump down from his chosen place and run ahead to his water-bowl or food-dish, according to his immediate desire. It was remarkable in how short a time he had learned to indicate his different needs and distinguish between the various words that Scotty used in that connection.

His color, his noiseless motions, particularly the light and airy manner he had of appearing with no previous hint of approach and disappearing as quickly and mysteriously as he had come, won for him the name Puff o' Smoke. And little Puff o' Smoke crept completely into our hearts by the charm of a nature whose instinctive suspicion, an inheritance from his wild ancestors, had yielded to his confidence in human friends and a fondness for them.

His favorites in the store were the Big Man, whom he had met first, and Scotty Allan, who, as an expert dog-man and the successful driver of the Alaskan racing-dogs, has a world-wide reputation. Scotty's knowledge of animals has been gained by long and varied experience; an experience that includes such things as the training of a timber-wolf, caught when a puppy, to the point of being able to drive him with the team-dogs he was then using on the Yukon. So when Scotty cautioned us against destroying Jimmie's confidence, we never teased or frightened him, and agreed that any advances should come from *his* side. When he learned that he could trust us implicitly, he became quite bold in his tactics.

If the Big Man was sitting on a settee, Jimmie would spring up beside him and sometimes even get into his lap; but there was a tacit understanding that never a hand should be laid upon him—for being handled seemed to be Jimmie's one constant dread. Lightly resting on the Big Man's knee, Jimmie would become absorbed in vest buttons or a watch-chain, chattering and clucking the while over every fresh discovery. Then, perhaps, he would snatch a glove or handkerchief from a convenient pocket and rush with his prize down the length of the store; possibly to hide it in one of his innumerable caches behind goods, but more often returning to place it before the Big Man, hoping for a romp and a chase, in which he always eluded his pursuer. One day the Big Man leaned over, and the fox grabbed the man's hat in his mouth and dashed away with it in great glee. The hat once regained, he would repeat the theft as often as he had the chance, evidently regarding it as rare fun.



"HE WOULD SIT ON A DESK BY THE BOOKKEEPER"

His perseverance was as marked as that of the proverbial spider spinning its web, and his curiosity was as strong a trait. I have known him to spend the greater part of a day trying to find out what was in a certain package that was carefully wrapped and tied and laid aside for delivery. Strings and paper were no protection against him—and a lid securely fastened merely aroused a persistency that was marvelous.

Presently he began to steal little things that appealed to him, and would go to any amount of trouble to get the trifle he wished. Out of a dozen boxes, containing complete sets of shoe-polishing appliances, Jimmie abstracted *only* the

daubers, and hid them so securely that even for a year or more after his departure they were still coming to light. At times he would be exceedingly busy changing the hiding-places of his treasures, but the long runway behind the heavy gold-pans seemed to be, for some reason, the favorite



"JIMMIE WOULD EMERGE FROM A LENGTH OF STOVE-PIPE"

retreat; possibly because from it he could see all that was going on without himself being seen.

Occasionally the Big Man or Scotty would go after him into the neighborhood of this den, Jimmie maintaining an attitude of "watchful waiting" till they began searching for the entrance. Tense and motionless the fox would stand, following every move of the threatening hand with eager attention; if it went a little to the right or left, a little too high or too low, there was no change in the rigid pose; but at the first move toward the *real* entrance, he pounced upon the invader with all the fury of outraged ownership. He would take an offending finger or two in his mouth, snarling fiercely; but this was only a fair warning that he was a ferocious beast and must not be provoked to do his worst. He never bit, though his teeth were as fine and sharp as needles and would have made a painful wound.

It was not long before the school-children came in to visit the fox, and eventually to play with him; for Jimmie seemed to realize the kinship of youth, and showed a decided preference for the little ones. In fact, almost the only time I ever saw Jimmie Gibson unresistingly accept a caress was once when he was placed in a baby-carriage with a year-old baby, to whose demonstrations of affection he seemed to respond.

His favorite game with the children was tag, though they varied it with hide-and-seek—Jimmie being the one to hide. There were so many wonderful places where he could conceal himself that once in a while his friends had to "give up"; and when they called him persuasively, perhaps holding a bit of apple in plain sight, Jimmie would emerge from a length of stove-pipe or from the depths of a coil of rope, plainly elated at his success in wearing them out. In tag they all raced up and down the long aisles of the store, between big pillars and show-cases, with one invariable result; no matter *how* fleetly they pursued him, there would be at last a sudden and mysterious disappearance on his part, and when they turned to make a wider search for him, he was always *behind, chasing them.*

Somewhat spent, after his romp, he would generally throw himself down, limp and relaxed, where he could watch all proceedings, knowing that we regarded his desire for rest as a truce, during which we would not disturb him. If really too worn out to be interested in passing events, he sought his wall of gold-pans, and there he would remain till he had fully recuperated.

Once, on such an occasion, I paused before his den and used my utmost powers of persuasion to induce him to come out, offering bribes that usually proved effective. "Is little Jimmie Gibson too tired to play?" was answered by a faint squeak, indicating complete exhaustion. The sound of a spool on a string being drawn along the floor was no temptation; he did not want



"IN A SPIRIT OF BRAVADO HE MARCHED UP TO THE DOG"

water, nor an apple. What could I offer him? Fortunately I happened to have, near by, a fresh ptarmigan that I had just bought from a native

hunter on the street for Jimmie's dinner. This I held near his hiding-place where the smell could not fail to reach his sensitive nose. Then I inquired if "little Jimmie Gibson wanted a ptarmigan?" Stealthily, but rapidly, he appeared out of the dusk of his lair; every instinct of the wild was aroused, and every hint of domesticity was forgotten at the scent of his prey. Savagely he snatched the bird from me and hurried toward a distant cache, evidently regarding my presence there as a menace.

Perhaps Jimmie was never more entertaining than when in his window where we could watch his antics without diverting his attention. He would spend hours arranging his quarters to his satisfaction, and then, weary with his labors, would go into his straw-filled "house" or lie in a big box of sand to enjoy a well-earned sleep—though I never saw him sleep so soundly that, if we spoke to him, there was not, in immediate response, the gleam of two alert bright eyes, or the sound of a fretful grunt of protest at the disturbance.

One of the things that apparently was always a cause of renewed surprise to him was the insecurity of a block (part of a block and tackle in the window) as a cache. He would thrust a ptarmigan head, or other dainty, into a most promising crevice, only to find it had unaccountably appeared on the other side. Picking it up, he would try it again with the same result. Patiently repeating the attempt over and over again, until convinced of its futility, he would take the bit of food over to the half-opened drawer of a coffee-mill, drop it in, and then walk around to the other side of that, to see if it, too, was playing tricks on him.

Jimmie Gibson had a fine sense of discrimination in dogs. One day when he was running loose in the store, Baldy, one of our racing leaders, wandered in. To my horror, the fox approached the dog with no fear whatever, and I expected to see Baldy attack him, knowing that the strong wolf strain in these dogs makes any wild animal seem, to them, fair game. Scotty reassured me, however, and said that no matter what Baldy might do to Jimmie Gibson *in the open*, Jimmie would be perfectly safe under a roof. Baldy realized that the fox belonged there, was in our protection, and therefore must not be harmed. The fox knew in some way that he could trust Baldy, and knew it so absolutely that in a spirit of bravado he marched up to the dog, chattering and barking at him, and, jumping up, even nipped playfully at Baldy's nose and the end of his drooping tail. Baldy is dignified, and not at all inclined to make friends readily and informally, so he simply ignored the impertinence of Jimmie Gibson until his patience was exhausted; then he would start for the door, after letting us know that he wanted to go home where he would not be subjected to the unwelcome familiarities of a saucy baby fox.

Some dogs, on the contrary, responded eagerly to Jimmie's advances, and would enter into his



"JIMMIE WOULD THROW HIMSELF UPON THE FLOOR, WILD WITH RAGE" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

games with the utmost enjoyment. In tag, as with the children, the fox always turned up *behind* the dog who was chasing him.

Strangely enough, Jimmie's friends among the dogs were invariably the *big* ones, often sled-dogs, and reindeer-dogs (who closely resemble those used by sheep-herders), and his enemies were the *small* ones, particularly the fox-terriers, toward whom he seemed to have an especial and instinctive hatred, almost as if he knew the name of their breed and the reason for the name.

One of his greatest delights was to safely entrench himself behind his high netting and then frisk up and down the length of the window in the very faces of his foes, who, after his arrival, never missed a possible chance to slip into the store. They would bark frantically and throw themselves against the wire mesh, scratching and tearing at it, conscious that only a slight barrier separated them from this alluring bit of fur and fun. But the barrier held, and they would wear themselves out in desperate and unsuccessful attacks upon it. Unable to stand the noise and confusion, we would finally put them into the street,

where, with noses pressed against the plate-glass, they would stand and watch Jimmie till they were found by their masters or the approach of meal-times would prove a stronger attraction.

There were *degrees* of dislike that Jimmie experienced for these different dogs, and his actions were more or less influenced by his sentiments. Toward the "Twins," two sleek black fellows, half cocker-spaniel and half fox-terrier, he showed a sort of good-natured contempt. Vastly amused at their strenuous efforts to reach him, he seemed to enjoy their excitement and was always ready to give them a run. With some of the others, there was more malice in his attitude, and there would be little bursts of temper during their visits, manifested by angry chattering or barking, and a defiant waving of his beautiful plume-like tail before their longing eyes.

For no apparent reason, Jimmie Gibson selected Billy Kerr, a gentle, long-haired fox-terrier, as his arch-enemy, though that particular dog showed no more animosity toward the fox than did any of the others. The instant that Billy made his appearance, however, Jimmie would throw himself upon the floor of his "apartment," wild with rage. Just so long as Billy lingered, just so long did Jimmie keep up a series of shrill, ear-splitting shrieks that issued from a cavernous, blood-red mouth, which he opened as widely as a young bird waiting for a fat worm. Even after the unwilling Billy had been dragged away by his owner, Jimmie could not seem to get over the insult of Billy's presence and the consequent injury to his feelings; and for an hour or more there would be savage mutterings that indicated a sadly ruffled disposition.

We were naturally worried about the doors that were so often left open, for aside from our actual affection for Jimmie Gibson, we did not care to have a hundred and fifty dollars' worth of blue fox venturing out to be inevitably killed by the dogs always so much in evidence in the town. Only once did Jimmie Gibson escape, if one can call it an escape when he casually wandered out through an alley to the main street, where he stood looking about with keen interest. We did not dare start after him for fear he would run from us, so we called him, and after a leisurely survey of the scene before him, he concluded to return.

He was very sensitive to atmospheric conditions and appeared restless and excitable before and during a storm. At the time of the great storm of October 5, 1913, that caused such enormous damage to the city, and even threatened for a while to wipe out the entire business section, Jimmie was desperately nervous and uneasy, pacing up and down, running constantly to the door, to sniff at it, as if scenting the coming disaster, and evincing a strong desire to have us with him.

During the height of the gale, when the place was being entered every moment by those needing goods or shelter, it was necessary to shut Jimmie in the private office for safety. He was lonely and unhappy, and, resenting his isolation, seemed to take a certain satisfaction in doing as much damage as he could to show his wrath. He tore up paper, knocked books on the floor, and tipped over the scrap basket, scattering its contents broadcast; though most of the time he spent on top of a high desk, peering out through a window into the main store and scolding audibly.

Shortly after the episode of the storm the last boat of the season left for the arctic, and on this Martin Moran and Jimmie Gibson sailed for their home on the Kobuk. When the time came for us to part from our strange little guest, there was general and genuine regret, for it was not within human probabilities that we should ever see him again. Moran assured us that the fox would never be killed for his fur, and he hoped to see him the founder of a line of descendants who would be famous for their beauty and intelligence. A traveling cage had been fitted up for Jimmie by the boys in the store, luxuriously furnished with a comfortable bed and white enamel plates and bowls. His playthings were not forgotten, and all treasured trifles were stored away for his amusement. A box of his favorite food was carefully packed, and at last Jimmie Gibson was ready for the voyage.

Our parting gift, and one which did not appeal to him immediately, was a beautiful red morocco collar, on which tinkled a tiny silver bell. This, slipped over his head when he was busily examining his new quarters, was the signal for a demonstration beside which his behavior toward Billy Kerr was mild indeed. He spun round and round like a top—squeaking, squealing, chattering, and barking in turn; he jumped repeatedly into the air with incredible rapidity—looking more than ever like a Puff o' Smoke, through which now gleamed a streak of red, like a darting flame. Eventually, however, he became calm when he realized that this new acquisition was neither restraining nor painful, and, held in Martin Moran's protecting arms, he even let us stroke him gently by way of good-by.

I shall always regard my friendship with Jimmie Gibson not only as a pleasure, but as a lesson; a lesson which proved that, as with human beings, so it is with the little creatures of the wild —love and kindness given mean love and confidence returned.



TOWING THE MAMMOTH RAFT.

# RIDING THE RAFT

BY GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH

"A NEW kind of hard-luck story, is n't it?"

Captain John Sackett, of the ocean-going tug *Semper,* smiled so good-naturedly that it took some of the sting out of his words and their plain implication. Nevertheless, Logan Bender and Ham Everett flinched and reddened. They were unused to having their words doubted, but then they had never before been in such a hopeless plight.

They had spent their summer vacation in a hike across Nova Scotia, and had arrived at Yarmouth tired, ragged, and penniless. A miscalculation in their available finances had caused them all sorts of discomforts, hardships, and humiliations. An unpleasant experience on the road, which had deprived them of their coats, and another with a farmer's dog had reduced them to the appearance of tramps of the worst sort.

"Whether you believe it or not, Captain," Logan said spiritedly, "every word of it is true."

They had applied to Captain Sackett for the chance to work their passage back to Boston, explaining their predicament, and offering full payment when they could get in touch with friends and relatives at home.

"I did n't say I disbelieved you," replied the captain, his eyes twinkling. "I merely said it was a new kind of hard-luck story. And I 've heard a lot of 'em. Some don't hang together as well as others. Depends on how much experience the tellers have had. You 're young at the game, my boys."

Ham plucked his companion by the arm and said angrily: "Come on, Logan. I would n't accept anything from him. I 'll swim first!"

"Tut! Tut!" chuckled the captain. "Don't get so touchy. It won't get you anywhere in this world. You 're going with me. I need an extra hand with that big raft. Reckon you can ride it in the daytime and sleep on the tug at night. That 'll pay for your passage and grub."

Until then the boys did n't know that the *Semper* had been engaged to tow one of the biggest rafts of logs ever put together in Nova Scotia for Boston. A little later, when they saw it floating idly on the water, looking for all the world like a half-submerged whale, they uttered exclamations of surprise.

The conditions the captain made were simple. Ham and Logan were to ride the raft in the daytime to see that the chains and ropes holding the logs together were kept intact, and at night were to be relieved by others, while they slept aboard the tug.

Captain Sackett, for all his gruffness and suspicions, was kind-hearted, and the stranded boys were grateful to him for the chance to get home. In riding the raft there was also the novelty of adventure and the promise of excitement.

"Reckon it will be a slow trip," the captain re-

marked, when they had been put on the raft and instructed what to do.

Their duties were neither heavy nor difficult. A small, shaky platform had been built on the back of the whale-like raft, where the boys were safe from the swish of the waves. It was necessary to keep a guard there to see that the chains and ropes were holding properly.

When the *Semper* finally put to sea, towing the mammoth raft at the end of two big hawsers, Ham and Logan congratulated themselves on their luck. They had plenty of room for exercise, more, in fact, than if they had been cooped up on a steamer. The raft was three hundred feet long, cigar-shaped, and standing several feet out of the water. The thousands of logs were shackled together by chains and ropes, so that the waves should not break the raft apart.

"Looks like a joy-ride home on a whale's back!" gleefully remarked Logan.

"More like a submarine," laughed Ham. "All we need is a periscope and a conning-tower to scare every ship's captain into fits."

They had the long day to themselves, and as the weather was pleasant their task was agreeable. Each morning they were put aboard the raft, and taken off at night. In the calm sea of the first two days there was no anxiety about the ropes and chains. Their duties were a cinch.

But late in the afternoon of the third day a thick haze made their situation less comfortable. It grew so dense by three o'clock that the tug ahead was totally obscured. They could locate it only by its steady puffing and an occasional call through a megaphone from Captain Sackett.

"Ahoy, you landlubbers aboard the raft!" the captain shouted, simulating the words and gruffness of the old-time deep-sea skipper. "How 's everything?"

"All O. K. except we 'd like a dry change of clothes!" replied Ham. "This fog 's thick enough to drink."

"You 'll have a change at sundown when you come aboard. Keep your eyes on those chains."

"Aye! Aye, Captain!" shouted Logan.

But the fog held until late in the afternoon, and then the weather changed so swiftly that for a time the tug had all it could do to stand up before the waves. A violent wind-storm swept the fog away and ruffled the bosom of the sea. From a pleasant, peaceful scene, the ocean changed to one filled with menacing danger. Great combers began to wash over the back of the raft, threatening to carry away the rude platform and the boys with it.

The raft groaned and creaked like some leviathan of the deep laboring in pain. The ropes strained and snapped; the chains clanked and slipped; but both held. Toward sundown the fury of the storm had increased to such violence that it was impossible to launch the small boat from the tug.

Above the shrieking of the wind and howling of the waves the lone watchers on the raft heard Captain Sackett hailing them through the megaphone. "We can't get out to you!—Have to wait until the wind dies down!—Keep a sharp eye on the chains!—Relieve you as soon as safe to launch boat!"

Ham looked at Logan and groaned. They were wet to the skin with the salt spray, and chilled to the marrow of their bones. The thought of spending the night on the raft in such a storm gave them a shock.

"This is no joy-ride!" growled Ham, trying to make the best of the situation. "If we are n't washed overboard before morning, we'll be frozen to death."

He shivered in his wet garments

"For a cup of hot coffee and a seat in the boiler-room I 'd give any one the clothes off my back," mumbled Logan, looking eagerly at the tug threshing in the seas ahead.

Darkness swept down upon them suddenly, but it was n't quite as bad as the fog, for they could see the twinkling of the lights on the *Semper*. The storm was not an ordinary one. The clouds obscured the stars, and on the cutting wind came a deluge of rain. A change from a salt- to a fresh-water bath increased their miseries.

The tug was having a hard time to hold her own, and the big hawsers creaked and snapped as they alternately loosened and stiffened. The wash of the seas swept harmlessly across the raft, but they battered against the side of the tug and constantly threw her off her course.

It was close toward midnight when a giant wave came down upon the helpless tug and her tow and nearly blotted them out of existence. It was only by a miracle that Ham and Logan clung to the raft. Engulfed in water that suffocated them, they held their breath for a minute and waited for the end. Then the great wave passed over and left them gasping, coughing, and gurgling.

"Where 's the tug?" Ham exclaimed, when he could recover his breath. "I don't see her lights."

Logan cleared his eyes of salt water and looked around. Then he gasped in an awed voice; "She 's gone—sunk! The hawsers have parted, and we 're adrift!"

This startling announcement brought Ham to his unsteady feet. Once or twice he thought he saw distant lights bobbing up and down, but they must have been an optical illusion. They were

gone when he looked again. There was no tug, and the big towing-hawsers were dragging in the wallow of the sea behind them.

Anxious and fearful lest another giant wave sweep across the raft, the boys clung to their platform, lying flat on their stomachs. All through the night, as the wind howled and the sea beat a mournful dirge, they waited and prayed for the dawn of another day.

With the first gray streaks in the east they rose to their feet and eagerly scanned the horizon. But the *Semper* was nowhere in sight. The white-capped sea was as lonely and forsaken as a desert. There was no sign of sail or steam.

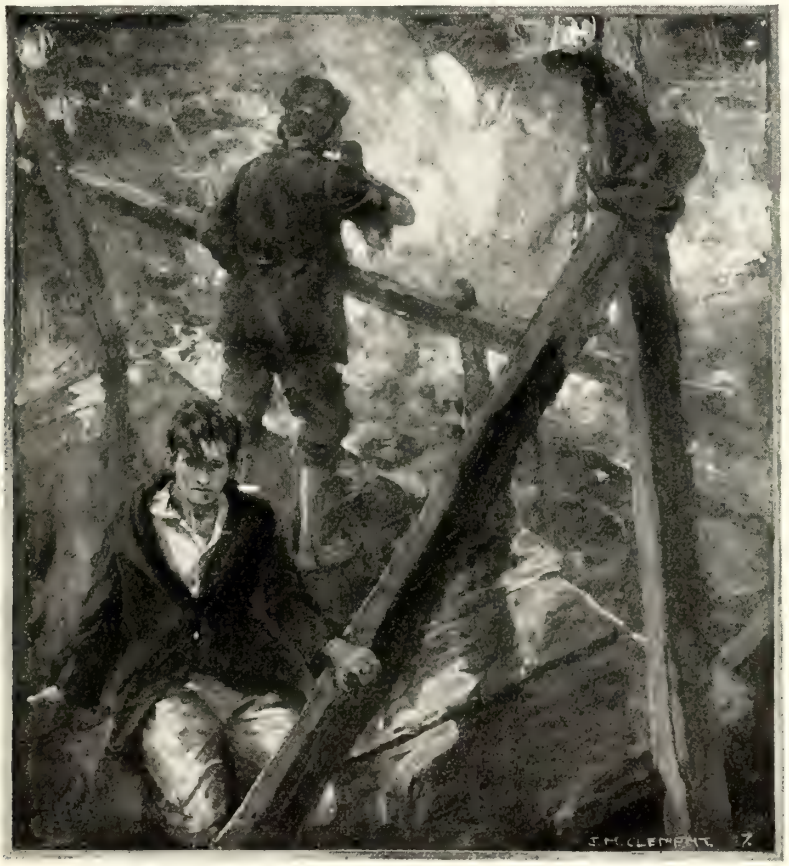
"She must have gone down in the storm!" Ham breathed in awe.

"Yes, and we 're lucky to be above water," replied Logan. "If a boat does n't come before night, I 'll die. I know I can't spend another night here without food and water."

Ham nodded his head, but kept his eyes glued on the rim of the horizon. There was still one chance in a hundred that the tug had been merely carried away by the storm and would return to look for its tow.

All the morning, cold, hungry, and wet, they watched hopefully and expectantly. Then about noon a smudge of smoke appeared in the east. "There she is!" cried Ham, excitedly. "The captain 's looking for us!"

But Logan was not so sure. He waited a few moments until out of the smudge of smoke there appeared the outlines of the vessel making it. "That 's not the *Semper*," he said. "That 's a big ocean liner!"



" 'WHERE'S THE TUG?' HAM EXCLAIMED. 'I DON'T SEE HER LIGHTS'."

"I don't care what it is," replied Ham. "I 'm going to signal her."

A strip of the tattered coat the captain had lent him was used for a flag. This was fastened to the upright log that formed the forward brace for their platform railing.

The steamer was headed straight for them, and as it grew clearer and larger on the horizon their

hopes rose in leaps and bounds. Then, when only a few miles away, something occurred that startled them: the big vessel swung sharply around and began racing at an acute angle away from them.

"Why—why—what 's the matter with them!" shouted Ham. "Did n't they see us?"

He shouted and yelled at the top of his lungs, and Logan joined lustily in the call, futile as it was. But the mysterious steamer held steadily on her course until she was hull down on the horizon again.

Disappointed and heartsick at this sudden desertion, Ham and Logan tried to comfort each other with words of hope. They were in the direct path of ocean steamers, and surely another would appear before nightfall.

They were not disappointed in this, for shortly after noon another steamer appeared. They watched her eagerly until they were sure that the crew on board could see them through their glasses. Then, to their consternation, the second ship altered its course and disappeared in a smudge of black smoke.

"Well, what do you know of that!" gasped Ham.

"I know what it means," replied Logan, thoughtfully. "They took us for a submarine. Yes, that accounts for it. We scared them out of their wits."

"Then we 'll drift around here until we starve," said Ham, smiling in spite of his troubles, for the thought of scaring the ships away by the likeness of their raft to a huge submarine had its humorous side.

"I don't know. It looks bad for us, Ham."

"There comes another one from the west!" exclaimed Ham, pointing. "I suppose she 'll do the same as the other two."

They watched the approach of the third steamer with indifference. They were so sure that it would alter its course when their presence was discovered that they did n't even attempt to signal. On came the steamer, belching clouds of black smoke.

"They must see us by this time," said Ham, eagerly. "Maybe her captain is n't afraid of submarines, or he has better eyes."

He sprang to his flagpole and began shouting loudly. But Logan continued to study the lines of the steamer until he recognized something familiar.

"It 's not an ocean liner, Ham!" he cried suddenly. "It 's a warship—a cruiser! And she 's got her guns trained on us!"

Ham dropped his arms and stared. This new phase of the situation alarmed him more than anything that had gone before. To be drowned was bad enough, but to be blown out of the water by a six-inch shell was enough to send the shivers down his back.

"Don't shoot!" he yelled, as if addressing some one near him. "Wait! Wait!"

He was n't aware of the absurdity of his words until Logan said in disgust: "Quit your yelling! They can't hear you. We must do something."

But what could they do? They were perfectly helpless in the face of the impending danger. It all depended upon the intelligence of the officers of the cruiser. If they shot first and made inquiries afterward, all was up with the castaways, and no one might ever learn the details of their adventure.

"Ham, take down that flagpole," Logan said suddenly. "It looks too much like a periscope, at a distance. We can wave the signal by hand."

Their flagpole was a six-inch log that had been fastened upright to brace the platform, its butt penetrating the top of the raft a few feet. Captain Sackett had made it secure to keep the platform from being washed away in a sea. They had some difficulty in disconnecting it and getting it down.

By that time the big cruiser was near enough for them to see the mouths of the yawning guns. Apparently the officers were taking no chances. The ship was veering around at a safe distance for a better inspection.

Ham and Logan set up a shout and waved their tattered flag. They were rewarded a few moments later by seeing a small boat drop over the side of the cruiser and make its way toward them.

Long before it reached the side of the raft, a broad grin and smile spread over the face of the young officer in charge. He had discovered the mistake.

"What sort of an infernal-machine have you there?" he called, when within hailing distance. "Is it safe to come aboard?"

"Safer than to stay here," replied Logan, smiling. "We 've been here all night, and are nearly starved. Our tug broke loose from us in the storm and we 've been trying to hail every passing vessel. But they seemed afraid of us."

The young officer laughed outright as the boat came alongside of the raft.

"The next time you go to sea," he said good-naturedly, "don't choose something for a ship that looks like a submarine. You 've created excitement enough along the coast to start another war. Wireless warnings have been flashing back and forth that a submarine was lying off the coast waiting for victims. We picked them up and hurried here to blow you out of water."

"And you would if we had n't pulled down that



"'WHAT SORT OF AN INFERNAL-MACHINE HAVE YOU THERE?' HE CALLED."

log," Ham said with a grin. "Did n't you take that for a periscope?"

"Well, something like that," laughed the officer. "It added the finishing touches to the picture." Then, more briskly, he added; "I suppose you want to get off. We can help you, but we may not be able to land you for some time unless we can transfer you to a passing ship. We 're on patrol duty here."

Ham and Logan were so anxious to get into dry clothes and find something warm to eat and drink that they climbed into the small boat without a word. Once on board the cruiser they told their story to the captain, who smiled, and, while sympathizing with them, hugely enjoyed the joke that had been played on the shipping along the coast.

After they were rested and refreshed, Logan suddenly thought of Captain Sackett, who had so kindly helped them. The cruiser's wireless was working rapidly, and he knew messages were being sent to reassure captains of merchant ships. An idea suddenly came to him.

"Could n't you send a wireless to Captain Sackett at Boston telling him where his raft is lying?" he asked. "Perhaps the tug was n't sunk after all, and I 'd hate to see him lose the big raft. It must be worth thousands of dollars."

The captain of the cruiser agreed to do this, and the message was sent. "Now what else do you want me to do?" he inquired good-humoredly.

"I don't know," stammered Logan. "If I thought Captain Sackett was alive, I 'd like to wait here for him, but of course—"

The obliging commander interrupted him. "We 'll stand by the raft until sundown. Then, if no one comes for it, we must summon a wrecking-tug to tow it into some port. It's a danger to navigation—more so than a real submarine. But, of course, the salvage will amount to a good deal. You know the law of salvage on the high sea?"

Yes, the boys knew that any one who picked up an abandoned ship or raft at sea and towed it into port could claim from one third to one half its

value as salvage. This would mean a tremendous loss to Captain Sackett.

All the afternoon the big cruiser swung idly abreast of the raft, but no sign of a tug or ship appeared. Just as the sun began to dip below the horizon the captain said: "We can't wait any longer, my boys. We must send a wireless for any tug that wants to pick up a big prize. I 'm sorry for your sake—and Captain Sackett's."

He turned to give the necessary orders, when Ham caught sight of a dark speck in the distance. "Wait, Captain!" he shouted. "Is n't that a tug?"

Glasses were trained upon the blur, and a few minutes later some one said, "Yes, I believe it is."

A nearer view confirmed this impression. It was the *Semper,* plowing at top speed through the water. Half an hour later when Captain Sackett boarded the cruiser he was nearly as happy to find the boys alive as he was to see his raft intact.

"I was afraid you were lost in the storm," he said feelingly. "I have a couple of boys of my own, you know, and it sort of gave me a bad night thinking of you."

"Then, Captain," said Logan, "you might finish your part of the contract—give us a passage to Boston."

"Reckon I will," was the prompt response, "and aboard the *Semper*—not on that raft! You 've earned it and more too. That raft 's worth thousands to me if I get it to Boston. Now you come aboard. I want to hear the whole story."

Ham and Logan took a farewell of the captain and crew of the cruiser, thanking them for their hospitality, and as they left her side they took another glance at the grim guns that had once been trained upon them. That part of the joke did n't appeal to them. The danger had been too real and near.

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# Injustice

by

Annella Slaughter Gilmore

EVERY one thinks, 'cause I 'm little, I guess,
That I never get tired at all!
And when I 'm at play, any time through the day,
I must answer when big people call.
No matter if dolly is going to sleep,
Or I 'm busy as busy can be,
My folks all expect me to wait upon them—
But there 's nobody waits upon me!





"Kitten," says Grandma, and points with her thumb,
"My thread 's fallen under the bed."
Uncle Sam, too, has me fasten his shoe;
And I always run errands for Ned!
I go to the grocery, and bring in the mail,
And my legs get so tired, don't you see,
'Cause every one 'spects me to wait upon them—
But there 's nobody waits upon me!





# WHERE DOROTHY VERNON DWELT

BY MINNA B. NOYES

At Rowsley, England, the quaint old Peacock Inn, with its vine-covered walls, casement windows, and rare old gardens, is the picture of peace and comfort, and it is also a perfect type of the hostelries of bygone days.



"THE QUAINT OLD PEACOCK INN"

If the guest can tear himself away from its ease and plenty, its stately gardens, and its soothing atmosphere, the surrounding country affords many delightful walks and attractions both historical and romantic.

Following the pretty little river Wye, one soon comes to Haddon Hall, one of the best specimens of medieval domestic architecture now in existence, although it has been added to at various periods from the eleventh to the sixteenth centuries.

It was given by William the Conqueror to one of his sons, William Peveril (Scott's "Peveril of the Peak"), and is now the property of the Duke of Rutland, a descendant of the beautiful Dorothy Vernon, whose romantic elopement with John Manners has been celebrated in drama, song, and story, and lends an especial interest to the old castle.

The Vernons lived at Haddon Hall from 1195 to 1567, and, among the many beautiful women of their line, the most beautiful is said to have been the self-willed Dorothy. Her youthful love-dream was thwarted by her equally obstinate father, some say because of family feuds, others say on account of difference in religion.

Whatever the cause, parental opposition was so strong that one night, when a grand ball was in progress in the famous ball-room of Haddon Hall, the heiress stole away through the door of the anteroom and fled, in all her festive array, along "Dorothy's Walk" (a long terrace lined with stately yews), down the long flight of steps to the lower terrace, and over the little bridge to her waiting lover. He carried her away on his fleet steed to a hasty morning wed-



PEACOCK INN, SIDE VIEW, AND PART OF THE OLD GARDEN

ding, carefully placing many miles between the irate father and the lovely bride.

Dorothy's father, Sir George Vernon, "The King of the Peak," allowed his wrath to cool in



THE BALL-ROOM OF HADDON HALL, NORTH SIDE.

time, and the happy couple returned and made their home at the Hall.

John Manners was a younger son of the Earl of Rutland, and father of the first Duke of Rutland, whose cradle is now exhibited in the state bedroom of Haddon Hall.

The great ball-room from which Miss Dorothy fled is over one hundred feet long, eighteen feet wide, and fifteen feet high. On the south side, toward the garden, are three very large, recessed windows, and on the north side is a huge fireplace with ancient fire-dogs. At the east end of the room is a glass case containing a bust of Grace, Lady Manners, wife of Sir George Manners. This is said to have been made from a cast taken after death. Certainly the lady was far from beautiful if one judges from this representation of her charms!

The interior of the family chapel is in a semi-ruined state. On the right there is a stoup for holy water, about four hundred years old, and just beyond it are the servants' seats. In the chancel are two large, high, family pews, one on either side, the master and his sons occupying one, and the lady and her daughters the other.

The stained-glass window in the chapel was of great beauty, but, early in the nineteenth century, the greater part of it was mysteriously stolen in the night, and its place has been filled with fragments of colored glass taken from other windows.

In the kitchen may still be seen the immense fireplace, the large, hollowed-out block, evidently used for a chopping-tray, a salting-trough, and a few other pieces of culinary apparatus.

In the banqueting-hall is the minstrels' gallery, the front of which is carved and paneled, and decorated with stags' antlers, and there is also a gallery along one side, probably of later construction. The lord and his guests sat at one end of the hall on a raised platform, while the retainers sat at tables in the body of the hall. The high table is a remarkable specimen of its kind, and one of the most interesting relics of feudal times.

At the north end of the hall, just inside the entrance, is a kind of hand-cuff, fastened to the wall and so arranged as to hold a man's wrist up at arm's-length while liquor was poured down his sleeve—the punishment meted out to every guest who did not drink all that the laws of hospitality forced upon him!

Over the banqueting-hall is the drawing-room, the walls still hung with ancient tapestries. There is a great deal of beautiful old tapestry in Haddon Hall, and it all seems to be woven or worked in small pieces, even the shades of coloring being done separately and then sewed together.



THE DOOR THROUGH WHICH DOROTHY FLED.

Another room shown to visitors is the state bedroom, with old oil-paintings, and Gobelin tapestry designed in panels on the borders of which

are medallions with subjects from Æsop's fables. Queen Elizabeth is said to have once slept in this room, and in a large window-recess is a dressing-table with a mirror called "Queen Elizabeth's looking-glass." The poor queen's vanity must have received a shock when she saw herself reflected there, or else the glass has become defective with age! In this room there is also the primitive cradle said to be that of the first Duke of Rutland.



THE FAMILY PEWS IN THE CHAPEL OF HADDON HALL

The state bed is large and imposing, draped with faded green silk velvet lined with white satin, dating from the reign of Henry VI. The last person to occupy this bed was George IV., when he was Prince Regent.

There are some smaller and less interesting rooms to which the visitor may have access, all, by the small windows and the rude workmanship of doors and fastenings, showing great antiquity.

A winding staircase of uneven stone steps leads to the Peveril Tower, the highest part of the Hall, and from this tower there is a beautiful view of the valley of the Wye and the hills and valleys around.

Haddon Hall is not used as a residence by its owner, the Duke of Rutland, but it is kept in reasonable repair, and is visited yearly by hundreds of "trippers" from all parts of the British Isles and by tourists from all countries.

To be appreciated fully it should be inspected leisurely, and not "done" in the few minutes allowed some of the "personally conducted" visitors. One lovely summer day we saw two large wagonettes filled with tourists drive up to the Hall, and the procession, headed by a guide, walked through the rooms and back to the waiting vehicles in less than half an hour! We learned that these people were Americans, who had landed at Liverpool that morning, and after hastily viewing this fine old mansion, they were to be taken to Chatsworth House, the Duke of Devonshire's country-seat a few miles away, while later in the day they were due in London for additional sight-seeing!

It is small wonder if they had little appreciation of the beauties of venerable pile or modern mansion, and but the vaguest memories of them after their return home!

Haddon Hall will repay one for frequent and extended visits, as new points of interest will repeatedly reward the unhurried visitor, and many a pleasant hour may be spent on the terraces, looking out over the charming landscape and dreaming of bygone days when the Hall was a stage for the drama of life, with all its elements of love and hate, of comedy and tragedy, of peace and war.



THE BANQUETING HALL AND MINSTRELS' GALLERY



# THE EDIFYING TALE OF PRINCE POMPON AND THE HIGH AND MIGHTY APPLES

By OLIVER HERFORD

BENEATH a Fruitful Apple Tree
Sate Pompon, youth of high degree,
And Prince of Apple-Tartary;
While in the branches overhead
The apples blushed with rapture red,
As from a great book on his knees
He read of the HESPERIDES,
And how, to win the apples gold,
One Hercules, a Hero bold,
A hundred-headed Dragon slew.

"How brave! How wonderful!
How true!"
Exclaimed the apples, flushed and red.
"That proves what we have always said:
We come of Ancient Pedigree!
We 're of the Applestocracy!
Our title cannot be denied."
Whereat they swelled and swelled with Pride
Until their High and Mighty Air
Was more than Apple Tree could bear.

"Come!" cried the Tree, "you must vacate
My boughs—they will not bear your weight!"

Pride goes before a fall.
Alas!
Next morning, prone upon the grass,
Blushing for shame, the Apples lay,
And when Queen Pompon passed that way
She picked 'em up, and by and by
She made them into Apple Pie.

# MARY SLESSOR OF CALABAR

## "THE WHITE MOTHER" OF DARKEST AFRICA

*("Heroines of Service"—VIII)*

BY MARY R. PARKMAN

*I am ready to go anywhere, provided it be forward.*
DAVID LIVINGSTONE.
*God can't give His best till we have given ours!*
MARY SLESSOR.

AMONG all the weavers in the great factory at Dundee there was no girl more deft and skilful than Mary Slessor. She was only eleven when she had to help shoulder the cares of the household and share with the frail mother the task of earning bread for the hungry children. For the little family was worse than fatherless. The man who had once been a thrifty, self-respecting shoemaker had become a slave to drink; and his life was a burden to himself and to those who were nearest and dearest to him.

"Dinna cry, Mither dear," Mary had said. "I can go to the mills in the morning and to school in the afternoon. It will be a glad day, earning and learning at the same time!"

So Mary became a "half-timer" in the mills. At six o'clock every morning she was at work among the big whirling wheels. Even the walls and windows seemed to turn sometimes as the hot wind came in her face from the whizzing belts, and the roar of the giant wheels filled the hours with din and clamor.

But as Mary worked week after week, she learned more than the trick of handling the shuttle at the moving loom. She learned how to send her thoughts far away from the noisy factory to a still place of breeze-stirred trees and golden sunshine. Sometimes a book, which she had placed on the loom to peep in at free moments, helped her to slip away in fancy from the grinding toil. What magic one could find in the wonderful world of books! The wheels whirled off into nothingness, the walls melted away like mist, and her spirit was free to wander through all the many ways of the wide world. And so it was that she went from the hours of work and earning to the hours of study and learning with a blithe, morning face, her brave soul shining through bright eager eyes.

"When we 're all dragged out, and feel like grumbling at everything, and nothing seems of any use at all, Mary Slessor is still up and coming, as happy as a cricket," said one of the girls who worked by her side. "She makes you take heart in spite of yourself, and think it 's something to be glad over just to be living and working."

"It 's wonderful the way your hand can go on with the shuttle and do the turn even better than you could if you stopped to take thought," Mary would explain. "That leaves your mind free to go another way. Now this morning I was not in the weaving-shed at all; I was far away in Africa, seeing all the strange sights the missionary from Calabar told us about last night at meeting."

Heaven was very near to Mary Slessor, and the stars seemed more real than the street lamps of the town. She had come to feel that the troubles and trials of her days were just steps on the path that she would travel. Always she looked past the rough road to the end of the journey, where there was welcome in the Father's house for all His tired children. There was, moreover, one bit of real romance in that gray Scotch world of hers. The thrill of beauty and mystery and splendid heroism was in the stories that the missionaries told of Africa, the land of tropical wonders—pathless forests, winding rivers under bending trees, bright birds, and brighter flowers—and people, hundreds of black people, with black lives because the light of truth had never shone in their world.

"The fields are ripe for the harvest, but the laborers are few," one of the missionaries had said. "We fear the fever and other ills that hide in the bush more than we fear to fail in God's service. Men have gone to these people to make money from the products of their land; they have bought and sold the gifts of their trees; they have bought and sold the people themselves; they are selling them death to-day in the strong drink they send there. Is there no one who is willing to go to take life to these ignorant children who have suffered so many wrongs?"

These words sank deep into Mary Slessor's heart. But it was plain that her mission was to the little home in Dundee. She was working now among the turning wheels all day from six until six, and going to school in the evening; but she found time to share with others the secret of the joy that she had found, the light that had made the days of toil bright. The boys that came to her class in the mission school were "toughs"

from the slums of the town, but she put many of them on the road to useful, happy living. Her brave spirit won them from their fierce lawlessness; her patience and understanding helped to bring out and fortify the best that was in them.

Once a much-dreaded "gang" tried to break up the mission with a battery of mud and jeers. When Mary Slessor faced them quietly, the leader, boldly confronting her, swung threateningly about her head a leaden weight which hung suspended from a cord. It came nearer and nearer until it grazed her temple, but the mission teacher never flinched. Her eyes still looked into those of the boy's —bright, untroubled, and searching. His own dropped, and the missile fell forgotten to the ground.

"She 's game, boys!" he cried, surprised out of himself. And the unruly mob filed into the mission to hear what the "game" lady had to say.

As in her work with the wild boys of the streets, so in her visits to the hopeless people of the dark tenements, Mary Slessor was a powerful influence because she entered their world as one of them, with a faith in the better self of each that called into new life his all-but-extinguished longing for better things.

"As she sat by the fire holding the baby and talking cheerily about her days at the mills and the Sabbath morning at chapel, it seemed as if I were a girl again, happy and hopeful and ready to meet whatever the morrow might bring," said a discouraged mother to whom Mary had been a friend in need.

"It is like hearing the kirk-bells on a Sunday morning at the old home, hearing your voice, Mary Slessor," said a poor blind woman to whom Mary had brought the light of restored faith.

For fourteen years this happy Scotch girl worked in the factory for ten hours each day, and shared her evenings and Sundays with her neighbors of the mission. Besides, she seized moments by the way for study and reading. Her mind was hungry to understand the meaning of life and the truths of religion. One day, in order to find out the sort of mental food she craved, a friend lent her Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus."

"How are you and Carlyle getting on together?" he asked quizzically when they next met.

"It is grand!" she replied with earnest enthusiasm. "I sat up reading it, and was so interested that I did not know what the time was until I heard the factory bells calling me to work in the morning."

Thus her mind was growing and expanding, while her spirit grew through faithful work and loyal service. Her simple, direct speech had an eloquent appeal that went straight to the heart. In spite of an unconquerable timidity that made her shrink from platform appearances, her informal addresses had wide influence. Once she rose in her place at a public meeting and gave a quiet talk on the words: *The common people heard him gladly.* "And," it was said "the common people heard *her* gladly, and crowded around, pleading with her to come again."



MARY SLESSOR

In 1874, when every one was stirred by the death of David Livingstone, Mary Slessor's life was transfigured by a great resolve. The years had brought changes. Her father was dead, and her sisters were old enough to share the burden of supporting the family.

"The time has come for me to join the band of light-bearers to the Dark Continent," said Mary, with a conviction that overcame every obstacle. "It is my duty to go where the laborers are few. Besides, there must be a way to work there and send help to Mother at home."

She knew that the missionaries were given a stipend to support them in the manner of the country from which they came. "I shall as far as possible live on the food of the country," she said. "It may be that by sharing to a greater extent the conditions of life of the people I can come to a fuller understanding of them and they of me. Besides, it will not be so hard to leave home if I can feel that I am still earning something for Mother."

So Mary Slessor went, after a few months of special preparation, to teach the natives of Calabar. She was at this time twenty-eight years old. Ever since she was a mere slip of a girl, she had longed to serve in that most discouraging of fields—"the slums of Africa," it was called. The people who inhabited that swampy, equatorial

The illustrations in this article are from "Mary Slessor of Calabar," by W. P. Livingstone. By courtesy of George H. Doran Company.

region were the most wretched and degraded of all the negro tribes. They had for ages been the victims of stronger neighbors, who drove them back from the drier and more desirable territory that lay farther inland, and of their own ignorance and superstition, which were at the root of their bloodthirsty, savage customs.

It was in September, 1876, that the vessel *Ethiopia* sailed out of the clean, blue Atlantic into the mud-colored Calabar River. At its prow stood Mary Slessor, gazing soberly at the vast mangrove swamps and wondering about the unknown, unexplored land beyond, where she should pitch her tent and begin her work. Though white men had for centuries come to the coast to trade for gold-dust, ivory, palm-oil, spices, and slaves, they had never ventured inland, and the natives who lived near the shore had sought to keep the lion's share of the profits by preventing the remoter tribes from coming with their goods to barter directly with the men of the big ships. So only a few miles from the mouth of the Calabar River was a land where white people had never gone, whose inhabitants had never seen a white face. It was to this place of unknown dangers that Mary Slessor was bound.

For a time she remained at the mission settlement to learn the language, while teaching in the day-school. As soon as she gained sufficient ease in the use of the native speech she began to journey through the bush, as the tropical jungles of palms, bananas, ferns, and thick grass were called. Her heart sang as she went along, now wading through a spongy morass bright with orchids, now jumping over a stream or the twisted roots of a giant tree. After the chill grayness of her Scottish country, this land seemed at first a veritable paradise of golden warmth, alluring sounds and scents, and vivid color. Now she paused in delight as a brilliant bird flashed through the branches overhead; now she went on with buoyant step, drinking in the tropical fragrance with every breath. Surely so fair a land could not be so deadly as it was said. She *must* keep well for the task that lay before her. She could not doubt that each day would bring strength for the day's work.

With two or three of the boys from the Calabar school as guides, she made the journey to some of the out-districts. Here a white face was a thing of wonder or terror. The children ran away shrieking with fear; the women pressed about her, chattering and feeling her clothing and her face, to see if she was real. At first she was startled, but she soon divined that this was just the beginning of friendly acquaintance.

Miss Slessor soon showed an astonishing mastery of the language, and an even more amazing comprehension of the minds of the people. She realized that the natives were not devoid of ideas and beliefs, but that, on the contrary, certain crude conceptions, strongly rooted through the custom and tradition of ages, accounted for many of their horrible practices. They put all twin babies to death, because they believed that one of them was a demon-child whose presence in a tribe would bring untold harm on the people. They tortured and murdered helpless fellow-creatures, not wantonly, but because they believed that their victims had been bewitching a suffering chief—for disease was a mysterious blight, caused by the "evil eye" of a malicious enemy. When a chief died, many people were slaughtered, for of course he would want slaves and companions in the world of spirits.

It was wonderful the way Mary Slessor was able to move about among the rude, half-naked savages as confidently as she had among her people in Scotland, looking past the dirt and ugliness to the human heart beneath, tortured by fear or grief, and say a word that brought hope and comfort. She feared neither the crouching beasts of the jungle nor the treacherous tribes of the scattered mud-villages. Picking her way over the uncertain bush trails, she carried medicine, tended the sick, and spoke words of sympathy and cheer to the distressed. Sometimes she stayed away over several nights, her lodging a mud hut and her bed a heap of rags.

The people soon learned that her interest went beyond teaching and preaching and giving aid to the sick. She cared enough for their welfare to lead them by night past the sentries of the jealous coast-tribes to the factory near the beach, where they could dispose of their palm-oil and kernels to their own profit. She won in this way the good-will of the traders, who said:

"There is a missionary of the right sort! She will accomplish something because she is taking hold of all the problems that concern her people, and is working systematically to improve all the conditions of their lives."

One day she set forth on a trip of thirty miles along the river to visit the village of a chief named Okon, who had sent begging her to come. A state canoe, which was lent by King Eyo of Calabar, had been gaily painted in her honor, and a canopy of matting to shield her from the sun and dew had been thoughtfully erected over a couch of rice bags. Hours passed in the formalities of farewell, and when the paddlers actually got the canoe out into the stream it was quite dark. The red gleam of their torches fell upon

venomous snakes and alligators, but there was no fear while her companions beat the "tom-tom" and sang, as they plied their paddles, loud songs in her praise.

After ten hours' paddling she arrived at Okon's village. A human skull stuck on a pole was the first sight that greeted her. Crowds gathered about to stare and touch her hand, to make sure that she was flesh and blood. At meal-times a favored few who were permitted to watch her eat and drink ran about excitedly reporting every detail to their friends.

For days she went around giving medicines, bandaging, cutting out garments, and teaching the women the mysteries of sewing, washing, and ironing. In the evenings all the people gathered about her quietly while she told them about the God she served—a God of love, whose ways were peace and loving-kindness. At the end they filed by, wishing her good-night with much feeling before they disappeared into the darkness.

These new friends would not permit her to walk about in the bush as she had been used to doing. There were elephants in the neighboring jungle, they said. The huge beasts had trampled down all their growing things, so that they had to depend mainly on fishing. One morning, on hearing that a boa-constrictor had been seen, bands of men armed with clubs and muskets set off, yelling fearsomely, to hunt the common enemy. But more terrible to Mary Slessor than any beast of prey were the skulls, horrible images, and offerings to ravenous spirits, that she saw on every side. How was it possible to teach the law of love to a people who had never known anything but the tyranny of fear?



MARY SLESSOR'S MISSION HOUSE AT EKENGE

"I must learn something of the patience of the Creator of all," she said to herself again and again. "For how long has He borne with the sins and weakness of His poor human children, always caring for us and believing that we can grow into something better in spite of all!"

After two weeks in "Elephant Country," Miss Slessor made ready to return to the mission. Rowers, canoe, and baggage were in readiness, and a



KING EYO'S STATE CANOE

smoking pot of yams and herbs cooked in palm-oil was put on board for the evening meal. Scarcely had they partaken, however, when Mary saw that the setting sun was surrounded by angry clouds, and her ear caught the ominous sound of the wind wailing in the tree-tops.

"We are coming into a stormy night," she said fearfully to Okon, who was courteously escorting the party back to Old Town.

The chief lifted his black face to the black sky and scanned the clouds solemnly. Then he hastily steered for a point of land that lay sheltered from the wind. Before they could reach the lee side, however, the thunder broke, and the wild sweep of the wind seized the canoe and whirled it about like a paper top. Crew and chief alike were helpless from terror when Mary took her own fear in hand and ordered the rowers to make for the tangle of trees that bordered the bank. The men pulled together with renewed hope and strength until the shelter of the bush was reached. Then springing like monkeys into the overhanging branches, they held on to the canoe, which was being dashed up and down like a straw. The "White Mother," who was sitting in water to her knees and shaking with ague, calmed the fears of the panic-stricken children, who had buried their faces in her lap, and looked about in awed wonder at the weird beauty of the scene. The vivid flashes of lightning shattered the darkness with each peal of thunder, and revealed luxuriant

tropical vegetation rising above the lashed water, foaming and hissing under the slanting downpour of the rain, and the tossing canoe with the crouching, gleaming-wet figures of the frightened crew.

This was but one of many thrilling adventures that filled the days of the brave young missionary. When the appeal came, no matter what time of midday heat or midnight blackness, she was ready to journey for hours through the bush to bring succor and comfort.

Once the news came that the chief of a village had been seized by a mysterious illness. Knowing that this would mean torture and death, perhaps, to those suspected of having enviously afflicted him by the "evil eye," she set off along the trail through the dense forest to use all her influence to save the unfortunate victims. The "White Mother" must have a power much greater than that of the witch-doctors.



A NATIVE COURT IN OKOYONG, MISS SLESSOR PRESIDING, WITH THE CHIEFS

She required strange things of them, but she was the best friend they had ever had. When she stood up before them and spoke so movingly, it seemed as if she would talk the heart right out of the sternest savage of them all! She made them forget the things that they had known all their lives. Who would have believed that they would ever allow a chief's son to go unattended into the spirit-world? Yet when she begged them to spare the lives of the slaves who should have been sent with him, they at last consented.

The time came when Mary Slessor was asked by the British Government to serve as judge of the native court, for, it was said, she had greater influence with the people than any one else. It was a strange sight to see this slight, pale woman sharing the seat of judgment with two or three native chiefs. Often she sat calmly knitting during the formalities of a case, but she was always ready with a direct word or question that went right to the heart of the matter. She understood the blacks as no other white person ever had, and used their tongue as no one else could.

The "White Mother" of Calabar always had a troop of little black waifs that she had rescued from death or neglect, and she cared for them tenderly. "Baby things are always gentle and lovable," she used to say. "These children who have had right training from the beginning will grow up to be leaders and teachers of their people."

For twelve years Miss Slessor worked in connection with the established mission at Calabar, journeying about to outlying villages as the call came. It had for long been her dream, however, to go still farther inland to the wild Okoyong tribe, whose very name was a terror throughout the land. Her mother and her sister Janie, who together made "home" for her, had died.

"There is no one to write and tell all my stories and troubles and nonsense to," she said. "But Heaven is now nearer to me than Britain, and nobody will be anxious about me if I go up country."

In King Eyo's royal canoe she made the journey to the strange people. Leaving the paddlers, who were mortal enemies to the Okoyong tribe, at the water's edge, she made her way along the jungle trail to a village four miles inland. Here the people crowded about her, greatly excited. They called her "Mother," and seemed pleased that she had come to them without fear. The chief, Edem, and his sister, Ma Eme, received her in a friendly fashion. Her courage, frankness, and ready understanding won favor from the beginning.

"May I have ground for a school-house and a home with you here?" she asked. "Will you have me stay as your friend and help you as I have helped the people of Calabar?"

Eagerly they assented. It would be a fine thing to have a "White Mother" in their country.

"Will you grant that the house I build shall be a place of refuge for those in distress—for those charged with witchcraft or threatened with death for any other cause? Will you promise that they shall be safe with me until we can consider together their case?"

The people looked at the strange white woman wonderingly. Why should she ask this thing?

"All life is precious," she said simply, as if she had read their thoughts. "I am here to help you—to care for those who are sick or hurt, and I must be allowed to see that all who are in any sort of trouble are treated fairly. Will you promise that my house shall be a place of refuge?"

Again they gravely assented. So, greatly encouraged, she returned to Calabar to pack her goods and prepare to leave the old field for the new.

All her friends gathered about her, loudly lamenting. She was surely going to her death, they said. Her fellow workers regarded her with wonder and pity. "Nothing can make any impression on the Okoyong save a consul and a British gunboat," they declared. But Mary Slessor was undaunted. She stowed away in the canoe, as happily as if she were starting out on a pleasure trip, her boxes and her little family of five small waifs. To a friend in Scotland, she wrote:

> I am going to a new tribe up-country, a fierce, cruel people, and every one tells me that they will kill me. But I don't fear any hurt—only to combat their savage customs will require courage and firmness on my part.

The life in Okoyong did indeed require fortitude and faith. Remote from friends and helpers, in the midst of that most dreaded of all the African tribes, she patiently worked to lighten the darkness of the degraded people and make their lives happier and better. With her rare gift of intuition she at once felt that Ma Eme, the chief's sister, had a warm heart and a strong character.

"She will be my chief ally," she said to herself, and time proved that she was right. A spark in the black woman's soul was quickened by the White Mother's flaming zeal. Dimly she felt the power of the new law of love. Often at the risk of her life, should she be discovered, she kept the missionary informed in regard to the movements of the people. Whether it was a case of witchcraft, or murder, of vengeance or a raid on a neighboring tribe, the White Mother was sure to find it out; and her influence was frequently strong enough to avert a tragedy.

As at Calabar, she found that the greatest obstacle in the way of progress was the general indulgence in rum, which the white people gave the natives in exchange for their products.

"Do not drink the vile stuff—do not take it or sell it," she begged. "It is like poison to your body. It burns out your life and heart and brings every trouble upon you."

"What for white man bring them rum suppose them rum no be good?" they demanded.,

What was there to say? With a heavy heart Mary Slessor struggled on to help her people in spite of this great evil which men of the Christian world had brought upon these weak, ignorant black children. And she did make headway in spite of every discouragement. "I had a lump in my throat often, and my courage repeatedly threatened to take wings and fly away—though nobody guessed it," she said.

For years this brave woman went on with her work among the wild tribes of Nigeria. As soon as she began to get the encouragement of results in one place, she pressed on to an unworked field. Realizing that her pioneer work needed to be reenforced and sustained by the strong arm of the law, she persuaded the British Government to "take up the white man's burden" and (through the influence of consuls and the persuasive presence of a gunboat or two) assume the guardianship of her weak children. In spite of failing health and the discouragement of small results, she went from one post to another, founding mission-houses and chapel-huts. "I am ready to go anywhere, provided it be forward," was her watchword, as well as Dr. Livingstone's.

There are many striking points of likeness between the careers of these two torch-bearers to the Dark Continent. As children both had worked at the loom, studying hungrily as they toiled. Both did pioneer work, winning the confidence and love of the wild people they taught and served. No missionary to Africa, save Dr. Livingstone alone, has had a more powerful influence than Mary Slessor.

When at last in January, 1915, after thirty-nine years of service, she died and left to others the task of bearing on the torch to her people, Sir Frederick Lugard, the Governor-General of Nigeria, said:

"By her enthusiasm, self-sacrifice, and greatness of character she has earned the devotion of thousands of natives among whom she worked, and the love and esteem of all Europeans, irrespective of class or creed, with whom she came in contact."

She was buried in the land to which she had given her long life of service. When the women, after the native fashion, began their wild wail of lament at the grave, one of them lifted up her voice in an exalted appeal that went straight to the heart:

"Do not cry! Praise God from whom all blessings flow. She was a great blessing."

Of all the words of glowing tribute to her faithful work, we may be sure that none would have meant more to the lowly missionary than this cry from the awakened soul of one of her people of the bush.



THE COMPLETED BUNGALOW—BUILT IN TWENTY HOURS

# A BUILDING STUNT BY BOYS

BY CHARLES K. TAYLOR

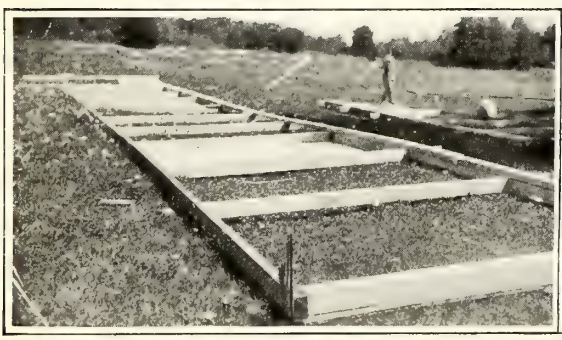
THE other day I tried a very interesting experiment. I wanted to prove that boys—not boys who were specially trained, you know, but just average fellows, who about knew a hammer from a screw-driver—well, I tried to prove that boys had much more ability than most people suspect when it comes to building, or making things with their hands.

So I set some of my boy friends a stunt. I wanted them to see if they could build a real, live bungalow—a kind of miniature "barracks"—in a much shorter time than you would expect regular carpenters to do the job. I might have asked sixty or eighty boys to see what they could do, all working at once, but that would not have been so good an experiment. There were four boys, averaging thirteen years, who kept right at it from beginning to end, and then there were others who helped, so that there were a dozen at it all the time, from sixteen years down to twelve.

And they did it in twenty hours of work! And it was a five-roomed affair, kitchen and all, about fifty feet long and twelve wide—well, the pictures show what it looks like!

Now, very often boys like to build things, sometimes little shacks, and sometimes more important affairs, and the way this bungalow was constructed is so simple and easy that I may just as well explain the whole performance, so that you can do likewise if you ever get a chance!

First they made the sides of the building. And



1. ONE OF THE LONG SIDES



2. CHANGING THE BUNGALOW SITE

they built them flat on the ground. Our first picture shows one of these sides, the top of that side being on the left. You see there is a heavy piece of wood running the whole length. This piece is four inches wide and two inches thick. This supports the roof. Opposite is a similar piece, only this time, instead of being nailed to the *ends* of the numerous side-supports—those

Our lads made the two long sides and the two short ends, and did it in an hour! That finished photograph number one.

Now for number two. This looks like a parade. So it is. When the four sides were made and stood up and joined together, and the roof actually started, it was decided that the location of the bungalow was not as good as another one a



THE THIRD, FOURTH, AND FIFTH PICTURES

THE SIXTH, SEVENTH, AND EIGHTH PICTURES

two-by-four pieces running crosswise in the picture—it is nailed *across* them a foot from the ends. The floor is going to be nailed partly to this piece. You can see how in pictures five and six.

The side-supports—the vertical pieces—can generally be about five or six feet apart; if your house is to be a real man's-size house, they should be seven and a half feet long and the floor-support should come a foot from the lower ends.

half-mile away! The moral is—pick the best site first! I dare say in most cases such a condition would have to be ignored and the house built where it was started. But, you see, these sides can be managed separately easily enough. So the four corners of the bungalow were loosened and the four sides taken apart. Then the whole company was called to the rescue, and they picked up those sides and marched the half-mile with them. This explains the parade, and the third

picture shows what the house looked like before they took it apart. So far, two hours had been spent on the job, and when the new site was reached the sides were fastened together at the corners again and everything was put in the same state in which it was before the moving began. Then the boys began counting time again, and hustling again, too!

In the next picture the roof is being started. You will notice that a long ridge-pole runs from one end of the future roof to the other. This ridge-pole is supported at each end, and there are a couple of supports in between, keeping it level. Also, there are a couple of pieces inside the building (you can't see them), reaching from the top of the wall on one side to the top on the other side. These two crosspieces divide the length of the building into three equal parts. They keep the tops of the walls from spreading apart when the weight of the roof comes upon them.

When the ridge-pole and the crosspieces are in place, then the roof goes on. These boys used a very simple method. Boards, long enough to provide generous eaves, were nailed both to the ridge-pole and to the top of the side-walls. Picture four makes this as clear as can be, and picture five (made at the end of six hours' work). shows it even better. In this last picture you will see that the floor has been laid, too. The floor-boards reach from side to side, their ends resting on the floor-supports, those two-by-four pieces that the boys laid along each side a foot from the bottom. But these alone would not give the floor enough support, so two long rafters, also two-by-four were laid the length of the building, each a third of the width from its nearest side.

In picture six (this is much like a moving-picture, is n't it?) roofing-paper is being put down. Also, some of the windows are in. Besides that, the stove-pipe, let through a piece of sheet-iron, tells us that the stove is already in place. This and picture seven (made about the same time), showing the other side, represents about eight or nine hours' work.

When we get to picture eight a lot of work has been done, inside and out. The roof is tar-papered, and laths are laid over the paper to keep it firmly in place. Then the sides have been stained dark green. I should have told you that these are made of tongue-and-groove boards. That is, each board has a groove in one side, and a tongue, or small projection, on the other, so that the boards along the wall fit very closely together, the tongue of one going into the groove of the next, and so on. This makes a good weatherproof wall. But you can use ordinary boards, if you prefer, and cover the cracks between them with laths.

The windows in this little bungalow are hinged at the top so that they can be kept open even when it rains.

Our opening picture shows the little building complete. Of course all of the lines are not exactly straight. I don't believe there was a level or a plumb-line on hand when it was made. But, just the same, it is a mighty fine piece of work for boys as young as these builders were, and the most amazing part of the story is the short time taken to build it—twenty hours!

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# DISCONTENTED TOMMY

BY ABIGAIL WILLIAMS BURTON

In autumn Tommy looked about
And sadly shook his head;
His face was twisted in a pout,
And this is what he said:

"The leaves are drifted 'round so thick,
And all just wasting so,
I'd make some snowballs pretty quick
If only they were snow!"

But when the jolly winter came,
It did not bring content;

Poor Tommy pouted quite the same,
And loud was his lament:

"There's snow enough to roll a ball
High as our house or higher.
If only it would *burn* at all,
I'd have a splendid fire!"

To think of all the fun he missed!
You would have heard him shout
If only he had thought to twist
His wishes *right* side out!



# THE SILVER NEST

BY FRANCES W. MARSHALL

"THERE!" said Nancy Ellerman as she dabbed her eyes energetically with a small wad of handkerchief; "not another tear! I 'm ashamed of you—miserable, selfish little wretch! Who would think, to see you, that you were the daughter of such a wonderful mother—a mother who never lets you suspect, by the quiver of an eyelash, that she is n't as happy and contented on this back-country farm as she was last winter in town with everything that heart could wish?"

As a matter of fact, Nancy's self-abasement was scarcely deserved, for her eyelashes, too, had behaved in a perfectly exemplary manner until an hour ago, when there had suddenly risen before her mental vision the bright, tastefully appointed school-room of the year before, with the familiar, studious figures of the class. The wave of longing for the dear associations and the thought that they would never again be hers had sent her scurrying out of the house and across the fields to the old back pasture, cheerless enough now under the dull November sky, with its outcropping gray rocks and its scattered, leafless trees. But it was a refuge where she could have a good cry undisturbed, and Nancy had made a whole-hearted use of the opportunity.

Now, wrapped in the long coat seized in her flight from the house, she settled herself to wait until the telltale red about her eyes and the tip of her pretty nose should disappear, trying, meanwhile, to occupy her thoughts with anything that should crowd out the memories that had proved her undoing.

"After all," she reflected, "if we *did* have to give up everything except this old home of Grandfather's, it has been lovely to have Mother entirely to ourselves for all these months. In the city, of course, every one wanted her for everything, from theater-parties to organizing relief-committees. The hour she always kept for us youngsters was only an aggravation. To be sure, most of the day we were so busy with school—*Don't you dare!*" Nancy interrupted herself, refusing to recognize the blurring tears that had rushed to the surface at the word school. She firmly ignored her handkerchief, and, lifting her eyes to the bare branches of a silver birch a few feet away, winked with so much determination that not a salty drop fell.

As the mist gradually cleared, "What an odd-looking lump on that branch!" said Nancy, intent on occupying herself with thoughts of an unemotional nature. "I do believe it 's a nest! But what a pretty one—so silvery! The bird-family must have moved out long ago—so here goes!" And with a hasty scramble into the lower branches she reached the prize and gently disengaged it from the crotch in which its little builders had fastened it. Woven in with the usual nest-building materials was a soft, white, cottony substance having a curious silvery gleam.

It was a find indeed, for in examining it Nancy's unhappy thoughts slipped away into the background, and by the time she reappeared at the farm-house she was the same cheery Nancy who had been her mother's right hand all summer. She ran singing upstairs to her room to deposit the pretty nest with other knickknacks on the low shelves that held her best-loved books.

Some eight months before a sudden crisis in the financial world had tumbled over like a house of cards the hitherto prosperous business in which all Mr. Ellerman's resources were involved. The large means that had provided the beautiful home, with its lavish hospitality, vanished. The city house was closed, awaiting a purchaser, the

servants dismissed; and while Mr. Ellerman and Bob, the eldest son, remained in town, trying to save something from the wreck, Nancy, her mother, Roger Junior, and Baby Beth, with faithful Norah O'Brien, had found a refuge at the old farm-house, remodeled and refurnished in prosperous times and to which they had hitherto come occasionally for a few summer weeks. The house and its surrounding acres had come to Mrs. Ellerman from her grandfather, and had been her only dowry, except goodness and beauty, when she had married the wealthy Roger Ellerman, the brother of her college chum.

"Well, Nancy dear," said Mrs. Ellerman, as they rose from luncheon, "what do you say to taking old Jerry and the children and driving over to Framington this afternoon? As Father and Bob will be here for Thanksgiving, we must order a turkey and buy some goodies if it breaks the bank; they 'll be here Wednesday morning, Father writes, for he wants to look the place over and see that everything is snug and comfortable for the winter. We must help Norah make the house bright and shining for them, so Tuesday we must be up with the birds. And perhaps Father or Bob may think he can stay till Monday."

"I suppose, Mother," said Nancy, as she began to clear away the meal, "you will think it dreadful of me, but when I see what a help Bob is to Father I just can't but wish I had been a boy, too, so as to be of some real use. Girls don't seem to amount to much in emergencies."

"And what would Mother have done without *her* helper?" asked Mrs. Ellerman, with a tender smile, as she placed her hand—a beautiful, maternal hand—beneath Nancy's rounded chin and tipped up the rosy face for a kiss. "No, my Nancy, each one of us helps Father in his or her own way. He has told me how safe he felt to leave us here, knowing that in any emergency I could always depend on your quick wit and good sense." Words that sent an undercurrent of happiness running through Nancy's being as the four of them, behind old Jerry, jogged along over the hills to Framington.

What a busy household it was that Tuesday before Thanksgiving—mistress and maid, Nancy and little Roger; even Baby Beth toddled from one to another and wanted to "help." In the afternoon they gathered armfuls of running-pine and great bouquets of leaves and grasses from the autumn woods and fields, making the house beautiful with them.

When at last Mrs. Ellerman and Nancy stood together for the final critical look about the living-room, Nancy laid her soft cheek against her mother's with a happy sigh.

"Don't you really think, Mother," she asked, "it will be the 'homiest' Thanksgiving we have ever had? I feel as if I were one of my old New England ancestors come back to the world again and giving thanks for 'the kindly fruits of the earth,' as the prayer-book calls them."

A caressing touch on her bright curls and a closer pressure of the arm about her waist told Nancy that her mother shared her thoughts. How close the bond between them had grown in these few months; how well each understood the other even when no words were spoken! And Nancy's heart swelled with happiness that it should be so —that she should share the thoughts of the lovely and gracious woman to whom so many of the wise, the witty, the gifted, had come for comprehension and inspiration when the hospitable doors of the Ellerman home had been thrown wide in welcome, and to whom even now every mail brought letters of affectionate solicitude and regard.

It was a light-hearted Nancy who, with Baby Beth clinging to her hand, slowly ascended the stairs to her own room, where a cheery wood-fire was glowing on the hearth. She smiled contentedly as her eyes passed from one to another of the tasteful furnishings and lingered on the treasured knickknacks. To-morrow Bob would be here, and, nature-lover that he was, would doubtless be able to tell her all about the curious silver nest—and her eyes sought it out. But what had become of it? Its place was empty!

Nancy made a hurried search—in vain! Little Beth, seated on the floor, was taking off her shoes and stockings preparatory to toasting her pink toes for a few minutes at the fire before being tucked into bed. Could she have taken it for a plaything? Nancy wondered, and asked:

"Beth, dear, did you take the pretty nest from sister's book-shelves?"

"Ess," was the cheerful reply. "Beth helped tidy up, too, for Farver and Bobby. Frew it in the fire—all burned up." Then, catching sight of Nancy's disappointed face, the rosebud mouth began to quiver, and running to her sister she threw her arms around Nancy's knees and buried her face in her skirt, crying: "Oh, sister, has Beth been naughty? I only wanted to help."

Nancy bit her lip for a moment till she could get the better of her first impatient impulse; then she swept the child up into her arms and kissed away the gathering tears.

"It 's all right, sweetheart," she said. "You 're a dear little helper, but another time ask sister before throwing anything away"; and with a sigh she added, to herself: "It 's really not her fault. Why *did n't* I put it out of reach?"

That night, as Nancy, in her warm pretty wrapper, sat before the fire for the delicious, dreamy half-hour before going to bed, she felt another pang of disappointment as she recalled the lost nest—such a silvery, pretty thing! She knew Bob would have been delighted to add it to his collection. Well, perhaps she would find another some day; it would be something interesting for Mother and her to search for in their rambles over the hills. Meanwhile, she could tell Bob about it, and perhaps—



"'BETH, DEAR, DID YOU TAKE THE PRETTY NEST'?"

Here her dreamy eyes rested on the farther corner of the hearth, behind the andirons, which just then was illumined by a sudden flame that leaped from the slowly dying fire. She gave a start of surprise, exclaiming: "Why, *there 's* the nest now! How wonderful that it should have kept its shape! A touch, and of course it will go to ashes." And Nancy reached for the tongs.

She tapped the nest lightly, but it did not crumble. A firmer poke—it still retained its form. Then, cautiously clipping one side with the tongs, she lifted it out and waited a moment for it to cool before taking it into her hand.

"Well! 'curiouser and curiouser,' as *Alice* says. It 's like the ghost of a nest. Everything but the silvery cotton has disappeared—burned away, it must be. Perhaps," and Nancy laughed softly, "it was n't built by birds at all, but by phœnixes or salamanders—people used to believe there were such creatures.

"I 'm sure Bob would think a phœnix-nest a real curiosity. Dear old Bob! I suppose he will explain it all in a perfectly simple way, and I shall find that he 's seen hundreds of them before and that this is n't a curiosity at all. Anyhow, I 'll put it away safely this time." And she made a place for it in an upper drawer, beyond the reach of Baby Beth's helping hands, meaning to think no more about it.

In spite of this intention, however, Nancy found herself puzzling over this mysterious survival of the ordeal by fire, and as she sat at her dressing-table, braiding her shining hair for the night, the face that looked back at her from the mirror had a little pucker of perplexity on the smooth forehead; and when she finally drifted off to sleep, "Now I wonder" were the last words on her lips.

These musings evidently set a current of subconscious thought flowing through Nancy's mind, and after some hours of refreshing sleep it began to overflow into her dreams, for she seemed to be down in the old pasture, skimming lightly over the ground (in that delicious way one does

in dreams), following a beautiful bird with gleaming silver wings. It alighted on the white birch-tree, whose leaves suddenly seemed to burst into little leaping flames, among which the bird sat quite undisturbed, cocking its head at her as if to say, "Would n't you like to know how I do it?" and looking so absurdly impertinent that Nancy laughed and woke herself up, to find gray dawn outside her window.

As she lay watching the growing light a sudden idea, borne to her, perhaps, on that subconscious thought-stream, popped into her mind, and so startled her that she sat up in sudden, wide-eyed surprise.

"Why, I do believe I know what it is!" she exclaimed. "But where could a bird find such a thing around here? Well, Bob's coming to-day; perhaps we can solve the mystery together; and till we do, it shall be our little secret."

To Nancy fell the pleasant duty of driving old Jerry down to the station through the crisp November morning to meet the travelers, and an hour later a happy family was seated at a somewhat belated breakfast.

"Yes," said Mr. Ellerman, after describing in some detail the result of his last three months' work, "I 'm more sorry than ever that Bob has chosen to be a mining-engineer, for he has developed a really surprising faculty for business."

Bob flushed with pleasure at his father's praise, and his mother's eyes rested on him fondly for a moment, while Mr. Ellerman continued:

"He has the advantage, you see, of having no traditions as to how things ought to be done, and while a good stiff business-training is indispensable in the long run, a dozen times he has seen a short cut that, with my years of experience in doing it some other way, would never have occurred to me. But don't worry, Helen, lest the boy get conceited," and Mr. Ellerman turned laughingly to his wife, "for he 's found himself guessing wrong often enough to keep him humble-minded. But really, we think we begin to see daylight ahead. I am reasonably sure we shall salvage enough to pay the creditors. I even think we could have the business going again if we had a good husky bank-account on tap right now."

"Is that all?" said Bob, gaily. "Well, if I 'm the infant business prodigy you hint that I am, it 's sure up to me to produce that bank-account." Then he added, soberly: "Dear old Dad, don't I wish I could! But Mother 's the only real capitalist of the family nowadays—the fair mistress of these ancestral acres."

"I fear," said Mrs. Ellerman, with a light laugh, "it 's beyond the power even of such a gifted son to transform a rocky back-country farm into a fat bank-balance. But just the same, it 's been a dear old place for us all."

The family soon scattered to its duties indoors and out, Bob joining his father and a farmer-neighbor in a thorough inspection of farm-buildings, walls and fences, arranging for necessary repairs and planning the work for the following spring. It was late afternoon when Nancy heard him come springing up the stairs two steps at a time on his way to his own room. She called to him as he passed her open door:

"Is that you, Bob? Come in—I 've a present for you for one of your collections." And as he stood before the fire, a tall, likable, boyish figure, with feet apart, enjoying the warmth of the blazing logs, she lifted the nest from its hiding-place and laid it in his outstretched hand.

"What the dickens—" he began. "It 's a nest, for sure, but what 's happened to it? It looks queer!"

"Praise be!" said Nancy, with a sigh of relief; "you quite comfort me. I thought you might instantly diagnose it as a nest of some simple garden variety and laugh at me for thinking it a curiosity. I call it the silver nest, and believe it to have been built by a partly domesticated phœnix—" and she broke off with a laugh.

Bob looked puzzled. "You 're right enough in calling it a silver nest, if there is a silver as light as thistle-down." And he turned the odd thing carefully about in his strong, capable-looking young fingers. "But come, Nan, don't keep a fellow guessing—where did it come from, and what 's happened to it?"

"Well," and Nancy nodded her head wisely, "I 've worked out a little theory about it, but I 'm not going to say what it is yet—I 'll just tell you what happened and see what you think about it."

And sitting in the glow of the fire, as the twilight deepened, Nancy related her story.

When it was ended Bob sat for some moments staring at the nest as it lay on his open palm. Suddenly he picked off a bit of the silvery cotton, tossed it on one of the blazing logs, and watched it for a few breathless seconds. Then his eyes met Nancy's in a swift, incredulous glance, and he fairly sputtered:

"Why, it can't be—where would the little beggars get such stuff—but bless my soul if I don't believe it 's —it 's—"

Nancy sprang up and clapped her hand over his mouth.

"Yes—yes—that 's what *I* think; but don't let 's even speak the word till we know for sure. We 'll slip off together right after breakfast to-morrow morning and go on an exploring expedition; but remember, it 's to be a cross-



"WHAT SHOULD YOU SAY THAT WAS, DAD?" HE ASKED." (SEE NEXT PAGE)

your-heart secret between you and me. But there goes the bell — hurry or we 'll be late for supper and Norah's heart will be broken, for we 're going to have 'riz biscuits.'"

That evening the family gathered in the cozy living-room, enjoying the happiness of being to-

gether once more, and brother and sister found no opportunity for further confidences, though Bob got out the volume "And-Aus" of the encyclopedia, and, after reading one of the articles, closed the book with a snap saying, apparently apropos of nothing, "Little old New England is *all* right!" A remark that Mrs. Ellerman acknowledged by saying, "As a Vermonter born and bred, your mother certainly agrees with that sentiment, Bobby boy"; while Nancy looked at him inquiringly for a moment, then with a quick smile of understanding.

THANKSGIVING came with clear skies and frosty air. Nancy, it must be confessed, rather scrambled through her morning tasks, and surprisingly soon after breakfast, clad in a warm gay sweater and tam, she joined Bob where he stood waiting for her on the back porch.

"I 've been thinking," he began, as soon as they were out of ear-shot of the house, "that those little rascals might just have picked up a piece of that stuff somewhere that some one had thrown away, just as they do bits of thread or wool. If that 's the case, of course there 's nothing in it."

"Oh, well," said Nancy, cheerfully, "even if that 's so, we 'll have the fun of hunting just the same—poking about in the dear old pasture and being out of doors this gorgeous day."

"Perhaps," Bob suggested more hopefully, as they trudged along, "my craze for geology last year may come in handy. I managed to pick up a sort of working knowledge of it, of course. It was the fun I got out of it that made me want to go in for mining-engineering instead of business. I thought Dad's line would be just dead slow and I 'd never like it. I must say, though, I 've changed my mind since I 've been working alongside of him all these months. Business, as he thinks of it, is such a *big* thing; it 's really quite thrilling sometimes to see what a sweep of the world Dad takes into his calculations—a flood in China, some crop-destroying bug in the West, a revolution in South America—he seems to know about them all. But here we are at the pasture—now for that birch-tree." And Bob vaulted over the bars before dropping them for Nancy.

A few moments later, standing under the leafless branches of the white birch, they laid their plans, and then brother and sister eagerly began their quest.

IT was a merry family that assembled about the Thanksgiving dinner-table—the merrier because Nancy was looking her prettiest, with an unusually bright color in her cheeks and her eyes starry with some repressed emotion, while Bob was bubbling over with good spirits, his gay sallies evoking peals of laughter as the meal progressed. The anxious furrows between Mr. Ellerman's eyes faded away as he added his contribution to the fun, and his wife's face had the lovely serenity of a thankful and contented heart.

The meal ended, they were lingering over the hickories and butternuts when Bob, after a telegraphic signal from Nancy, arose.

"Mother and Dad," he said, in a voice that trembled a little, "Nancy and I think we have made a discovery to-day. It 's really Nancy's idea, but she let me in on it, like the trump she is." And he drew from his pocket a specimen of some mineral, apparently, of a greenish color, but a little fuzzy, and somewhat like a long crystal in shape. He handed it to his father. "What should you say that was, Dad?" he asked.

Mr. Ellerman looked at it, rubbed it between his fingers, picked off a small strip and shredded it into a soft cottony bunch. "Why, it looks to me," he said, "like asbestos—a piece of unusually long-fibered serpentine-asbestos."

"And where do you think it came from?" asked Bob, quite pale with excitement.

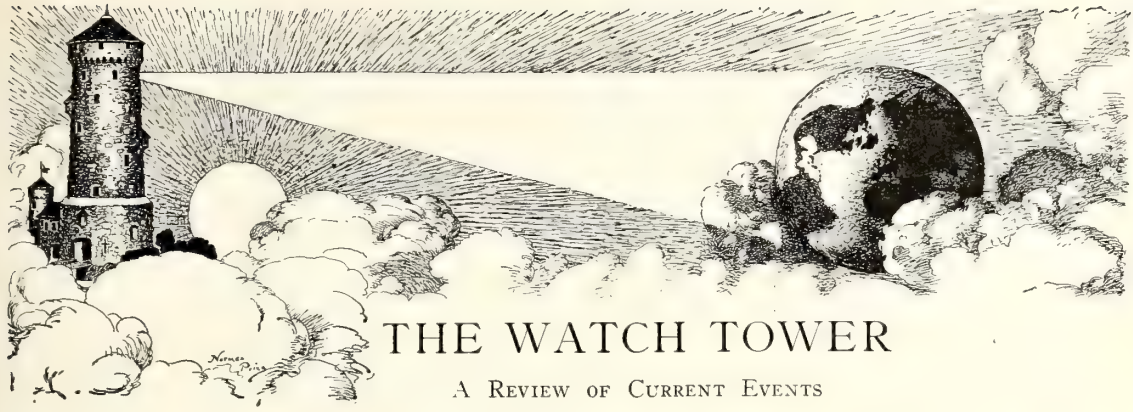
"Well, I believe it 's to be found in South Carolina, Arizona, Canada—"

"And Vermont, Father, the cyclopedia says," Bob interrupted. He swallowed hard for a moment and then burst out: "And—and the cyclopedia's dead right—it 's—it 's *true*, because we—Nancy and I—found an outcropping vein of it in our old back pasture this morning—and unless I 'm greatly mistaken, that means that this Vermont farm *can* be transformed into the husky bank-account you were wishing for yesterday—and here 's to the new firm—Ellerman and *Son!*"

And then Bob's breath quite gave out.

Questions and explanations followed thick and fast. Nancy told her story to eager ears, the silver nest was brought and passed from hand to hand, while Bob described how they had found the place where the vein of mineral, partly disintegrated by the weather, had supplied the material for it. The family was in a tumult of happy excitement, in the midst of which Bob tossed Baby Beth to his shoulder, where she clung, laughing delightedly.

"After all," he said, "here 's the little mascot that has brought us our good luck! For if she had n't thrown the nest into the fire, we might never have known of the treasure lying at our own (back) door. And Dad, in a financial way the ladies certainly have us skinned a mile,—the Mater, Nancy, and Beth—and I'd even be willing to wager it was the *mother*-bird that crocheted that Silver Nest."



# THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

BY EDWARD N. TEALL

## THANKSGIVING IN WAR TIME

Before the postman again feels the copies of St. Nicholas making the mail-bag lighter with their messages of cheer and good humor we shall have observed once more the finest of our American holidays, Thanksgiving. Nature's year may be said to end with November, the harvest month. It is time to take stock of our blessings.

Uncle Sam's big family of nephews and nieces has been working hard this year, and nature has generously rewarded their labors. War gardens have increased by a respectable percentage the product of the millions of American farmers who plow and harrow and cultivate the millions of good American acres, and, so nearly as may be ascertained before the last sheaf of grain is threshed, the last load of hay pitched into the mow, this is the total of our products (September report) as compared with the average of the yields for the years 1911, '12, '13, '14, '15:

| | 1917 | 1916 | 1911-15 |
|---|---|---|---|
| Winter wheat | 417 | 482 | 542 |
| Spring wheat | 250 | 158 | 264 |
| Corn | 3,248 | 2,583 | 2,754 |
| Oats | 1,533 | 1,252 | 1,230 |
| Barley, rye, and buckwheat | 280 | 239 | 254 |
| White potatoes | 462 | 285 | 363 |
| Rice | 32 | 40 | 25 |
| Hay (tons) | 91 | 110 | 86 |

For the printer's convenience we have omitted six ciphers and two commas after each of these numbers. In other words, each number stands for so many millions, bushels of cereals and potatoes and tons of hay. Thus the corn-crop of 1917 was expected to total 3,248,000,000 bushels; more than thirty bushels for each man, woman, and child of this great nation.

As the wheat-crop, though it will probably exceed that of 1916 in the ratio of sixty-six to sixty-four, falls short of the average in the preceding five-year period, and as wheat is being exported to our allies in abnormally large quantities, it is obvious that Americans must use more corn on the table. That change in the national diet will be a reversion to an earlier regimen, for our people used, once upon a time, to eat more of corn than of wheat. "Hog and hominy" is again in order, johnny-cake and Indian pudding, and plain, muscle-making mush and milk, as well as more elaborate cornmeal dishes.



But after studying the agricultural reports, the statistics of commerce, imports and exports and "trade balances"; after counting the tons of iron and coal, the millions of feet of lumber, and all the products of our industries; after summing up all our material resources, actual and potential, there still remains one item—the biggest of all—in the argument for thankfulness:

We Americans of 1917 are thankful because now we know that the Americans of this day are as loyal and brave, as quick to hear and obey the call of duty, as were the Americans who upheld the honor of our Flag through all our glorious past as the foremost of democracies.

## INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOTBALL AND INTERNATIONAL HISTORY

WHEN the United States entered the war, the effect of that momentous act was felt nowhere more immediately or more deeply than in the colleges. In hundreds of college towns the campus became a drill-ground; every week the student ranks were depleted by new departures of the boys going to training-camps or into the regular service. And the effect of this exodus, and of the military preoccupation of the students who remained, was quickly manifest on the athletic-field.

The question arose: Should intercollegiate sport be continued or suspended? Princeton, Yale, and Harvard chose the latter alternative. Immediately the sport pages of many newspapers began to attack the decision and to deplore the influence it must exert upon the "minors."

Now, the colleges have an unassailable right to regulate their own affairs; and the newspapers have the undisputed privilege of criticising the colleges. But some of the newspaper writers failed to understand correctly the motives and intentions of the universities at Cambridge, New Haven, and Princeton.

Yale, Harvard, and Princeton did not drop varsity baseball and football because athletic rivalry was "in bad taste"; they did not attempt to set any standard for others to follow. Each acted as seemed to itself best for itself. At Princeton, for example, the baseball coaches remained throughout the greater part of the season, but they were in the position of professors without pupils. The varsity men left college; the scrubs followed, and day by day the number of boys reporting for practice grew less and less. Even this exceptional opportunity to learn the game failed to attract them against the counter-attraction of military lecture, march, and drill. There was no affectation about it; the boys simply did not care for organized athletics when so much bigger things were afoot.

The opening of the football season found this state of affairs only slightly changed. After the first rush to the Colors, college life had adjusted itself to the new conditions. Some colleges sought, more or less openly, to gain athletic honors not ordinarily within their grasp. Some followed the principle of sport for sport's sake, and gamely made the best of a bad situation. Some urged all students below draft age to go in for football as a physical developer. In none was there any sacrifice of the good things of sport; no young student has needed to suffer for lack of the hearty exercise that strengthens the muscles and quickens the mind.

The football season of 1917 is about as far from normal as a blossoming peach-tree in January would be. Tackle, guard, end, and halfback are using brain and brawn in the big game in which Uncle Sam has staked his honor; and the empty tiers of seats in the stadiums this November will proclaim, more than cheering crowds, the splendid spirit of America's young manhood.

## AND NOW SOME OF THE PEOPLE VOTE!

A NATIONAL election is a tremendous test of our political system, and it is fortunate that we do not have to undergo it this November. However, all voting is important, and this year we have an especially interesting situation because of the fact that so many voters are away from home in the military training-camps.

New Jersey has made arrangements to take the vote of her 30,000 soldiers in camp at Anniston, Alabama, and Wrightstown, New Jersey; and the secretary of state of New York has provided a thousand steel boxes, waterproof and unsinkable, to hold the ballots of the State's voters now serving in France.

In New York City, where Mayor John Purroy Mitchel is a candidate for reëlection, the "soldier vote" will be an important factor. Mr. Mitchel has given the city, as he promised to give it, a business administration. It has not been a perfect administration, but it has been an honest and capable one. The performance of the Police Department, under Commissioner Woods, in preserving law and order and the safety of life and property, is typical of the kind of government Mayor Mitchel believes in and works for. The best elements of all parties have joined forces for him, and, as is too often the case, the side which has the better motives is less strongly organized than the other.

The mayor of New York is chief executive in a government of nearly five million persons, a population more than half as large again as that of New Jersey, larger than that of Missouri or Massachusetts, and only a little smaller than that of the great State of Ohio.

Woman suffrage, like everything else, is affected by the great changes that are taking place. The strong breeze of patriotism is blowing the froth and foam off many a surface, revealing the calmer depths of serious purpose and intelligent effort. Militant suffrage is now not much more fashionable than it has ever been effective. In September a high official in New York City resigned his office as a protest, it was said, against the attitude of the Administration at Washington. It is doubtful if such an act can have much influence on intelligent opinion. It presumably cannot weigh as much as President Wilson's message to the Woman Suffrage Party in New York State: "I hope that the voters of the State of New York will rally to the support of woman suffrage by a handsome majority." In Maine, where the President sent a similar message of encouragement, suffrage was defeated in a special September election. In the struggle for enfranchisement, peaceful methods prevail, and violence, when it appears, is almost universally reprehended. In the conduct of their interesting campaign the seekers after suffrage are showing, as the wisest leaders always have shown, a moderation equal to the firmness of their purpose and all the best qualities of good citizenship.



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MORNING ROLL-CALL AT CAMP DIX, WRIGHTSTOWN, NEW JERSEY

## OUR FAR-EASTERN ALLY

In the early days of this eventful autumn Viscount Ishii, special envoy of Japan to America, brought to this country the greetings of the Japanese emperor and nation. It was a message of friendliness, and of faithfulness as an ally. Addressing the House of Representatives, Viscount Ishii said: "I bring a message from the Emperor and the people of our beloved island to the President of the United States and to you, the representatives of the greatest republic. We bring to you assurance of support. We are eager for counsel with you. We come to find out how these two nations can best coördinate their energies and their resources; how best they can coöperate in the conduct and the winning of this war. We come to say to you that we are proud to stand shoulder to shoulder with the soldiers of America."

Japan was long called the "Hermit Empire," and it was through the friendly offices of the United States, the first Western government to deal with her as one civilized nation with another, that she was drawn from her ancient isolation to take a place among the Powers. No doubt that fact is well remembered and appreciated in the national consciousness of Japan. While the Japanese gentlemen were visiting our great cities in the East and assuring Americans of Japan's good will, there was published in the newspapers a letter written by a Japanese schoolgirl to Captain W. H. Hardy, of Portland,

Oregon, last surviving member of the Perry expedition. "We would welcome you as one of our great benefactors," she says, after expressing the wish that Captain Hardy might revisit her country. And she adds: "Really, we owe everything to your country." What America did for Japan has been stated with marked brevity and clearness by William Elliot Griffis: "President Fillmore's constructive statesmanship saved the empire from civil war. In 1852 everything



Press Illustrating Service

YOSHIHITO, EMPEROR OF JAPAN

seemed ready for an explosion from within, which might have so weakened her resources as to cripple the nation for modern life, or called in foreign aggression, as in the case of Java, India, and China."

In other words, Japan might have become, instead of an independent, powerful nation, a mere province of a European empire. Did she recognize the service? The question, which naturally arises, is answered by the Japanese Okakura in his book, "The Awakening of Japan," in which he says: "The immediate effect of the arrival of the American embassy was to reconsolidate the fast-waning power of the Tokugawa Government. Thus the nation had a chance to prepare itself for the momentous change which was to come."

Facing each other across the Pacific, as America and Europe confront one another across the Atlantic, Japan and the United States cannot avoid contact, commercially and otherwise. "Hands across the sea" it must be; and whether the hands are clasped in friendly greeting or shaken as menacing fists must depend not only upon the wisdom and good faith of the two governments but largely—ultimately—fundamentally—on the mutual understanding, or misunderstanding, of the nations themselves: the mass of American citizens on one side, the host of Japanese subjects on the other.

Viscount Ishii's eloquent speeches, glowing with sincerity, are a rebuke, the more forceful because indirect, to those who question, and thus endanger, the continuance of the long, unbroken friendship of his nation and ours; and surely nothing could more firmly seal the unwritten contract than the present partnership of Japan and America in the mighty struggle of enlightened nations to "make the world safe for democracy."

## ARGENTINA, RUSSIA, AND THE UNITED STATES

WHETHER peace comes this winter or whether the war goes on, America's education in the meaning and the necessity of unity continues. We are learning where we are strong and where we are weak. We find the forces of union and devotion far outweighing those of dissension and disloyalty; yet we see more clearly day by day that in this great republic there are elements of danger to the common welfare, and that they possess terrible possibilities of influence, supported by the very thing that make our democracy so good to have—freedom of speech, for example, and freedom from the constant supervision of private affairs by governmental agencies. We cannot yet say that America is perfectly united in purpose, or even in understanding why we are at war and what we must win before we can claim victory.

While we were yet neutral, Germany was plotting against us. In December, 1915, the German Government authorized this statement: "The German Government has never knowingly accepted the support of any person or organization seeking to promote the cause of Germany in the United States by illegal acts, by counsel of violence, or by any means whatever that would offend the American public in the pride of their own authority." And yet in 1915, and during

all the period of our neutrality, Germany was doing all these things. Her record of abuse of confidence, betrayal of trust, secret spying and plotting, paid propaganda and endeavor to involve a peaceful nation in internal dissension and strained relations with other nations—in our case, Japan and Mexico—has never been matched in history.

What Argentina experienced in September, when German representatives' misuse of their diplomatic privileges moved her to righteous wrath against the Kaiser's Government, was insignificant compared with the long list of offenses against the United States; but perhaps the very fact that we were not directly concerned in it may have helped us to get a clearer view of the enormity of Germany's crimes against international law.

In connection with the experiences of Argentina and Sweden, as a source of instruction to our people, this outline record of Russian politics may be helpful: At the beginning of September Russia is emerging from a revolution, having got rid of a superfluous czar. A day or so later we read that General Korniloff, commander-in-chief of the Russian armies, is "favored for" a dictatorship. Next, with Riga fallen and the German fleet off Reval, Petrograd threatened, and all things uniting to show the need of Russians standing as one man against the common foe, we hear of Kerensky deposing Korniloff under accusation of disloyalty to the new government. The premier prepared to defend Russia's capital against the ex-commander of Russia's armies. Diplomats of the Allies meet in secret session, and may be planning to intervene.

Another turn of the kaleidoscopic tube, and the head-lines show Kerensky's power "crumbling," Korniloff "holding out," and confusion worse confounded than before. Finally, Korniloff appears not as the planner of rebellion, but only the tool of his chief of staff, General Lokomsky—and Kerensky himself as one of the agents of this most remarkable rebellion!

Meanwhile, back of this confusing serial story the fate of a nation hangs in the balance.

Argentina and Russia enforce the lesson we need to learn: that Germany's deliberate policy of deceit and double-dealing cannot be met save by policies equally rigid and unyielding, even if more honest and honorable; and that in times like these safety lies in absolute unity.

## THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

BASEBALL follows the Flag. Uncle Sam's soldier-boys had the news of the World's Series almost as quickly as some American cities got it.

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LOANS of $100,000,000 each to Great Britain and France, on September 5, carried the total of American funds advanced to the Allies to $2,266,400,000. Of this $1,105,000,000 had gone to England, $630,000,000 to France, $275,000,000 to Russia, $200,000,000 to Italy, $53,400,000 to Belgium, and $3,000,000 to Servia. Numbers that would have stretched the most elastic imagination four years ago are now commonplaces in the daily news.

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THE reports of movements of troops may seem prosaic enough, but to the thoughtful reader they suggest an important social influence. With the boys from New York and New Jersey going to training-camps in Virginia and Alabama, the lads from Kansas and the big fellows from Wisconsin coming east, the country is beginning really to get acquainted with itself.

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DONALD B. MACMILLAN, the arctic explorer who got back to New York in September after four years in the very far north, stated, among numerous other interesting observations, that the next great arctic exploring expedition will probably make successful use of the hydro-aëroplane. So it cannot be long before the whir of the great bird's wings will rouse strange echoes in the silent Northland.

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IN spite of the great falling off of immigration, the public schools of New York City were called upon this autumn to furnish accommodations for 15,000 more children than last year. In the Greater City some 844,000 children were enrolled. There is a great deal for American boys and girls to learn nowadays; but they need not be discouraged—there are so many of them to learn it!



ELIZABETH CLEGHORN GASKELL

# BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

## MRS. GASKELL'S MASTERPIECE

*With portrait and two of Hugh Thomson's illustrations of "Cranford," by courtesy of The Macmillan Co.*

*(PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 4)*

We have had stories of high adventure and derring-do. Since it is agreed that the spice of life lies in variety, is n't it time that we turned to something very different, something full of gentler life, of quieter humor, of tenderer scenes and milder actions? I think it is. And I want to see how you youngsters take to this different type of literature, and how it strikes on your imaginations.

So this month it is one of the most charming books in the world I want you to read and to think over, and then to write about. This book is "Cranford."

Some one has said that there is a story worth writing in every human being, if only he or she would write it. And so there is a story worth telling about every place in the world, however still and uneventful the current of life there, however far from the scarlet of adventure its gray existence. Let the right spirit come to interpret that calm monotone, and the world will begin to see all sorts of tender and shining hues, and thrill to human joys and sorrows as moving as those that set the sails of pirate ships or build glistening palaces on fairy strands.

It is one of these quiet romances, these uneventful and yet intensely interesting tales that Mrs. Gaskell tells of the small town she calls "Cranford," but which was really Knutsford, the town where she grew to womanhood, living not far from it on the heath in a somewhat lonely old house with a fine view. She was half an orphan, her mother having died while she was yet a baby, and her home was with an aunt. Long ago I visited the place, and I dimly remember its trim streets and brick houses, its straight little garden-paths between hedges, each garden carefully shielded within high walls over which the ivy grew, and close to which the scented wallflowers crowded.

Perhaps Knutsford still looks as it did then. Things and places do not change so much in England as they do here. I should like to see it again, and when you have read "Cranford," I know you would, too. But perhaps this terrible war has set its seal there also, and sleepy, ancient Knutsford, with its courts and posies, its queer old shops and queer old inhabitants, is a vanished memory and no real place.

Mrs. Gaskell was buried in the old churchyard belonging to the ancient, beautiful Unitarian Chapel of Knutsford when she died, after a long life if one measures by achievement rather than by years, for she was only fifty-five. But she had written many books and stories, she had been married and had borne seven children, managing her home perfectly and giving her husband, a cultivated and distinguished minister of the Unitarian Church, a perfect companionship. He, too, was well known in his day for his literary work, most of it connected with his profession. She had countless friends and was a delightful hostess. Her life flowed full-tide, and at her death she left a novel unfinished, "Wives and Daughters," a fine book that reflected a vigorous maturity rather than any hint of coming death. All over England she was known and loved, and she was admired by the greatest literary men of the day—Dickens, Landor, Carlyle; and among women, the famous Brontë sisters were her friends and intimates. Later she wrote their biography. It remains one of the best and most readable biographies in the language, as undying as "Cranford" itself.

"Mary Barton" was Mrs. Gaskell's first novel, written in a time of great grief after the death of her baby, her only son. Up to that time, 1844, Elizabeth Gaskell had written nothing of value, a poem done in conjunction with her husband, a sketch printed in a book written by William Howitt on "Remarkable Places," in which she described Clopton Hall, Warwickshire; nothing else. But now she turned to writing with all the energy of her being. Three years she worked on the book, also publishing a few short stories in the interval. Finished at last, it was sent to a publisher and returned unread. Again it was

sent out, this time to Chapman & Hall. For a whole year nothing was heard of the manuscript. Finally, Mrs. Gaskell began to make inquiries. It developed that the book had not been looked at. The habits of publishers in those days were leisurely in the extreme!



YOUNG PETER RETURNS HOME

Stirred to action, the manuscript finally got read, and was immediately accepted and printed, Mrs. Gaskell receiving five hundred dollars for the copyright.

The book was published anonymously, but it was not long before its astonishing popularity broke the secret, and the name of Mrs. Gaskell was famous.

Born in 1810, on the twenty-ninth of September, the author was thirty-eight at the time of her success. She is spoken of as having been a beautiful young woman, with a gay and lively spirit, a touch of wit in her talk, a quick eye to see the amusing sides of life. This was at the time of her marriage, when she was twenty-two. She never lost her vivacity, and remained charming and attractive all her days.

"Cranford" appeared in Dickens' publication, "Household Words," from 1851 to 1853, and was the fourth book she had written, "The Moorland Cottage" and "Lizzy Leigh" coming earlier. From now on she wrote steadily.

No regular biography has ever been written of the author. She forbade the publication of any of her letters, doubtless a great loss to the world, for whatever she wrote must have made delightful reading, and in those days people, particularly literary people, took time to write long and interesting letters to their friends. But she seems to have dreaded to have the public get too close to her private life. This is all the stranger when we remember the intimate quality of the one biography she wrote, and that this life story was that of dear friends. She saw the real necessity of giving the world a true picture of these shy and misunderstood women, perhaps, and knew that she herself did not require explanation. Her novels and the happy record of her life as it was known to her friends, were enough.

But she could n't prevent these friends from writing reminiscences and telling of impressions and happenings. So that we have a fair picture of her, and are made to feel the charm and joy-



LEADING QUESTIONS

ousness of her. She was precisely the sort of woman one likes to imagine the writer of "Cranford" to have been, and that is about as pleasant a thing as could be said of any one.

The first book was a tale of Manchester, the city where Mrs. Gaskell had gone after her marriage. She always wrote of what she knew. Her books are a mirror of the days and the types of that time in England. Reading one of them is a good deal like opening a door and stepping into the very existence she portrays.

Yet for all her fidelity to the actual things about her, she had plenty of imagination. For it takes a high quality of imagination to be able to see people as they are, not simply as they appear. These women, these men, these little boys and girls, are really alive. We know them as we might know ourselves. There are scenes and happenings in "Cranford" that you never forget. Having read them, they become a part of your life, exactly as they would have done if you had experienced them.

You will find a great deal to laugh over in the little book, and some things you are likely to cry over. I know I cry over them. Mrs. Gaskell had known the meaning of happiness and of sorrow, and she had the power to put this knowledge into her books.

"Cranford" was the best of her novels, and has come to be known as her masterpiece. But it seems a pity that the other books she wrote are not more often read. They are all in print, many editions having been published in the collected form that appeared long after she was dead. But "Cranford" continues to be the most asked for, as it is the best. Possibly, had it not been for the Biography, which is a standard work, the lesser read stories would have been allowed to disappear, and Mrs. Gaskell would have been one more of those writers who are known only by a single book.

Coming after "Kidnapped" and "Kim," "Cranford" will make you wonder at the astonishing differences between men and men and women and women the round world over. How differently life is regarded, what diverse things are thought worth the doing, or regarded as wrong, or right. Here you are, in a parlor in little Cranford, listening to the thoughts of a gentle maiden lady as she relates them to another gentle maiden lady: just as, a while earlier, you lay in the heather with *Alan Breck* and listened to his ideas on honor and his opinions about Englishmen—opinions that would have very much startled *Miss Barker,* for instance, at tea in what she delighted to call "her poor little dwelling." You, reading, are as much at home with the one as the other, and share alike with both their hopes and troubles.

For that is the wonder of books. That they open all doors for you, take you to share all ideas and feelings. True books—books that are honest in expressing what the author knows about people and life. Some persons seem to think that because a book tells a story, a series of events that are imagined, not actual, it is therefore not a true story. But it is not the fact that the plot is imagined that makes a book true or false. It is its faithfulness in giving a true picture of its characters and the effect of events upon them that makes it so.

I want you to follow the same rules in writing your criticisms of "Cranford" as you did in the earlier papers you sent in. And I hope that even though you are back again in school, and of course very much occupied, you will, many of you, enter the competition and read the book. And don't think that it is merely a book for girls. Dickens was not a girl, and it was he who accepted and printed the story, and loved it dearly; while Mrs. Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter, in a foreword she has written to "Cranford" speaks of the zest with which Thackeray read it. And Lord Houghton, a great critic, wrote of the book that it was "the finest piece of humoristic description . . . since Charles Lamb." So you see men have found it immensely worth reading, and boys are as likely to enjoy it as girls.

Remember that I do not want school essays, but straightforward and clear reasons why you like the story and what you like especially in it. The books I am offering to you for consideration have all long since passed the bar of the world's judgment and been pronounced good. You need not trouble yourselves to hunt for defects in a masterpiece. Read the book with joy, and try to express that joy and the understanding of the causes for that joy in your study of it. Not in fine writing, but in good and clear English, writing as you might to a friend.

I know that I shall be surprised and delighted all over again when your papers begin coming in, just as I have been with the others that have come, and that I shall have a hard time picking the winners out of those who are almost the winners.

You know I shall have to take little matters into consideration, spelling and construction, where competition is so close, so mind your "p's and q's." Yet, where one article is true and original, but has minor defects, it will win over the correct piece that has no individual flavor or personal viewpoint.

And so good luck to you, and much pleasure in your reading and your writing.

*For terms of the Competition see page 94*

## SEA-GOING LUMBER-RAFTS

THE raft has been used for centuries for carrying various cargoes. It carried Egyptian cotton on the Nile; it is in service on the Kongo River in Africa and the Ganges in India; but the raft which is its own cargo is that composed of logs —a method of water transportation that originated in Nova Scotia a half-century ago.

Tree-trunks cut from Nova Scotia forests were moved on wooden rollers to one of the harbors, where the logs were piled in layers and bound together with twisted wire rope. The raft was to be taken to a lumber-mill on New York Harbor, where the logs were to be cut into timber for building purposes. To haul the raft while on the sea, one end of a heavy wire rope was fastened to its bow, the other was secured to the rear deck of a steam tugboat. It started on its ocean journey, but never reached its destination, for a gale of wind sprang up, the towing-rope parted, and the raft drifted out to sea. Later, some of the logs were found washed ashore on the Norwegian coast.

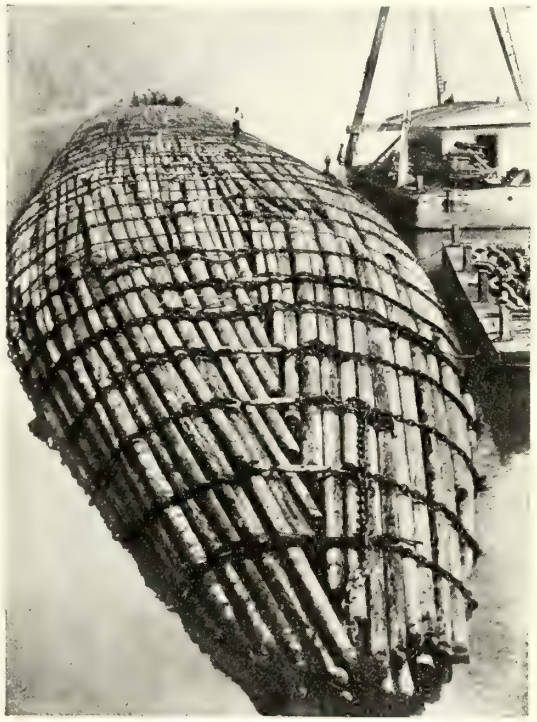
In the Northwest the transportation of lumber in rafts is very extensive. They are of enormous dimensions, in shape closely resembling a cigar, having its greatest diameter at the middle and tapering to a point at both ends. While these rafts are of varying sizes, the smallest usually contain at least five thousand pieces of timber ranging from 80 to 110 feet in length and from two feet to nearly five feet in diameter at the butt.

Consequently, some of the rafts made in this peculiar fashion are nearly as long as the largest transatlantic liners, measuring no less than 650 feet from end to end. So compactly are the poles arranged, however, that the greatest diameter is not over sixty feet; but, as our picture shows, the great weight of the wood forces a raft down in the water until the highest portion is rarely over ten feet above the surface.

To bind together the logs on the raft so that it will withstand the force of the seas to which it is exposed in the trip down the coast from the Columbia River or Puget Sound to San Francisco and the southern California coast is a difficult problem. As the cigar shape offers less resistance than any other to the force of the waves, this has been adopted.

In order to pile the timber into this form, a huge skeleton, or shipway, as it is called, is constructed. This is practically a cradle, which is moored in the water adjacent to the boom where the logs are confined.

By means of a boom-derrick the tree-trunks are lifted from the boom one by one and placed in the cradle so as to overlap each other, the plan followed being somewhat similar to that used in laying a brick wall, the end of each log coming opposite the center of the one adjacent to it, although to a novice the raft looks as if it were made up of timber thrown in without any order. After completion the raft is wrapped with iron chains lashed around it at intervals ranging from twelve to twenty feet apart. The chains are composed of 1½-inch links, and after the chains



A LUMBER-RAFT READY FOR A VOYAGE

have been stretched taut by a hand or steam windlass the ends are clamped together by little steel wheels. To prevent the chains from slipping, iron staples are driven through the links into the outside poles. In addition to the chains, however, side lines, as they are called, consisting of wire rope are stretched around the raft be-

tween the chain sections, so that, when the wrapping is completed, the mass of logs is bound together very securely.

When the wrapping is finished, the raft is ready for launching. The cradle in which it has been formed consists of two sections held together at the bottom by bolts. To each bolt is attached a rope, and when the raft is ready to be floated, it is necessary only to pull on these ropes. The bolts then slip back in their sockets, the two sections of the cradle fall apart, and this curious sea-craft is ready to be towed away by tugboats.

In building the raft two two-inch chains are stretched lengthwise from end to end through the center. One of these is bolted to a sort of bulkhead at one end, consisting of a band of iron which is fitted around the projecting ends of the outer pieces.

The other chain, called the towing-chain, is connected at the forward end with the towing-hawser and secured inside the raft by lateral chains which extend also from side to side, being fastened to those which encircle the raft. In this way the towing strain is well distributed and is not borne merely by the bow end.

To move this unwieldy bulk, two powerful steamers are usually employed at sea, one for



MAKING UP A GIANT LUMBER-RAFT

pulling directly ahead, and the other to aid in keeping the raft in the right course, especially in rough weather. But a comparatively small portion of the surface is exposed to the seas; otherwise it would be impossible to transport the timber in this form. The depth in the water allows only a very slow rate of speed to be maintained. The average time required between the Columbia River and San Francisco is from ten to fifteen days, according to the weather, although the distance is only about 750 miles.

The Columbia River rafts are put together at a town called Stella, which is located in the lumber country about forty miles from the mouth of the river. These rafts are the largest which have yet been transported down the coast.

While many of these rafts have been safely taken to their destinations, some have had their fastenings torn away by the force of the waves. Where such accidents have occurred, the scattered logs have spread over the ocean for a distance of many miles and have formed a very serious danger to vessels.

DAY ALLEN WILLEY.

## THE SEA-OTTER

*(An animal that is rapidly becoming extinct)*

BY EDWARD T. MARTIN

AMONG the animals rapidly becoming extinct is the sea-otter, one of the most beautiful of fur-bearers, ranking in intelligence with the dog and other higher domestic animals.

There was a time not so very long ago when these otters were found in the Pacific Ocean in countless herds from the shores of southern California to the rocky islands of Alaska. Then man came, the white fur-buyer and fur-hunter, who gathered the skins of the otter by thousands, sometimes by schooner-loads. They bought from the Indians, from the pioneer settlers of California and Oregon, even from the soldiers of Spain serving on garrison duty at the various sea-shore settlements of Lower California, as well as from the hunters of the Alaskan coast and islands, paying for a skin an old knife, a rusty gun, a piece of gaudy cloth, or, to the soldiers, a few Spanish milled dollars. To-day the same kind of skin sells for two thousand dollars.

The animals were killed so rapidly, their rate of increase was so slow,—a single one yearly to each mother otter,—that soon, even at greatly advanced values, the business ceased to be profita-

ble and the buyers gave up gathering them. Now there are rigid laws for the protection of the sea-otter, and fines are imposed for killing them. Yet for all this, the stable door has been locked after the horse is gone, and there is no increase in their number, so far as can be seen. Off the coast of Japan, among the rocks of Alaska, where once they were found in great herds, now there are very few or none; and in southern California, when once in a great while an otter is seen, the fact is made an object of newspaper comment.

Some of the habits of the sea-otter are very interesting. For example, an otter always swims on his back, his tail serving as a rudder and his head slightly raised so that by looking over his shoulder he can shape his course. When about to dive, however, he turns on his stomach, remaining in that position while under water, but changing again on coming to the top. Swimming a few feet below the surface, an otter very much resembles a sailor in his oil-skins. An amusing story is told of a tourist fisherman who, seeing one of these animals swimming in this manner, hurried ashore and related a wonderful tale about having seen a sailor man, apparently drowned, yet swimming with all the vigor of life six or seven feet under water; and who, when he, thinking the man might be alive, rowed to his assistance, went down and stayed down. The fisherman would not believe it when told that it was probably a sea-otter.

A mother otter has the same love for her young that is found in every living creature the world over. She will hold the baby in her "arms," caressing and fondling it like a human mother. If pursued, she swims hurriedly away, diving when danger draws near, but soon comes to the surface again, for she knows her baby cannot remain long submerged. It must have air. Should the little fellow become frightened and with whimpers and cries draw the attention of hunters in a following canoe, instead of saying, "Stop that noise right away!" and with scoldings and shakings trying to silence him, she repeatedly ducks his head under water, and, by shutting off his wind, obtains the desired result. It is only baby otters a few weeks old that require such care. When two months old, they can look out for themselves and are skilled divers, able to swim many yards under water, and, when needing air, only poke up their heads for an instant; then they are down and away, probably never to be seen again by the hunter.

Killer-whales, swift to swim and quick to dive, are the most dangerous enemy of the sea-otter family next to man. To escape when one pursues, the otter must either reach some rocky shore, find refuge on an ice-floe, or else outwit the whale. This last can be done either by doubling on its course and keeping behind the killer



SEA-OTTER.
From the Stuffed Specimen in the National Museum, Washington, D. C.

out of its limited range of vision, or by feigning death and floating without motion until its enemy has gone, for a whale will only eat what it has itself killed, passing all other dead things by as unfit for food. It must be an anxious moment for the otter while the big fish is deciding whether it is alive or dead. A single tremble, a slowly opened eye to see how near the danger may be, and—snap! the great jaws close, and it is no longer necessary for the otter to make believe. He has met the real thing.

For food, an otter will eat tender shoots of kelp, or fish, squid, and shell-fish, particularly sea-urchins. These last the animal gathers to a depth of four hundred feet, deeper than which he cannot dive. He will carry them to the surface, where, lying on his back, his breast serving as a table, he proceeds to enjoy his meal. The sea-urchins are torn apart, the meat eaten, the shells tossed some distance to one side or the other, then, first cleaning his face and washing his "hands," the otter will dive again in search of more food.

Sometimes, when otters have been driven offshore by much hunting or scarcity of food, almost anything is eaten, including cuttlefish, or even cod taken from the lines and trawls of the Banks fishermen.

Forty or fifty years ago many otters were

slaughtered from pure wantonness, just from the love of killing. Whole families were killed. Father, mother, the one-year-old, and the baby often kept together. Even when followed by the hunters, they would not separate, and so, in the end, all were slaughtered. Once in a great while a baby-otter has been caught and tamed, proving as faithful to his master as a dog, many of whose traits he possesses, although he really belongs to the weasel family. This is true of the river-otter to a more considerable extent than of their salt-water kindred. A case came under the writer's observation many years ago in which a recluse of the North Carolina foot-hills had a river-otter for his constant companion and pet. It would follow him like a dog, but was very timid in presence of strangers. It was stated that sometimes the otter would dive into a small stream along the banks of which their way often led, returning with a fish, usually a sucker, a red-horse, or a catfish. This it would lay at the hermit's feet, showing pleasure when he picked it up.

As it is with the otter, so it is with much of our wild life. The decrease is rapid. The extermination of many species is plainly in sight. It is the duty of all of us, old and young alike, to comply with laws made for their protection; and not only to comply ourselves but to teach others to do the same. We should see that the laws are enforced and that the children of the waters, the woods, and the prairies receive the protection that is their due.

### ROBERT'S HAPPY THOUGHT

One day in July Grandfather told his grandson Robert to mow the lawn. It was a warm day and the lawn was rather large, so to Robert the task



A ONE-PONY-POWER LAWN-MOWER

seemed a hard one. Nevertheless, he at once started for the shed to get the lawn-mower. On the way an idea came to him, and he proceeded to carry out the thought.

Grandfather was enjoying a little nap when the sound of the lawn-mower and Robert's cheery whistle awoke him. He looked out of the window at the young worker, and the picture printed with this is what he saw.

M. Antoinette Abrams.

### A TEN-YEAR-OLD COW-BOY

Texas Jack, of Cleburne, Texas, the youngest cow-boy in the world, was not born in the saddle;



but a saddle placed on the ground was his first cradle, and he has spent the greater part of his ten years in the stirrups or on the bare backs of mustangs.

Although only ten years of age, Texas Jack has acquired a reputation both as a rider and roper, and has won many prizes at round-ups and frontier-day contests. His latest achievements were at the "Stampede," Sheepshead Bay Speedway, Long Island, where he captured several awards.

### A PLAGUE OF MICE

The wheat harvest in Australia for the present season of 1916-17 is the largest on record. One result of such favorable conditions is that the European field-mice in this colony have increased to such an extent that they are doing enormous damage throughout the states of New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia. Their attacks upon the wheat lying stacked in bags, awaiting shipment, alone threaten loss to the extent of millions of dollars. To save this wheat all the stacks are being surrounded with mouse-proof

fences of galvanized iron, with openings left every 16 feet, in which are placed kerosene tins, sunk in the ground with six inches of water in the bottom. The mice already in the stacks when this miniature fortification is put in place must go out for water, and when they try to do so they fall into the tins. At one country railroad station nearly ten thousand mice were caught in this way in a single night. The experiment of driving the pests out of a stack by using the fumes of carbon bisulfide has also been tried with some success. —Scientific American.

## THE GREATEST NATURAL BRIDGE

In distant Syria, high up on the slopes of the Lebanon, springing from the rocky side of Mount Sannin, whose snowy summit towers behind the narrow coastal plain where the ancient Phœnicians once beached their ships, two streams of cold, crystal water gush forth from the limestone rock and cut their way down craggy gorges to the Mediterranean Sea.

One of these fountains is perennial, and is called the Fountain of Honey by the poetic peasants and mountaineers. The other is the Fountain of Milk. In the spring, when the hot Syrian sun melts the snow masses on the arched backbone of Lebanon's heights, the Fountain of Milk pours its waters into a narrow chasm which leads directly beneath the greatest natural span of stone in the world.

The bridge of the Lebanon, *Jisr el Hajar* (meaning the bridge of stone), is by no means as high as the Natural Bridge in Virginia on which the youthful climber cut his name, but it is thirty-five feet longer, having a span of 125 feet. Its curved arch is as graceful as that of a well - designed man - made bridge, and across it passes the principal trail of this part of the mountains. So broad is the bridge that many travelers in crossing it have no idea that they are on a tremendous mass of rock suspended seventy-five feet above a rushing stream. The patient donkeys plod across it carrying their riders to the fields on the other side, and the mountaineers seldom stop to gaze at this piece of nature's engineering, a marvel which has attracted the attention of many scientists throughout the world. The Lebanon is full of natural marvels, but none is more famous than this broad bridge, designed in the ages before man appeared on the earth and carved out by innumerable drops of water cutting their way to the great ocean. Janet M. Cummings.



LOOKING THROUGH THE GREAT ARCH



THE GREAT NATURAL BRIDGE OF THE LEBANON





## THE STORY OF THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

BY EMILY ROSE BURT

THERE were three little pigs who once lived in a wood
With their mother, who taught them to do as they should
But one pleasant day she was heard to declare,
With a brave little smile and a sorrowful air,
"Come, piggies, you 're old enough now to begin
Your livings to earn and your fortunes to win."
So she handed to each one his share of her wealth,
And wished them all happiness, hearthstones, and health.

The first little Pig in his journeying saw
A lad who was trundling a big load of straw.
"Oh, Master, kind Master," begged Piggywig Wee,
"Say, how will you sell that straw bundle to me?"
"For as much as you have," said the miserly lad;
So the little Pig handed him all that he had.
Then he built him a hut with a straw roof and wall,
And straightway inside it he hurried to crawl,
Snuggling down to indulge in a long cozy nap,
When he heard at the door a loud *rap-a-tap-tap!*
'T was the Wolf who was whining, "Oh, Pig, let me in!"
"No," Piggy replied, "by my chinny chin chin!"
"Then I 'll huff and I 'll puff and I 'll blow your house in,"
Said the Wolf, with a horrible teeth-showing grin.
So he huffed and he puffed and he blew it all flat,
And he ate up the first little Pig after that.






Little Pig number two, trudging off down the road,
Met a man with a bundle of sticks for a load.
"Hello, Man!" he shouted; "how much do you say
As the price of your package of sticks there to-day?"
"As much as you have," said the dishonest man;
So the little Pig paid him, and off quickly ran
To build him a house; but soon, as before,
The Wolf arrived, knocking at Piggy Two's door,
And called, "Let me in, little Pig, let me in!"
"No, Wolf, by the hair on my chinny chin chin!"
"Then I 'll huff and I 'll puff and I 'll blow your house in,"
Said the Wolf, with his hungry and horrible grin.
And he huffed and he puffed, so it tumbled at once,
And he gobbled poor Piggy in spite of his grunts!

Now the third little Piggy remembered to heed
What his mother had told him. He said: "I shall need
To divide up my money in three equal shares;
One third for a house, and one third for the chairs
And a kettle to cook with; the rest of my gold
I shall save to take care of me when I am old."
Then off on his travels he eagerly set,
And journeying this way, a workman he met
With a barrow of bricks. Said Piggywig Three,
"What 's it worth to you, Mister, to sell those to me?"
"How much," asked the workman, "have you there to pay?"
"I don't," said the Piggy, "do business that way."

So a bargain they struck, and Piggy Three paid
What the brick-load was worth. Then his cottage he made
With a stalwart oak door and a fireplace wide
And a window to gaze on the whole country-side.



One day, as the wicked old Wolf passed it by,
He said to himself, "To get in I shall try."
So he rapped and he tapped without saying a word,
And the wise little Piggy within the house heard.
"Who 's there?" he called out. "Let me in, let me in,"
Whined the Wolf. "Not at all, by my chinny chin chin!"
Replied Piggy Three. But that was n't enough,
For the angry Wolf growled, "I 'll huff and I 'll puff
And I 'll blow your house down!" But he could n't, 't was plain;
So he made up a plan in his scheming old brain.
"Little Pig," he called out in his friendliest tone,
"I know where some very fine turnips are grown.
If you 'll meet me to-morrow at seven I 'll take you
To get them—a very nice breakfast they 'll make you."
"All right," said the Pig; but he got up at six,
Went out, and came back—for he knew the Wolf's tricks.
When the Wolf came a-tapping and said, "Are you in?"
The Piggy replied, "Oh, thank you, I 've been."
The Wolf was upset, but he had to pretend,
Till he got what he wanted, to act like a friend.
So he said, "There 's an orchard just over the hill,
To-morrow at six let us gather our fill."
Again little Pig arose sooner than he,
Ran off to the orchard and climbed up a tree;
And there he was perched when he looked down and saw
The greedy old Wolf, with wide-open jaw.
But Piggy spoke loudly (though frightened, 't is true),
"The apples are fine; shall I throw one to you?"
So he threw one so far for the old Wolf to chase
That he gained enough time to escape from the place.

Next day came the Wolf and inquired pleasantly
As before: "Little Pig, won't you join me at three,
And go for a trip to the neighboring fair?
But don't fool me again, little Pig—now beware!"
Well, Piggy went early and bought a big churn,
But was horribly frightened upon his return
To see the Wolf coming; so quickly he hid
Inside of the churn, which rattled and slid
Down the hill toward the Wolf, who received such a scare
That he turned tail and ran like the wind to his lair.
The following morning the Wolf journeyed back
To tell little Pig of the dreadful attack.
"'T was the churn," laughed the Piggy, "and I was inside!"
Then he laughed and he laughed till he cried and he cried.
The Wolf was so angry he howled, "Anyhow,
I shall climb down your chimney and gobble you now!"



But while he was gone for his ladder, the Pig
Built up a huge fire that was scorchingly big,
And over it hung his great kettle to boil.
The Wolf came at last, after wearisome toil,
And just leaning over the chimney to peer
Into Piggywig's kitchen, he happened to hear
Piggy Three singing softly, "The water is hot;
The Wolf soon will stew in the bubbling pot."
With that the old Wolf did n't need to decide
What was best, if he wished to escape with his hide.
So he instantly took to his wicked old heels,
Vowing never again to seek Pig for his meals!

Untroubled thereafter, contented and gay,
The third little Piggy lived many a day!



# ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



BY HELEN R. PARSONS, AGE 12
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JUNE, 1917.)



"DOING THEIR BIT."

BY MARY M. KERN, AGE 10
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JAN., 1915.)

## THE FLAG

BY KATHERINE M. PALMER (AGE 17)
(*Silver Badge*)

Flag of the West, from sea to sea,
For peace and for humanity
Wave on, until all bondage cease
And nations find eternal peace.

The sea our pilgrim fathers crossed,
By dashing wave and tempest tossed,
To the cause they loved forever true,
Has left to thee thy field of blue.

Then Hope reared up a foster-child
In a new country, rough and wild.
Her crown of stars she gave to thee,
Thou daughter of fair Liberty.

And when a nation for her right
Raised thee aloft in glorious fight,
The blood those patriot farmers shed
Did streak thy snowy folds with red.

And now, while kingdoms fall and rise,
Still wave across the vaulted skies;
And lead our heroes o'er the sea,
For honor and democracy!

This is a truly patriotic number of St. Nicholas, and the pages of the League fairly glow with the ardent patriotism of Young America. When we assigned the four subjects, "The Flag", "The Story of a Patriot", "Doing Their Bit", and "In Uniform", we knew in advance that we could count upon a loyal—and royal—response from the League boys and girls; but the result far exceeded our expectations, for a perfect flood of offerings in text and picture poured in upon us. Alas, that we have room for only two score of them! But all St. Nicholas readers, and their parents as well, must feel their pulses quickened as they review the pictures this month, and read the stirring contributions in prose and verse. Some of these written tributes many a grown-up would be glad to sign, and all are remarkable as the work of boys and girls still in their teens. Indeed, a rather unusual proportion of this month's contributors are even below that coveted stage in years. These clever little folk can claim almost a third of the contributions here printed. Three of the best, in prose and in rhyme, came from Honor Members of twelve years old or under. So hats off to the Juniors of the League!

And now to the feast, for which—as this is the Thanksgiving month—good St. Nicholas thanks, again and again, the zealous young members of the League, who are so loyal alike to their glorious country and to this magazine. Both have reason to be proud of them for the pledge and promise their efforts have given, this month, to the future of the land we love.

### PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 213

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**PROSE.** Gold badges, **Frances Hull Warren** (age 13), Iowa; **Helen Noyce** (age 15), Massachusetts.
Silver badges, **Silvia Wunderlich** (age 14), Ohio; **Bonamy Sheriff** (age 14), Canada; **Mariel C. Thresher** (age 16), Ohio.

**VERSE.** Gold badge, **W. Erwart Matthews** (age 15), Texas.
Silver badges, **Virginia Clay Hamilton** (age 14), Kentucky; **Katherine M. Palmer** (age 17), New York.

**DRAWINGS.** Gold badges, **Eleanor L. Roberts** (age 14), New York; **Laura Marsh** (age 14), Minnesota.
Silver badges, **Christine H. Bacheler** (age 15), Connecticut; **Katherine Carothers** (age 16), New Jersey; **Dorothy McEntee** (age 14), New Jersey.

**PHOTOGRAPHS.** Gold badges, **Helen R. Parsons** (age 12), Maine; **Mary Margaret Kern** (age 10), Indiana.
Silver badges, **William Fisher,** (age 10), Kansas; **Barbara Brown** (age 14), New York; **Fraser Mackay** (age 12), Minnesota; **Sally B. Lavery** (age 13), Connecticut; **Kathryn Ogilby** (age 16), New York; **Eleanor Hill** (age 15), Massachusetts.

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Silver badges, **Emily Pendleton** (age 15), Maine; **Donald B. Hatmaker** (age 12), Illinois; **Virginia Sargent** (age 9), New York.

**PUZZLE ANSWERS.** Silver badge, **Emily Hayne** (age 13), Louisiana.

## THE FLAG

BY W. ERWART MATTHEWS (AGE 15)

*(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won August, 1917)*

Behold that ensign rippling in the sky!
A colored rag? Is that all you can see?
On it is writ a nation's history,
Though words are undiscerned by keenest eye;
And with it doth a people's glory fly,
For it hath led them oft to victory;
It symbols what they are and hope to be,
Their dear-loved treasures, all for which they 'd die.

Inspirer of the noblest thought and deed,
That flag's gay brilliance is a country's light!
A people's spirit, courage, purpose, might!
Ideals there upon that floating scroll
Are written true; the heart alone can read;
A nation's banner is a nation's soul!

## THE STORY OF A PATRIOT

BY FRANCES HULL WARREN (AGE 13)

*(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June, 1914)*

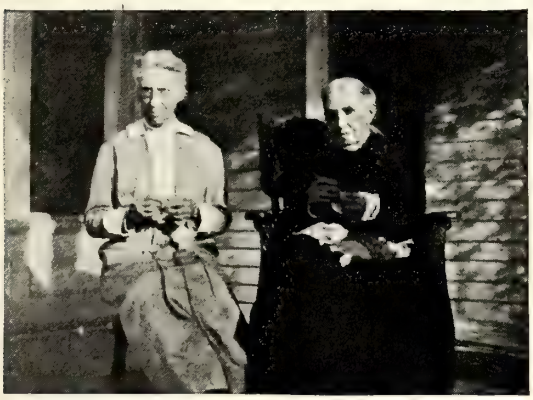
When war was declared, I was among the first to answer the call of my beloved France.

The farewells were hard, but I held together through them, somehow, till it came to Napoleon, my big shepherd-dog. I had to tear myself from him and hurry off with my comrades.

After many months of hard life in the field and trench, I found myself doing duty in the tremendous onslaughts at Verdun. Weeks of grilling toil passed, utterly lacking in anything like glory.

Then there came a day in which the only details I can remember are a blinding flash, a stinging pain, and then darkness. How long I remained in this death-like stupor I do not know. But when I again regained consciousness the sight that met my eyes was so gruesome that I covered my face with my arm, which was soaked with blood.

The sun was blistering hot, my throat was parched, and a dull, throbbing pain had begun in my head. I



"DOING THEIR BIT" BY WILLIAM FISHER, AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)

fell into a light sleep and dreamed feverishly of cool running streams, from which I was awakened by a dog's barking. Looking up I saw a shepherd-dog. Could it be Napoleon? How had he come here on this battle-field so many miles from home? I unstrapped the food and wine fastened on his back and after licking my face again he dashed off.

In a short time he was back, followed by men with a stretcher. I was placed on this, and, with Napoleon bounding by my side, I was taken to a field hospital, where I was told that Napoleon had been drafted into the Red Cross field service, and that he was one of the bravest in the service. Did he realize that he had saved the life of his comrade and master?

## THE STORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN— A PATRIOT OF PATRIOTS

BY HELEN NOYCE (AGE 15)

*(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won September, 1915)*

How often we have heard that name, and yet how new and honored it is upon our lips! A patriot, indeed, in the highest sense; one of the greatest that have ever



"DOING THEIR BIT." BY MARGARET M. LITTLE, AGE 14.

lived. Growing from struggling boyhood to glorious manhood; overcoming the many difficulties on the way; elected the president of a mighty republic. See that care-lined face,—lined for a nation's prosperity,—the face of a patriot. Hear those inspired words, "I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true; I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have,"—the words of a patriot. Picture that death—the death of a martyr!

Let us, then, live up to the light which we have; let us "take increased devotion to the cause" to which that patriot gave his "last full measure of devotion"—the cause of justice and right. Although we may not win according to the world's reckoning, if we be true, is not that a greater victory? Let us honor our God, our country, and our flag; let us make the ideals of our loved President our ideals, and then the stories of our lives shall also be the stories of patriots.

## THE FLAG

BY MARGARET HARLAND (AGE 11)

Old Glory! What the thoughts that stir
Within each patriot's breast
At sight of that beloved flag—
The flag he loves the best!

The thought of battles lost and won.
The thought of heroes blest,
Who braved all dangers to protect
The land they loved the best.

And let us honor still the flag
And land they fought to save,
And let our flag wave proud and free
O'er mountain and o'er wave.

## A SONG OF THE FLAG

BY VIRGINIA CLAY HAMILTON (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

Ho! you are brave, you are young, you are strong,
Rally around me and fight the good fight!
Freedom and Justice must struggle with wrong,
Help to uphold them, the truth and the right!
Fight for the country your forefathers won!
Fight for the brave land which helped them to win!
Fight on, forgetting the wrong which was done,
With Britons for brothers through tumult and din!



"DOING THEIR BIT." BY BARBARA BROWN, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

Follow me, follow wherever I go;
Press to the foreground through carnage and strife;
Summer's red heat bear, and Winter's red snow,
Thoughtful of honor and careless of life.
Glory awaits you, and fame is your meed;
Stop not your work till the crisis is past;
Rough is the way of the men whom I lead;
But there 's joy in the battle and triumph at last!

## THE STORY OF A PATRIOT

BY SILVIA WUNDERLICH (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

On the Fourth of July all the children in the Caldwell family begged their Aunt Letty for a story. One wanted a story of a patriot, one a story about a brave deed, and five-year-old Tom said to be sure and have soldiers in it.

So Aunt Letty began the following story, anxious to please them all.

A long time ago, when George Washington was commander-in-chief of the American armies, he happened to be walking along the street in citizen's clothes one day.

Not far away from the street a corporal and a band of soldiers were seen. The soldiers were trying to raise a heavy beam to a certain position. The corporal was giving orders to pull together, et cetera, but not much progress was made, as the beam was very heavy and, as Washington noticed, would need the help of another man.

Washington went up to the corporal and said, "Why don't you help, sir?"

The corporal, who did not know Washington, looked at him in amazement. "*I* am a *corporal!*" he replied. "I beg your pardon," said Washington, and then he quietly went to work and helped the men until the task was finished. Then he turned to the corporal and said, "The next time you have not men enough for a certain task, please call your commander-in-chief."

The corporal was astounded, and, by the time he could find words to speak, Washington was gone.

Aunt Letty looked up and saw the children were pleased with the story, so she went out of the room and left them to discuss one of America's greatest patriots.

## THE FLAG

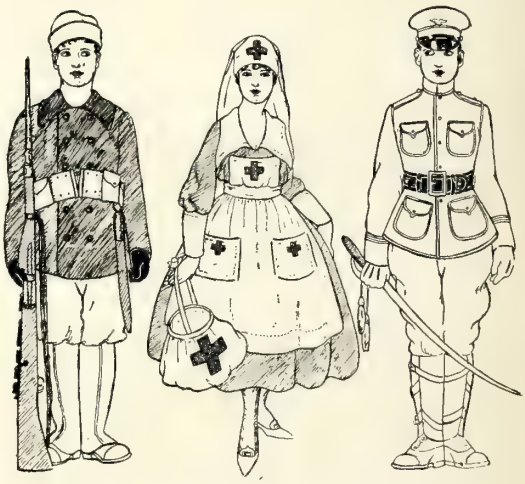
BY MARY CANDACE PANGBORN (AGE 9)

(*Honor Member*)

First a tiny little seedling, then a green-cased roll of blue,
Through the sunny summer hours in the marsh and swamp it grew,
Till the flower-bud unfolded, spreading petals to the sky,
Where the marsh-grass waved around it, and the trees with branches high.

By the road grew wild red roses; there the daisies, gold and white,
Waved their silv'ry-shining petals from the morning to the night.
And the iris and the roses, and the silver daisies, too,
Made the colors of our country, for 't was red and white and blue.

Now these flowers were not unnoticed, for a boy, when passing by,
Saw the roses and the blue flag, and the daisies caught his eye,
Said he, "I 'll be patriotic, I will make myself a crown
Of the roses, flags, and daisies and surprise my friends in town."



"IN UNIFORM." BY ELEANORE L. ROBERTS, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON FEB., 1917.)

So he made the wreath he thought of, with the red and white and blue;
All the people flocked to see it—they had seen the flowers, too.
So the iris, called the blue flag, growing in the deep moss-hag,
With red roses and white daisies, made the colors of our flag.



BY MYRA R. PAXTON, AGE 13.



BY O. LINDSAY CLARKSON, AGE 15.



BY MARY F. JOHNSON, AGE 13.



BY HENRIETTA VAN DOORN, AGE 15.



BY MARGARET OLMSTED, AGE 14.



BY ALICE C. GOOD, AGE 13.



BY RUTH BROOKS, AGE 12.



BY FRASER MACKAY, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

"DOING THEIR BIT."



BY SALLY B. LAVERY, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY KATHRYN OGILBY, AGE 16.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY ELEANOR HILL, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

"DOING THEIR BIT."

## THE FLAG

BY NATHALIE CHILDS (AGE 13)

A tattered banner with thirteen stars,
Blue and silver, and white and red,
Lifted out on the morning breeze,
Floating in ripples overhead.

Thirteen loyal silver stars,
Thirteen colonies staunch and true,
Ready to fight for freedom's cause
Silver and red, and white and blue.

Thirteen stars on a sapphire sky,
Firmly united one and all,
So, as the good old saying goes,
"United we stand, but divided fall."

Over a hundred years have passed.
The land has grown, our banner, too;
And, instead of the thirteen silver stars,
There are forty-eight on the bed of blue.

So as each year goes rolling by,
We must be loyal, true and just.
Stand fast to our motto of Seventy-six—
The motto of freedom, "In God is our trust."

## THE STORY OF A PATRIOT

BY CAROL CROWE (AGE 10)

(*Honor Member*)

Marie Reine was a little French girl, just twelve years old. Before the war she had lived in a beautiful home in northern France, but that part of the country was now swept and torn and wrecked. Her father had been killed in battle, and her brother had not been heard from for months. She and her mother now made their home with a poor villager whom her father had befriended in happier days.

Marie Reine would often say to her mother, "Oh, if only we had riches that I might show my love for my country!" And her mother would answer, "Do the thing that comes to your hand and this will be loving service."

Finally, the fighting drew nearer the little village, but the French soldiers, though few in number, took a determined stand. They knew powerful fresh reinforcements were coming, and they offered a stern resistance.

One morning Marie Reine was awakened by the steady drumming of heavy artillery. She knew that not a man could be spared from his post, so she crept



"IN UNIFORM." BY LAURA MARSH, AGE 14.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON SEPT. 1916.)

close to the firing-line to see what she could do. The soldiers were faint and thirsty. She thought of the wells of cold water in the village. All through the long, hot, sultry day she carried water to the thirsty, the tired, the wounded, and the dying. She was oblivious to the deadly fire of the guns and to the explosions that seemed to shake the hills.

The day of terrific fighting ended. Marie Reine fell asleep, little realizing that she had helped the soldiers to hold the positions which would enable the army gradually to drive the enemy from the land they had violated. Nor did she dream, as the reinforcements poured in, that her brother was one of the throng.

## THE FLAG

BY AGNES LAW (AGE 15)

(*Honor Member*)

PROUDLY marched the boys in khaki,
Bravely, swiftly striding onward
Toward their goal across the waters,
There to fight for liberty.

Bright above them waved Old Glory,
Proudly waved, o'er cheering thousands,
Flung her silken folds toward heaven—
Precious emblem of the free!

Slowly marched the men in khaki,
Slowly, wearily marched onward;
Pale and wan, thinned ranks turned homeward
From a hard-won victory.

Still above them waved Old Glory,
But her silken folds were tattered,
Blood-stained, shell-torn, still she fluttered—
Men's eyes, tear-dimmed, could not see.

Yet, for each shed drop of heart's blood,
Brighter shone the bars of crimson;
For each prayer from loved ones rising
Gleamed the white stripes more and more.

While, with heaven's own blue commingled,
With the light from each life given,
Gleamed the stars; so dear Old Glory
Shone far brighter than before!



"DOING THEIR BIT." BY ISABEL B. GREASON, AGE 13.

## THE STORY OF A PATRIOT

(*Written in July, 1917*)

BY BONAMY SHERIFF (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

IT is but a short time since the world was surprised by the news of a new Russian offensive. Although little ground has been taken, thousands of prisoners have, and the determination of Russia to fight on to the very end has been vividly illustrated to the whole world.

Perhaps the most striking character in the new advance is War Minister Kerensky. Kerensky is the man who inspired the morale of the attacking army, and success depends largely upon morale.

Before going to the front Kerensky made a speech in Petrograd, urging the populace to support the government whole-heartedly that there might be no internal strife in New Russia. When he arrived at the front he went among the soldiers, telling them that the time had come and encouraging them never to let their courage flag or shirk their duty. And when the day finally came, the heroic war minister placed himself at the head of the army and offered to charge alone upon the enemy if his men refused. Immediately the army responded. The dauntless Russians, with Kerensky at their head, sprang from their trenches and hurled themselves upon the Germans, who flew before them and also surrendered in large numbers. And so Kerensky won!



"IN UNIFORM." BY CHRISTINE H. BACHELER, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

Never since the days of Ivan the Terrible, when hundreds of men threw their lives recklessly away in the cause of Holy Russia, that Siberia might be hers, has such whole-hearted and fiery patriotism been known. For a man holding a newly acquired position, like Kerensky, receiving the large salary of a high official in Russia and with a brilliant future before him, to endanger his life in such a manner, facing death every second, is practically unheard of. But then Kerensky is, has lived, and probably has resolved that he will die—a patriot.

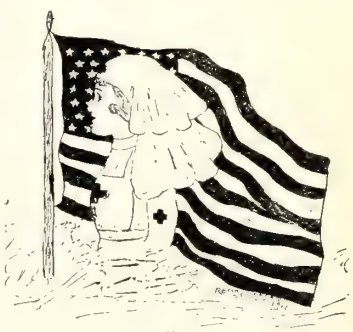
## THE STORY OF A PATRIOT

BY MARIEL C. THRESHER (AGE 16)

(*Silver Badge*)

WHILE touring in the Adirondacks we were given lodging for the night at a quaint farm-house, owned by a dear little old lady who spoke with a French accent and knitted socks continuously.

As we sat around in the little, low-ceiled sitting-room, my eye fell upon a row of pictures on the wall. They were all of young, honest faces, and had an indescribable resemblance to the little lady of the knitting. She smiled when I asked her who they were. "This first one," she said, "is my oldest son, Neville, who is now in France, fighting. The next is Henri, who is in the French ambulance service; and beside him, his twin sister, Nanette, a Red Cross nurse near Paris. And



"IN UNIFORM." BY REBA STRICKLAND, AGE 13.

this dear lad, with the tumbled hair, is my Jacques, who was killed during a night attack at Verdun." The smile had left the little woman's face, but she went on bravely. "Here is my youngest son, Edouard, who has been awarded high honors for his bravery, and, though seriously wounded and near death, has somewhat recovered and is on his way to America."

We exclaimed and asked, "Are you not lonely and sad when all your children are far away and in danger?" "Lonely," she said, excitedly, "yes; but not sad, for my children are all fighting and working for La Belle France! And now," she went on, "now, they are working—working and fighting—for your country, America!"

When we left the farm-house the next day, it was with a desire in our hearts that if our nation must make such sacrifices as these, she might bear them as did this true little mother of France.

## THE STORY OF A PATRIOT

BY ALICE MC KIM VOSS (AGE 14)

WHEN the word "patriot" is mentioned, you at once feel that it can never be connected with other than human beings. However, I do not think so. Sometimes, although it may seem strange, an animal can play as much of a part in the service of his country as a man. But, somehow or other, few people would call this animal a patriot.

I have read a charming poem about a horse whom I consider well qualified to receive the title. This poem is called, "How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix," by Browning.

In the strange silence of midnight the gates of Ghent swung open, and three men on horseback galloped forth.

When dawn tinted the morning sky with rose, they were still galloping, for their duty was to carry from Ghent the good news which would save Aix from her fate.

The three horses were holding out well, as if they



"IN UNIFORM." BY KATHERINE CAROTHERS, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE)

understood what depended on them. But when the sun came out and threw its golden beams across the road, one of them gave out and the other two were left to carry out their duty.

Onward they flew, never waiting, never resting until a great white spire gleamed in the distance. "It is Aix!" the two men cried, but like a cloud descending upon this new-born hope, the second horse fell, stone dead. And now all the weight of delivering the news rested on Roland. With nostrils and eyes aflame, and covered with sheet-white foam, this brave horse fought his way onward until he reached Aix, where he received a glorious welcome.

Do you not think that he is well worth being called a patriot?



"IN UNIFORM." BY BERKELEY WILLIAMS, JR., AGE 12.

## THE FLAG

BY CATHERINE PARMENTER (AGE 12)

(*Honor Member*)

O STARRY flag! thy colors float on high;
Long shall they wave o'er mountain-top and plain!
Hard fought the patriots of the past, and won!
That never should defeat thy honor stain.

Thy stars, upon a field of truest blue,
Are symbols of each brave and loyal State.
Thy stripes, of purity and valor red,
Are things to make a nation good and great.

O, starry flag! the music in thy folds,
Sounds forth a trumpet-call for victory;
Thy people rise as one, in answer swift,
To fight for Justice, Life, and Liberty.

## THE ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

### PROSE

Elizabeth Henry
Sarah N. Rock
Elizabeth C. Gay
Ellen W. Page
Katharine Dukette
Eleanor L. Stetson
Janet Newkirk
Dorothy E. Reynolds
Clarke Allen
Elizabeth E. Clarke
Mildred McKinley
Frances C. Gavit
Lois Bolles
Maud M. Mason
Ruth B. Aikman
Theodora Hill
Marjorie S. Banks
Ruby E. Merrill
Margaret E. Newhall
Alice Lister
Jeanne Hugo
Dorothy H. Tisdale
Serena V. Crowley
Edith C. Haver
Kathleen J. Schnepper
Marie Mirvis
Muriel A. Jaisohn
Pauline Bumberg
Virginia E. Light
Eleanor Armstrong
Mary Howard
Elizabeth Merchant
Jeannette Child
Jane Gaston
Ridgway Spencer
Hannah Ratisher
Elise Harrison
Isabel Cherry
Mary Forbes
Gertrude Herrick
Eileen Leary
Catharine Bauer
Virginia McVay
Howell C. Ragsdale
Amy L. Lamborn

### VERSE

Katherine M. Palmer
Elizabeth Gerould
Marthedith Furnas
Marjorie Hadlow
Louisa Butler
Beatrice Sellery
Helen Louise MacLeod
Katharine Brooks
Helen L. Rummons
William M. Willits
Margaret Warner
Caroline E. Wend
Muriel Stafford
Frances L. Robinson
Margaret C. Schindler
Katherine Spillane
Mildred A. B. Eicker
Ruth Mabie
Elisabeth Wright
Mabelle H. Emory
Virginia McFerrin
Marion Mace
Mildred Merrill
Charles R. Jackson
Francis W. Read
Elizabeth Grierson
Rose Kramer
Ruth C. Conner
Helene A. Winans
Helen Stapp
Mary S. Benson
Anna Payne
Elizabeth Schult
Josephine H. Lee
Frances E. Noble
Marie H. Gardner
Wilson Pullen

Margaret Haggerty
Margaret Victors
Mary Schindler
Miriam E. Simons
Margaret Mackprang
Florence Kennedy
Charles H. Daly, Jr.
Gwendolyn Maddocks
Ruth J. Pedersen
Ann Silver
Gardner Leonard, Jr.
Mary Hopkinson
Marcia Morton
Dorothy Nussbaum
Virginia Richards

### DRAWINGS

William O'Dea
Elizabeth Mouat
Elizabeth Judd
Dorothy Dehner
Margaret O'Brien
Charlotte Becker
Robert Smith, Jr.
Helen C. Green
Pearl Ng
Katherine Rawson
Florence C. Schweizer
Edward U. Unasky
Sidney Morrill
Virginia Nichols
Edith E. Tyler
Louis G. Ferstadt
Martha H. Funk
Roger N. Plum
Elizabeth Flather
Marcia Vander Veer
Ruth Dewberry
Frances S. Childs
Mary L. Russell
Agnes H. Barnard
Elizabeth Southard
Elizabeth Smith
Edward Bothwell
Emily P. Bethel
James D. Havens
Howard Simon
Elizabeth Danforth
Sally Chapin
Isabel Sproull
Josephine C. Mann
Hope D. Warner
Helen H. Couper
Catherine L. Spencer
Constance Sawyer
Dorothy Doane
Hawley S. Young
Janet Woodworth
Charlotte H. Crouch
John Asher
Benjamin McL. Spock
Margaret Dodd
Helen Jenkins
Agnes C. Brine
Katherine J. Russell
Margaret Kelsey
Chas. E. Baldwin, Jr.
Ruth Kellum
Bertha Bates
Katherine P. Thayer
Margaret Hepburn
Elizabeth M. Esuck
Katherine B. Hyde
Marjorie McCartney
Alice M. Scott
Ellen Crawford
Mary Page
Henry Briggs



A FOOD CONSERVATION POSTER "DOING THEIR BIT." BY ANNA E. WARREN, AGE 11.



"IN UNIFORM." BY DOROTHY MCENTEE, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

### PHOTOGRAPHS

Harriet Pratt
Aileen Laidlaw
Lucia F. Turner
Elizabeth B. Loring
Eleanor Jones
Kathleen Scudder
Alice R. Bingeman
Loraine Leeson
Theodosia Dennis
E. Frances Jennings
Jane Kirk
Betty Berger

### PUZZLES, 1

Richard McLaughlin
Harriott S. Collier
Elisabeth Freeland
Dorothy R. Oppenheim
Frances M. Segner
Albert P. J. Dessauer
Hannah L. Sherman
Anker Winther
Selma Moskowitz
Janetta Williamson
Joe Earnest
Katharine H. Beeman
Margaret Bullock
Margaret Cosgrave
Helen A. Stone
Elizabeth S. Lee
Julian E. Mack
Mary E. Novie
Helena A. Dillingham
Arthur D. Lionberger
Gordon Paterson
Lolita Stubblefield
Frank H. Hutchins
Alice L. Chinn
Finette Kelty
Jacques Ach
Dorothy Hilton
E. Norman Chamberlain, Jr.
Helen Fairbanks
Leonora Greenlees
Fred Floyd, Jr.
Dorothy Hilton
Caroline Newson
Dorothea R. Dowd
Helen Dreyfach

### PUZZLES, 2

Janet G. Johnson
Ellen Morehouse
Helen Reed
Susanna Kessler
Mildred Nixon
Gratia Maynard
Dora Chambers
Gustave Grocoff
Elizabeth Siedler
Eleanor M. Baltz
Julia A. Coveney
Alexandra Dalziel

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 217

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

**Competition No. 217** will close **November 24** (for foreign members **November 30**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **March.** Badges sent one month later.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Rescue," or "When March Winds Blow."

**Prose.** Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "The Story of a Soldier."

**Photograph.** Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue-prints or negatives. Subject, "What I Like Best."

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "A Food-Conservation Poster," or a Heading for **March.**

**Puzzle.** Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

**Puzzle Answers.** Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of THE RIDDLE-BOX.

**Wild Creature Photography.** To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A,* a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B,* a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C,* a gold badge. *Prize, Class D,* a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in *a few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold* the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

## RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

# THE LETTER-BOX

ALMERIA, SPAIN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Yesterday my two brothers and I were made so happy by the first ST. NICHOLAS that has reached us for nearly a year. My grandmother subscribed for us as a Christmas present two years ago, while we were living in Trieste, Austria. We received only about six copies, as very few papers and magazines got through. Trieste was a very interesting place to live in. For nearly two years we constantly heard the sound of shooting and scarcely a day passed that Italians did not come over in their aeroplanes. One night we were awakened by shots, and on looking out of the window we saw a big airship floating through the air. As there were a great many searchlights playing on it, it just looked like a fairy ship.

We never suffered for want of enough to eat, but there were many little children who often had to go to bed hungry. And many of them had to stay in bed all day while the "Bora" blew, because they had not enough clothes to put on to keep them warm. Father had six hundred little Italian orphans and abandoned children under the protection of the consulate, and Mother was kept very busy trying to provide them with clothing, shoes, etc. Some of her American friends sent her money to help in this work.

In the early part of the war Mother also helped to furnish a private hospital for wounded soldiers and nursed in it for some time. When diplomatic relations were broken off with Austria and America, Father was sent down to Almeria to open up a consulate.

Several ships have been torpedoed by the Germans not far from here. Just a few days ago a British ship was torpedoed. The captain and the first engineer were taken prisoners, one sailor is supposed to have drowned and the rest of the crew came here in two life-boats and with their pet parrot.

In September my brother Ralph and I expect to go to school in England, and I hope you will follow us there, for we miss you very much. My father and his brothers used to have you when they were little boys like us, and he says they were just as anxious as we are to get you.

Your affectionate reader,

HAROLD BUSSER (age 11).

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TORONTO, CAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you ever since I can remember, and my sisters took you before that. I like you very much, and when you come my younger sister and I almost quarrel as to which of us will look at you first. I like all your stories and especially "The Boarded-Up House," "The Sapphire Signet," "The Girl Next Door," "Saved by a Camera," and "Under Boy Scout Colors."

We just moved from the States into Canada in November, and everything here is so different from Montana, my old home! I have joined the League of Honor, which I suppose you have heard about, and the Red Cross Society. I have just finished my first pair of socks, and they are certainly rather queer, to say the least. I am a member of the ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, and I read and look at all the contributions with great interest. I am especially interested in photographs. I always read THE STAMP PAGE, too. I have a small collection that I am just beginning, and my brother also is beginning one. Daddy has quite a big one, and he is helping us with ours. I am awfully glad you have started a "Things to Eat" section because I am an ardent domestic-science enthusiast. After I read all the stories and various articles in you, I read the advertisements; and after I finish them I read you all over again. I can hardly wait until you come each month. Your loving reader,

GERTRUDE MATHEWSON.

---

CRIPPLE CREEK, COLO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three years this Christmas and have not written to you before, I am ashamed to say.

I live way up in the Rocky Mountains, nearly ten thousand feet above sea-level, in the greatest gold-mining district in the world. We can see Pike's Peak from our door.

Last fall we traveled to the top on the Pike's Peak Automobile Highway in our car. When Mr. Pike discovered this mountain, he said that no man could climb it.

I am nearly twelve years old, doing seventh grade work and taking French and music. I have never been to school. Mother teaches me, and we have such good times with our lessons.

I have just been reading the last ST. NICHOLAS (THE LETTER-BOX) and agree with the little girl in Texas about you, for I cannot tell you how I love you. The letters are so interesting, especially from foreign countries.

Having no brothers or sisters I may read you whenever I like, and my girl friends enjoy reading you with me.

I think Augusta Huiell Seaman writes such wonderful stories. They sound so true! "The Sapphire Signet" was delightful and "The Girl Next Door" thrilling.

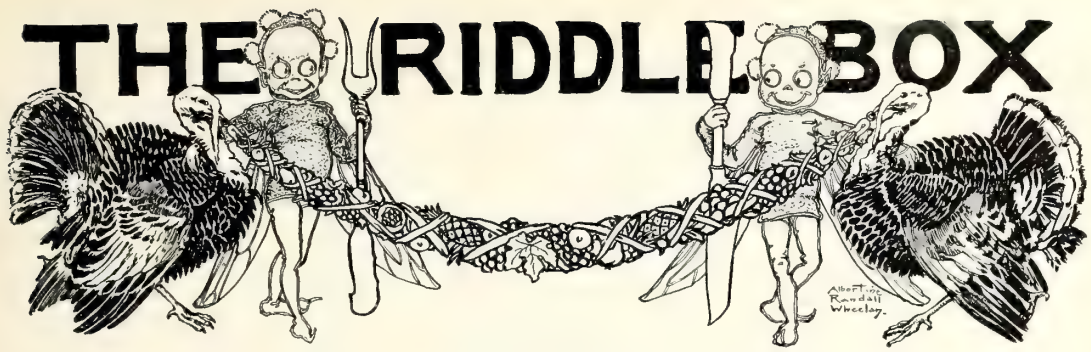
With much love and waiting impatiently the next number. Your true friend.

KATHARINE LEE SHEPHERD.

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## CRITICISM COMPETITION FOR "BOOKS AND READING"

ST. NICHOLAS offers a first prize of three dollars and a second prize of two dollars for the best two critical appreciations of "Cranford," written by a boy or girl under eighteen years of age. The review must not exceed five hundred words in length, and it must be written on one side of the paper only, with a blank margin of an inch at the left. Every contribution must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt, and must state in writing, that the contribution is not copied,* but is wholly the work of the sender. The competition will close December 24 (for foreign readers December 30). Prize announcements will be made and the chosen reviews published in ST. NICHOLAS for March, 1918. Manuscripts should be addressed: "Books and Reading, ST. NICHOLAS, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York."




## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER

MIXED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Chop. 2. Hare. 3. Ores. 4. Pest.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS. I. 1. C. 2. Fad. 3. Cadet. 4. Den. 5. T. II. 1. T. 2. Net. 3. Tepid. 4. Tin. 5. D. III. 1. D. 2. Nor. 3. Doted. 4. Red. 5. D. IV. 1. D. 2. Err. 3. Dread. 4. Ram. 5. D. V. 1. D. 2. Oar. 3. Dated. 4. Rep. 5. D. VI. 1. T. 2. Nil. 3. Tiled. 4. Leo. 5. D. VII. 1. C. 2. Bad. 3. Caput. 4. Dun. 5. T. VIII. 1. C. 2. Old. 3. Cleat. 4. Dah. 5. T.

METAMORPHOSES. 1. Cold, cord, card, ward, warm. 2. Wash, dash, dish, disk, dirk, dirt. 3. Much, muck, mock, monk, honk, hone, none. 4. Fore, ford, fond, find, hind. 5. Deck, desk, dusk, musk, must, mast. 6. Wild, wile, tile, tale, tame. 7. Star, soar, boar, boor, boon, moon. 8. Book, rook, rood, road, read.

CHANGED HEADS. Hough, sough, bough, tough, dough, rough, cough, lough.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. *Victory,* Lord Nelson's flag-ship at Trafalgar, October 21, 1805. Cross-words: 1. Valise. 2. Insect. 3. Canopy. 4. Turtle. 5. Ocelot. 6. Rudder. 7. Yachts. CHARADE. KNAP-SACK.

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL. Austin. 1. Alaska. 2. Russia. 3. Lisbon. 4. Dayton. 5. Madrid. 6. Oregon.

RIDDLE. BREATH.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Initials, Columbus Day; fourth row, Christopher. Cross-words: 1. Concoct. 2. Orchids. 3. Library. 4. Uncivil. 5. Missile. 6. Battery. 7. Uncover. 8. Slipper. 9. Dashing. 10. Adverse. 11. Yttrium.

KING'S MOVE PUZZLE. Artemis, 37, 28, 21, 29, 38, 39, 48. Apollo, 40, 31, 32, 24, 23, 30. Hephaestus, 22, 14, 16, 8, 7, 14, 6, 13, 20, 27. Kronos, 19, 12, 5, 4, 11, 3. Ares, 2, 9, 1, 10. Nike, 18, 17, 26, 25. Aphrodite, 33, 41, 34, 35, 36, 44, 43, 42, 49. Iris, 50, 57, 58, 59. Zeus, 52, 51, 60, 61. Hera, 62, 63, 56, 64. Hermes, 55, 54, 47, 46, 53, 45.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers in full, following the plan of the above-printed answers to puzzles.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS RIDDLE-BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received before August 24 from Helen H. McIver—Florence L. Carter—"Allil and Adi."—Emily Hayne.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received before August 24 from Emily Hayne, 10—Alice Poulin, 9—Dorothy Berrall, 9—Helen A. Moulton, 9—Henry H. Collins, 3d, 9—Orrin G. Judd, 9—Donald B. Hatmaker, 8—William G. Thwaits, Jr., 8—Sara M. MacCloskey, 8—Anna S. Larner, 8—Florence Beekman, 7—Mary W. Parker, 6—"St. Anna's," 5—A. Eugene Griffin, 5—Adelaide Barnett, 4—Frances Burger, 4—Keith E. Blake, 4—Gwenfread Allen, 4—May Reid, 4—Florence Wood, 2—Eugenia Bowen, 2—Helen Richardson, 2—Helen Lamport, 2—J. Kirby, 1—L. M. Wilson, 1—P. Walsh, 1—M. Lee, 1—S. Sullivan, 1—V. Weyerhaeuser, 1—P. Barton, 1—M. Bennett, 1—E. Brower, 1—R. Hills, 1—M. J. Nelson, 1—H. Dexter, 1—F. Lloyd, 1—E. Birch, 1—R. W. Prentice, 1—R. M. Ferris, 3d, 1—N. B. Longworth, 1—B. D. Fay, 1—M. C. Rodes, 1—K. Wilbur, 1—E. Cameron, 1—R. P. Dodge, 1—S. L. B. Merriam, 1—S. E. Tim, 1.

### ANAGRAMS

THE thirty letters given below may be arranged so as to form the names of four trees and the surname of a famous man. The five words are all of the same length.

ACDEEIIILLLLLNNNNOOP
RSSTUUWWWW

HELEN G. HURD (age 13), *League Member.*

### NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC

(*Silver Badge,* St. Nicholas League Competition)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will form the name of a President, and another row of letters will form the name of another President.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Lifting devices. 2. Pale. 3. Assemblages of huntsmen. 4. Attempt. 5. A sylvan deity. 6. To turn aside. 7. Circumference. 8. Saw. 9. Domain. 10. A comedy. 11. To bury. 12. A fluid lighter than air. 13. To show mirth. 14. A mournful piece of music.

DONALD B. HATMAKER (age 12)

### DOUBLE DIAGONAL

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed, the diagonals, from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter, and from the upper, right-hand letter to the lower, left-hand letter, will each spell the surname of a President of the United States.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. One who justifies. 2. A seceding. 3. A dining hall in a monastery. 4. Abundance. 5. Anything that binds and makes fast. 6. Crossed. 7. A forerunner. 8. Height. 9. Unwritten delivery of information, from ancestor to posterity.

HUBERT BARENTZEN (age 16), *Honor Member.*

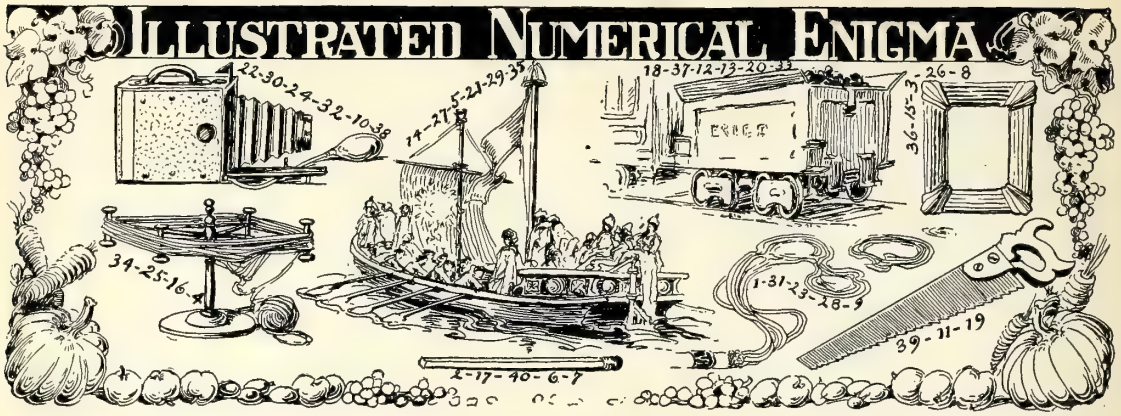
### SOME PUZZLING TREES

EACH of the following questions may be answered by the name of a tree.

1. What trees are used in speaking, pray?
2. And which its father's name can say?
3. Which shall we wear to keep us warm?
4. And which do ships seek in a storm?
5. Which shows what lovelorn maidens do?
6. And in your hand which carry you?
7. And from their pipes men shake what tree?
8. Which is it bad boys hate to see?
9. Which is a girl both young and sweet?
10. Which like a boy who 's trim and neat?
11. On which do little children play
    With pail and shovel, all the day?
12. Which tree is never seen alone?
13. Now let us take just one tree more,—
    A finished edge and part of a door.

GERRY MORGAN (age 12), *League Member.*

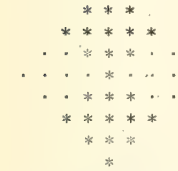
## ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA




In this numerical enigma the words are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of forty letters, forms a quotation suitable for Thanksgiving.

M. M'ENTEE (age 11), *League Member.*

### CONNECTED DIAMONDS



I. Upper Diamond: 1. In prosaic. 2. A small bed. 3. Minute openings. 4. A masculine nickname. 5. In prosaic.

II. Left-hand Diamond: 1. In prosaic. 2. Procured. 3. Certain measures. 4. A number. 5. In prosaic.

III. Right-hand Diamond: 1. In prosaic. 2. An animal. 3. Pertaining to the sun. 4. Opening. 5. In prosaic.

IV. Lower Diamond: 1. In prosaic. 2. To tease in a petty way. 3. A sword. 4. Secure. 5. In prosaic.

MARY JASNER (age 15), *League Member.*

### ENDLESS CHAIN

(*Silver Badge,* St. Nicholas League Competition)

All the words described contain the same number of letters. Take the last two letters of the first word to form the first two of the second word, and so on. The last two letters of the sixteenth word will form the first letters of the first word.

1. To go in. 2. To blot out. 3. An Indian soldier. 4. A Japanese field marshal. 5. A parrot of tropical America. 6. Cognizant. 7. A kind of fortification. 8. A celestial being. 9. Senior. 10. Mistake. 11. A constellation. 12. Attack. 13. Air. 14. To eat into. 15. Land between the mouths of a river. 16. Captured.

VIRGINIA SARGENT (age 9).

### CHARADE

My *first* is a kind of a tree;
My *last* is related to me;
My *whole* is an old-fashioned measure;
What it holds the wise farmer will treasure.

GLADYS ALVAREZ, *League Member.*

### SINGLE CURTAILINGS

(*Silver Badge,* St. Nicholas League Competition)

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When the words have been rightly guessed, and the final letters removed, the last letters of the remaining words will spell the surname of a famous musician.

Cross-words: 1. Curtail a fabulous monster, and leave a musical instrument. 2. Curtail an artificial channel filled with water for navigation, and leave a famous village of Palestine. 3. Curtail darkness, and leave a fish. 4. Curtail lid and leave a small inlet. 5. Curtail an important organ, and leave to attend. 6. Curtail released, and leave untrammeled. 7. Curtail an assemblage, and leave to brag. 8. Curtail explode, and leave the prickly envelopes of certain seeds. 9. Curtail a negro, and leave obscure. 10. Curtail to depress, and leave a prefix meaning "half."

EMILY PENDLETON (age 15).

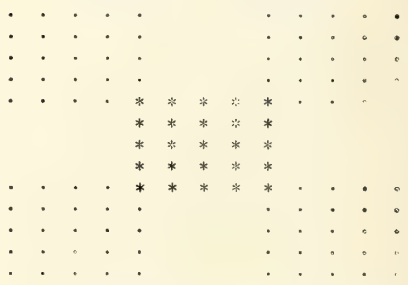
### PRIMAL ACROSTIC

All the words described contain the same number of letters. Written one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a European country.

Cross-words: 1. An expression of triumph concerning a discovery. 2. A beginner. 3. To move with speed. 4. A famous city. 5. A famous mount. 6. A famous admiral. 7. A fabulous animal.

MARGARET GLICKMAN (age 14), *League Member.*

### CONNECTED SQUARES



I. Upper, Left-Hand Squares: 1. A fabric. 2. To loosen. 3. To run away. 4. A thin substance. 5. To put forth, as strength.

II. Upper, Right-hand Square: 1. An English poet. 2. Consumed. 3. To expiate. 4. Rigid. 5. To scoff.

III. Central Square: 1. Useful in handling hot coals. 2. Manifest. 3. At no time. 4. A feminine name. 5. To wander.

IV. Lower, Left-hand Square: 1. A transparent substance. 2. A light meal. 3. To vex. 4. To frown. 5. Timidly.

V. Lower, Right-hand Square: 1. Barm. 2. To penetrate. 3. To make reparation. 4. Understanding. 5. Large, woody plants.

KATHARINE KING (age 14), *League Member.*

CAREY PRINTING COMPANY, INC., N. Y.



*Youth Health and Happiness*

*all acclaim the good qualities of*

# BAKER'S COCOA



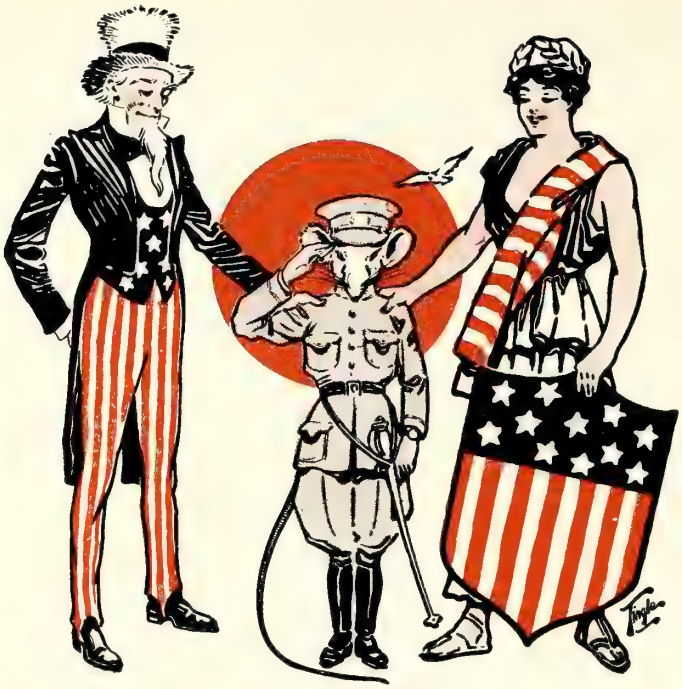
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

It's purity, delicious flavor, wholesomeness and food value combine to make it a perfect food drink.

*Booklet of Choice Recipes Sent Free.*

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.

ESTABLISHED 1780~ DORCHESTER, MASS.



# Serve America First!

*A Letter from*

**Captain Tick-Mouse**

To all Boys and Girls,

Everywhere:

Dear little friends, I have joined hands with Uncle Sam and Miss Columbia to *Serve America First,* and we want you to join hands *with* us—right now.

Will you help us? Will you help us *catch the slackers?* Will you come with me and do some real detective work for your Uncle Sam?

Do this and you'll be helping to win the war!

Uncle Sam and I have planned it all out, and now we are ready



to *begin.* I have told you all about it in my *new story book* "CAPTAIN TICK-MOUSE and His Adventures in SECRET SERVICE." Read this book and you'll be all ready to go right ahead and *"serve America first!"*

This new book is a little beauty, full of bright colors and lively pictures—a thrilling story book, FREE, for every boy and girl in America. My Tick-Mouse artists have dipped their brushes into their handsomest colors, and dressed the book in red-white-and-blue in honor of Miss Columbia.



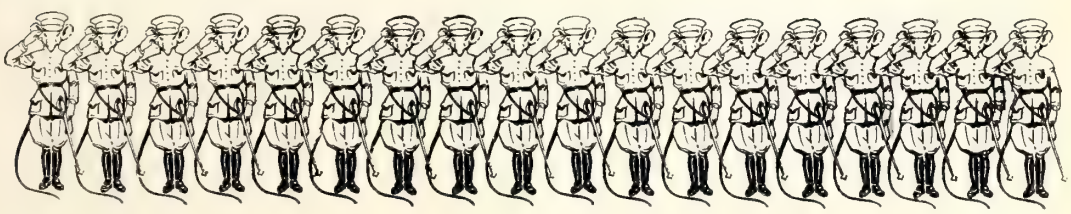
*Your new story book is ready.* All my former Tick-Mouse Books have been given to you through my good friends, *the Jewelers* whose stores are nearest to your homes. To save precious time, I will give out these new books in the same way. So ask your Jeweler *today* for your new Tick-Mouse Book —the one about *Captain Tick-Mouse.* If he hasn't got it yet, and *can't* get you one, then write direct to me, enclosing a two-cent stamp, and I'll mail you one. (But please, please don't do so till you've done your best to get it from your Jeweler, for I haven't a minute to lose. I'm working day and night, catching slackers for Uncle Sam.)

So, Boys and Girls, be quick—hurry over to your Jeweler's and *get your new Tick-Mouse Story Book*—show your colors—fall in line with Uncle Sam, ready to SERVE AMERICA FIRST!

Your loving little friend,

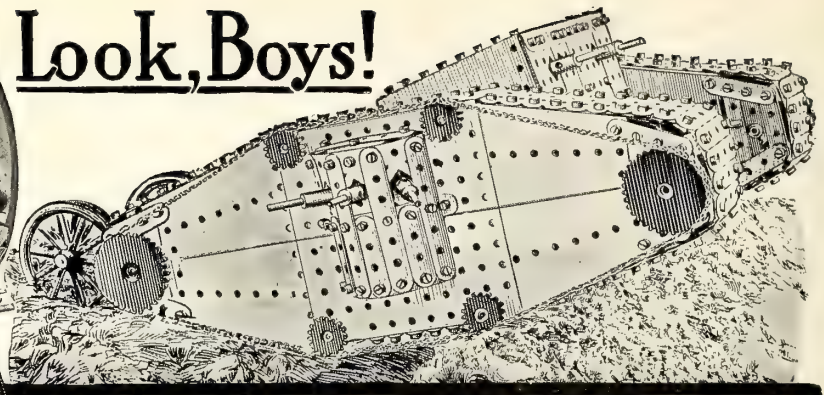
Captain Tick-Mouse

Address me at 10 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, in care of the Elgin National Watch Company, where I have my official headquarters.—T. M.



# Look, Boys!



A set of Meccano is just like a Magic Box of fun!

## You Can Build This TANK with MECCANO

### Toy Engineering for Boys

Think of the never-ending joy of building with Meccano! You can construct Towers with electric elevators, Cranes that lift loads, Bridges that open and close, Steam Shovels that dig, Looms that weave, Clocks that keep time.

Or—you can reproduce the machines you see everywhere around you. There's no limit to what you can do. Why, it's almost magic! You can actually have a new toy every day.

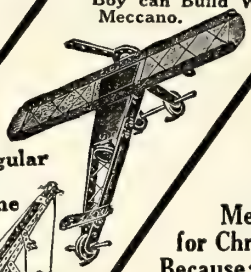
The "Tank" shown above is a perfect working model of the wonderful machines which crawl over trenches and shell-holes, knock down trees and houses, and climb right over them. Yet it's only one of the hundreds pictured in the Meccano Manuals, which come with the Meccano sets. Each page is a fund of wonder; each model an inspiration.



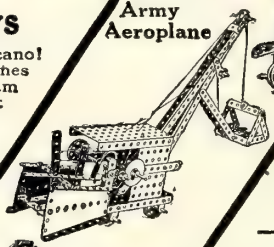
**Send For Meccano Wonder Book**

Send the name and address of yourself and three boy friends and you will receive the Wonder Book, telling all about Meccano; a **free trial** subscription to "The Meccano Engineer;" and terms of $1,000 Prize Contest. Send now, so you and Dad can decide on **your** present.

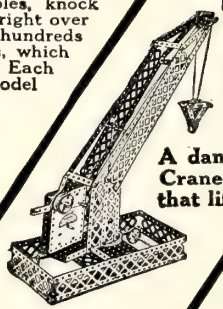
A few of the Hundreds of Models Any Boy can Build With Meccano.



A regular Army Aeroplane

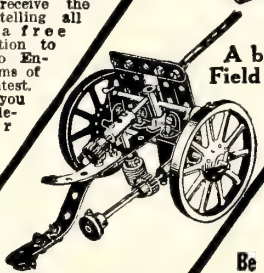


A Steam Shovel that digs



A dandy Crane that lifts

A bully Field Gun



**You can make a new model every day with Meccano if you want to. You never get tired of Meccano, and it never wears out.**

**Be Sure the Name "MECCANO" is on the Box**

**Insist on Meccano for Chrismas Because:**

—Meccano Building is True Engineering.

—No Other Toy will make such Fascinating Models.

—Meccano Models operate like Real Machinery.

—You don't need to Study; the Fun begins when you open the box.

—There is no Limit to the Number of Models any Boy can Construct.

—Each Set is Complete; nothing more to Buy.

—You can Win a Big Cash Prize.

### BE SURE YOU GET MECCANO

Be sure to get MECCANO. There isn't anything else just as good or just the same. So say the name over to yourself—MECCANO—MECCANO—MECCANO. Then tell Mother and Dad why nothing else will give you as much fun.

**Prices of MECCANO Sets**

MECCANO sets include various sizes of dandy girders, plates, and perforated strips; also nuts, bolts, wheels, gears and scores of other parts—all cut from shining steel and brass, as accurately as the works of a clock.

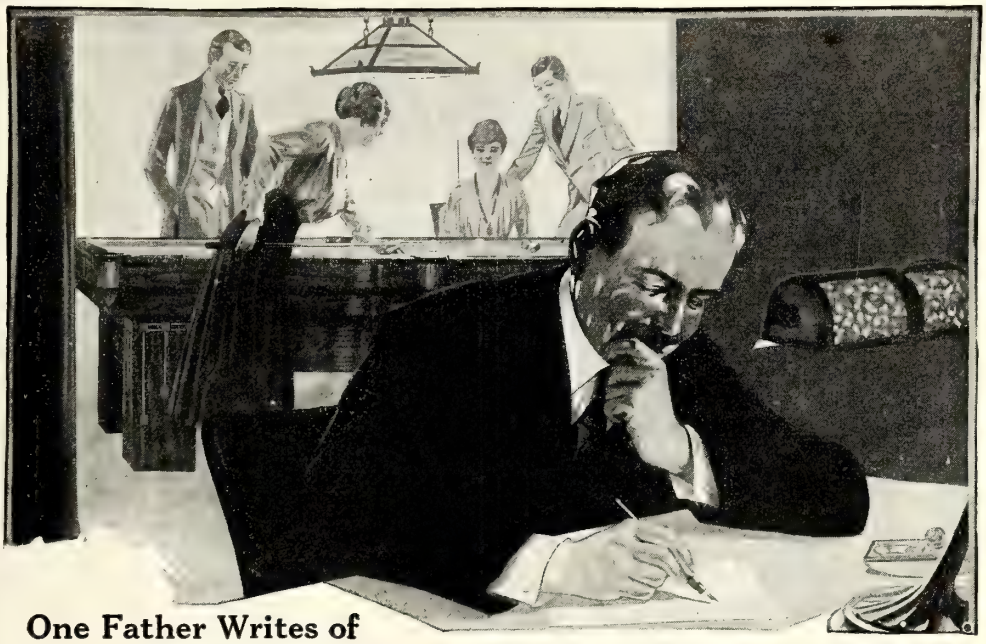
Each regular outfit, from No. 00 to No. 6, is complete with tools and full instructions. Nothing more to buy. Sets numbered 1X, 2X, 3X contain the powerful MECCANO Electric Motor. Any set sent postpaid upon receipt of price, if not at your dealer's.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| No. | 00 | $1.00 |
| No. | 0 | 1.50 |
| No. | 1 | 3.00 |
| No. | 1X | 4.50 |
| No. | 2 | 6.00 |
| No. | 2X | 7.50 |
| No. | 3 | 9.00 |
| No. | 3X | 12.00 |
| No. | 4 | 15.00 |

And up to $40.00

**MECCANO COMPANY, Inc.**

**Building 10Y. Bush Terminal, Brooklyn, N.Y.**



One Father Writes of

# BILLIARDS

## "We've a Full House all the Time"

Thousands of parents endorse Home Billiards because it quickly surrounds their boys and girls with good companions.

Young people idolize these princely contests. And Carom and Pocket Billiards act as a tonic on older folks.

These grand old games are never twice alike, but ever enlivened by friendly jest and laughter.

Among life's most enduring memories are happy hours around the Brunswick Home Billiard Table.

## BRUNSWICK
## HOME BILLIARD TABLES

Even the cottage or small apartment has room for a genuine Brunswick. And it gives you *scientific* Carom and Pocket Billiards—life, speed and accuracy!

### Get Billiard Book FREE

See Brunswick Tables in handsome color reproductions, get our low prices, easy terms and home trial offer. All contained in our new billiard book. Send your address at once for free copy.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.

Dept. 57H 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

You may send me free copy of your color book—
"Billiards—The Home Magnet,"
and tell about your home trial offer.

Name .....

Address .....

.....



# Fliers of the road and air

Next to being a bird-man, there is no greater fun than flying down the hills and over the highways on a bicycle, with feet at rest, arms at ease, nothing to think of but the joy of speedy flight.

Whatever the speed, wherever the ride, however steep the grade, you skim over it with absolute safety if your wheel is equipped with the time-tried and reliable

## NEW DEPARTURE COASTER BRAKE

*"The Brake that Brought the Bike Back"*

No spills, no headers, no collisions, no worries, no fears, no tired legs, no aching backs, if you have this wonderful little device in your rear wheel, giving you more complete control of your machine than has the driver of any other vehicle used by men.

Ride a bicycle—a New Departure equipped bicycle—and you will get almost as much fun out of it as does the airman who ventures flying through the skies.

**The New Departure Manufacturing Company**

**105 Main St.** **Bristol, Conn.**










## The Way Great Artists Learned

The men and women who became great artists had plenty of fun when they were boys and girls. They made models of what they saw—of the animals and flowers and houses and everything about them. You can have the same fun, Boys and Girls. Here is Harbutt's Plasticine, a modeling material. With this you can make models of nearly everything you see. Think of what your parents and friends will say when they see the life-like images you make! You do not need lessons.

# HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE

Mothers—Harbutt's Plasticine is a clean, germ-proof, antiseptic modeling material that needs no water and is not mussy like clay. It is the invention of an eminent European sculptor and educator, Mr. Wm. Harbutt. He also devised a series of outfits with which children could model at home.

Encourage your children to use Harbutt's Plasticine. It teaches them close observation, inventiveness and dexterity. They learn with pleasure because they have fun every moment while they are using this modelling material.

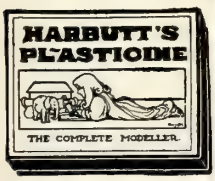
This will solve the problem of amusing your children, especially the restive little invalids in convalescence.

*Write for Our Entertaining Booklet "Toys That Teach"*

**THE EMBOSSING CO.**
**P. O. Box 598 B, Albany, N.Y.**

MAKERS OF Toys that Teach






The Home Use outfits are sold at popular prices by toy dealers, department stores and stationers. If not at your dealer's, write us and we will see that you are supplied.





# BOYS and GIRLS: You Give the Orders, These Toys Do the Work!

# "TOYS THAT GO"

## WOLVERINE Automatics

Boys (and girls) of all ages love to see things go.

That fascination which holds crowds on the corners watching builders at work, grips you when you see these wonderful Wolverine Automatics—busy imitators of the big working machines. Clean, simple, practical toys, but mighty clever, and wonders for holding the youngsters' attention. No muss to clean up. White sand or marbles give the motive power.

## WOLVERINE AUTOMATICS

Made and guaranteed by a company with a record of many years' success. A family of seven toys, all of them *"toys that go."* You can't appreciate them until you see them because the charm is in the action; they keep doing things. They carry sand loads, dump sand, run trip hammers, pile drivers, elevators. The young boss loads and directs and is happy for hours at a time.

See the Wolverine Toys at Department Stores or Toy Stores everywhere. If you fail to find them, write for more information, either to St. Nicholas Magazine or to

**Wolverine Mfg. Co.**

**North Side, Pittsburgh, Pa.**

COUPON

Tell me more about Wolverine Automatics.

Name .....

Street .....

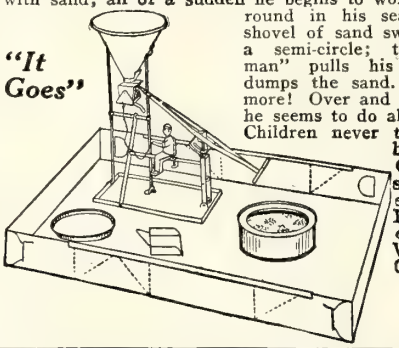
Town .....

State .....

### Wolverine Sand Crane

See that little engineer! He's your man! Fill the hopper with sand; all of a sudden he begins to work! Swings round in his seat and the shovel of sand swings round a semi-circle; then "your man" pulls his cord and dumps the sand. Back for more! Over and over again; he seems to do all the work. Children never tire of this busy worker. Container serves as sand tray. Price $1.00, except in far West and Canada.

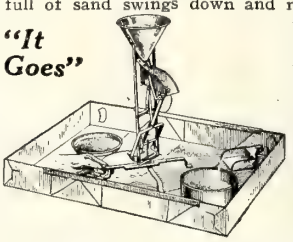
*"It Goes"*



### Wolverine Dumping Sandy

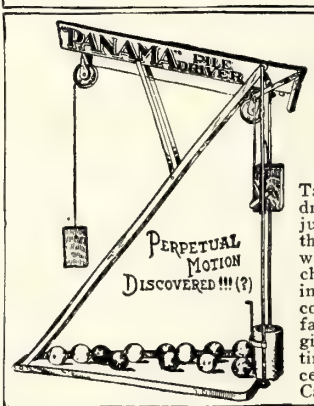
Dumps loads of sand wherever the boss directs. Shovel full of sand swings down and round in a circle. You can make "Sandy" dump this sand any place within the circle by adjusting a rack and pinion device. Very interesting to youngsters and yet very simple in operation. Container serves as sand tray. Price 60 cts., except in far West and Canada.

*"It Goes"*



### Wolverine Panama Pile Driver

*"It Goes"*




Tap! Tap! Tap!—the driver keeps pounding, just like the big ones that grown-ups love to watch. Marbles in the chute keep this toy going automatically. Its constant busy action fascinates all boys and girls for hours at a time. Price $1.00, except in far West and Canada.

**Look for the word Wolverine—the name of the company that for many years has made practical "toys that go." That name is on the container of every genuine Wolverine Toy.**

# Thoughtful Little Gifts for Very Little Money

This page is for boys and girls who want to give their fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers some personal token at Chritmas time. Here are eleven suggestions out of the thousand gifts pictured in a most wonderful Christmas catalog. Select those you think will please each person most and send your order with the correct amount of money to The POHLSON GALLERIES. If you would like the catalog it will be sent free with your first order, or for 6 cents in stamps.

**THE POHLSON GALLERIES, 74 Bank Building, Pawtucket, Rhode Island**

## Pohlson Gifts for Father, Brother and the Soldier

**1803—Let Uncle Sam stand guard over your small coins. In wood brilliantly decorated. 5 inches high. 60c each, 2 for.....$1.00**

**1757—Soldier's Sewing Kit.** First Aid to the Buttonless. Tan leather. Contains buttons, thread, pins, etc. Each, 60c. Two sets.....$1.00

**1732—"Twist'em," the useful pipe reamer, cleaner —bottle opener—screw driver, etc. Each...25c**

**752—I polish your shoes without charge....50c**

**1100—For a man's desk, to hold his fountain pen. In brass.....50c**

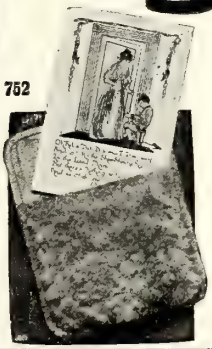


1803

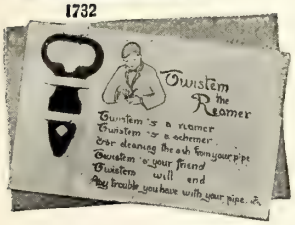
1757



752



1732




1100



## Pohlson Gifts for Mother, Grandmother and Sister

**688 — Little Wide-Awake Door Knocker.** Guest size. Ready to attach. Polished brass. 4 inches high .....$1.25

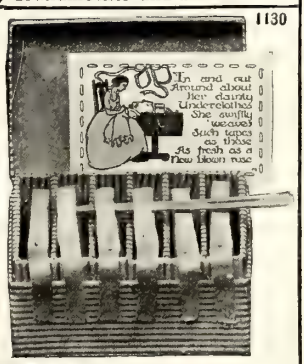
**1130—For daintiest lingerie.** Six rolls of mercerized tape in pink, blue and white. 36 yards, with bodkin, ready for running.....85c

**1414—Card Case** of white kid with Blue Bird decoration. Nicely lined, boxed with blue bird card .....60c

**1771—Protected** Knobs for Knitters. each, 60c. Two for .....$1.00

**2028—Ingenious** Medicine Cover of celluloid for the invalid. Clock dial can be set at the time when medicine is to be taken ..$1.00

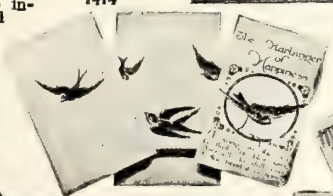
1130






688

1414




2028



1771




## Pohlson Gifts from Friend to Friend

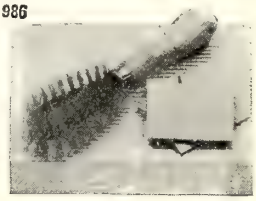
**1202—Blue Bird Lavender Jar from Japan** with double covers. Filled with lavender flowers, it is a lasting and attractive gift which the whole family may enjoy.....75c

**986—Out goes the spot.** What wonders French Chalk works! Here's French Chalk, a nice brush and a dainty box with hand-colored card..60c

**1734—Orange Pekoe Tea.** Splendid mixture in air-tight Tea Caddy, 3½ in. high, of Chinese design .....75c



986



1202



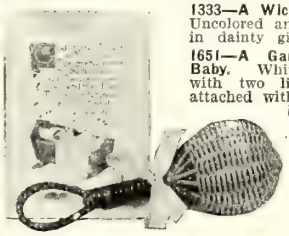
1734

## Pohlson Gifts for the Baby

**1533—The Nimble Wimbly Wop Flippity flop brownies** make you smile as they perform queer antics. Elastic and non-breakable. Order by letter. Each, 60c. Two for .....$1.00

**1333—A Wicker Rattle for Baby.** Uncolored and sanitary. Packed in dainty gift fashion.....50c

**1651—A Garment Hanger for Baby.** White ivory decorated with two little Bunnies. Tag attached with a bow in pink or blue .....75c



1333

1651



H. G.



1533

M. P.



# Two Dan Patch Cars That Santa Likes

**Patriotic**
**Health Producing**
**Mind Developing**
**Fun Making**

**For children from two to five years of age.**



**"U. S. Dispatch"**

Old Santa has left more orders with us for Xmas than it seems possible to manufacture, but we are going to take care of all his orders and will take on a few more specials.

## The U. S. Dispatch Car

for the little tot is creating a sensation, and from present prospects there will be one in most every home by 1918. You will want one. If your dealer can't supply you, send to us. We will see that you have one for Christmas.

**Price $3.50.**

Decorated in the national colors. Body blue, striped in white. Top of hood, seat, and box, red. Wood wheels, color, Red, White and Blue. Flag in radiator top. Steel axles and steering post. Dispatch box on back has hinged lid, lettered U. S. Steers like a real auto and is easy to run. A practical, durable play-car for indoor or out. Extreme length, 32 inches; height of seat, 10¾ inches. Distance from back of seat to foot-rests, 23 inches.

## The Dan Patch Safety Coaster Wagon

The best because it is the safest wagon for children ever made. STRONGEST BUILT and FINEST FINISHED COASTER WAGON ON THE MARKET.

Will carry 1500 lbs. It has—Drop Forged Auto Steering Knuckles, Steel Back Axle, Roller Bearing Wheels, Hardwood Removable Top, and Steel Brake. Size 16 x 36 inches. Price $8.00

**THE DAN PATCH CO., Connersville, Indiana.**

**Manufacturers of children's high-grade Autos, Wagons, and Coasters.**

If your dealer does not handle this wagon, in order to introduce it, we will send you one for $6.50.




**For children from five to fifteen years of age.**




# *"I'll Protect You, Muvvy!"*

Bless his patriotic little heart—he has the right idea. May it live forever!

Every one of Uncle Sam's kiddies has the true spirit of Americanism—to fight for the right—it's born in them. *Keep it alive,* that in time of need it may really fight for you and Old Glory—as the kiddies of yesterday are loyally doing today.

The *Long Tom* Disappearing Gun is the first step in teaching preparedness to the youngsters. They will like *Long Tom* right away. In his warrior coat of black and battleship gray he makes a great comrade. *Long Tom* is the "kid brother" of the big coast defense guns. He is 19 inches long and is every inch a fighter. He inspires the kiddies with confidence that they can rely on him to protect "muvvy."

*Long Tom* shoots 15 wooden balls in one loading. He disappears behind his embankment after each shot. He won't let the "enemy" get anywhere near "muvvy," for he shoots with a force that knocks over the best "soldiers" at a great distance.

But *Long Tom* never harms those he's fighting for. The light wooden balls cannot hurt a little comrade's eye, or mar "muvvy's" furniture. *Long Tom* is easy to load and fire, is always ready for a fight, and never "deserts" no matter how hard the kiddies pound him about.

Have your kiddie "recruit" *Long Tom* for his "army" today.

## PEG LOCK BLOCK CO. Inc.

**221 Fourth Avenue** **New York City**



*Look for this Label on your Coat*

Raynster

US

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

NEW YORK BOSTON

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

# Raynster

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Rain doesn't spoil the day for boys or girls who wear Raynsters.

Off to school or out to play—just slip on your Raynster and you're ready before a fellow can say "Jack Robinson."

Leave the bothersome umbrella behind—mother won't scold if you're buttoned up inside a Raynster.

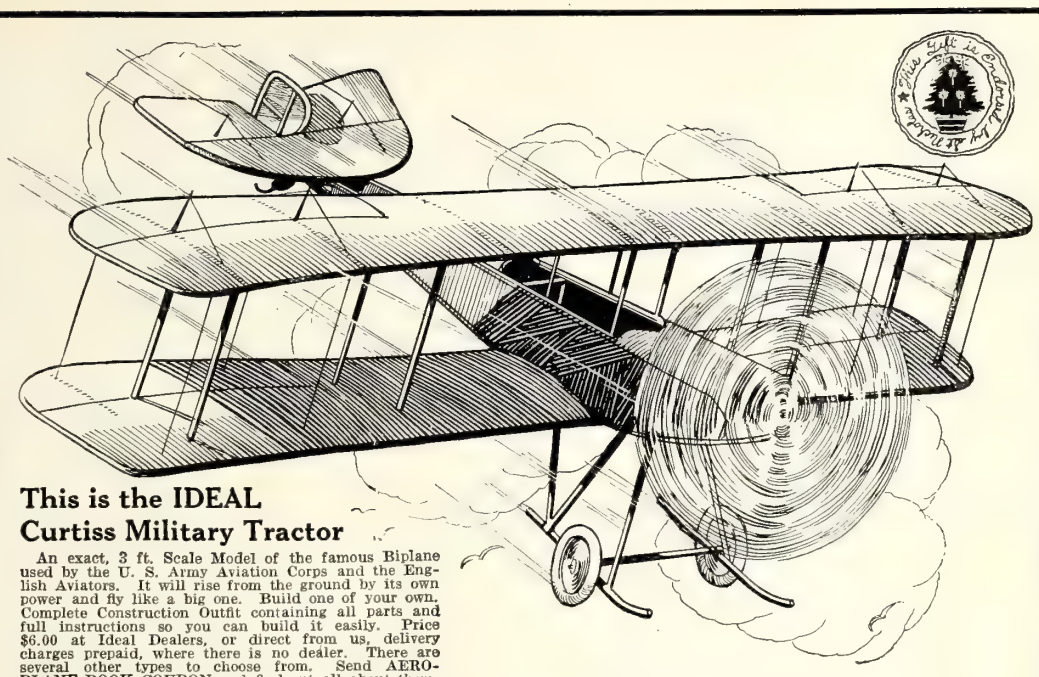
These storm-coats are made in all sizes for boys and girls and grown-ups, too. They are made strong and stylish—to last and *last.* They're made with lots of room. With pockets to hold marbles, jacks and other things.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY US RUBBER SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

You'll just feel so good when you get your Raynster you'll *want* it to rain. And that's the truth. Ask for a Raynster before the other girls or boys get them. Write today for booklet showing various styles of Raynsters.

## United States Rubber Company

**Clothing Division, New York and Boston**



**This is the IDEAL Curtiss Military Tractor**

An exact, 3 ft. Scale Model of the famous Biplane used by the U. S. Army Aviation Corps and the English Aviators. It will rise from the ground by its own power and fly like a big one. Build one of your own. Complete Construction Outfit containing all parts and full instructions so you can build it easily. Price $6.00 at Ideal Dealers, or direct from us, delivery charges prepaid, where there is no dealer. There are several other types to choose from. Send AEROPLANE BOOK COUPON and find out all about them.

## Build and Fly Your Own 3-ft

# Models of War Aeroplanes

It's great sport and full of interesting instruction. You can learn how Aeroplanes are built and how they fly. You can build a Model Aeroplane that will rise from the ground by its own power and fly 75 to 100 feet; that will look exactly like a big one, with rubber-tired disc wheels, adjustable planes and rudder, hand carved propeller, ball-bearing propeller shaft and other parts and fittings just like a *real* one. It's easy to build one. Get an Ideal Model Aeroplane Construction Outfit containing all the parts and full instructions.

Several different types of Aeroplanes to select from—the Curtiss Military Tractor Biplane (pictured above), the famous Bleriot Monoplane, the French Nieuport Monoplane, the Taube Monoplane, the Curtiss Flying Boat, and the original Wright Biplane. You can get a Construction Outfit for any of them. Also many fine Racing Aeroplanes such as the Cecil Peoli, Blue Bird, and others.

**Plans for 3-ft. Model**

**Aeroplanes**

Accurate Scale Drawings, with Complete Building and Flying Instructions, for making a 3-ft. Model of any one of the following Aeroplanes, sent postp'd for only

**25c**

**Curtiss Military Tractor**
**Bleriot Monoplane**
**Nieuport Monoplane**
**Taube Monoplane**
**Wright Biplane**
**Curtiss Hydroplane**
**Curtiss Flying Boat**
**Cecil Peoli Racer**

**(All 8 Plans for $1.75)**

## Get an IDEAL Model Aeroplane for Christmas!

Put one on your Christmas List. Send for the Aeroplane Book—*see coupon*—and show the folks which one you want. They are sold by leading Toy, Sporting Goods and Department Stores. Ask for them at your store. If not obtainable there we will fill your order direct if you mention your store's name and address. But send for the book right away!

**IDEAL AEROPLANE & SUPPLY CO.**
**84-86 West Broadway,**
**New York City**

**AEROPLANE BOOK COUPON**

**IDEAL AEROPLANE & SUPPLY CO.,**
**84-86 West Broadway, New York**

For the enclosed 5 cents in stamps, send me your Book of Ideal Model Aeroplanes. *(Write your name and address in the margin, tear off this corner and mail at once.)*






JUST tell your dad you never had a knife that holds sharp edges. Ask him if he will not agree to keep his former pledges to give you one that's worth the money spent for it. And tell him KEEN KUTTER Knives live longer lives. But when the dealer sells him, just hold dad to his promise true—don't let him overleap it—but make him pass it to you fast or else he'll want to keep it.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY
*Manufacturers and Distributers*
St. Louis New York Philadelphia
Toledo Minneapolis Sioux City Wichita

*"The recollection of QUALITY remains long after the PRICE is forgotten."—E. C. SIMMONS.*

Trade Mark Registered.

CLASS PINS
MANUFACTURER TO YOU

MADE TO YOUR ORDER 15¢ AND UP

Catalog free, showing hundreds of new designs. Write today. Two popular designs illustrated made with one or two colors best hard enamel. No. 3529 made with any 3 or 4 letters and 2 figures: Silver plate 15¢ each, $1.50 doz. Sterling silver, 30¢ each, $3.00 doz. No. 3399 made with any name on band not exceeding 8 letters, remainder of pin lettered G. S. or H. S. and date 18, 19, 20 or 21 only: Silver plate 20¢ each, $1.80 doz. Sterling silver 35¢ each, $3.60 doz.



№ 3529



№ 3399

BASTIAN BROS. CO. 413 Bastian Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

A fascinating, exciting, scientific parlor game — QUARTERBACK. Follows gridiron rules accurately. Invented and endorsed by leading football players. Young folks and old alike are simply wild over it. Price $1.



Send for this New Indoor Football Game

QUARTERBACK

Olympia Games Co., 742 York Place, Chicago


# GOOD FUN



To a great many boys and girls "Thanksgiving Time" means a little vacation from school, two days of good fun, and a big dinner. Of course all these are things to be thankful for, and there are many other things for which you are thankful every day, but Thanksgiving Day has a special meaning all its own.

Do you know how and when Thanksgiving Day became a national holiday? And do you know that America is the only nation that recognizes a universal Thanksgiving Day?

The custom came about in this way: In 1628 the Pilgrims held a public religious service to give thanks for the blessings they had enjoyed in a new land, and these services were held each year in certain parts of New England. For nearly a century and a half there was no observance of the day in any other part of the country. In 1776 and 1778, after the victories of the Continental Army, Congress declared a day of thanksgiving that should be observed throughout the land. Washington issued National Thanksgiving Proclamations in 1789 and 1795. In 1812 a day of public thanksgiving was declared by President Madison. For twenty-five years after that no national thanksgiving was made for the blessings which had come to the people of this land. Then in 1837 Mrs. Sarah Hale, of Philadelphia, publicly expressed the belief that there should be a "Thanksgiving Day" set aside which could be observed by all the people of the nation at the same time. Mrs. Hale worked quietly and persistently for over a quarter of a century, and in 1864 won the approval of President Lincoln of a National Day of Prayer for the blessings of the people of the United States, and his promise that as long as he remained in office he would issue an annual proclamation naming the last Thursday in November a day of National Thanksgiving. As you know this custom has been followed by every president since.

It has also become universal at this time for those who have been blessed with plenty to express their thanksgiving, in part, by sharing that plenty with some who have been less

(*Continued on page* 40)



FOR your protection, this Purple and Gold Quality Band is secured to every genuine Horsman "ART" Doll. It is our trade mark; and our guarantee of quality, and perfect manufacture under sanitary conditions. Look for this trade mark on the doll you buy.
*(Product Aetna Doll & Toy Co.)*

GENUINE HORSMAN — TRADE MARK REG — TRADE MARK E.I.H.CO. — "ART" DOLL — U.S PATENT OFFICE

# You'll Just Love These Little Doll People!

JUST look at them! Aren't they the dearest, cutest dolls you ever saw? Each one has a cunning, lovable personality all its own; they are all so different from old-fashioned dolls. These are just a few of the big family of "Horsman Kids". There are ever so many more; the popular "Campbell Kids"; the "Peasant Children"; the "Peterkins" and others; some with real hair and glass eyes, and all dressed up in the sweetest costumes. You can have ever so many different dolls, if mother will buy you HORSMAN "ART" Dolls. And you'll never get tired playing with them.

Tell Mother about these dolls. Tell her HORSMAN "ART" Dolls are made in America in a big, airy, sanitary factory; the characters are original and exclusive, and the dolls strong and well made. Tell Mother to

**Write us for Illustrated List**
Picturing Many of the Prettiest HORSMAN Dolls Which Can Be Bought
**Wherever Good Toys Are Sold**

If the store where you buy toys does not have these dolls, send us the store's name and address and we will tell you where to get just the ones you want.

**E. I. HORSMAN CO., Inc.**
*The Oldest Established Toy House in America*
**11-15 Union Square,**
**New York City**





# Happy Girls!

## They have an Electric Range

It isn't exactly a toy, for you can make tea, fry eggs, bake little pies and cook lots of things on it. The heat is made by electricity. It is as safe as an electric light. No matches —no flame—no smoke.

Christmas is near; so ask your mother now for a

## *Western Electric* Junior Range

It is a beauty! You will be proud of it—and so will mother because she knows it will help you learn how to cook. Sold at toy stores, department stores or by your electric light company.

**A Cook Book Free**

Write to our nearest office for a Junior cook book, and we will tell you where to get one of these ranges.



About one-eighth actual size

**WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY**
Incorporated

New York Chicago
Kansas City San Francisco

Houses in all Principal Cities

# GOOD FUN

(*Continued from page* 38)

fortunate, and baskets are made up and sent where they will make cause for other thanksgivings.

* * *

The outfit for a jolly game to be played in the house can be very easily made and with practically no expense. The game will be sure to prove itself popular. The girls and boys who have one call it "house golf." Take nine tin cans such as coffee comes in and cover them with crepe paper. If the game is to be used very frequently, cretonne may be more satisfactory as a covering. The cans should be uniform in appearance, so have the covering all of the same material. Then make some bags three inches square, of a contrasting color, and fill them loosely with beans or pebbles. To play the game, number each can and stand them in a row, or a circle, about two feet apart, and give each player a bag. The players standing at a given distance from the cans try to throw the bags into them. Only one person plays at a time, and he or she may throw as many times as necessary to "can the bag." The player who gets in all the cans with the fewest throws is the winner. The cans may be placed in different rooms if desired. By placing obstacles and increasing distances, the game may be made as difficult as the players are willing it should be. Penalties may be imposed for throwing the bag into any can but the one you are trying for, or for failing to come within a certain distance of the can or for tipping the can over. There are all sorts of possibilities for some very interesting evenings.

* * *

Here is a mathematical puzzle which is said to have been invented by Lewis Carroll, the author of "Alice in Wonderland." Mr. Carroll was a professor of mathematics in an English college, and he invented such sums as a "rest" from his regular work.

Put down the number of brothers you have. Multiply this number by two. Add three to the result. Multiply the final number by five.

Add the number of sisters you have. Multiply this total by ten.

Now add the number of uncles or aunts you have, and subtract 150 from the number this gives you. The figure on the right will be the number of uncles or aunts; the figure in the middle will tell how many sisters you have; the figure on the left tells the number of brothers.

Dear Jimmie

This letter is written with some of the ink I made with my Chemcraft Set and I can make red and blue and violet ink too. And I can test all kinds of things and find out what they are made of. Yesterday a lot of boys came over and I entertained them with tricks in Chemical Magic. Perhaps you think they didn't open their eyes when I poured ink and milk from a pitcher of water and changed water into wine and wine into water!

Jimmie, Chemcraft certainly is a fine Chemical Set. It teaches you so much that will really help you later on in life. You can't possibly hurt yourself with it. None of the chemicals are poisonous or dangerous and Dad says he knows I am all right when I am playing with Chemcraft.

My set has directions and apparatus and chemicals for working 230 experiments and I found a lot more I could do too.

My set cost $5.00 but there are other sizes that sell for $2.50 and $1.25 Write to The Porter Chemical Co. Hagerstown, Md., and ask them what store in your town sells Chemcraft. Yours Bobby



Dear Dr. Lyon's Co.
Won't you please offer another Christmas package this year, just as you did last Christmas?
Your friend, Betty.


# A Christmas Gift

Last year many hundreds of boys and girls got one of Dr. Lyon's Christmas boxes and started a habit which has kept their teeth in good condition ever since.

This package contains three useful articles: first, a full-sized package of Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder (or Dental Cream, if you prefer); second, a high quality Dr. Lyon's Tooth Brush with different length bristles; and third, a Tooth Brush Holder.

**Dr. Lyon's**
**For The Teeth**
**Powder ~ Cream**







This year the contents of this box would cost 70 cents if bought separately, but because it is Christmas-time and because we want to have a share in your Christmas happiness, we will send you one at a cost of only 40 cents. This gift combination represents a very special offer; it can be secured only in this box. The little coupon must be used, since the offer is limited to ST. NICHOLAS families. Send 40 cents today for your Christmas box; 75 cents for two.

**Here is the Christmas package**




**COUPON**

**I. W. Lyon & Sons, Inc.**
**533 W. 27th St., New York City**

Please send me (one / two) Christmas (box / boxes) containing tooth brush, holder and (Dental Cream / Tooth Powder) (state which), for which I enclose (40 cents / 75 cents)

NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY..... STATE.....




# Ives Toys

## Make Happy Boys

LOOK at these trains, boys! Aren't they dandies! See that big, powerful Ives locomotive, with its long, low streamline body. It's the very latest type, with big driving wheels, real headlight, every detail perfect.

See the passenger cars, freight and coal cars, caboose and tender! They're just like real, boys—made from drawings furnished by the railroads and painted the right colors. You can have electric or mechanical locomotives to draw your trains. You can build bridges and signals yourself with Ives Struktiron, a fine structural steel toy.

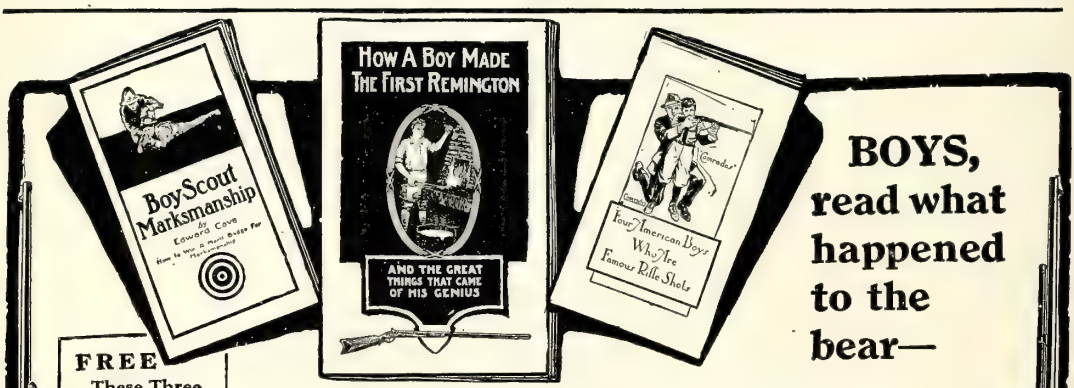
Write for a FREE Booklet, which describes and illustrates these toys, and for the name of the nearest Ives toy dealer. Ask your folks to buy you an Ives Train for Christmas.

**The Ives Manufacturing Corporation, 196 Holland Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.**

**BOYS!**
***Get This Book***

A really gorgeous book, with big pictures of trains in real colors and colored designs used on the cars. Tells about electricity and history of Ives Toys. Send five 2-cent stamps for it, to pay postage, packing, etc.

---




# BOYS, read what happened to the bear—

**FREE**
**These Three Booklets:**

"How a Boy Made the First Remington."

"Four American Boys Who Are Famous Rifle Shots."

"Boy Scout Marksmanship."

Written for *All* young American patriots.

Send your name and address for these booklets

when Eliphalet Remington fired the first shot from the first Remington rifle. Read how Bloice Bowen draws Indian heads with bullet holes—how Robert McGivern hits marbles in the air—how James Francis knocks down 95 "traveling duck" targets without a miss—how Sergt. Otto Reynolds won the Astor Cup—how to become a fancy shot *yourself*, written by the Champion Fancy Shot of the world.

Every American boy wants to become an American marksman—and he wants the arm and ammunition that will help him. The closest shooting today is being done with the .22 Caliber Remington UMC Rifles and Metallic Cartridges. Sold by Sporting Goods Dealers in your town.

**The Remington Arms Union Metallic Cartridge Company, Inc.**

*Largest Manufacturers of Firearms and Ammunition in the World*

**Woolworth Building**
**New York**

REMINGTON UMC

**Remington UMC of Canada, Ltd.**
**Windsor, Ontario**

# RUBBER BALLOONS

*BRILLIANT FAST COLORS!*




## A DANDY XMAS BOX

CONTAINING

One—*Big sausage squawker balloon.*
One—*Uncle Sam balloon with valve.*
One—*Nursery Rhyme balloon with valve.*
One—*Big punch-bag balloon.*
One—*Medium sausage whistle balloon.*
One—*Medium round whistle balloon.*

FUN FOR ALL—OLD AND YOUNG —WITH THIS OUTFIT

Put it on your Christmas list and supply your little friends with a gift always appreciated. Be sure to ask your dealer for "EAGLE BRAND" Xmas balloons.

*If he cannot supply you, send 25c. and we will send you a box by next mail.*

*Write to* THE EAGLE RUBBER CO. ASHLAND, OHIO DEPT. 20

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*USED IN THE ARMIES AND NAVIES OF THE WORLD*



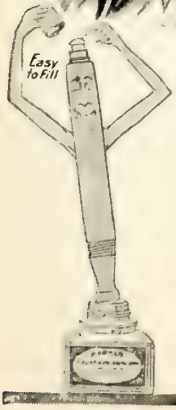
*For* Christmas give

# PARKER LUCKY CURVE SAFETY-SEALED FOUNTAIN PENS

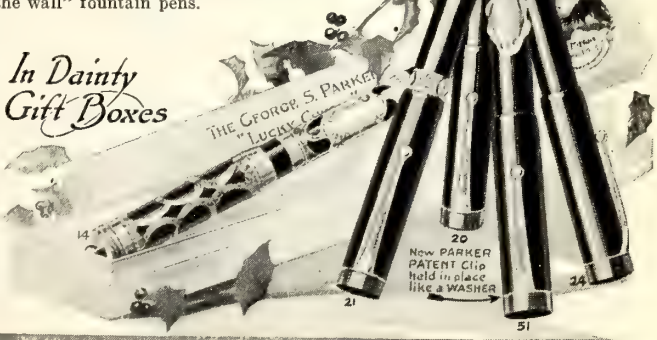
FOR the boys at the front, for relatives, friends and sweethearts. The enduring gift, always appreciated, always useful. Parker Self-fillers are **safety-sealed**; the new type "no holes in the wall" fountain pens.

Ink can't get out to soil clothes or person. In event of accident to interior mechanism, the pen automatically changes from a Self-filler to a non-Self-filler without interruption of service. Because of these exclusive features it's the pen for the army and navy, where only dependable pens are wanted. The name **PARKER** is your guarantee of quality.

**PARKER PEN COMPANY**
**182 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.**
**N. Y. Retail Store, Woolworth Bldg.**




*In Dainty Gift Boxes*




No. 20, $2.50
No. 21, 3.50
No. 51, 3.50
No. 24, 4.00
No. 14, Sterling, 5.00
No. 14, Gold Plate, 6.00
*Parker Clips* 25c extra
Ink tablets in place of fluid ink for soldiers' use, box of 36 for 10 cents.
At leading dealers




*FOR DADDY, MOTHER, and the KIDDIES*

—a "CUDDLEDOWN" Bathrobe. Its snuggly warmth brings joy and comfort to every member of the family on cold, wintry days. Made of the finest blanketing in the newest designs—silk trimmed or plain.

THE "CUDDLEDOWN" SET for the tiny member of the family whose birthdays number from one to six—a comfyrobe, bootees and big wooly blanket. Price from $2.50 to $8 the Set. Ask your store to show you the "CUDDLEDOWN" Robes. Or, if they cannot supply you, write to us direct, enclosing check or money order.

Send for **Miss Cutey Cuddledown**—the much beloved dolly and fascinating story book all in one. Everyone loves her; just send 5c for her carfare and she'll come right away.




QUAKER ROBE COMPANY

Larkin Building
PHILADELPHIA

# THINGS TO EAT



SOME of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, especially the boys, have asked how they can help in the saving of food when they have no direct part in the purchase and preparation of the food which is served in their homes. The answer is easy to give. Of course Mother buys the food and arranges the meals. Mr. Hoover is putting in the hands of every mother in America, through the members of his Food Administration Committee, information as to the food needs of the average family. This information helps these mothers to give the boys and girls all the food they require to keep them in good health and give them strength for their growing needs. Every boy and girl can help by coöperating cheerfully in the plan of one meatless day each week, and one wheatless meal each day. And you can help by urging other boys and girls to give their coöperation.

Here is a little table telling what the saving of wheat, meat, and other things that can be sent away for the use of our own soldiers and those of our Allies will mean to them.

*Wheat.*—If every person saves one pound of wheat flour a week, we will have 133,000,000 more bushels of wheat to send abroad.

In place of wheat eat more oatmeal, rye, corn, and barley. They all make nutritious bread, and we all know how good the breakfast-foods are that are prepared from oats and corn.

*Meat.*—Eat sparingly of beef, mutton, and pork. Do not use veal, spring lamb, or young pig. Every bit of left-over meat should be served in a meat pie, or in hash or croquettes. And if you all help by taking these made-overs for granted and enjoying them, you are doing your share, and it is a big part of the "helping." Just think of this: if every person saves an ounce of meat a day we shall have an additional amount equal to 4,700,000 cattle.

In place of meat eat more vegetables, fish, eggs, cheese, and nuts.

*Sweets.*—Ask for honey, molasses, and

(*Continued on page* 46)

# GILBERT TOYS



## Hello Boys!

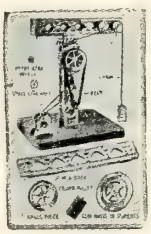
Here's a straight tip for you. You don't have to be told about the loads of fun you can have building models of battleships, flying machines, cranes, skyscrapers, farming machinery, etc. Every regular fellow knows it. But—the important thing to keep in mind when buying a construction toy set is: Will your models look real—will the battleship that you build look like a regular member of Uncle Sam's floating flotilla, or will you have to hang a sign on it saying, "This is a battleship?" You know, making Erector what it is, has been serious to me. I guess I've never got over being a boy, myself. I know the importance of having things genuine.

Most toy-makers are satisfied to get the first impression. But I know how a boy feels—when he realizes his toy isn't true—that the steel-work in his toy skyscraper isn t like the real building he saw or that his toy engine won't work—why he's hurt! He's done with it! Fellows! I know what I'm talking about when I tell you to be sure to get

# ERECTOR

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

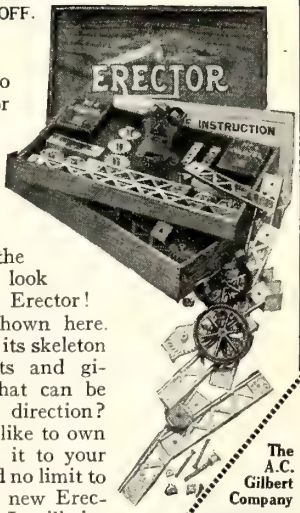
***"The Toy Like Structural Steel"***



and there are hundreds of thousands of other fellows who will second my motion. The square four-sided Erector girder is *the* thing—it's in a class by itself—it's absolutely necessary if you want models of battleships that look like battleships, skyscrapers that look like skyscrapers, and hundreds of other models that look just like the things they represent. What's the use of building stuff if it doesn't look real? The answer is: Get Erector!



Look at the battleship shown here. Isn't it a crackerjack with its skeleton fighting turrets and gigantic guns that can be turned in any direction? Wouldn't you like to own it, wouldn't you enjoy building it, and wouldn't you be proud to show it to your friends? There's no limit to the fine things you can build with Erector, and no limit to the size of your models because you can constantly add to your first set with new Erector parts. Boys, tell your parents you want Erector this year for Christmas. It will give you the finest kind of fun and you'll never grow tired of it.




**GILBERT TOYS**

ERECTOR
ELECTRICAL SETS
TELEGRAPH SETS
ELECTRICAL MOTORS
CHEMISTRY OUTFITS
SUBMARINES
MECHANICAL TOYS
MACHINE GUN
PUZZLE PARTIES
NURSES OUTFITS
MAGIC SETS
KIDDIKINS
BRIK-TOR

Learn all about the Gilbert Engineering Institute for Boys—how you can get free membership in it and win handsome Diplomas, Degrees, Gold Fraternity Pins, Gold Watches, Thirty Dollars in Salary, etc. Mail back the coupon now for a free copy of my beautiful book, "How to Become a Gilbert Master Engineer," which tells the whole interesting story, and I will also send you a free copy of my magazine for boys, "Gilbert Toy Tips." Mail back the coupon now before you forget.

A. C. Gilbert
President.

**The A. C. Gilbert Company**
**130 Blatcheley Ave., NEW HAVEN, CONN.**

**The A.C. Gilbert Company**
**130 Blatcheley Avenue**
**NEW HAVEN, CONN.**

Send me a copy of "Gilbert Toy Tips" and your booklet, "How to Become a Gilbert Master Engineer."

*Name* .....

*Street* .....

*City* .....

*State* .....




BARNEY & BERRY

## DAD SAYS THEY'RE O. K.

—and Dad knows.

When Dad was a boy Barney & Berry made the very best skates that he could find, and today they are doing the same thing,—making the best skates that you can buy.

Probably Dad can't remember way back to the time that Mr. Barney made the first all-metal ice skate with a clamp to fasten it to the shoe, for that was more than fifty years ago; but he can remember his first pair of skates and how proud he was of them because they were Barney & Berry.

Barney & Berry skates are the kind the big fellows use. The speed skaters and hockey players choose Barney & Berry skates because they know they are made of fine steel, tempered just right, and with a keen, stay-sharp edge.

### Write for These Booklets

**Booklets on "How to Skate," "How to Join B & B Skaters' League," and complete Illustrated Catalog of B & B Ice Skates mailed to you FREE if you will send your name and address to us.**

**BARNEY & BERRY, INC.**

**1493 Broad Street Springfield, Mass.**

BARNEY & BERRY




# THINGS TO EAT

(*Continued from page* 44)

sirups as a substitute for sugar whenever possible, so the sugar may be saved for such uses as canning and preserving. A great deal of the sugar we have been using came from abroad, and now we must depend entirely on what America can raise, and all we can spare must be sent to help in Europe. If each of us saves one ounce of sugar a day, it will mean 1,185,000 tons!

*Milk* and *Butter*.—See that not one drop of milk is wasted. Sour milk makes many delicious things besides cheese, as you will discover if you try one of the receipts you will find in this article. As for the butter, see if you can save one serving a day by using a smaller supply at every meal. This is an easier way than trying to go without any butter at one meal each day.

Now the reasons why we are asked to save these particular things are all interesting.

Wheat bread is in the list of foods that contribute energy. Our armies and our Allies need every bit we can send them, and there is danger of the supply giving out.

We must send thousands of tons of meat to the men on the firing-line. Nothing can take its place to supply their needs, but we can get along very well with other foods.

The supply of milk may be limited, because the feed for the cows costs so much that great numbers of them have been killed for use as meat. Quantities of milk must be saved for the babies and children not old enough to eat other food.

Fats are used to make glycerin, one of the chief substances employed in the manufacture of explosives. 395,999 tons of fats can be saved in America in one year if each person saves one third of an ounce of fats a day.

**Biscuits with Sour Milk**

2 cups of flour.
3 tablespoonfuls of shortening.
1 teaspoonful of salt.
½ teaspoonful of soda.
1 cup of sour milk.

Mix these ingredients, knead lightly on a floured board, and roll to a thickness of about half an inch. Cut with biscuit cutter and put in a well-greased tin. Bake in a hot oven. They require from twelve to fifteen minutes. This receipt makes a dozen biscuits.

**Nut Loaf with Sour Milk**

½ cup of brown sugar.
¼ cup of molasses.
2 egg yolks.
½ teaspoonful of cloves.
A pinch of grated nutmeg.
½ cup of sour milk.
1¼ cups of flour.
½ teaspoonful of soda.
½ teaspoonful of cinnamon.
½ cup of raisins, seeded and chopped.
¼ cup of currants.
¼ cup of nut meats, chopped.
1 even teaspoonful of baking-powder.

(*Continued on page* 48)



# Oh Mama! There's
## what I want Santa Claus to bring me



HERE'S dear old Santa's happiest thought—George Olmsted Butler's twin funny books, **Clownie Circus** and **Butterfly Babies**—laughs from fairyland on every page for little boys and girls, and chock full of chuckles for the grown-ups.

Clownie Circus introduces the Lemon Aids, March Hares, Bully Frog Brothers, Acro-Bats, Juggling Crows, Wooly Lambs, Porcupine Ponies and many other amusing circus acts in picture and verse. Butterfly Babies rout the Bumblebee Band, play with Butterfly Bunnies, make Tea Rose Tea, and have Nut Sundaes with the Bushytails. Your youngsters will love them all. Books are right size for little hands; strong paper, unglazed, that will not harm the eyes. Illustrations are beautifully drawn and exquisitely colored.

**Many readers will doubtless recall GEORGE OLMSTED BUTLER'S charming pictures and rhymes which have appeared not only in their favorite St. Nicholas, but also in The Youth's Companion and John Martin's Book.**

We have made these fifty cent volumes in large quantities, enabling us to cut the cost way down to forty cents—not for one but for the TWO. They are therefore top of the Christmas and birthday lists for aunts and uncles, as well as for "moms" and "pops."

**At Santa Claus' Shops and Stores where Books are Sold**

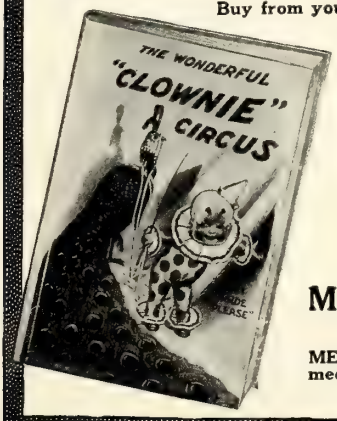
**Clownie Circus**
**Butterfly Babies**

**Set of Two For 40c**

By producing these attractive books in big quantities we can sell them at the low price of 40 cents per set—not for one, but for the two. Each book is worth the price of the two. They come put up in a handsome Christmas box—a dandy gift and easy to mail. Get several sets of these books—you will find plenty of kiddies to send them to and all will be delighted with them.

If you can't get these books in your town stores, don't disappoint the children. Send us 40 cents a set for as many sets of two as you want, and we will take personal pleasure in mailing them to you *at once.* Your money back if not pleased. Make sure of your books by ordering today.

**Buy from your dealer or send direct to us. 40 cents a set postpaid.**




*Just read this literary morsel from one of the pages of the Clownie Circus Book:*

Have you ever heard of
such Piggies as these?
They hang by their tails on
the flying trapeze!
They hang by their toes and
they hang by their heels,
They hang by 'most anything
'cepting their squeals.
That one on the tight-rope,
with ribbons of pink,
Is not as "pig-headed"
as children might think.




**MAGILL-WEINSHEIMER CO.**
**1329 S. Wabash Ave., CHICAGO**

**MERCHANTS—We can ship these books immediately. Liberal trade discounts. A fast seller. Write or wire today.**




# STRUCTO

## Boys' Engineering Outfits

**Greatest Toy Ever Invented for Real Boys**

Structo is a miniature of the mechanical world for boys. The famous Structo Girder is the only girder from which all types of beams can be made.

Structo enables you to make regular working models, engines, battleships, bridges, sky-scrapers, pile drivers, clocks, steam shovels, elevators and hundreds of other things—just like famous engineers and inventors make. Then you connect your motor and they work just like the real machines do.

The Structo book shows you how to make hundreds of working models. You can design many other models yourself.



**POWER ELECTRIC MOTOR**

goes free with outfits Nos. 4, 5, 6 and accessory outfit No. 3-A.

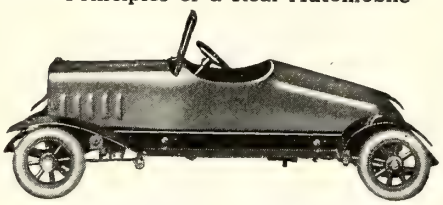
**STRUCTO GEARS**

are wonder gears — deep cut—sure to work.



## STRUCTO AUTO BUILDER

**A Toy That Includes All The Mechanical Principles of a Real Automobile**



Has a triple unit motor, a real steering apparatus —transmission with three speeds—first, second, reverse and brake. Also a differential gear that is a duplicate of the gears used in present-day auto construction. The body is of a roadster type. You build it yourself—you make a real, working automobile.

## STRUCTO MANUFACTURING COMPANY

**Freeport, Ill.**

**Write Today For Full Particulars.**

# THINGS TO EAT

(*Continued from page* 46)

Mix thoroughly and bake forty-five minutes in a moderate oven.

### Apple Pudding with Bread-crumbs

Apples, cooked and sweetened.
Dry bread-crumbs.
Butter or chicken-drippings.

Grease a baking-dish and put in a layer of bread-crumbs; dot with pieces of the fat, and cover with a layer of the apples. Repeat until the dish is full, having the top layer of the bread-crumbs. Pour a cup of water evenly over the pudding, and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. Serve with custard sauce or with cream.

### Oatmeal Cookies

1 cup of sugar.
2 tablespoonfuls of shortening.
2 eggs.
3 cups of rolled oats (raw).
2 teaspoonfuls of salt.
2 teaspoonfuls of baking-powder.

Cream the shortening and sugar together and stir in the eggs, which should be beaten until very light. Mix the baking-powder and salt with the oats and add to the other ingredients. When they are well blended drop from the spoon onto a well-greased baking-pan and bake in a quick oven. These cookies are excellent to serve with cocoa for dessert.

### Delicious Corn Muffins

3 eggs.
1 cup of milk.
1 tablespoonful of sugar.
1 cup of canned corn.
1 heaping tablespoonful of baking powder.
1½ cupfuls of flour.
½ teaspoonful of salt.

Beat the eggs, add the milk and sugar, stir well, and then add the corn. Sift the salt and baking-powder into the flour and stir them into the corn mixture. Put in buttered muffin rings on a buttered pan and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes.

### Creamed Fish with Eggs

This is a dish made from left-over fish. Flake sufficient cold cooked fish to make a pint, season to taste, and moisten with a cream sauce. The sauce is made of a tablespoonful each of flour and fat, and a cup of hot milk. Put the mixture in the oven to become thoroughly heated. While it is heating scramble eggs enough to serve in the proportion of one to each person. Place the eggs in a mound on a round platter, pour the creamed fish around them, garnish with parsley or celery leaves, and serve at once.

### Fish Pie

A good substantial dinner-dish is made of 1 cup of flaked fish, 2 cups of mashed potatoes, 2 eggs, ½ a cup of milk and pepper to season. Mix well, using one well-beaten egg. Put in a low, well-buttered baking-dish, spread with the other egg, which has been beaten until very light, and cover with buttered bread-crumbs. Bake it in a quick oven for from ten to fifteen minutes. Serve with peas or tomatoes.

(*Continued on page* 50)



## "Just Look What's Coming!"

This time it is Nan's party. It is easy to guess "what's coming," for only two things—Jell-O and ice cream—are popular enough with the young folks to produce such evidence of approval as Nan's guests exhibit.

In homes of wealth and culture, where the children's diet is carefully selected, and in homes where mothers with equal care prepare the food for the whole family, the favorite dainty for the young folks is

# JELL-O

There seems to be nothing else that so completely fills every requirement of a perfect dessert for children and grown-ups alike as Jell-O does.

It can be made into a surprisingly great variety of forms for dinners, luncheons and afternoon teas. The most bewitching things which Jell-O "demonstrators" show in their exhibits at food shows and the department stores can be made in perfection by any housewife—even by the young bride who cannot cook.

The new Jell-O Book describes new Jell-O salads, "whips," knick-knacks, and dainties of almost unlimited variety. Recipes for every-day salads and desserts are given first place in it, and particularly the new things in fruity Jell-O desserts. A copy will be sent to you free if you will send us your name and address.

Jell-O is put up in seven flavors: Raspberry, Strawberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate. Each **10** cents at any grocer's or any general store.




**10¢ a package**

The flavors are pure fruit flavors of course, and the full strength of the flavors is preserved by the air-tight waxed-paper "Safety Bags" enclosing Jell-O inside the cartons.

**THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY,**
**Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Ont.**



**BOYS! BUILD REAL FORTS**

You can build modern forts like this with Richter's Anchor Blocks — the new Fortress Sets. Put some lead soldiers in the forts—use a bean shooter for a cannon, and you can have as exciting war games as you wish.

These blocks are made of real stone. They last forever. You can build bomb proof forts, armored turrets, anti-aircraft stations, fortified bridgeheads, citadels, trench works and coast defenses. Plans furnished with each box.

**RICHTER'S ANCHOR BLOCKS**

For building castles and towers, bridges, viaducts and all sorts of modern buildings, other sets of Anchor Blocks —of red, buff and blue—reproduce in miniature any structure built of stone or brick. They are easy to put up and easier to take down—no pegs or screws or nuts or bolts. Book of designs furnished with every set.

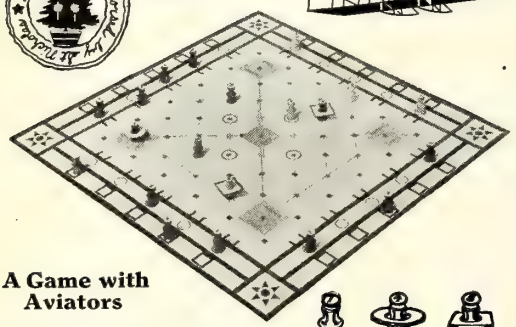
Ask your folks for a set of Anchor Blocks for Christmas. Prices 50c to $5.00. Fine Fortress Sets, $1.50, $3, $6, $12. Write for illustrated catalog or send money order if you wish to order now.

**F. AD. RICHTER & CO.**
Dept. 401, 74 Washington Street, New York




**A New Game for Boys and Girls**





**A Game with Aviators**




**AERO-GAMMON**

Fast, exciting, interesting. 2, 3, or 4 players.

Hardly a play but some one takes a prisoner or captures a man. The dice tell what man to move and how far to move him.

It's novel, original and easily learned.

So sure are we that you will like it that we agree to refund your money after 5 days if you wish to return it.

**How To Get One**

Send $1.00 for game handsomely embossed or $2.00 bound in cloth. Elegantly embossed in gold tissue.

**JOHN W. BAKER, Box 416, Stamford, Conn.**


# THINGS TO EAT

(*Continued from page* 48)

**Salmon Loaf**

1 can of salmon.
¼ cup of bread-crumbs from the inside of the loaf.
1 egg.
½ cup of milk.
½ teaspoonful of salt.

See that the salmon is entirely free from skin and bones, and flake it into small pieces. Cook the bread in the milk until it is smooth. Add the seasoning, salmon, and beaten egg, and when well mixed pour into greased individual molds. Set the molds in a pan of hot water and bake.

This may be served hot or cold.

Those of our readers who have been interested in *Estelle* and her "Thanksgiving a la Hoover" (see page 26) will be glad to have two of the recipes she used.

**Raised Corn-Bread**

1¼ cups milk and water or water alone.
2 teaspoonfuls salt.
¼ cup warm water.
2/3 cup cornmeal.
2 1/3 cups flour.
½ cake compressed yeast.

Add salt to liquid and bring to boiling point. Add cornmeal slowly, stirring constantly until all is added. Remove from fire, cool mixture and add compressed yeast softened in ¼ cup warm water. Add flour and knead. Let rise until double its bulk, knead again, and put in pan. When light bake in moderate oven for at least an hour.

In mixing the dough, the flour and cornmeal are to be used as separate ingredients, because the cornmeal must be scalded or a grainy bread results. When the cornmeal mixture is removed from the stove, the cook will doubt her ability to add the amount of flour called for. The flour will work in as required, but a stiffer, stickier dough will result than that to which she is accustomed.

**Indian Pudding**

1/3 cup yellow cornmeal.
1 quart milk.
¼ cup brown sugar.
1 egg.
½ teaspoonfuls salt.
½ teaspoonfuls cinnamon.
Raisins.

Heat three cups of milk to scalding, reserving one cup for moistening the cornmeal. Stir the moistened cornmeal into the hot milk and cook for three hours in a double boiler. Then add the beaten egg, salt, cinnamon, sugar, and raisins, and turn into a baking-dish. Bake in a slow oven from an hour and a half to two hours.

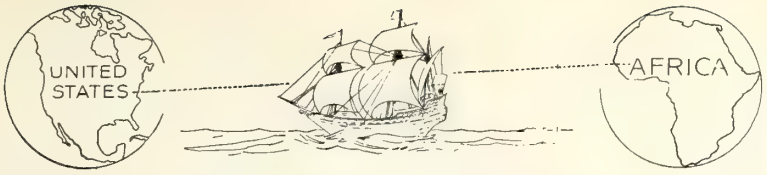

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STANDS HOT AND COLD WATER 10¢




## How Peanuts Came To America

NEARLY three hundred years ago, ships began bringing negro slaves to this country from Africa. Do you know what those black men ate on their long journey? *Peanuts.*

For peanuts grew plentifully in Africa, and were used as food. These African nuts tasted so good that Americans planted some of them. Soon peanuts were growing in many parts of the South.

Today, the best peanuts in the world are grown in America. And the choicest and plumpest of these American nuts are the ones we use in making Beech-Nut Peanut Butter. That's why there is so much good peanut taste in Beech-Nut Peanut Butter.

How do you eat Peanut Butter? Spread on bread, on crackers, on toast? Most boys and girls love it that way.

If you have never tasted the *Beech-Nut* kind of Peanut Butter, ask your mother to get you a jar today.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.




# Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

# Oh Boy! Here's What You Want for XMAS

## a Real Lionel Train!

Zingo! How it speeds away the instant you touch the switch. But why not? It's a real, electric train patterned after the big ones—run by a powerful high-speed electric motor. For a million of thrills, get a Lionel Train! Made of heavy gauge steel, beautifully enameled, unbreakable; good for years of fun. Operates at low cost on batteries, or on house circuit with Lionel Multivolt transformer. Absolutely safe.




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**LOOK! A Dandy New Lionel Transformer**

Attaches to your house current. Runs all electric trains and electric toys and small apparatus; 2 to 30 volts. At your dealer's or shipped prepaid on receipt of $3.40. Others up to $8.00.

**$3.40**

**Cheaper Than Batteries**

# *Want to win a place in Baby's heart ?*




## *Start a RITE family!*

*There's*
**Daddy Rite Mother Rite Brother Rite**
**Sister Rite Tige Rite Kitty Rite**
**and Bunny Rite**

**Choose any one of the lucky seven. Give it to the youngster you** know. Then increase his (or her) happiness every once in a while by giving him (or her) a new member of this comical family.

**Each member of the RITE family is a nursery character doll and** rattle in one, made of beautiful ivorite —hand-painted in fast colors—sanitary and unbreakable.

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***Price 55 cents each***

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**You and the older folks will like it because it teaches the child the** lessons of neatness and kindness.

***And it's only 25 cents***

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If your dealer cannot supply, write to

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***Originators***

**35-39 WEST 36th STREET, NEW YORK**

***Write for new Booklet, "If Baby Could Talk." It's FREE.***



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Comfy
Felt Slippers
PATENTED JULY 26 1904

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## "Mother, I Just Love My Comfy Slippers

—they keep my feet so nice and warm. I won't catch cold if I put my Comfy Slippers on when I get up, will I, Mother?

"Daddy says Sister and I are awfully quiet now when we play. We don't make any noise when we wear our Comfy Slippers."

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Only Daniel Green Felt Slippers are Comfy. The Comfy label on the inner sole identifies this patented slipper. Look for this label.

The best dealers everywhere sell Daniel Green products or can get them for you. If you are unable to obtain them nearby, however, send for catalog and we will fill your order rather than have you accept a substitute.

*A postcard request brings a charming story for children, "The Adventures of Bob and Boo."*

**Daniel Green Felt Shoe Company**
**Comfy Footwear for Everybody**
**102 East 13th Street New York City**

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***the Children's Favorite***



***Style No. 3550—$1.75***

## *You Can Play All These Musical Instruments Without Study or Practice*

No. 18.....$2.00
No. 12..... 1.00
No. 21..... 2.50
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All instruments are solid metal, brass finished.




Anybody who can whistle or hum a tune can play any popular song, bugle calls, anything at all on Song-o-phones without knowing one note of music from another. Girls and boys have great fun with different Song-o-phone instruments, priced from 45c to $2.50.

Mothers like

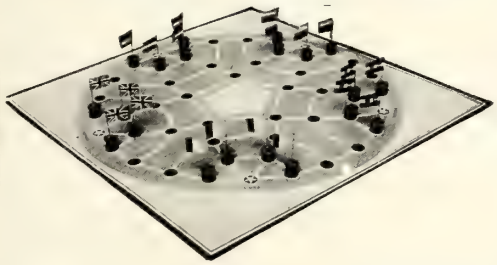
# SONG-O-PHONES

because they are tuneful and not noisy, help you to develop vocal chords, encourage deep breathing, and foster an interest in music. You can form a singing band just like those they have in the army.

If your dealer cannot supply you, any Song-o-phone shown in the picture will be sent postpaid upon receipt of price.

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## "MILTRY" is the Greatest Ever!

**IT'S A MINIATURE BATTLE-FIELD EACH PLAYER IS A GENERAL**

This great war game is so simple that even young children can play it, and so interesting that grown-ups insist upon joining in the fun. Twenty armies with their national flags, handsome board (see picture), rules and suggestions for strategic moves, sent postpaid for $1.00.

**THE VERY THING FOR CHRISTMAS!**

Send for "MILTRY" to
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220 Broadway New York City


## How to Obtain More

# INFORMATION

about articles advertised in St. Nicholas

**1** Most of the articles may be seen at the better grade of toy stores or department stores. To be sure of obtaining the exact thing advertised, take your copy of St. Nicholas or a copy of the advertisement with you.

**2** If the stores do not happen to have the article, or if you wish more facts about it before going to the store, write a short note to the manufacturer asking for the booklet or catalog mentioned in his advertisement.

**3** If you are interested in several advertised articles and do not want to write a letter to each manufacturer, turn the page, fill out all the spaces clearly, have your mother or guardian endorse it and mail the half page to St. Nicholas (Catalog Dept.), 353 Fourth Ave., New York City.

(OVER)

**PUT AN X BELOW TO GET THE CATALOGS YOU WANT**




**Read the other side (on page 43) first.**

Then decide what things, advertised in ST. NICHOLAS, you would like more information about. Then (with a pen) put an X in the little square in front of the advertised name. After marking all those things which you want to know more about, write down your name, street, town, and state, in the spaces reserved for them. Then cut out the half page and mail it to us in a sealed envelope. After that wait a few days and the catalogs will come to you.

| | |
|---|---|
| ——— | American Boy |
| ——— | Anchor Blocks |
| ——— | Appleton Books |
| ——— | Baker Aerogram |
| ——— | Barney & Berry Skates |
| ——— | Brunswick Home Billiard Table |
| ——— | Buzzville Games |
| ——— | Century Books |
| ——— | Chautauqua Industrial Art Desk |
| ——— | "Chemcraft" |
| ——— | Columbia Grafonola |
| ——— | Dan Patch Racer |
| ——— | Daniel Green Felt Cumfy Slippers |
| ——— | Dodd, Mead Books |
| ——— | "Eagle Brand" Xmas Balloons |
| ——— | Elgin Watch |
| ——— | Electro Importing Novelties |
| ——— | Erector |
| ——— | Flexible Flyer Sled |
| ——— | Flexo-Buildo |
| ——— | Gilbert Mysto Magic |
| ——— | Gorham Silverware |
| ——— | Harbutt's Plasticine |
| ——— | Horsman "Art" Doll |
| ——— | Ideal Model Aeroplane |
| ——— | Ingersoll Watch |
| ——— | Ives Toys |
| ——— | "Keen Kutter" Tools |
| ——— | Lionel Trains |
| ——— | Lippincott Books |
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| ——— | Meccano |
| ——— | Milton Bradley Games |
| ——— | Musical Menagerie Metallophone |
| ——— | New Departure Coaster Brake |
| ——— | Parker Lucky Curve Pen |
| ——— | Patrick Coat |
| ——— | Peg Lock "Long Tom" |
| ——— | Playwell Games |
| ——— | Pohlson Gifts (Send 6c for catalog) |
| ——— | Quaker "Cuddledown Set" |
| ——— | Raynster |
| ——— | Remington Rifle |
| ——— | Skudder Car |
| ——— | Sonophone |
| ——— | Structo |
| ——— | The "Rite" Family |
| ——— | Rochester Horticultural Christmas Tree |
| ——— | Western Electric Junior Range |
| ——— | Wolverine Automatic Toys |

CUT ALONG THIS DOTTED LINE AND MAIL TO ST. NICHOLAS TODAY

If you don't want to cut the ST. NICHOLAS, write the names down on a piece of paper, sign your name and address, and mail that to ST. NICHOLAS.

Name .....

Street .....

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YOU want the sled with grooved (patented) runners of tough chrome nickel steel. The speedy sled that will steer on snow or ice without skidding.

# Flexible Flyer

**The famous steering sled with non-skid runners**

The new all-steel front acts as a shock-absorber for the wooden parts and prevents splitting of seats and hand-rails.

The *strongest* sled made stronger. The *safest* sled made safer. The *easiest steering* sled made easier to steer.

No dragging of wet feet and wearing out of shoes. Easiest to pull up hill.

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*A Christmas gift* of health and happiness for boy or girl! Nine sizes, 3 to 8½ feet; at hardware and department stores.

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**Box 1101 V Philadelphia**

FLEXIBLE FLYER

*It isn't a Flexible Flyer unless it bears this trade mark*

**Free Offer** Send postal for free *cardboard model* showing how Flexible Flyers steer.



# How To Get a Pet For Christmas

No need to ask any ST. NICHOLAS reader if they would *like* a pet for Christmas. For where is a boy or girl who would not be delighted to find a rollicking, companionable dog, a shaggy, friendly pony, a fluffy kitten, or some other jolly pet in their Christmas packages? Tell father and mother Luther Burbank says that every child should have various animals to pet; and that any child who has been deprived of such things has been deprived of the best part of his education. Here is the way to get the pet you would like best. Look through the little advertisements below, select those that interest you most, and then write a short letter to them or to us asking for more information. Then have father or mother write their name at the bottom of your letter and mail it as soon as ever you can.



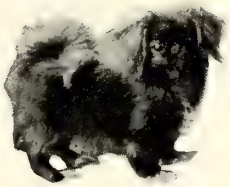

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**THE Ideal Dog for Children (and grown ups)**

Most **intelligent, playful, affectionate** of all dogs. Magnificent **guardian.** Self-respecting, **clean-minded,** upstanding, thoroughbred. Trustworthy, **dependable.** No Vibert Airedale EVER INJURED A CHILD. Have saved children from injury. We have splendid, farm raised, **healthy,** roly poly, comical, playful, **laughing** puppies, and grown dogs, thoroughbred, pedigreed, eligible to registry. No care. HARDY. Simply feed the leavings from your table. Will mature into **matchless watchdogs. THE** GIFT FOR BIRTHDAY OR CHRISTMAS. Prompt shipment, safe delivery, YOUR satisfaction guaranteed. Interesting ILLUSTRATED booklet on request. VIBERT AIREDALE FARM, Box 25a, Weston, N. J. Phone Bound Brook 397.
(Most exclusive breeders of Airedales in the world.)

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I may be little and soft and plump.
But my heart is big and true.
My mistress says now I'm quite big enough
To leave my dear mother—for you.
From $25 up for these wonderful little **PEKINGESE**
**Mrs. H.A.Baxter, Telephone 418 Great Neck, L.I., or 489 Fifth Av New York City (Tel. Vanderbilt 1236)**

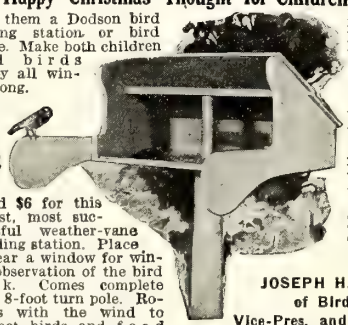


## DOGS FOR EVERY PURPOSE

A pal for the boy. A playmate for the girl. A town-car dog, or a dog for a country jaunt. Which do you want? Let us consult with you and advise without charge which dog is best suited to your purpose.
Long experience—a host of satisfied customers—prices that are right. Write us before you make your decision.
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Give them a Dodson bird feeding station or bird house. Make both children and birds happy all winter long.



Send for Mr. Dodson's illustrated Book, "Your bird friends and how to win them." Describes birds, houses, baths, feeding devices, with prices. Also beautiful free bird picture in colors. Write early to

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Nourishing, Invigorating, Sustaining. *Write for sample and send stamp for "Dog Culture."*
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The smartest and cutest dogs on earth. Natural trick dogs and very comical. Just the thing for children, affectionate, playful and harmless as a kitten. Always full of "PEPP." My puppies are not raised in a city back yard or crowded kennels but on a Kansas farm. They are full of vigor and the picture of health. Will ship on approval to responsible parties. Safe delivery guaranteed. Terms reasonable. 5c. in stamps brings you a catalogue of these popular dogs.
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**DELIVERED FREE** on approval and **30 days' trial.**
Send for big **free** catalog and particulars of *most marvelous offer* ever made on a bicycle. You will be astonished at our **low prices** and *remarkable terms.*
**FACTORY CLEARING SALE**—a limited number of old models of various makes, $7 to $12. A few good second-hand wheels $3 to $8. Write if you want a bargain.
**Tires,** lamps, wheels, sundries and repair parts for all makes of bicycles, *at half usual prices.* **Write us before buying.**
**MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. T-15 CHICAGO**



## EARN XMAS MONEY EASY

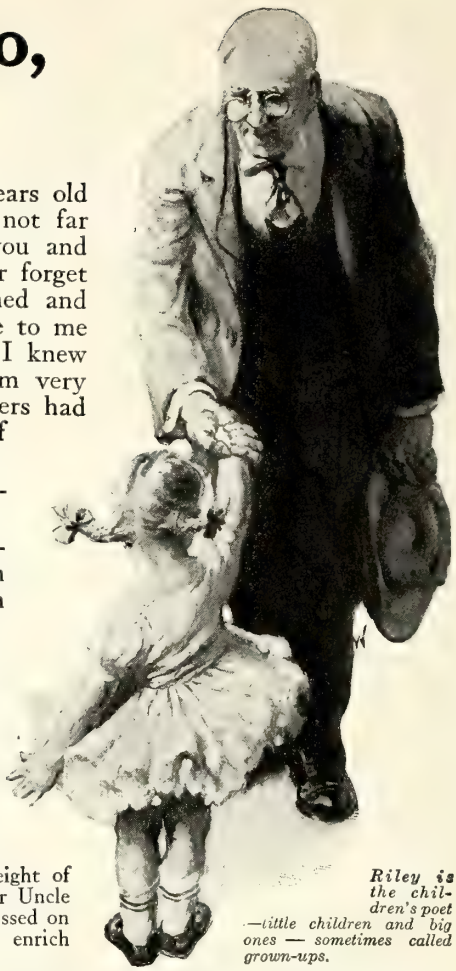
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"Onct when I was ist a little girl—only four years old—mother and I were down town and I saw you not far away. I broke away from mother, ran up to you and said, 'How do you do, Mr. Riley?' I shall never forget the wonderful smile on your face when you turned and saw me, a tiny little tot. You bowed and spoke to me as though I were a queen, and when I told you I knew 'most all of your child rhymes and enjoyed them very much, you were as pleased as if some man-of-letters had complimented you. That, Mr. Riley, is one of my finest memories."

So wrote a grown-up little girl to James Whitcomb Riley.

Are you giving your children the precious memories of the beautiful poems? Will your children be able to say—"My mother read me Riley when I was a child—and 'The Raggedy Man' and 'Little Orphant Annie' have rejoiced and comforted me all the days of my life."



*Riley is the children's poet —little children and big ones — sometimes called grown-ups.*

# JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

has passed on—and the grown-up world mourns. In the hearts of the little children is a void that cannot be filled—but that can be forgotten by the reading and re-reading of these simple and childlike poems.

No more does Uncle Sam's postman stagger under the weight of 10,000 letters—the tribute of the children of the world to their Uncle Sidney (James Whitcomb Riley) on his birthday. Riley has passed on but his work lives. You can read it to your children—and enrich their lives and yours for all time.

Those of us who have missed things in childhood—missed learning to ride or to swim—feel that there is a lack that can never be made up. Even more is this so with things of the spirit. The child whose imagination has been enriched by the beauty and charm of Riley, carries a treasure to old age—a treasure hard to get later on.

From the little girl who said she felt all alone without him to the President of the United States, who pays him tribute, Riley is in all hearts—big and little.

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The Heirs of James Whitcomb Riley came to us, as the publishers of Mark Twain, and said that they would be glad to reduce their royalty so that we could place the works of James Whitcomb Riley in the homes of all those who loved him. So we are able to make this complete set of all Riley's works—containing over 1000 titles and a biographical sketch of Riley—at a very low price—for the present—a price we can pass on to you.

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The limited edition of Riley's complete works sold from $125 to $1750 a set. Yet you can have your set for less than one-fifth the lowest price made before.

The generosity of the Riley heirs and the resources of Harper and Brothers give you a rare opportunity. Don't miss it. **Send the coupon without money for your set on approval to-day.**

**HARPER & BROTHERS** **1817-1917** **NEW YORK**




**HARPER & BROTHERS**
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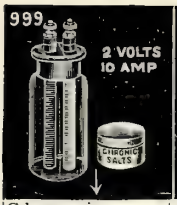
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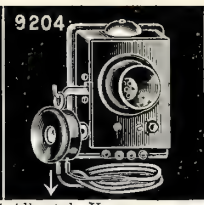
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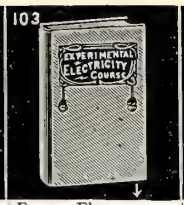

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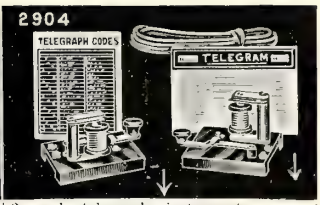

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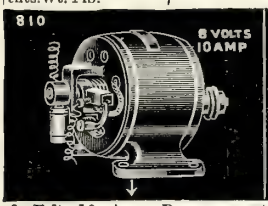

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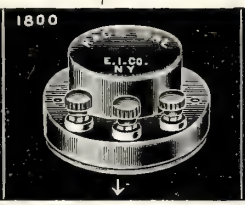

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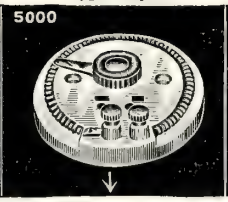

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**BOYS AND GIRLS! GET BUSY AND SEND FOR A SET OF THESE BEAUTIFUL PENCILS**

**WITH YOUR NAME STAMPED HERE**

**NAME STAMPED IN GOLD LETTERS ON HIGH GRADE GREEN, BLUE, RED, OR WHITE ENAMELED RUBBER TIPPED LEAD PENCILS.** 3 Pencils in Christmas box, 30c., 6 Pencils, 50c. Stamps or Coin. Write plainly name to be stamped and colors of enamel wanted. Send your order early to assure Xmas delivery.

**Rochelle Pencil Co. Dept H. New Rochelle, N. Y.**

## KIDS!

Everybody's playing the new game of **DOWN THE ENEMY**

**If you prefer, send 25c for the new game of BULL'S EYE, then send for the other game later.**



A new game—very popular because of its military training—educative—lots of fun. Complete, priced **50c**

Send for yours NOW! Add 8c in stamps for mailing,

**GlobeSpecialty Co.**
**129 Brush Street, Detroit**

## BOYS HERE'S THE CHRISTMAS GIFT YOU'LL WANT

**COMPLETE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH** AND ONLY **$1.00** PREPAID

THE TELE-SET—Telegraphs two ways. Outfit includes keys and sounders for two stations, wire, code chart, telegraph blanks and full directions in neat box. Works with dry cells. Thousands sold. Learn telegraphy. Boys can have great fun. The Tele-set is the original two station dollar outfit.





**POCKET BOOK of ELECTRICITY FREE**

SPECIAL WAR EDITION—Distributed as a supplement to our big Handy Book during temporary government suspension of wireless. Lists motors, flashlights, telegraph apparatus, puzzles, magic outfits, books chemical sets, games, novelties, just the things you'll want for Christmas, for every boy in America. FREE on request.

The Newman-Stern Co. Formerly The ELECTRO-SET Co.
Dept SN-18 Cleveland O.

# ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

## NEW ISSUES

OUR most interesting illustration this month comes from the Portuguese colony of Mozambique, and like so many others of recent date is a war-stamp. The value, "1 c.," appears in an oval center, around which are the words "Correio Mozambique." To the left of this are two figures, one a female figure, representing, perhaps, Victory. She has in her left hand a sword, and in her right, which rests upon the central oval, a wreath of laurel. Around her neck is a baldric supporting a shield which bears a cross. At her feet, bound in iron chains, is a masculine figure typifying war, as is indicated by the cannon near him. To the right of the oval is a second female figure, bearing in her right hand a palm branch and in her left holding a banner inscribed "9 Marco de 1916." At either end of the stamp is a column supporting the top. The right-hand column seems to be entwined with holly, and both end in capitals which look like coats of arms. Across the top are the words "Republica Portuguesa," and at the bottom, "Taxa de Guerra." Just what the purpose of this stamp may be we do not know. Germany has issued several series of surcharges for use in those sections of Russia which are occupied by her armies. All are similar in appearance. We illustrate two of these, one for the territory controlled from Warsaw, and the second for use in Lithuania and Courland. The Portuguese Company de Mozambique has changed its currency, and conesquently a series of stamps has appeared surcharged centimos instead of reis. We illustrate the type of surcharge.













## GUATEMALA

THE readers of STAMP PAGE are this month under obligations to Mrs. Edmund A. Osborne, of Guatemala City, Guatemala, for one of our illustrations. The Editor is always pleased when readers of ST. NICHOLAS in foreign countries are sufficiently interested in STAMP PAGE to send the new stamps which are issued in the countries where they live. And we are especially grateful when they describe the design, calling attention to the meaning of it—things with which they are familiar, but which are not so clearly understood by people in other lands. Our thanks, therefore, are due to Mrs. Osborne. The stamp is bicolored, the outer frame blue, the portrait and central design in terra-cotta. The face-value is 25 centavos. The portrait is that of President Estrada, of Guatemala. It seems that he has held this office since 1898, and this stamp was issued to commemorate his reëlection this year. Such is the meaning of the date in the upper left corner of the stamp, "15 de Marzo de 1917." The election took place on the fifteenth of March. President Estrada has done much to deserve his popularity and to earn his right to reëlection. Not the least of his efforts has been expended along the lines of general education, one of his most successful innovations being what are called "Minerva feasts." These are under his special patronage and are dedicated to the welfare of school-children, occurring at the end of the school year, which in Guatemala takes place in October. It seems strange that some children are ending their school year just when we are beginning our own.




In the upper right-hand corner of this new stamp is the national bird of Guatemala, the quetzal. This we are already familiar with in the earlier issues, especially the dearly loved and ever popular bicolored issue of 1882. This quetzal is a wonderful bird. Its plumage is very striking,—metallic green-and-gold,—while the tail-feathers often exceed three feet in length. It is a royal bird, and the famous head-dresses and robes of state of the ancient Incas were made from its plumage. And the use of its feathers was restricted to the royal family. To-day it is still the "national" bird of Guatemala. It is becoming rare and difficult to obtain, and is supposed never to live in captivity. It inhabits only high altitudes. It is therefore truly emblematic —"free as the wind."

Mrs. Osborne states that this attractive stamp was issued mainly for inland postage; that the issue was limited; and that already it is difficult to obtain copies. But we hope most of our readers will be successful in securing one.

## ANSWERS TO QUERIES

WE have no recent data from which to compile a reply to your question as to how many stamps bear the head of Washington. Some years ago a French journal offered a prize for the most complete list of portrait-bearing stamps, based upon the French catalogue. According to the list which won the prize as being the best and most complete, the head of Queen Victoria appeared upon 3,193

(*Continued on Page 60.*)

# ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

IT is so named because here every ***St. Nicholas*** reader can find the names and addresses of leading stamp dealers. Selected stamps for young folks are their specialty. Mention ***St. Nicholas*** in writing them and be sure always to give your name and complete address, as well as that of parent, teacher or employer as reference. Be sure to get permission first. We are careful to accept the advertisements of only the most reliable stamp dealers, and if you have any unfair business dealings with ***St. Nicholas*** advertisers advise us promptly. We are always glad to help solve your stamp problems. Write us when you want information.

## ALL NEW -- 1917 EDITION

New illustrations, new clean-cut type—from cover to cover these postage stamp albums are the finest, the most up-to-date of their kind—the best we have ever turned out.
**THE IMPERIAL**—the most popular album selling at..**$0.25**
Over 1000 illustrations, spaces for 3500 stamps.
**THE MODERN**—the standard postage stamp album **1.00**
275 pages, 2200 illustrations, spaces for 3500 stamps.
**INTERNATIONAL JUNIOR No. 1**..... **2.00**
400 pages, completely illustrated, spaces for 15,000 stamps.
Buy at all stationery and book-stores, forwarded charges extra if ordered direct.
Write for free price list of stamps and monthly circular. Address Dept. C:

**SCOTT STAMP AND COIN COMPANY**
**127 Madison Avenue** **New York City**

**PROFIT SHARING!** My approval selections are ABSOLUTELY FIRST GRADE. I offer a **special discount** for prompt returns, in addition to the regular 50% discount. Send a good reference and receive a premium worth 25c., but do not apply unless you expect to buy. D. M. WARD, 608 BUCHANAN ST., GARY, IND.

**300 FOREIGN STAMPS** China, Peru, Bolivia, Egypt, etc., and 32 page list, all for **10c.** 25 diff. Mexico **10c.** 6 x 9 inch album **5c.** 25 diff. stamps from 25 different countries given free to applicants for approvals
GEORGE D. LINN COMPANY, COLUMBUS, OHIO

BRITISH NORTH AMERICA
**40 STAMPS** from New Brunswick, Newfoundland and Canada, price **50c.**
NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO.
**387 Washington St. - - - Boston, Mass.**

**Immaculate Approvals** Stand for Quality--Variety--Economy
Stamps at 1 and 2c each for beginners. More expensive ones for advanced collectors. References required.
**S. HAAS, 115 Primrose Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.**

PANAMA COMMEMORATIVE 1913
No. 203, 2½c.; dark green, cat. 25c., for 12c. 19th and 20th Century Approvals at 50%.
HUB POSTAGE STAMP CO., 345 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

**"MASONIK"** General selections at 50% discount. Books by countries. Used new issues a specialty. War Stamp FREE to applicants. Herbert W. Mason, 203 Grand Ave., Hackettstown, N. J.

**STAMPS 75 VARIETIES FOREIGN, FREE** to all sending for our approval sheets at 50% discount. Postage 2 cents. Mention St. Nicholas. QUAKER STAMP CO., TOLEDO, OHIO.

**DO YOU LIKE** THE STAMP HOBBY? I do. I only collect and sell stamps from Europe and European colonies. Let me show you some.
H. W. PROTZMANN, 1031 28TH ST., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

**FREE** 5 U. S. 1914 Documentary to applicants of our Beats, all 50% approvals. Send 2c for return postage. O. K. Stamp Shop, 5211 Indiana Ave., Chicago.

**BIG** DISCOUNT APPROVALS. Send for trial selection. 1000 Hinges, 4c. F. E. THORP, NORWICH, N. Y.

**150 Different Stamps, 12c.** 25 different from Jamaica, St. Vincent, and Leeward Islands, only 25c. P. W. Munsell, 99 Crystal Avenue, New London, Conn.

**FREE** Stamp cat. 25c to approval applicants sending two references. John M. Long, 917 State St., Erie, Pa.

**FREE** Chili, 1Peso, 1911 Cat., 15c. to Approval Applicants. J. R. Nichols, 1707 Nelson Avenue, N. Y. C.

**$2.50** Cat. value of stamps, all different, for **25c.** Also approvals. E. A. SOUTHWICK, 420 MORRISON, PORTLAND, ORE.

**Rare Stamps Free** 15 all different Canadian and 10 India with Catalogue Free. Postage 2 cents. When possible send names and addresses of two stamp collectors. **Large wholesale list for Dealers free.** We offer these sets, great bargains, cheapest ever offered, no two stamps alike in any set, all different, fine condition. Postage 2c. extra. 50 Spain, 11c.; 40 Japan, 5c.; 100 U. S., 20c.; 7 Siam, 15c.; 50 Asia, 17c.; 20 Chile, 10c.; 4 Malta, 5c.; 13 Nyassa, 39c.; 3 Crete, 3c.; 10 Straits, 7c.; 10 Egypt, 7c.; 7 Persia, 4c.; 10 Ceylon, 15c.; 8 Hawaii, 20c.; 20 Denmark, 7c.; 30 Sweden, 10c.; 50 Brt. Col's, 6c.; 35 Austria, 9c.; 25 Persia, 25c.; 10 Brazil, 5c.; 50 Africa 24c.; 6 Fiji, 15c.; 25 Italy, 5c.; 7 Iceland, 20c.; 4 Sudan, 8c.; 10 China, 10c.; 17 Mexico, 10c.; 10 Uruguay, 7c.; 6 Reunion, 5c.; 5 Panama, 13c.; 5 Zanzibar, 20c. **Remit in stamps or Money Order.** Fine approval sheets 50% discount. 50 Page List Free. We buy Stamps. MARKS STAMP CO., DEPT. N, TORONTO, CANADA.

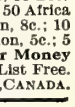
## FREE

60 different stamps, including Newfoundland, China, Japan, Mexico, etc., to applicants for our high-grade approvals.
*Send 3c stamp for return postage.*
THE EDGEWOOD STAMP COMPANY, DEPT. S, MILFORD, CONN.




**STAMPS** 500 fine foreign, including Mexican **War**, Salvador, including **officials**, Guatemala, China, etc., only **10c. Best Approval Sheets 60 to 80% discount** We give valuable extra Presents **free!** Big 120-page catalog free. **We buy Stamps.**
HUSSMAN STAMP CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

**Stamps 108 all diff.**, Transvaal, Turkey, Brazil, Peru, Cuba, Mexico, Ceylon, Java, etc., and **Album, 10c.** 1000 **Finely Mixed, 30c. 65 diff. U. S., 25c.** 1000 hinges, 8c. Agts. wtd. 50%. **List Free.** I buy stamps. **C. Stegman**, 5940 Cote Brilliante Ave., **St. Louis, Mo.**




**BARGAINS** EACH SET 5 CENTS.
8 Luxembourg; 8 Finland; 20 Sweden; 15 Russia; 8 Costa Rica; 12 Porto Rico; 8 Dutch Indies; 6 Hayti. Lists of 7000 low-priced stamps free.
CHAMBERS STAMP CO., 111 G NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

**To the Collector** who is in earnest and serious I will give **free** a dandy pkt. of **U. S.** stamps. Simply write requesting a selection of my **nifty** approvals at 50% disc. Ref.
H. J. Schmidt, Drawer H, Oakland Sta., Pittsburgh, Penna.

**Packets** 1000 nice stamps all different, $2.89; 500, all different, $1.00; Album, 60c.; 1000 Hinges, 10c.; 10 different Hawaii, 40c.
C. F. RICHARDS, BOX 77, GRAND CENTRAL P. O., NEW YORK.

**STAMPS FREE, 75 ALL DIFFERENT**
For the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 20 different foreign coins, 25c. TOLEDO STAMP CO., TOLEDO, OHIO, U.S.A.

**500 Mixed** U. S. old & new, 12c. 100 diff. U.S. Nice, 25c. $1.00 Parcel Post, 22c. 100 Diff. Precancels, 25c. Lists Free. SILAS WEATHERBY, BOX 102, MEDINA, OHIO

**10,000** Stamps at one cent each. Send for trial selection on approval, and receive a Watermark Detector Free. BURT MCCANN, 321 NO. NEWTON, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

**61 ALL DIFFERENT FOREIGN STAMPS** including Honduras, Mexico, China, Peru, Australia, Egypt, Japan, Chili, Russia, Argentine, Brazil, Cuba, India, Portugal, etc., ONLY 7 CENTS. ROYAL STAMP COMPANY, **306N.53d St. Philadelphia, Pa**

**FREE** 50c & $1.00. U. S. A. catalog 50 to approval applicants. 100 diff. U. S. A. only 40c. Union S Africa ½ to 1 sh. comp., 12c. Excelsior Stamp Co., 47W. 42, N. Y.

**Free** Stamp Catalogued 60 Cents to new applicants who send during November for our "Dayton Quality" Approvals at 50% discount. THE DAYTON STAMP CO., DAYTON, OHIO.

SEE ALSO PAGE 60

Get the Genuine and Avoid Waste




SAPOLIO

"The best is aye the cheapest"

The General All-Around Cleaner


## STAMP DIRECTORY—Continued


**YOUR CHOICE OF THESE STAMPS FREE!**

No stamp collector can afford to collect without *Mekeel's Weekly Stamp News*, Beverly, Mass. You might just as well go fishing without hook or line. How do you know how to avoid forgeries? How can you know how to buy stamps? *Mekeel's* gives all the news about stamps and thousands of stamp bargains. **SPECIAL OFFER—25c for 6 months and One of these Premiums:**

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **200** | All diff. foreign | **65** | Diff. Brit. Colonials |
| **60** | Japanese, all diff. | **50** | Diff. Norw.-Denm. |
| **101** | All diff. United States | **16** | Diff. Mex. rebels |
| **75** | U. S. precancelled | **1000** | Stamp hinges |

**50** Different from Sweden or Italy or Africa or Asia

**Ten Issues for 10c. and One of These Free:**

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **100** | Foreign, all different | **42** | Different curious Japan |
| **50** | Different U. S. stamps | **8** | Diff. Mex. rebels |

**ALSO FREE—To everyone answering this adv. a nice copy of the new 3c. Canada "Fathers of the Confederates" if you ask for it.**

**SEND** for Price-list of Postage and Revenue stamps for collections. E. T. PARKER, BETHLEHEM, PA.

**25** from 25 countries, 25 var. U.S., illustrated Album and hinges, 10c. A. WRIGHT, 47 COURT ST., BOSTON, Mass.

STAMPS 105 China,etc.,stamp dictionary,list 3000 bargains, 2c. Album (500 pictures), 3c. BULLARD & CO., Sta.A, BOSTON

TRY MY SUPERIOR APPROVALS, 50 all different stamps to applicants. H. W. JACKSON, 925 Lakeside Pl., Chicago, Ill.

**STAMPS** Send for my approvals and pick out your own premium. M. PLACE, E. Norfolk, Mass.

**FREE** 5 unused French Colonies to Approval Applicants. EDWIN H. BAILEY, FARMINGDALE, N. Y.

**13** Nyassa, 1901, 25c; 10 Guatemala Nos. 114-123, 25c. Send for list of 5c packets. 125 different South America, $1. J. L. Onken, 546 Carlton Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

**DANDY** PACKET STAMPS free for name, address. 3 collectors, 2c. postage, with 50% apprs. 125 dif. U. S. inc. high values, 50c. U. T. K. STAMP CO., UTICA, N. Y.


## ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

(*Continued from page* 58)

stamps, King Edward upon 1,080, while, in the United States, George Washington appeared upon forty-six stamps. Since then, of course, all of these have been increased, and King George would doubtless exceed King Edward, while George Washington has grown somewhat—but not much. ¶ The word "Seebecks," as applied to stamps comes from the name of Mr. N. F. Seebeck. About 1890-91 this gentleman, acting in behalf of the Hamilton Bank Note Company, made contracts with a number of the Central American States to furnish them with stamps. One or two features of this contract were especially interesting to stamp-collectors. There was to be an issue every year for ten years—regular adhesives, officials, dues, and envelopes. At the expiration of each year the corresponding series was to pass out of use, be demonetized, and the plates and all the remainders were to belong to the bank-note company. Also the right to reprint as many stamps as might seem desirable. Hence all these sets of stamps, being no longer available for postage, sell for far less than their face-value. There are many sets, but all are called "Seebecks." ¶ When writing to a stamp-dealer please always mention ST. NICHOLAS; and if you have not previously done business with this dealer, enclose a reference. The best reference you can give is the name of a stamp-dealer with whom you have already had dealings. A stamp-dealer would not know the standing and responsibility of any friend you might mention as reference, but he would trust the word of another dealer.


ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION FOR

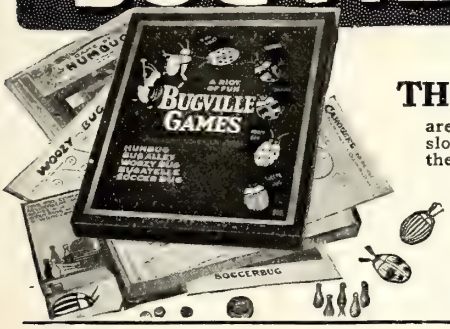
HOOPING-COUGH OR CROUP

The celebrated effectual remedy without internal medicine. For 120 years this remedy has met with continued and growing popularity. Bronchitis, Lumbago, and Rhumatism are also quickly relieved by a few applications. No increase in price.

W EDWARDS & SON
157 Queen Victoria Street, London, England

*All Druggists, or* E. FOUGERA & CO., Inc.
90 Beekman Street, New York

# BUGVILLE GAMES




THE ONLY GAMES IN EXISTENCE PLAYED WITH LIFELIKE MOVING CREATURES

## THE WONDERFUL CRAWLING BUGS

are wide-awake little fellows, two inches long, that move about with a slow, weird motion and do tricks—all by themselves. You should see them play football—pushing the ball, tackling and tripping each other!

## THERE ARE FIVE GAMES ALL FOR $1.00

The author of the Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford stories said: "Those games are more fun than my stories." Children of all ages love them.

*Sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00.*

**ANIMATE TOY COMPANY, 32 East 17th St., New York**



*"Gimme a ride Billy"*

EVERY BOY AND GIRL in the block envies the youngster who owns a

# Skudder no-dead-center Car

**100% fun, 100% health,** for all boys and girls. High speed, 10 to 12 miles an hour. The ratchet drive operates by shifting weight from one foot to the other. Rugged construction—all steel frame, ball bearing, 12 and 10-inch rubber tired wire wheels. Ask your dealer, or write us today.

**JANESVILLE PRODUCTS COMPANY**
**Dept. 1111** **Janesville, Wis.**



## For Little Socks—

# Baby Midget Velvet Grip

## HOSE SUPPORTER

It yields to every movement, thus allowing the freedom of action so necessary to baby's health, growth and comfort. Highly nickeled clasp has smooth, rounded corners and edges, and does not come in contact with the skin. Silk, 15 cents—Lisle 10 cents.

At stores everywhere or sample by mail postpaid.

Sample pair of **Velvet Grip "Pin-ons"** for child (give age) 15 cents postpaid.

Sample set of four **Velvet Grip "Sew-ons"** for misses and women, 50 cents postpaid.

GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS, BOSTON.



# WHAT EVERY BOY WANTS

3-in-One is the high quality oil that acts like magic on bicycles, skates, guns, fishing reels, automatic tools. Does wonders for all light mechanisms—makes them work smooth and easy. A few drops of

**3-in-One Oil**

will relieve friction, reduce wear in the bearings and save repair-bills. Cuts hardened grease—works out all dirt. Never gums. Contains no acid.

Prevent rust and tarnish by wiping all nickeled and metal surfaces with 3-in-One. Then rub with a clean dry cloth—this brings a bright, lasting polish, like new.

3-in-One softens baseball mitts and gloves—makes the ball stick better—preserves the leather. Fine for baseballs—strengthens the stitches—makes the cover last longer. Non-greasy.

Sold at all stores in 50c, 25c and 15c bottles; also in 25c Handy Oil Cans.

*FREE*—Write us for generous sample of 3-in-One and Dictionary of Uses.

**3-in-One Oil Co.,** **165QB. Broadway, N. Y.**







*Table*
CHRISTMAS TREES
*that live and grow*

Live trees that grow in pots all winter and can be transplanted outdoors in the Spring to grow up with the children.

Beautifully symmetrical bushy little Spruce, **3 ft. high with all their roots—ready to pot** and grow—Christmas trees that will last—sent postpaid to any address for **$1.00 each.**

This little tree will not only make yours a real Christmas table but will be one of the children's most prized possessions—they will love to take care of it this winter and can transplant it in the Spring themselves—as printed directions are sent with each tree—Mail a dollar bill at our risk and the tree will be sent direct from our nursery parcels post prepaid.

**Rochester Horticultural Co.**
**21 Berwyn St.**
**Rochester, N. Y.**



**Builds More for Less Money**

Makes 3 times as many real working models for the same money. Can be used many times. Start with 50c or $1.00 outfit. Add to your construction material as you learn to build—**only 50c per 100 ft.**

**FLEXO-BUILDO**

Varied colored patented thick, strong strips of flexible fibre. Can be bent two ways, cut in any number of equal lengths. Practical, inexpensive, serviceable. Taken down and set up without special tools. Makes permanent, useful ornamental things: *baskets, lamp shades, doll houses, etc., or mechanical models and toy bridges, engines, hoists, etc.,* which can be taken down.

**Send for Free Catalog or Send $1**

Get the free Flexo-Buildo book showing many models or send $1.00 for complete outfit (sent prepaid.) Money back if you are not delighted when you see this Flexo-Buildo outfit.



**Gaylord Bros.**
**508 Clinton Street**
**Syracuse N. Y.**


# Report on Advertising Competition No. 189.

There was much originality shown, and nearly every paper was decorated. Indeed, the judges were happy. And such a contrast in the number of correct answers compared with those of last month!

Here are some of the common errors which occurred:

Goodyear was written as two words—*Good Year* (unlike the name in the advertisement).

Rice & Hutchins was changed to *Rice & Hutchinson,* and Embossing Company was spelled *Embrossing Company.*

## The Correct Answers

Florence Manufacturing Company
Remington Arms Union Metallic Cartridge
Eastman Kodak Company [Company
Embossing Company
D. M. Ward
Oorang Kennels
Moore Push-Pin Co.

Ansco Company
New Departure Manufacturing Company
Daniel Green Felt Shoe Company

Rice & Hutchins, Inc.
Ideal Aeroplane and Supply Company
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Hinds
Thos. E. Wilson & Co.

### HIGH HONOR

Phyllis D. Allyn
Ethel L. Wilson
Esther A. Smith
Barbara K. Coit
Viola Engman
Virginia Lee Gebhard
Ned Donaldson
Ellen H. Lindenmeyer
Rebecca Chalmers
Florence C. Breed

### ROLL OF HONOR

Charlotte Aubin
Dorothy B. Bigelow
Elsie E. Browe
Cynthia Cates
Elizabeth P. Comstock
Henry H. Collins 3d
Pauline Duryea
Elizabeth Davenport
Verner H. Eman
Minot G. Gage
J. M. Hallowell, Jr.
Josephine Huntington
Kathleen V. Hostetler
Mary P. Howard
Ellenor L. Inglis
Joseph E. Johnson IV
Clarissa C. Jacobus
Antoinette Klahre
Edward S. Lanning
Daniel Miller
Alice B. Parker
Emily Pendleton
Harriet Rosewater
John B. Wheatley
Helen Swain
Eleanor L. Stetson
Ruth L. Thurston
Gertrude B. Turner
Alice M. Whalley
Margaret Wylie

# Dioxogen

*A Loaded Revolver*

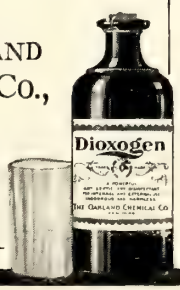
on the living-room table is no more dangerous to life than a poisonous antiseptic in the medicine chest.

And the poison in the medicine chest is no more necessary than the loaded revolver on the table.

For DIOXOGEN is the safe, sure antiseptic which does *everything* that the poisonous antiseptic can do—does it better—does it with *perfect safety*.

THE OAKLAND CHEMICAL CO.,

10 Astor Place
New York







## *You* Are Responsible for Your Children's Foot-Health

DON'T expose your children to the danger of corns, bunions, flat feet, bent bones, and all the other miseries caused by narrow, pointed "fashionable" shoes.

Get your family into Educator shoes today. Educators are built by scientists to "let the feet grow as they should." They're made

***FOR MEN, WOMEN CHILDREN***

Always look for the EDUCATOR mark branded on the sole. There can be no guarantee stronger than this trademark, for it absolutely guarantees the whole shoe—every part—the shape—the material—the workmanship.

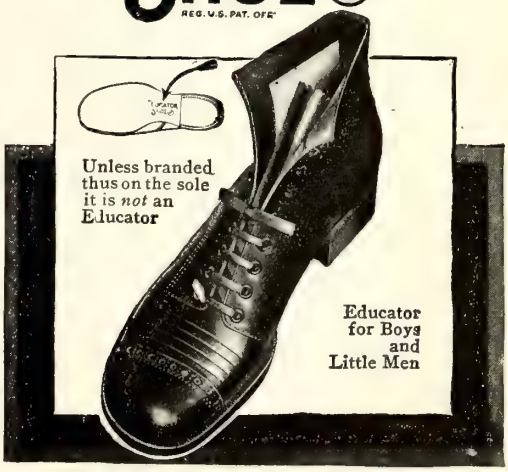
Write today for "Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet," a free book of foot information.

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc., 17 High St., Boston, Mass.

RICE & HUTCHINS

# EDUCATOR SHOE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



# "WHAT I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS"




To fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts, grandfathers, grandmothers, distant relatives, neighbors, Santa Claus, and **all** other good friends. I have written down below a list of the Christmas gifts that would make me happiest. Of course I won't be disappointed if I don't get them **all.** I just thought it would be easier for you if I told you what I should **like** to have.




Signed .....

First of All I Want ST. NICHOLAS
After that I Would Like

(Advertised on page....of the.....ST. NICHOLAS)

(Advertised on page....of the.....ST. NICHOLAS)

(Advertised on page....of the.....ST. NICHOLAS)

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(Advertised on page....of the.....ST. NICHOLAS)

(Advertised on page....of the.....ST. NICHOLAS)

Signed .....

First of All I Want ST. NICHOLAS
After that I Would Like

(Advertised on page....of the.....ST. NICHOLAS)

(Advertised on page....of the.....ST. NICHOLAS)

(Advertised on page....of the.....ST. NICHOLAS)

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(Advertised on page....of the.....ST. NICHOLAS)

## *What to do with this page*

To ST. NICHOLAS Boys and Girls—First look through your copies of ST. NICHOLAS and decide what things you would **most** like to find in your stocking on Christmas morning. Then write your name and copy your "wishes" in the spaces reserved above, putting in the exact page and issue of ST. NICHOLAS on which the gift is advertised so that "Santa Claus" will make no mistake. Then leave your ST. NICHOLAS in a conspicuous place with this page turned down at the corner or something to attract attention to it.







This outfit with 18 tunes, **$1.50**

**Easy to obtain through your toy or department store. If not, send $1.50 to the address below for the complete outfit.**

**Same idea also made in a toy piano. With 18 tunes, price $2.50.**

**Even young children can play music without lessons** by means of the Musical Menagerie. The outfit includes a Metallophone with a mallet for each hand and 18 pieces of music familiar to children—Yankee Doodle, London Bridge, Farmer in the Dell, etc., etc.—all on colored cards. Opposite each "key" or metal plate on the Metallophone is a familiar animal. (See picture above.) Instead of black notes on a scale, the music chart consists of a number of animals like the animals on the Metallophone. For instance, instead of "g, g, a, f, g," etc., you strike the metal bars opposite the pictures: "Deer, deer, cow, monkey, deer," etc., and the resulting tune is "My Country, 'tis of Thee." In this way you can play all of the 18 familiar tunes in the outfit without knowing a note of music.

Go to the store today and see how easy it is to play one! If you cannot find it, the manufacturers will send complete outfit: Metallophone, two mallets and eighteen different pieces of music on colored cards for $1.50, parcel post prepaid.

My dear Mr. Siegel:

I am much interested in your MUSICAL MENAGERIE invention, and can see a great future for it as an educational medium for interesting young children in the art of Music.

The introduction of your invention in homes generally, would be of great value, Yours sincerely,

Ernestine Schumann Heink

Feb. 15th, 1917

Also endorsed by leading music schools.

**Order from your dealer, or direct from**
**SIEGEL SALES CO., Mfrs., 41 Union Sq., New York**

# Ready! Aim! FIRE!



## "Big Dick"

## *American Boys Attention!*

Get at the breech of a Big Dick!
Exciting fun; no danger.

**Shoots thirty-six (36) wooden bullets as fast as you can turn the firing-crank.**

Shoots true as your aim.

Big Dick is modeled after the machine guns in use on the European battlefronts and for indoor war play has no equal.

**24 inches long**
**9 inches high**
**36 shots a minute.**

**Price $3.00**

***Sold by most good toy dealers or direct from us on receipt of price.***

**Milton Bradley Co.**

**Dept. A Springfield, Mass.**
*Makers of the World's Best Games.*




## Have Fun-Give Shows-Earn Money

Here's a great Gilbert Toy, boys—Mysto Magic Sets with which you can perform wonderful feats of magic just as they are done on the stage. You can earn money giving shows in your home, or at parties, socials, churches, and theatres.

## Famous Tricks of the Greatest Magicians

Gilbert Mysto Magic Set 2004 contains scores of the best tricks of famous magicians, with apparatus; Magician's Wand; large poster; and big Manual of Magic Knowledge, the greatest book on magic ever written; tells how to do a number of fine tricks not requiring special apparatus, like the Multiplying Dollar Bill, Disappearing Tumblers, etc. Price of No. 2004 Set $5 (in Canada, $7.50). Other Sets $1 to $10. (Canada $1.50 to $15.)




**Big Magic Catalog FREE**

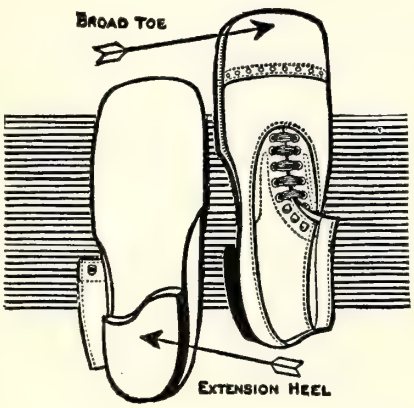
Send for it today. Save money and buy one of the sets it describes, or ask for one for Xmas.

Sold at all toy dealers and department stores.

**THE A. C. GILBERT CO., 303 Blatchley Ave., New Haven, Conn.**

Canadian Representatives: Menzies & Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario

# For Active, Romping Feet




GROWING youngsters need the full foot-freedom that this Coward Shoe provides. It is designed to let their feet grow naturally and to aid in a shapely, normal development.

As an extra measure of helpfulness this shoe assists the framework of the arch through the formative period, and gives much needed aid to ankle—bones and tendons. A better play or study day for boys and girls comes with the wearing of Coward Shoes.

**JAMES S. COWARD**

**262-274 Greenwich Street, New York**
(near Warren St.)

*Mail Orders Filled* *Sold Nowhere Else*

**The Coward Shoe**

"REG. U. S. PAT. OFF."




**Chautauqua Industrial Art Desk**

# The Toy of Vocational Guidance

Why should the child be left to stumble into what he is going to be and do?

This equipment finds and develops the child's natural talent through play.

*"From a scientific and sanitary point of view I consider it a valuable educational equipment for any child. The green scroll and the Hy-San Drawing Board, the dustless crayon and the perfect adjustment commend the equipment to the careful parent."*

*J. L. GORDON, M.D.*

Built in three editions,—Standard, Handcraft and White Enamel.

Write today for free pictures and folder entitled "Interest, Play and That Child of Yours."

**LEWIS E. MYERS & COMPANY**

**VALPARAISO, INDIANA**



# Real Boys Want the Real Mackinaw

BOYS know that the "patrick" is the real mackinaw—the one worn by hunters, trappers and woodsmen. Made of northern wool from sheep that thrive in the snow.

Patrick DULUTH TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. **Wool Products**

Bigger-Than-Weather

include "patricks" (Mackinaws), long coats, blankets, auto robes, caps, macka-knit sweaters and socks. For sale at best stores.

Write for the Patrick Book showing the styles, patterns and colors.

**PATRICK-DULUTH WOOLEN MILL**
**444 Fifth Avenue** **Duluth, Minn.**



# *The Guard of HONOR*

YOUR teeth are the Honor Guard of your Health. The better you keep them the better they will serve you. Guard them against the enemy—decay. Keep them clean, healthy and sound by the twice-a-day use of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

The use of Colgate's will make care of your teeth a pleasure and will enable them to serve you well, guard your health and increase your endurance and strength. Guard your teeth well if you would have them guard you. A trial tube of the delicious Ribbon Dental Cream will be sent for 6 cents in stamps.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 60, 199 Fulton St., N. Y.

*Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap*
*Luxurious—Lasting—Refined*






# CHRISTMAS GIFTS

TOYLAND has opened its doors again and everyone is seeking gifts that are out of the ordinary and of good quality. Here in the pages of ST. NICHOLAS are the advance announcements of TOYLAND, making it easy for its readers to select gifts sure to please both the giver and the getter. The makers guarantee the gifts advertised. ST. NICHOLAS has examined and places its endorsement upon them. The best toy dealers are displaying them on their main aisles and in their windows—or will gladly get them if shown the announcement in this issue. Should there be the slightest difficulty in obtaining any article advertised here, it may be secured by ordering direct from the manufacturer or by writing to

## ST. NICHOLAS

353 FOURTH AVE. NEW YORK CITY






# The Instant Summons

*"Instant, through copse and heath, arose*
*Bonnets and spears and bended bows;*
* * * * *
*As if the yawning hill to heaven*
*A subterranean host had given."*

The whistled summons of Roderick Dhu, the hero of Scott's "Lady of the Lake," caused his Highland warriors literally to spring from the earth. Ere the echo died away, from behind bush and rock emerged the loyal and ready clansmen. In armed silence they awaited their chieftain's bidding and typified his might.

Today the Commander-in-Chief of our nation's armed forces and the resources behind them, can, by lifting the telephone receiver, instantaneously set in motion all the vast machinery of warfare, munitions, transportation and food conservation.

Like the Scottish mountaineers, the American people must stand in loyal readiness to perform any service in furtherance of the nation's high aim. Such a spirit of co-operation and sacrificing of individual interests can alone make certain the accomplishment of the great task to which our country is committed.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

*One Policy* *One System* *Universal Service*



# Before School

Millions of mothers know that a dish of Puffed Wheat is the premier morning greeting.

There is no other cereal food anywhere near like it.

Here are whole grains shaped like wheat grains, puffed to eight times normal size.

As flimsy as a snowflake—as airy as a bubble. With a flavor that suggests a nut confection.

Yet a whole-grain food, supplying all that flour food lacks. And fitted for complete digestion as whole wheat never was before. It forms the ideal breakfast.

# After School



Douse any Puffed Grain with melted butter, as you would peanuts or popcorn. Or merely salt.

Then you have a perfect food which tastes like a confection. It is toasted, fragile, nut-like, crisp, and almond-like in flavor.

Yet it is simply grain food made easy to digest. It will not tax the stomach, or kill the appetite for dinner.

Hungry boys who don't have Puffed Grains eat something not one-half so desirable, or half so likable. See how boys enjoy them.

**Puffed Wheat** **Puffed Rice**

**and Corn Puffs**

**Each 15c Except in Far West**

## The Quaker Oats Company




IF you can pass this examination you will always insist upon having Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels on all your shoes. The kind that have the patented Foster Friction Plug—no holes to track dirt into the house. All dealers—black, tan and white—50 cents attached.

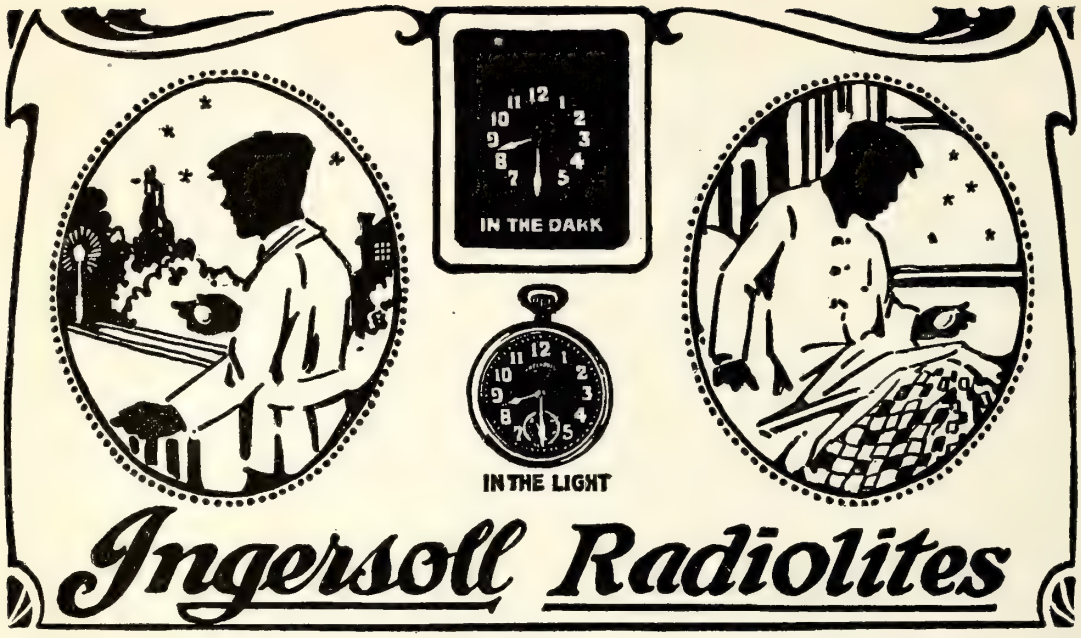
*Remember this name:*

# CAT'S PAW
## CUSHION
# RUBBER HEELS

**THE FOSTER RUBBER CO.**

**105 Federal St. Boston, Mass.**

*Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping.*




# Ingersoll Radiolites

COME boys, let's get the matter right.
What is a truly RADIOLITE?
It is no RADIOLITE at all
*Unless it is an INGERSOLL.*
A boy may have a watch that *goes*,
But it's a half-watch if it shows
The time of day, but skips the night
Unless you fuss to get a light.
You want the time and you should know it;
The watch to have should *always* show it.
Old Daddy Time has lots of laughs
At watches that tell time by halves.
The RADIOLITE—the INGERSOLL make
Is always brightly wide awake.
It shines at night, it never sleeps
As faithful watch and time it keeps.
Its figures and its hands are bright
And plain by day, and clear by night.
How does this friendly brightness come?
This light is made by RADIUM.
It isn't phosphorescent paint
That shines a while and then grows faint.
It's RADIUM, that magic bright
That makes your trusty RADIOLITE.
Yes, INGERSOLL'S *the* RADIOLITE,
Just hold this in your memory tight.
You're big enough to do the rest.
Go buy the model you like best.
There, boys, I think you have it right;
You know who makes the RADIOLITE.
It is no RADIOLITE at all
*Unless it is an INGERSOLL.*

## ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.

New York Boston
Chicago San Francisco
Montreal



INGERSOLL
*Radiolite*
WATCHES
$2.25 to $4.25
Other Models
$1.35 to $6.00



*Reprint by special permission of John Martin's Book (The Child's Magazine)*


"Home, Sweet Home" in
California
It's pleasant to go back again each winter to your own villa or bungalow along palm-bordered avenues in Southern California
Four daily California trains including California Limited also Santa Fe de Luxe weekly in winter. Enroute visit Petrified Forest, the Grand Canyon of Arizona and Castle Hot Springs Hawaii afterwards, Fred Harvey Meals
Booklets of trip and Trains on request
W. J. Black Pass. Traffic Mgr. A. T. & S. F. Ry.
1072 Railway Exchange, Chicago
Santa Fe

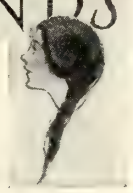

"Daddy, please bring me some Life Savers"
LIFE SAVERS
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE
Show this picture to your daddy. Tell him that you like Life Savers so much and they are so good for you that you want him to bring you home a box of Life Savers to-night. Trust dad for the rest. He likes them, too.
Four Flavors:
PEP-O-MINT
LIC-O-RICE
WINT-O-GREEN
CL-O-VE
Mint Products Company
New York
PEP-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE
5c
Everywhere

# POLLY and PETER PONDS



(A CONTINUED STORY)

## ChapterLXVIII

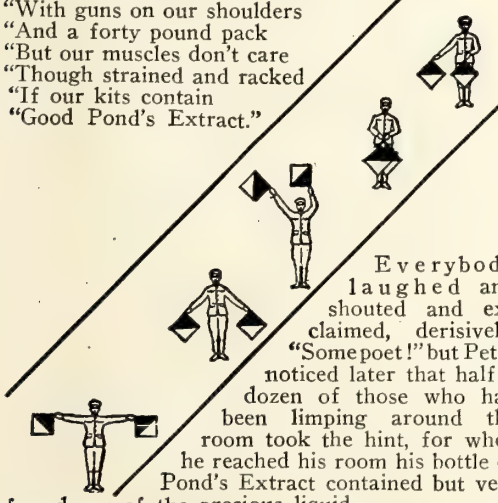


After dinner every night at Peter Pond's school the boys gathered in the music room for a few songs before settling down to study. One night recently Peter sat alone in front of the fireplace with a pad and pencil in his hands. Occasionally he scowled deeply, then chewed the end of his pencil desperately. He wrote a few words, then threw the paper in the fire, repeating this operation until the pad was almost used up.

The boys had just returned from a long hike that afternoon, so they soon abandoned the piano and gathered around the fireplace, sitting on the floor and on the arms of Peter's chair. One exclaimed, "What do the mystic hieroglyphics mean, Peter?" and then they all sang in unison, "Read it to us, Peter."

"Well, it needs polishing, but here goes," said Peter, "since you insist."

"Oh we tramp and we hike
"And we walk there and back
"With guns on our shoulders
"And a forty pound pack
"But our muscles don't care
"Though strained and racked
"If our kits contain
"Good Pond's Extract."



Everybody laughed and shouted and exclaimed, derisively, "Some poet!" but Peter noticed later that half a dozen of those who had been limping around the room took the hint, for when he reached his room his bottle of Pond's Extract contained but very few drops of the precious liquid.

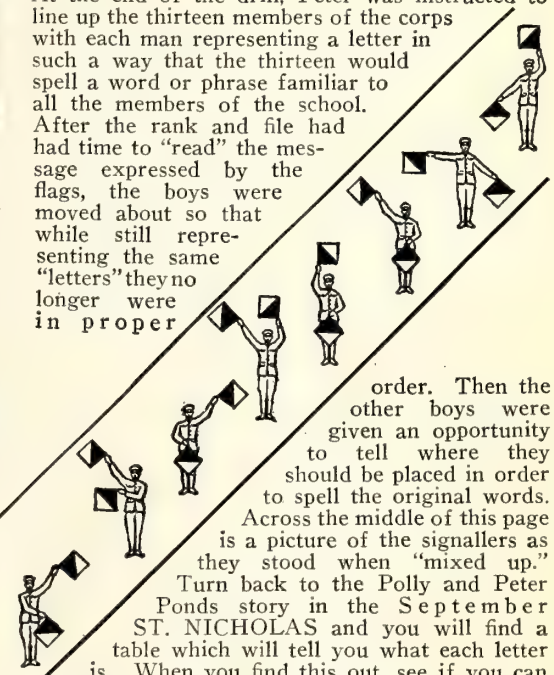
"Say, Bill," said he to his room-mate, "has anybody borrowed my Pond's Extract tonight?"

"Have they!" Bill exclaimed. "Say, I wish they'd keep out of here. How can I learn these wig wag letters with two or three hundred fellows asking 'Say, Bill, can I borrow your Pond's Extract for a second?' Why don't they buy a bottle of their own? Say, Peter, I can't learn this wig wag. I can't tell 'a' from 'x'."

"We're going to have an exhibition tomorrow, Bill, and Polly is coming with some other girls who know the signal corps code so dig in."

Next day the fourteen boys in the signal corps lined up for the exhibition. Peter, who was the best drilled, was instructed to signal, "Welcome to B——— School." He executed the different letters with snap and precision earning much applause.

At the end of the drill, Peter was instructed to line up the thirteen members of the corps with each man representing a letter in such a way that the thirteen would spell a word or phrase familiar to all the members of the school. After the rank and file had had time to "read" the message expressed by the flags, the boys were moved about so that while still representing the same "letters" they no longer were in proper order. Then the other boys were given an opportunity to tell where they should be placed in order to spell the original words.



Across the middle of this page is a picture of the signallers as they stood when "mixed up." Turn back to the Polly and Peter Ponds story in the September ST. NICHOLAS and you will find a table which will tell you what each letter is. When you find this out, see if you can discover the two words which they spell when properly placed. If you can, write the words on the attached coupon or on a postal card and send it to us with your name and address. If you have the words correct we will send you a little package with our compliments as a Christmas remembrance.


## Pond's Extract Company

**131 Hudson Street**

**New York City**







Pond's Extract Co., 131 Hudson St., New York City.
The words in St. Nicholas are.....

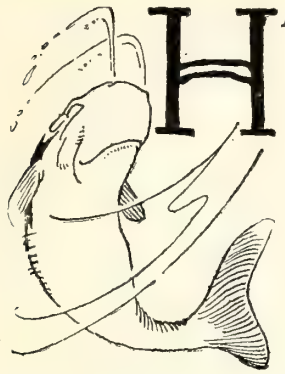
Name .....

Street .....

Town .....

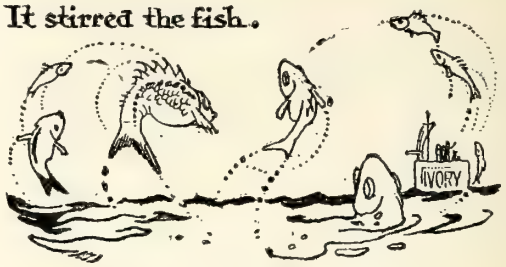
State .....

# THE CRUISE of the IVORY WHITE



"HA, good for me!" said Gnif as he with keen eyes scanned the ocean, "Ha, I have steered my wits upon a really clever notion."

"You *have?*" cried Betty, "truly, Gnif, I am somewhat astounded. Be sure to steer that notion straight, or you'll be badly grounded. But tell us what your notion *is*, but we all live in hope it's safe and sane and worthy of our far-famed IVORY SOAP."




THE IVORY SOAP-SUDS SONG

Hurray, hurray! we're brave and bright,
Our Monday's wash is pearly white.
Our healthy bodies are well tubbed;
With hands and faces neatly scrubbed.
From dirty dirts our hearts and lives are free;
Our gallant ship is tidy as can be.
So here's to the soap-suds, and here's to the heroes hope!
Gleaming, beaming, flashing, splashing IVORY S-O-A-P.




Rubbing, scrubbing, washing is fun for me;
Dirty dirts can't bother us
For we use I-VO-RY.
Tubbing, scrubbing, out on the Bath Tub Sea;
And Mother knows that sweetness goes
With our pure I-VO-RY!




"My notion is," continued Gnif, "that heroes such as we should join in song and praises of a soap like IVORY. You all know well that jolly tune, '*When Jack Comes Home Again*,' well, I've put other words to it. Let's sing with might and main." "Good, *good!*" our daring heroes cried as to their feet they sprang. Here are the words Gnif Gnome composed. *You* know the tune they sang.

Oh, what a lusty song it was! It swelled across the sea and stirred the fishes of the deep with splashing ecstasy. It made Old Whale and Cuttle Fish as frisky as could be. "Lawks!" crooned Old Whale to Cuttle Fish, "such music makes me wish I had as many legs as you for dancing Cuttle Fish."

"Heave ho!" called Gnif. "Now mind your eyes and listen well to me. I have a favor I would ask of one and all of ye." With one accord the fishes stopped on trembling tail and fin, as Mr. Whale respectfully and calmly rubbed his chin.

Reprinted by special permission of JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK (The Child's Magazine)

*Next month you little friends will read a wondrous tale and see*
*How rich is that reward of those who use pure IVORY.*

IVORY SOAP
IT FLOATS
99 44/100% PURE

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# Christmas Books for Boys and Girls



## The Way to Wonderland

*with charming illustrations in color*
*by Jessie Willcox Smith*

Wouldn't you follow Jessie Willcox Smith's color children anywhere? And if they led you straight to wonderland in a delightful story of the mysteries of forest and sea, wouldn't you dance after them as joyously as the children of Hamlin followed the Pied Piper? How Polly and Tommy, two country children, get acquainted with the animals and birds, how they find the fairies, and how they discover the secrets of forest and sea is told in "The Way to Wonderland," by Mary Stewart. $2.00

## Christmas Tales of Flanders

**BY JEAN DE BOSSCHERE**

*With 12 coloured plates, many tinted two-colour plates, over 100 text illustrations in black and white. Quarto, cloth,* $3.00

Popular fables and legends current in Flanders and Brabant, which have for centuries been told to Belgian children. Jean de Bosschère is a typical Flemish artist, to whom the stories are what Nursery Rhymes are to the average American. The black-and-white drawings give the most remarkable scenes of the narrative. The coloured pictures represent the heroes in the different stages of their adventures, with a *naïveté* so simple that it reminds one of the incomparable Flemish mediaeval art. As a record of the imaginative fancy of old Brabant and Flanders this book is unique, a proof of those wonderful qualities which have in our days endeared to us the good Belgians.

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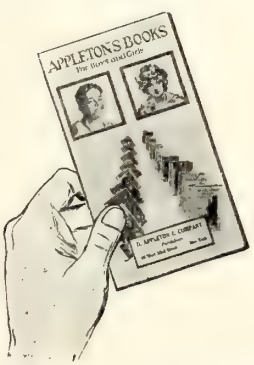
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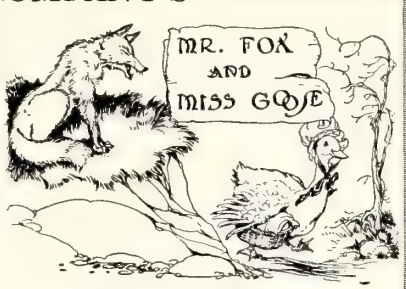
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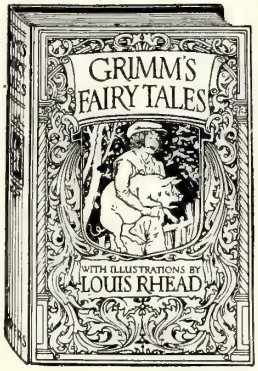
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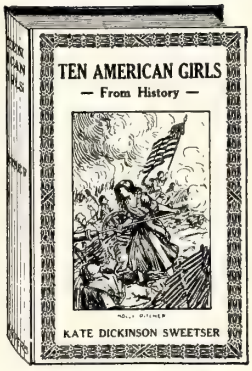



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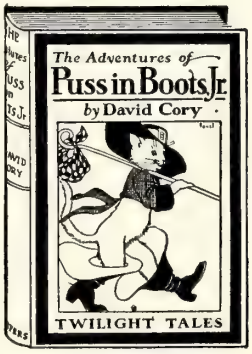
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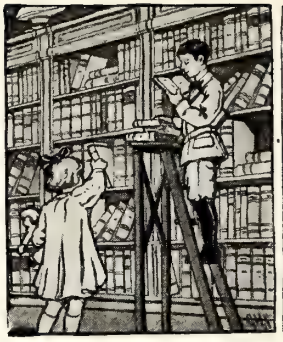
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Perhaps you remember seeing in the papers just two years ago an account of the death of this quaint and picturesque old scientist. He was ninety-two at the time and had only lately emerged into celebrity, after two generations of obscure and patient labor in his little provincial village of Sérignan. Fabre was a true hero of thought and one of the most charming of men as well, as you will see if you read the biography of him written by Dr. C. V. Legros ("Fabre, Poet of Science"; The Century Co., $3.00); above all so full of love for the visible things of the world, so gifted with imaginative power, that he is probably the greatest nature-writer who has ever lived.

Fabre believed that even in early childhood it was possible for both boys and girls to learn and enjoy many subjects which too often seemed forbidding to them, and in particular that Natural History, to him a book in which all the world might read, which university methods had reduced to a tedious and useless grind. An incomparable story-teller himself and the father of several children, he wrote an elementary science series which has for many years instructed and delighted the young people of France.

"The Story-Book of Science" is one of these famous volumes. The identity of the "Uncle Paul," who plays the story-teller's part, is not hard to guess, nor is that of the boys and girls who gather about him to listen to his true stories from wood and field, from brook and hilltop, from adjacent millpond and distant ocean. They are Fabre himself and his own little family circle, and everyone who reads his book will be delighted to feel that these interesting conversations really took place once upon a time in the little old-fashioned house where the great scientist lived.

Fabre was noted chiefly as an entomologist, a student of insects, and in this field most of

his later books were written. But he had also a very general knowledge of Natural History, to every phase of which he brought his marvellous powers of observation. In "The Story-Book of Science" he moves easily back and forth between a dozen different departments of knowledge, always exact in his statements and at the same time poetic in his phrasing. He tells about the ants and the spiders and the silkworms, of course, but he tells also about plants and animals, about the metals under the



JEAN-HENRI FABRE
Author of "The Story-Book of Science"

earth and the planets in the heavens above. He tells about earthquakes and about mushrooms, about shells and clouds and caterpillars. Nothing is too small or too great for him; and there is nothing that he cannot put into such simple, human language that young people of from ten to sixteen years can grasp. No wonder little Emile, under the spell of Uncle Paul's "true stories," deserted his Noah's Ark!

There is a good deal of human history woven into this Natural History, too. The story of Pliny and Pompeii, the story of Catania and its miraculous escape from the lava-flood, the story of de Romas and Franklin and electricity are among those to receive fresh charm and interest in Fabre's re-telling. Paper and cotton, the kettle, the locomotive, and the inner economy of the bee-hive are still other subjects that this delightful author discusses. I am sure you will enjoy him just as much as Emile, Jules and Claire did, when he told his true stories for the first time, while Mother Ambroisine plied her distaff beside the evening lamp.

The Book Man

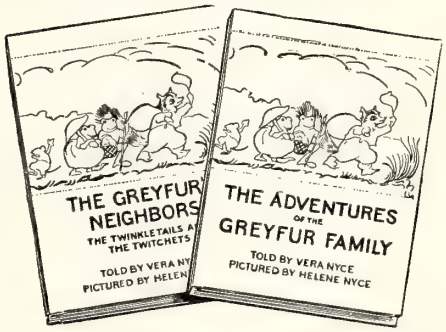

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Its continued stories are sure to interest and enliven, with every page, and yet in theme and incident to be of sterling value in the molding of character. During the past year, for instance, the magazine has had the good fortune to print, as its leading serial, a story which, on publication in book form, has everywhere been acclaimed with the warmest praise of newspaper reviewers. "The New York Times" declared that it "will be read with pleasure by people who are small and young, while people who are larger and older also will read it with pleasure combined, if they have humor and sense, with profit." "The Evening Post" avers: "There is not a dull moment in it." And "The New York Tribune": "From first to last it simply throbs with warm-hearted human nature; and blithely ripples with irresistible humor; and is instinct with practical wisdom that the sagest philosopher might envy."

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**(See next page**

bark *Hatteras* and her treasure of platinum bars, from the old sailor on a Brooklyn dock, until, having faced many perils and adventures afloat and ashore, he and Tempest and Kanaka Jim raise the distant outlines of Lost Island, Dave is never long away from a ship's deck. And many a deck his feet become acquainted with, from that of the ocean tramp *Pacific Queen* on which he embarks at the outset of his wanderings to, at last, that of the little schooner *Nautilus* which bears them away from Washington Island in the Pacific on their stirring race with a certain breezy Westerner for the wreck of the *Hatteras* and her long-lost treasure. What happens after this should not be told here; but the story is a tense narrative from start to finish—a genuine adventure-story of the best sort that will be welcomed both by young readers and their elders.

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## "CINDERELLA'S GRANDDAUGHTER"

**By Beth B. Gilchrist.**

IN this latest of Miss Gilchrist's ever-welcome stories, the heroine, a sweet-natured American girl of today, finds herself suddenly transported, through the kindly interest of an old schoolmate of her mother, from the "Cinderella" home-keeping existence wherein she has had to take her mother's place, to the delightful idleness and lavish luxury of a great country house. Of course, there is "a ball", and "a prince", and a touch of romance; and, throughout, there is the touch of genius in the remarkably clever and altogether satisfying way in which the general lines of the familiar nursery-tale are made the basis for a beautiful and wholesome story of American girlhood.

## "MOTORING THROUGH THE GOLDEN AGE"

**By Albert Bigelow Paine.**

MR. PAINE'S "Boys' Life of Mark Twain", published originally as a year-long serial in ST. NICHOLAS in 1916, and a number of single contributions of earlier and later date, have won for him a high place among the special favorites of the magazine's readers. And this series of articles, tinged with poetry and romance and spiced with delightful humor, in its author's best vein, forms a set of travel papers of unusual quality and distinction. Moreover, they are written from the heart, out of a great love for France, and cannot fail to inspire a like reverence and affection in the boys and girls who are so fortunate as to read them month by month. A certain chapter traverses the very region of the Marne where the heroic soldiers of the French Republic have since saved the liberties of the world.

AS a single illustration of how even complicated technical knowledge is brought home to Young America in clear and understandable form, Mr. A. Russell Bond, Managing Editor of "The Scientific American", contributed within the past three years two long serials, "With Men Who Do Things" and "On the Battlefront of Engineering", which won high praise both from the boy-readers interested in mechanics and from prominent educators. During the coming winter, Mr. Bond will furnish three articles that will enable boys to understand far more clearly than many grown-ups the special news from the front; for they will deal with

1. Heavy and Field Artillery (Construction and life of a big gun. Mortars and rifles. Disappearing guns and how they work; why not used in the European war. Maximum range.

(See next page

Range finding, how affected by the weather. Shells; high-explosive, shrapnel, smoke and searchlight shells. How the fuse works. Ground covered by shrapnel shells. Curtain of fire.)

2. Machine Guns (The Gatling, Maxim, Colt, Bennet-Mercier and Lewis guns, showing just how they work. Complicated mechanical operations that take place in a fraction of a second. Use of machine guns on land and in the air. Concealed emplacements. Machine gun forts that rise out of the ground.)

3. Submarine Warfare (Construction, operation, range, etc., of torpedoes and guns used on submarines. Disguises of the submarine. Handicaps of the U-boat. How submarines are netted. Submarine chasers and why no longer very efficient. Depth bombs. How ships defend themselves; zigzagging, smoke boxes, camouflage, etc. Schemes for ship protection and why they fail.)

Again and again, when a teacher or parent has chanced to ask assembled youngsters a "poser" about some leading person or event or other subject of interest, and—to his surprise—has received a full and satisfactory answer from some one of them, his second query: "Why, where did you find out all that, Johnny?" has met with the response: "Oh, ST. NICHOLAS told us all about it!"



BUT while the first aim of the magazine is to furnish its young readers with wholesome entertainment—to be a special mental playground for their leisure hour—and its second ambition is to provide a varied store of wholesome knowledge and inspiration—there is still a third field in which it has always been, and will always strive to be, pre-eminent. For no magazine for young folk should neglect the imaginative element that alike offers a stimulus to the imagination of the boy or girl reader and joyous surcease from work-a-day existence in the "once-upon-a-time"-ness of that realm of fancy "where anything can happen and the world is always young". Stories of this sort are sure to be found, in plenty, in every volume of ST. NICHOLAS, from the days of the famous "Davy and the Goblin" and "The Admiral's Caravan" to Will Bradley's "Wonder-Box". During 1918, the magazine will print a series of delightful fanciful stories under the general title of

## "THE JOYOUS TRAVELERS"

**By Emilie Poulsson and Maud Lindsay.**

A SERIES of tales told by the "travelers" to beguile the journey for the "Squire's Little Son". These stories will be profusely and beautifully illustrated.

### INTRODUCTION

"Once in the month of May when loud called Cuckoo, and fair bloomed the hawthorn, certain Joyous Travelers met at an inn by the King's Highway.

"And because they were all homeward bound and because their ways lay in the same direction, and because they liked good company and merry, they agreed to travel together.

"A Squire there was and his Lady:
Their little Son, and his good Nurse,
Two Sisters, young and fair to see;
Their Aunt and her Scotch Maid,
An Oxford Scholar, bound to see his mother;
A Chapman (peddler) with his pack upon his back;
A Farmer who had been to see the sights of London Town;
And with his servant, a sturdy fellow,
A Young Lord, hastening to his manor.

"And on their way, at inn, or brook, or spreading tree, each one in turn, a Tale did tell, to please the Squire's little son, and while away the time.

"Thus did they travel pleasantly from meeting place to journey's end."



The foregoing lists include only a few of the most prominent features of the new volume of the magazine. Other announcements of equal importance will be made soon, and in forthcoming numbers its young readers will have the pleasure of welcoming a play by Mary Austin, "The Man Who Didn't Believe in Christmas"; a thrilling short serial by George E. Walsh, "The Code Signal", telling how a boy discovers and helps to foil a submarine; papers on "Tactics and Strategy" and "Digging In", by Captain Frank E. Channon; "How President Lincoln helped a little girl to earn her missionary money"; "Over the Rockies by Electricity"; "Rediscovering the Mississippi"; "The Yankee Doodle Scarab"; etc., etc.

(See next page ➔)

## (*St. Nicholas for 1918*)

### For Country and For Liberty

In its July issue the magazine inaugurated perhaps the most important of all its departments, devoted to the development and increase of a genuine patriotic spirit, and entitled "For Country and for Liberty". It is dedicated to patriotic service in behalf of the young readers of the magazine, explaining the issues of the great world-conflict now in progress and calling attention to the various projects and methods that have received the official sanction of our government, by which boys and girls of the high-school age can render aid or be of service to their country. It has been enthusiastically welcomed by the zealous young patriots who read the magazine.

### The Watch Tower

A department recently begun is entitled "The Watch Tower", and, as the name implies, is a review of the most important and significant current events from month to month, thus presenting "history in the making" to its young readers. It has been ably conducted by Dr. Samuel E. Forman, for years a prominent instructor and the author of "First Lessons in American History". Mr. Edward N. Teall, a well-known journalist, and for several years on the Editorial Staff of the New York "Sun," took charge of the Department with the November issue.

### Nature and Science

Several pages, each month, are devoted to "Nature and Science", in which the young readers are introduced both to the wonders of nature and to the latest achievements of science and invention. This department has long been a favorite in schools and is regarded everywhere by teachers as a most useful adjunct in awakening and inspiring in their young pupils both the love of nature and interest in the various scientific projects and marvels of our day.

### Books and Reading

Of equal importance in another field is the "Books and Reading" department which for some years past has been edited by Hildegarde Hawthorne, a granddaughter of America's most famous novelist. A gifted writer herself, Miss Hawthorne has a sympathetic understanding of the needs of her young readers, and an unusual gift for skillfully imparting to them the love and appreciation of good literature. Miss Hawthorne is not content with merely pointing out the inestimable worth of literary masterpieces, but her glowing pages are sure to arouse an equal enthusiasm in the minds of those who read them. This department also has received the warmest commendation both in the school and the home, where its value and vital importance are fully recognized.

### St. Nicholas League

In this particular, however, the magazine itself has long set the example in the department, "The St. Nicholas League", which was inaugurated in November, 1899, and for seventeen years has been a union of cheerful, fun-loving, and industrious young people, bound together by worthy aims and accomplishments, and stimulated by a wide range of competitions that offer every member a chance of recognition and success. The four principal competitions are in prose-writing, verse-writing, drawing, and photography, and in each one the results obtained almost immediately and maintained regularly for some fifteen years, have constantly called forth expressions of delight and astonishment from all the grown folk who have read or inspected them.

### The Letter-Box

The St. Nicholas "Letter-Box" prints every month a selection of the letters received from its young readers, nearly all of them of a unique charm or interest. And they come literally from all over the world, for there seems to be no corner of the earth where St. Nicholas is not known and loved—from Alaska to Australia, throughout both hemispheres and even in the islands of the farthest seas.

**Now is the best time of the year to subscribe for ST. NICHOLAS, the best-loved magazine in the world. During this Autumn Season the two leading serial stories are begun. Moreover, those who join the great international family of ST. NICHOLAS readers now are sure of getting the wonderful Christmas number, which is of extraordinary richness and size, and which is usually sold out early on the news-stands. Subscribe now.**

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*of* ST. NICHOLAS

*published* monthly *at* New York, N. Y., For October 1, 1917

STATE OF NEW YORK. } *ss.*
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a *Notary Public* in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared WILLIAM FAYAL CLARKE, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the *Editor* of the ST. NICHOLAS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

| *Name of* | *Post-Office Address* |
|---|---|
| *Publisher,* THE CENTURY CO. | 353 Fourth Avenue, |
| *Editor,* WILLIAM FAYAL CLARKE | New York N. Y. |
| *Managing Editor,* NONE | |
| *Business Managers,* NONE | |

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WILLIAM FAYAL CLARKE.
(Signature of editor.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1917. PAUL F. WOLFF,

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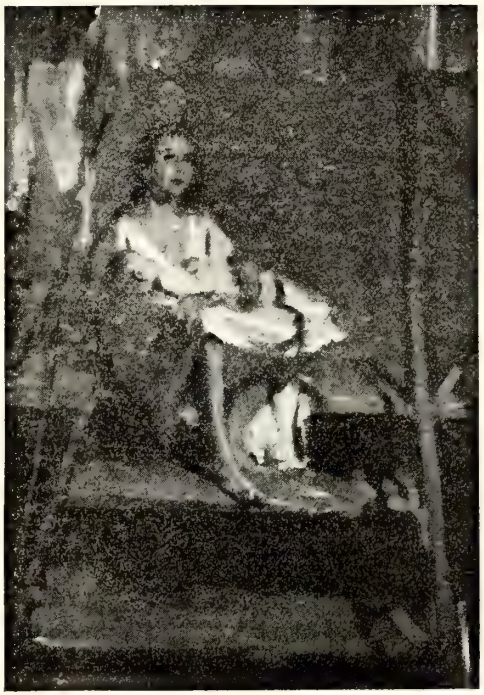
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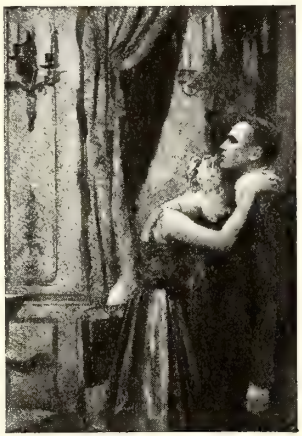
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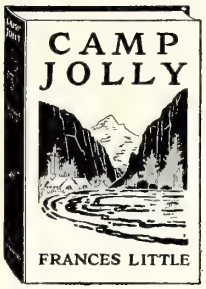
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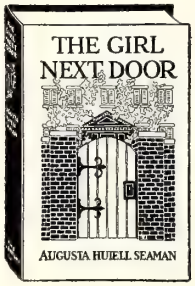

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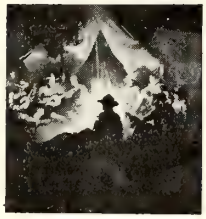
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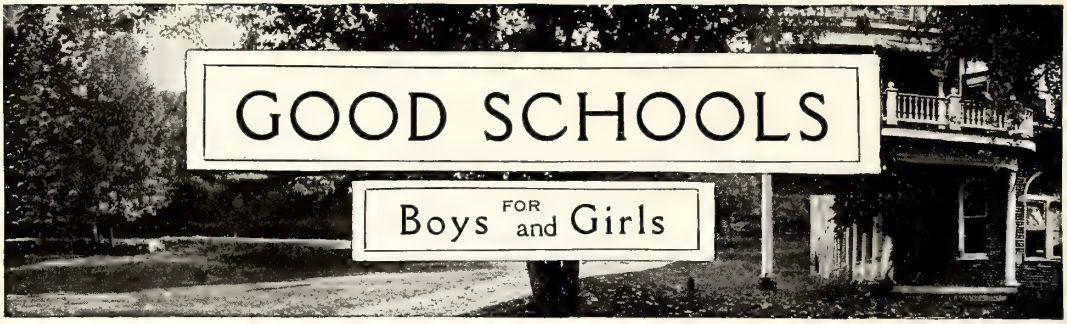
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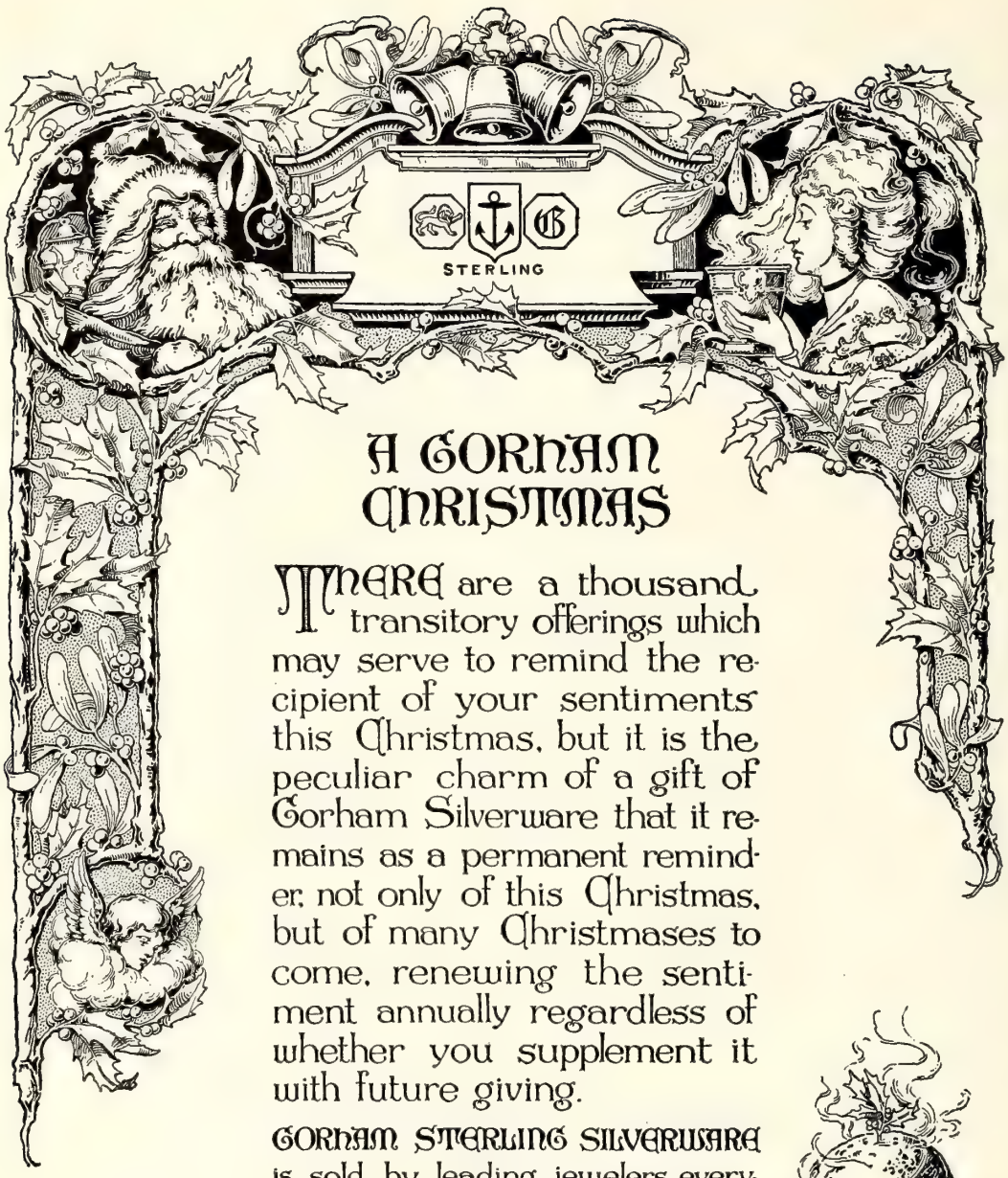
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"'My King, I have made you a new scepter for a Christmas gift.'"

# ST. NICHOLAS

DECEMBER, 1917 No. 2

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## The Unwelcome Gift

by Julia Yorke



NYGE, the woodsman, walked briskly through the gates of the park which surrounded the royal palace. On his arm hung a small basket covered with a white cloth. In the basket were some cranberry tarts which his wife was sending to her aunt, an old woman who stirred the royal soup-kettle.

As Snyge walked along the winding road the sun shone and sparkled brightly on the snow; and the roofs of the palace, which glistened through the tree-tops, did not seem nearly so awe-inspiring as they did on other days. On approaching the rear of the palace he heard a great deal of loud hammering, which sounded odd on the quiet of the winter afternoon. He hastened his steps and opened the door of the kitchen.

Along one side of the brick-floored room there stretched a long wooden table. Before the table was a settle, and on this were seated a scullery-maid, two butlers, four maids, and three small footmen; all dressed in the olive livery of the king's household and all busily cracking nuts.

They made such a racket and commotion that Snyge was obliged to walk the entire length of the room before he could attract the attention of Mother Jorgan, who was stirring away at the soup with her back to the door.

"What is the meaning of all this noise?" he shouted in the old woman's ear.

At the unexpected sound of his voice she gave a start, and would have dropped the potstick if a little boy, who was seated on a high stool behind the kettle, had not caught it.

After Mother Jorgan had recovered from her surprise she told the woodsman that they were cracking nuts for the Christmas feast. They should all have been done the day before, but the scullery-maid had forgotten and the baker was now mixing up the fruit-cake; so they had been forced to set every one to work who was not already busy, in order that the nuts should be ready in time.

While Mother Jorgan was muttering away in her shrill, cackling voice, Snyge had been staring ahead of him at the small boy on the stool. There was really no reason why any one should look at poor little Bebelle. He was by far the ugliest and most insignificant-looking person in the room. Hunched up on his stool in the dark shadows behind the kettle, he looked more like some odious goblin than a little boy. His thick black hair made a fitting frame for his pinched face. His nose was long and crooked; his eyes were very large and very black; and his pathetic little mouth, although tender and childish, made his face seem all the homelier by contrast. In his hand he held a stick upon which, with infinite labor, he was carving something.

However, Snyge, who said little, but saw a great deal, when Mother Jorgan had finished, pointed his finger at him and said, "Who is that?"

"I am Bebelle," said the child in a thin, but rather sweet, voice.

"And what is that you have there in your hand?"

"That," said the old woman, "is the scepter he is making for the king's Christmas present." And turning her back to the kettle, she looked significantly at Snyge and tapped her forehead. "Tell Snyge about your present, Bebelle, and perhaps he will give you a better stick of wood."

But the child held the stick close and answered fearfully: "Oh no, thank you, Mother Jorgan! No, thank you! this will do very well for what I want. But I will tell the man what I know of it."

At these words one of the small footmen, who had stopped swinging his hammer for a moment in order to eat a walnut, nudged his neighbor, and they both picked up their bowls of nuts and squatted down on the floor in front of the kettle. And the maid who dusted the royal throne, and was just then going through the kitchen, saw the pages and joined the little group.

"We will now have some fun," one of them whispered to her.

Bebelle, who was unaware of his audience on the other side of the kettle, turning towards Snyge, began his tale.

"You see," he said, "although I am lame and stupid and of no use to any one, the good king allows me to stay here in his kitchen. I sit here all day behind the kettle; and when Mother Jorgan has something else she must do, she allows me to stir the soup. Each day I have a crust of bread and bowl of froth from the top of the soup, and at night the baker allows me to lie behind the great oven. You see, I should be happy, for I have done nothing to deserve this easy lot. But sometimes I am very discontented. I was feeling that way one evening, and, as I was alone in the kitchen, I climbed up there on the table to look out of the casement. It was a lovely night, with all the stars shining, and as I stood there thinking how ashamed I should be to be unhappy when so much splendor was about me, I saw before me a beautiful hand reaching up on the other side of the sill. It clasped a stick of wood and a piece of paper. The hand laid them on the window-ledge, and I heard a voice like music say, 'These are for you, Bebelle.'"

Here there was a great nudging and giggling on the part of his unseen audience, and the little maid called out, "Where is the paper now?"

Bebelle leaned far out over the kettle, and, seeing the maid's duster on the floor, turned again to Snyge and said: "They often come to hear me tell about it. The paper blew into the fire," he explained, and went on: "I was very much frightened and wanted to climb down from the window and leave them there, but at last I found courage to look at the paper. On it were these words: **Justice, Mercy, Verity, Lowliness, Devotion, Patience, Courage, and, above all, Love.** I stood there a long time, and at last I thought how fine it would be to make a new scepter for a Christmas present to the king, and to carve these words upon it. They are pretty words and have a pleasant sound. I have never heard the wonderful voice again, but I feel that this is what it would have me do."

"Now tell about how the words come," demanded one of the footmen.

But Bebelle would only say, "I am at the end of **'Patience'** now, and, if you do not mind, I will start to carve again. You see, there is very little time left until Christmas."

As Bebelle concluded, his small audience broke up. The maid returned to her dusting, the footmen took their bowls and hammers back to the table, and Mother Jorgan, giving the pot-stick to little Bebelle, went to the door with Snyge.

With the return of the footmen, the noise was even more deafening than before. The fruit-cake was all mixed but the nuts, and the baker stood over the small regiment of workers, every now and then rapping up some lagging one with a cuff on the ears. Mother Jorgan was obliged fairly to shriek the rest of the conversation; or rather her part of it, for Snyge said very little.

"Yes, it is true. Bebelle has been carving at the old stick for weeks. He is very happy. But he is a stupid dolt. The king does not even know that he lives here in the kitchen. If he did, it would all be at an end with little Bebelle."

"And about the hand?" asked the woodsman.

"That? Oh, well, I don't know. No one here believes it. But I could n't say. It may be. But I know this much: I have seen the words come. When he was at **'Mercy,'** a few weeks ago, one of the huntsmen brought him a little half-dead squirrel for his supper. But the foolish child warmed it and set it free. When he went back to his carving, **'Mercy'** was there on the stick. That has been the way with them all. I know, for I have seen it with my sharp old eyes."

Snyge gave her the basket and went out into the dusk. He had stayed long past his time.

In a little while the noise in the kitchen ceased. The nuts were all finished and put in the waiting cake, and the room was quiet but for the crackling of the fire and the chatter of the servants.

"**'Patience'** is very hard," said little Bebelle to Mother Jorgan. "I get along very well for a while, but just as I have almost finished, the letters seem to fly back again. It is very funny.

"Listen, Mother Jorgan! Some one is coming. It is Shreve of the Fields." His face lit up until

it seemed almost pretty, and his hands trembled at his carving.

In a moment there was a low, mysterious bird-note. Some one drew back the bolts, and youth incarnate stood framed in the dark oaken doorway. Shreve of the Fields swayed there, his slim, vibrant figure outlined against the sparkling snow

"I have brought you this net to mend," he said, and his voice was low and wonderfully sweet. "I use it to catch the poor starving hares, and then I feed them. I will wait if you are not too long."

"Oh I 'll do it gladly!" responded the child; "and I 'll try to hasten as much as I can."



" 'TELL SNYGE ABOUT YOUR PRESENT, BEBELLE.' "

without. Pushed back from his thick dark curls he wore a bag-like cap of brilliant red. Over the shoulder of his tattered jacket was flung a brown sack, and in his hands he held a torn net. The lovely poise of his proud young head, the startling beauty of his face, the wonder of his gay, mysterious eyes, were all so intense that one looked again and again, awed, troubled, stupefied, unable to understand such glorious beauty. It was like some vague lovely dream that one had been forced by the very intensity of its sweetness to cast from his thoughts, now recurring to the mind. Even the servants felt it, and they looked again and again at the not unfamiliar sight of the radiant youth. And Shreve, unable as always, to understand this blind desire to pierce the mystery of his beauty, crossed the room with swift, free steps and approached Bebelle.

He put the unfinished scepter in his threadbare little blouse, and bent carefully over the net.

It had now grown dark, and one of the pages went about the room with a taper lighting the candles in the greater pewter sticks. One by one the butlers and footmen came in to eat their evening meal before they they should serve the royal dinner. All was light and laughter and good-natured raillery in the kitchen.

Shreve walked restlessly up and down the long room. Each time he passed the oven he would snatch a loaf and put it in his sack. "For my birds," he would say with his dazzling smile to the baker. Each time he neared the soup-kettle he stopped and watched little Bebelle's swift-moving fingers. Without looking up, the child would answer his unspoken question, "In a little while, Shreve, I shall have finished it."

As the graceful, glowing figure moved about the room all the youths stared at him and the maidens glanced more shyly from under their long lashes. But Shreve's thoughts were on the world outside and the mending of the net. However, when they spoke to him, he always answered sweetly in his lovely, winning voice.

"How are your friends, O Shreve?" said Mother Jorgan.

"They are well. Only it is cold in the mountains, and the beasts freeze; and the woods and



SHREVE OF THE FIELDS

fields are bare, so my birds want food. But wait, old woman; some day I shall know all of nature's secrets, and then winter cannot harm my people."

The servants now came up to the kettle to get their bowls of soup, and Shreve of the Fields stood in the corner and watched them silently.

At last Bebelle crept down from his stool, and slowly moved toward Shreve.

"Here is your net, Shreve," he said.

The beautiful youth took the net and held it before him. He tugged at it, but the mended threads held as firmly as the others.

"This is nicely done, Bebelle. When I come at Christmas I will bring you some fairy moss. How is your scepter?" he asked a little shyly.

"Oh, it is almost finished. I am on **'Patience'** now."

Bebelle pulled the stick from his blouse, and, as Shreve of the Fields bent over it, he saw that **"Patience"** was finished.

It was the eve of Christmas, and all the great castle was in a merry bustle and a wild confusion. From the little scullery-maid, who was giving the pots and pans a final scouring, to the queen herself, who was being fitted with a new crown, not a soul in the palace was idle.

The great hall was all green, and red, and white; pine, and holly, and mistletoe. The white pillars were twined with ivy and laurel; from the rafters hung great clusters of mistletoe; and the walls were banked with leaves and red berries. On each side of the royal dais stood a shining, glistening, Christmas-tree; and the galleries were hung low with Christmas greens.

It was not long until the king and queen ascended their royal thrones, the queen happy because the new crown was very becoming, and the king that there was a grand feast in prospect.

The royal court assembled with laughter and gay words and smiling faces; and of them all the princess Faunia was the most admired. Tall and slim and beautiful, as a princess should be, with the dainty grace of a young fawn and the proud young way of one, she stood by the dais with a dark, handsome prince. Each time he spoke to her, although his words were laughing, she knew that he loved her; and each time he looked at her, his gay eyes said what his lips dared not speak. The princess, like every one else in the room, was very, very happy.

In the kitchen below sat Bebelle, carving the last word upon his gift for the king. His face was very pale; it looked even thinner than usual. His great black eyes burned feverishly, and his hands worked swiftly upon the word **"Love."**

"I must not be late! I must not be late!" he said over and over again.

Most of the servants had left the kitchen and were sitting in the gallery of the hall above, watching the royal pageant.

However, there was a little girl left in the room, who had to remain behind in order to keep the fire going in the great fireplace.

"When will you give the king his gift?" she asked Bebelle.

"When all the others have given theirs and Shreve of the Fields alone is left he will give the king his beautiful raven, and then he will say, 'There is still another, O King, who has a gift for you.' Mother Jorgan has promised to let me go with her up the stairs, and when Shreve says this, then I will walk into the room and give the king his scepter."

"Shreve of the Fields may forget," said the little girl, shrewdly; "he thinks only of his birds and beasts, of others he has no thought. Old Jason, the butler, says he has no soul."

"Oh, yes, he has!" said Bebelle. "He is wild and timid like his animals, though, and is afraid to show it. He has told me how some nights he lies in his cave with his animals and longs for a human friend. But you know, Sana, he is so beautiful and so different from every one else that no one can be friends with him. But look what he gave me! It is fairy moss, and Shreve says that if I carry it, I shall be brave enough to walk through the great hall to the king and not be ashamed of my ugly face."

Bebelle held up a little patch of silvery moss, the drops of dew sparkling like diamonds upon it.

"Oh!" said the child, in awed wonder. "It is so beautiful! And do you think it really has such power?"

"Why, yes, of course; Shreve told me so."

"Ah!" sighed little Sana, "if I only had a tiny bit, I would not be so afraid of the butler when he scolds me."

Bebelle carefully tore the moss in half and gave Sana part of it.

"I must go back to my carving now," he said, as the child tried to thank him.

"And I to my fire. Oh, Bebelle! Look! Look!" cried Sana. "The fire has gone out while I have been talking to you."

"I will make you another."

When Mother Jorgan came in, the fire was again burning brightly.

"Are you ready, Bebelle?" she asked, her voice trembling with excitement. "Shreve is giving the king his raven."

"No, dear Mother Jorgan, I have mended the fire for Sana instead."

"You foolish boy!" and she tore the stick from his hand. "Why, of course it is done! Is **'Love'** not there as plainly as the other words? Come, we must make haste or we shall be too late."

As the two reached the door of the hall Shreve of the Fields was standing before the royal dais, his proud lovely head thrown back and one graceful arm stretched forth toward the king. On the tip of his finger there perched a beautiful raven, all glossy black streaked with purple, and as quiet as if it were still in the forest. As these two of the woods stood there in their perfect, unaffected beauty everything else about the gay court seemed curiously dwarfed and cheapened.

"O King," he said, in his sweet, thrilling voice, "here is a gift for you!"

As the raven flew from his hand to the king the courtiers crowded around the radiant youth; and Mother Jorgan, in the doorway outside, whispered to Bebelle: "Child, he has said nothing of you. If you still wish to do this dreadful thing, you must enter unannounced."

And so, with his scepter held closely in one arm, the child bravely walked into the gay throng.

As he neared the throne the courtiers drew back on either side; and standing before the royal dais, Bebelle said simply, "My King, I have made you a new scepter for a Christmas gift."

All about the throne lay precious and costly gifts; gold and tapestries, silver and precious stones. On the arm of the king's chair perched the beautiful raven, and in the queen's hand was a necklace of diamonds and rare aquamarines. Before them stood a child, strange and grotesque, holding in his hand a rough piece of fire-wood.

"I have made you a new scepter," he had said.

"Child," said the king, and his voice was not unkind, "this is not the time for you to appear before us." And he motioned a page to lead Bebelle from the room.

There was a painful silence as the child crept slowly from the bright hall, one hand still clasping the rejected gift. The queen signed for the royal fiddlers to begin their playing. The princess Faunia, who was standing with the noble prince under the balcony, remarked that such things were enough to spoil one's Christmas. The prince comforted her, and said if he had his will, nothing should ever happen to mar a single moment of her entire life. The princess was even happier than before. The queen told the king, who looked a little worried, that such things naturally happen in such great households, and that, with the serving of the royal banquet, things would be restored to their former gaiety. This last suggestion comforted the king mightily; and, indeed, before the page had even announced the banquet everything was as gay and merry as it had been an hour before.

In the bright warm kitchen there was dance and song, and every one there was happy, too.

That is, all but little Bebelle. He lay beside the oven, still holding tightly to the scepter, saying nothing.

Mother Jorgan brought him a bowl of hot soup. He thanked her pitifully, but would not touch it. Now and then one of the servants would come to him and shyly, but kindly, ask him to come and have some of the wassail. Shreve came down from the feast above. The baker gave him thirteen loaves for his birds, and he stopped to speak to Bebelle.

"I am sorry, Bebelle," he said, in his timid, winning way. "But I had no chance to speak of you. It was a shame that the king refused your

gift. But come, do not be sad. Every one is sorry, and things will not be made better by lying there."

But Bebelle did not answer. The tears sprang to Shreve's beautiful, mysterious eyes.

"Would you like to come and sleep in my cave to-night?"

Bebelle gave a little gasp.

"Oh, Shreve," he said, "that is the greatest thing in the world that could happen to me! But somehow I feel as if that could not be—to-night."

So Shreve of the Fields went a little sadly out into the starry night.

It grew later. Slowly and reluctantly the servants left the warm, friendly kitchen. Many stopped to speak kindly to the silent child, who lay huddled in his corner.

At last, though, they had all left but a little page, who put out the candles and skipped fearfully from the room. All was silent and dark.

The child lay there a long time.

Slowly and sweetly, through the still night, a voice softly floated.

"Bebelle, little Bebelle!" it said; "come to the door."

The child trembled, but did not get up.

Once again came the low, mellow voice: "Bebelle, I am waiting for you. Come, open the door."

As if in a dream he crept across the floor. Slowly he slid back the great bolts and lifted the door latch.

There in the snowy dooryard was a glorious vision. A figure that glowed and glistened against the snow like the fire and light of a thousand diamonds. Over the head was a veil like lacy frost. From the scintillating robes stretched a beautiful white hand.

"Come with me," said the voice, "and I will make you a great ruler."

Bebelle shrank back against the heavy door.

"Oh, no!" he cried, "I am not fit to be a ruler. I am ugly and poor, and of no use to any one in the world."

The vision reached out and took the scepter which Bebelle still clasped to his breast.

As the firm white hand grasped it the rough wood turned to shining gold and the letters carved upon it were set with pearls, and rubies, and sapphires, and other precious stones.

"These words that you have carved upon the scepter," said the rich, thrilling voice, **"Justice, Mercy, Verity, Lowliness, Devotion, Patience, Courage, and, above all, Love**—these are the attributes of a king. Only he who carves his own scepter, with these words upon it, only he is fit to wield it. Again I summon you to come with me, and I will make you ruler of a great kingdom."

And into the white night the child followed the steps of the vision.






BOYS SHOULD BE GOOD IN SUMMER, AND BETTER IN THE FALL,
BUT ALONG ABOUT DECEMBER THEY SHOULD BE BEST OF ALL!

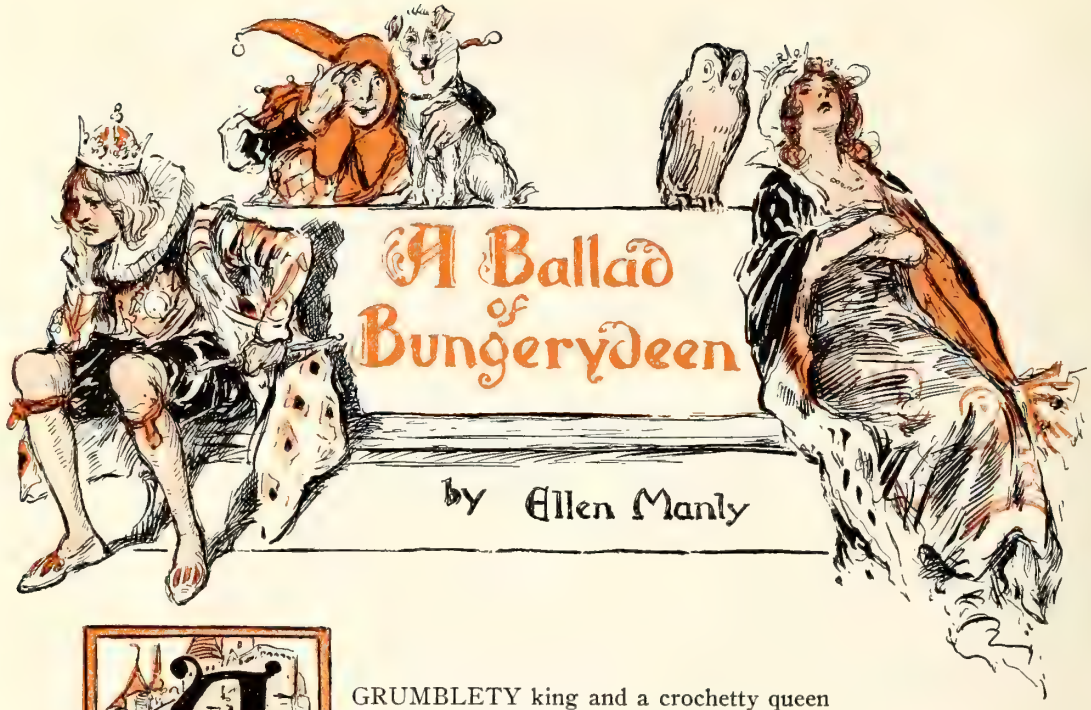
*Alice Crowell Hoffman*

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# FROM ALL THESE SIGNS

A HOLLY wreath; a Santa Claus;
  A spray of mistletoe;
A candy cane; a rope of greens;
  Some stockings in a row;
A chime of bells from tall church-tower;
  A carol sung with glee;
Sharp, frosty air; a glowing log;
  A stately hemlock-tree;
Bright tinsel gleam; soft candle-light;
  A great star in the sky;
The sound of sleigh-bells in the air;
  A hint of reindeers nigh;
A parcel tied with gay, red bow;
  A secret, too, to hide—
From all these signs, why any one
  Would know 'twas Christmas-tide!

*Blanche Elizabeth Wade*



# A Ballad of Bungerydeen

by Ellen Manly

A GRUMBLETY king and a crochetty queen
Once reigned, in the long, long ago,
In a beautiful country called Bungerydeen,
The land where the gringelums grow.
Where roses in winter are always the rule,
And the midsummer snow is delightfully cool.

This fortunate monarch was born to command,
And he governed his people so well
That peace and prosperity reigned in the land,—
At least, so the chronicles tell.
In his castle ancestral on Bungery Hill
A host of retainers awaited his will.

Whatever he wished, it was his to command;
His coffers were groaning with gold;
His table was spread with the best in the land;
He had jewels of value untold.
But, alas, for the Monarch of Bungerydeen!
He was subject to grumbles, and so was his queen!



He grumbled in summer because it was hot;
In winter that cold was his fate;
His castle was not in a suitable spot;
His wardrobe was quite out of date;
The scepter was short, and the crown fitted tight,
The regalia was old—nothing ever was right!



HE grumbled a deal at the crochetty queen,
And, judging from all that we hear,
It is plain to be seen she had probably been
A little bit trying and queer;
For she gave indications of singular taste,
And her household economy tended to waste.



SHE doted on mice, and, in spite of advice,
She fed them with cheese—by the score.
She kept a pet owl, a remarkable fowl,
And parrots she purchased galore.
While puppies and pussy-cats scrambled around
Till comfort and quiet could nowhere be found.





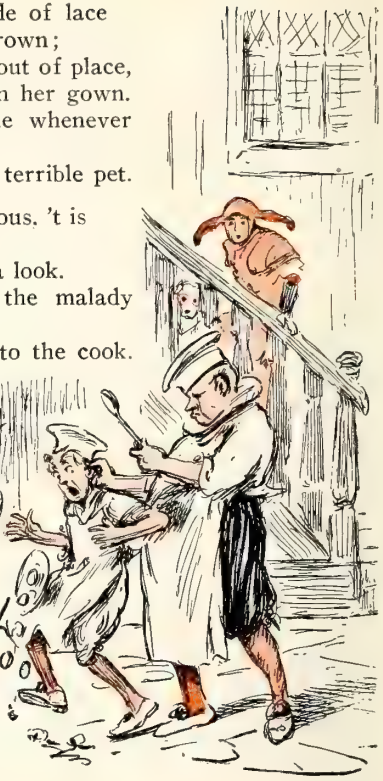
HE wore a mob-cap with a ruffle of lace
That suited but ill with a crown;
Her mantle was apt to be quite out of place,
And there often were rents in her gown.
So the king he would grumble whenever they met,
Which put the poor queen in a terrible pet.



Now, grumbles are very contagious, 't is said,—
One may catch them by only a look.
From throne to the kitchen the malady spread,
From the chamberlain down to the cook.
The courtiers they fretted from morning till night,
And even the ladies were barely polite.



THEY neglected to smile until, after a while,
They could not look pleased if they tried;
And the king was so cross that the queen, at a loss,
Retired to the parlor and cried.
The mice and the pussy-cats quarreled all night,
And the owl and the parrots were wild for a fight.





THEN something remarkable happened! One day,
As the holiday season drew near,
A warning, they say, in mysterious way
On the wall of the keep did appear.
It was written in very large letters of red,
And this was the terrible thing that it said:—



## NOTICE

*ON account of a very alarming report*
*Of a bad epidemic of late,*
*There will no celebration be held at this court*
*At the usual holiday date.*
*All persons are warned that there, therefore, will be*
*No dinner, no dances, no presents, no tree.*
*No Christmas* WHATEVER *to hope for this year—*
*While grumbles continue I cannot appear.*
(*Signed*)
SANTA CLAUS.





HEN the courtiers stared at each other, aghast,
And the ladies shed many a tear,
As sadly they thought upon holidays past,
With their bountiful pleasure and cheer;
But the king said, "Oh riddle-de-fiddle-de-dee!
My wise men must settle this trouble for me!"

The wise men the summons did instantly heed,
And, wrapped in their mantles of green,



THEY gallantly rode at the top of their speed
O'er the hills and the valleys between.
They were all of them solemn, and learned, and old,
And each wore a turban of scarlet and gold.

Then they studied the sky with a critical eye,
And they noted the new-fallen snow,
And they waited to see where the moon would be,
And whither the wind would blow.
Then said, as they courteously bowed to the ground—
"An Your Majesty please, a relief we have found.

"'T is a remedy simple and always at hand;
And easily tried every day—
When grumbles are like to prevail in the land,
It is smiles that will drive them away;
And never again need the trouble be seen
If these be in plenty at Bungerydeen."



WHEN the king with a grumble concocted a smile—
'T was a difficult task, he confessed;
But he persevered bravely, and, after a while,
A delightful expression possessed;
And the crochetty queen was so pleased at the sight
She was instantly smiling, herself, with delight.





Then the stiffest of courtiers began to conclude
It were wise to look cheerful and gay,
And the ladies forgot they had ever been rude,
And they beamed in the merriest way.
The chamberlain donned a benevolent look,
And the smiles of the dairymaid heartened the cook.

Then never a grumble was grumbled again,
And the queen laid aside her queer cap.



THEY banished the cats to a castle in Spain,
And the mice were enticed to a trap.
The intelligent owl, like a sensible fowl,
Flew away to the woods to indulge in a prowl.



The parrots refused to be pleased and amused—
Such bad dispositions had they,
And every attempt to console them abused,
So she hurriedly sent them away.
It is said that their language was hardly the thing
To be heard at the court of a good-tempered king.



With every one happy and smiling again,
There was general rejoicing at court;
And the wise men were gratefully asked to remain
And take part in the holiday sport;
For the record says Santa Claus came as of yore,
That the Christmas was merrier than ever before.
And the grumblety king and the crochetty queen
For the rest of their days lived content and serene.






# CHRISTMAS MAIL FOR OUR SOLDIERS IN FRANCE

BY ALBERT SIDNEY BURLESON

Postmaster-general of The United States

WHAT a day Christmas will be this year to our boys in France! Every one finds it hard to overcome the pangs of homesickness in a foreign land when separated from loved ones, or even acquaintances, during this season of home joyousness and reunion. But the thousands of American soldiers in France will feel the inspiration of adventure in a just cause, a sense of participation in great achievements for the uplift of mankind; and their Christmas fires will be brightened with the golden glow of a glory to be won in the cause of humanity. The spirit of a home Christmas will reach them at the front through tokens of remembrance and love.

Under the circumstances one can imagine the eagerness and the gratitude with which they will receive their Christmas packages from the United States. The most trivial of trinkets will arouse joy out of all normal proportions, because each gift will bear the admiration and the love and the prayers of the sender. And some of them will bear the stains of tears.

You may think of the Post-office as an unsentimental sort of an institution, but let me tell you that this year the Department is putting sentiment into its work. Its sentiment is that not a single American soldier shall be disappointed by receiving his Christmas parcel late—if it is humanly possible to get it to him on time. The Christmas mail must be sent through the waters infested by the German submarines before it can be trucked or otherwise transported to the various "somewheres" where our soldiers have their billets or cantonments in France; but it is now our expectation that every card, letter, and package that reaches French soil will be delivered before Christmas Day is past.

No doubt the readers of ST. NICHOLAS will be interested in the system that we have built up for handling our mail for American troops in France. How many of you know that we now have a Paris Post-office occupying a whole building in the French capital and flying the Stars and Stripes? Scattered throughout France, wherever bodies of American troops are stationed, the Paris Post-office has its sub-stations, corresponding to the branches of our larger city post-offices. In fact, the organization there is quite similar to a city post-office organization in the United States, except that our postal employees in France all wear military uniforms. Our flag floats over each sub-station in France. It would be a revelation of the extent of American progress in the war if I could tell you about the volume of mail handled each week by our French office.

Before the American Expeditionary Forces reached France the Post-office was there. Early last June a postal agent was appointed to act as our postmaster in France. He took with him a force of volunteers to provide for the expansion of the office.

Of the men who volunteered, the ten standing highest in each railway division, the money-order, the registry, and other specialized branches, were selected for the service. A committee made a study of British and French methods for handling army mail.

These officials found a great heap of mail in

a basement room in Paris, awaiting the arrival of the American troops. This basement was equipped as a temporary post-office, and next day all the mail was sorted and ready for the troops. Finally, the whole building was occupied and equipped as thoroughly as any post-office need be.

Then came General Pershing to Paris. When a camp had been provided for his men he asked the postal agent at Paris how soon a cantonment post-office could be provided.

"I can leave in two hours," replied that official.

"But how soon can you have a working force at the camp?" asked the general.

"I shall take my force with me," was the reply.

That evening the force arrived at the camp site. By means of boxes and other material at hand they fitted up an empty building as a post-office, and when the soldiers arrived they found their mail ready for them, with parcel-post, money-order, and registry windows in operation.

In the early autumn there were six such branch offices in France, and the service has been expanded as need arose.

To facilitate the work, all mail for the expeditionary forces is collected at central distributing stations in Chicago and New York, where it is sorted and sacked according to military units and dispatched to Europe by the first available steamer. The postal officials in Paris know where each unit of troops is located, and the mail is sent to the branches by railway or motor-truck. The "mail-men" of the camps are soldiers—orderlies selected from the ranks.

# SERVICE FOR THE JUNIOR RED CROSS

BY DR. H. N. MACCRACKEN

President of Vassar College, and Director Red Cross Junior Membership

Is your school a School Auxiliary of the American Red Cross? Does it have the Junior Red Cross banner hanging on its walls? Do you, as a member of that school, wear the Red Cross button that shows you are working in the same cause with the stretcher-bearers and ambulance-drivers at the front? Let me tell ST. NICHOLAS readers about what some boys and girls are doing for the Red Cross, so that you will start work if you have n't already begun.

Every school may be a School Auxiliary of the Red Cross. Our President Wilson, who is President of the American Red Cross as well, has told you in a special proclamation to the school-children of the United States that "this is your chance to serve your country." How does the school go about it? If it is going to work on clothes and hospital supplies to send to our Allies, it must have money to buy those supplies. When a school has raised a school supply-fund which represents twenty-five cents for every boy or girl in the school, it becomes a school auxiliary of the American Red Cross. Every boy and girl in the school brings as much money as he or she can give, earn, or save for this fund. Get your arithmetic to work and find out how large your fund will be. If there are one hundred pupils in the school your fund will be one-quarter of one hundred, twenty-five dollars. If there are four thousand, the supply-fund will be one thousand dollars. Don't let the number of figures in the sum scare you; remember, the more figures in the sum, the more boys and girls to raise it.

Here are some ways in which other schools have raised their fund: I know of some boys who went to a country school where most of the children brought their lunches with them for the noon-hour. They wanted to give toward their Red Cross supply-fund, but were temporarily short of cash. So they got together one day and laid out a plan for selling treats at the lunch-hour. Each boy asked for an extra piece of cake, another apple, or an orange, and they ran a lunch-counter. The proceeds, after a few days, filled up the hole in the school supply-fund, and that school became a School Auxiliary of the American Red Cross. Every boy and girl in it can wear a Red Cross button and work for the comfort of our men in khaki.

In another school they are collecting tin-foil to sell. Every chewing-gum and chocolate wrapper, every piece from Father's cigarette box, is added on to the shiny ball that one day will weigh enough to enroll that school in the Red Cross.

Other boys and girls are saving paper. Newspaper, wrapping-paper, tissue-paper—any kind that will tip the scales—will help out the school supply-fund. It takes hundreds of pounds of paper to help, but scrap paper is easy to find.

Then there are many kinds of entertainments that you can give for your Red Cross. Work on a play. If you can't find a play you like, ask some one in your school to write you a Red Cross

play. Give a series of tableaux of incidents from American history. Boys can do the acting, the rehearsing, and the stage-setting; girls can act and make costumes. Ask your singing teacher if she will help you plan a Red Cross concert for your school supply-fund. If Caruso and Melba sing for the Red Cross, why can't you?

Line up the athletes of your school and have a track meet, indoor or outdoor. People will come if they know you are doing it to enroll your school in the Red Cross.

These are all ways in which you can raise money as a school. Now, how can you as an individual St. Nicholas boy or girl raise money to contribute what you think is your share toward this work. Tell Mother what you want to raise money for and why. Perhaps she will answer that you can run errands, wash windows, wash dishes, dust, or make beds for her. You can save the pennies that you spend for candy, chewing-gum, sodas, and apples. Have a box and put in every penny you used to spend on your own pleasures.

Let us assume now that the money is raised and through your teachers you have obtained from the Red Cross organization in your town or city a special Junior banner, a certificate of your school membership, and a button for every boy and girl. The next thing you want is work that you can do to help the soldiers, and the children in the invaded countries abroad.

Our men need hospital garments; shirts, pajamas, bath-robes and bed-socks. The surgeons in the hospitals need surgical dressings for the wounds of our soldiers. They need crutches and splints. The boys and girls of France, Belgium, Italy, and Albania need shoes and woolen stockings; they need warm capes and coats; they need dresses and underclothing. Their own countries are providing for them as best they can, but the expenses of actual warfare and of the care of disabled soldiers and sailors take many billions of dollars. Are we, who have safe homes, good food, and warm clothing, going to let these boys and girls of our Allies go hungry? Every boy and girl who reads this magazine knows that we are not. There are hundreds of babies in the invaded countries that can't bear the rough treatment that grown-up people can stand. It is our part to see that they have warm, dainty baby-clothes to wear and good milk to drink. Don't forget that these foreign brothers and sisters of ours are homeless, cold, and hungry because their fathers and brothers are fighting our battles; fighting side by side in the trenches with our men. Are we going to let their children die of want?

Through teachers in your schools you can learn to make things that need to be shipped abroad. In the sewing classes girls may make baby garments, children's clothes, and hospital garments, directions for which may be found in the Red Cross manuals published by the Women's Bureau. Boys in the manual-training departments of the large schools can turn out splints, crutches, and wooden knitting-needles. In the cooking classes jellies, jams, and preserves of all kinds may be made, both to ship to the hospitals abroad and to serve as extras for the army rations in the home camps. And every one can knit! Major Murphy, head of the Red Cross Commission in France, has sent out a hurry call for one million, five hundred thousand sweaters, socks, mufflers, and wristlets to provide against cold weather. Boys in some of the schools in New York State are among the best knitters we have. They can tell you to a second how many stitches to the minute, how many minutes to a line, and how many lines to an hour. They think that if the officers in the United States army can knit and be proud of it, as many of them do, that boys in school can do their bit in the same way.

The Red Cross will do its share to help your work. It has arranged for the patterns by which you may cut garments. It will ship your supplies to the place where they are most needed. It is arranging for plays, lantern-slides, moving pictures, and pageants which you may give to raise money. It has prepared a story of the Red Cross, written especially for you, that will tell you what war was like before there was a Red Cross to care for the wounded; how Florence Nightingale became one of the best loved women of the English nation and why; how the Red Cross came from Europe to America. It will tell you what the Red Cross did at the time of the Dayton flood, the San Francisco earthquake. St. Nicholas has already told you about all this. It will describe its work in caring for the sick and ignorant in country communities. In it you will find a story of the Red Cross in this war, given in pictures as well as in words. You will find in the back of this little book of yours lists of books that picture the life of our boys at the front; the ambulance work; the daily incidents in the lives of Red Cross doctors and nurses. From these lists you will know where to find stories of Red Cross Dogs of War. Did you know that the Red Cross is now training some American dogs to work with our ambulances? One school in New Jersey is going to spend part of its supply-fund in buying a Red Cross dog of war. Do you know what canteen service at the front is? This "Story of the Red Cross" that will go to all school auxiliaries of the Red Cross will picture for you the work that American women are doing just back of the trenches to keep our boys well cared for.

The Red Cross will also send to school auxiliaries a manual of war supplies and a book on Red Cross citizenship. The first of these will give more definite directions for making the supplies listed above. The second will suggest some ways in which every Red Cross Junior worker may show in his own town that he is a patriotic citizen of the United States.

If your school is in Florida and is a school auxiliary of the Red Cross, you are working with the boys and girls in Maine. If you live in New York, you are part of the same big system which includes the schoolboys and girls of San Francisco. The Junior membership of the Red Cross is as large as the United States. There are twenty-two million school-children in our country. That means there are twenty-two million possible members for the Junior Department of the American Red Cross. Think what that means when they all get to work! And think what it would mean if every one of the twenty-two million should go home and ask his or her father and mother whether they would become members of the Red Cross. It would mean better food, clothes, hospital care, cigarettes, rest rooms, books and magazines for the men at the front. And it would mean care for the homeless, motherless children who are looking to America for help. It would mean that the men who are sent home from the front unable to continue their old occupation because of the loss of a limb will be re-educated to another way of wage-earning, so that they may continue to support their families.



A RED CROSS JUNIOR WORKER

Let me outline for St. Nicholas readers what the Red Cross has done with part of the one hundred million dollars raised last spring, so that you may see that its work is worthy of the support of every citizen of America. The Red Cross has a dozen base hospitals of five hundred beds each in active service in France. It has started its own motor-transportation supply-service in France, since the railroads are all in use for troops. It has established, in addition to the rest-station canteens, field canteens where refreshing drinks are served right into the front trenches. Each station can keep one hundred and twenty-five gallons at the boiling-point, and four thousand portions may be served in a day from each canteen. Nearly four million cigarettes and twenty thousand packages of smoking tobacco have been shipped to our men. One and a half million dollars has been spent in the purchase of foodstuffs for France. Relief has been sent to the eastern front also. Condensed milk is now going in large quantities to the babies of Russia. Our base hospitals and ambulance units work there as well as in France.

There are five hundred thousand men, women, and children in France suffering from tubercu-

losis. Here is where Junior workers have a chance to help directly. Every year Christmas Red Cross seals are sold to put on Christmas letters, and the money made by the sale goes for prevention of tuberculosis. This money is needed now as it never was needed before. Exposure to cold and wet in the trenches increases liability to this disease, and the poisonous gases used in the German bombs also have a bad effect on the lungs. More care than ever is needed to prevent the spreading of the germ. This means money. Members of the Junior Department of the Red Cross can work by selling Christmas seals that are to furnish the funds for this year's campaign. ST. NICHOLAS reaches you on the first day of December. Christmas is on the twenty-fifth. You have just twenty-four days in which to sell Red Cross Christmas seals to help out this work.



SCHOOL-GIRLS AT WORK ON RED CROSS GARMENTS

Christmas is the best time for any Red Cross campaign, for it is the Christmas spirit that the Red Cross represents, the spirit of helping others. It is the principle of service that is leading our nation to support its Red Cross so wonderfully — to give so much time, work, and money. The Red Cross asks for the best that every American citizen can give it to make this spirit of service spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific and to enroll every man, woman, boy, and girl who loves America and wants her to win this war because of the ideals for which she stands.

The Junior Department of the Red Cross gives you *your* opportunity—through your school—to serve. The whole country is waiting to see what its boys and girls can do. As members of the Junior Red Cross let us show them!

# HOW GIRLS CAN HELP IN THE HOME

BY WINIFRED STUART GIBBS

Lecturer in Household Arts, Teachers' College, Columbia University

THE good old Saxon word "lady" takes on added significance in these days of stress. "Loaf giver" is the literal meaning—so the dictionary tells us. Away in the heart of every woman, be she girl or grandmother, is tucked the impulse to give—to feed. The little girl who cuts out "thimble biscuits" is unconsciously preparing for the time when she shall bake the generous loaf that will feed the members of her household and fit them for the tasks of life. Never a battle, either literal or figurative, is won until some woman has first fed each soldier.

This high and holy task of feeding people, this "woman's work," has always carried with it large reward. Mothers have labored lovingly to learn the laws of right feeding, that their children might be well and strong. Parents and teachers have realized that the children might profitably learn of these same laws for themselves, and so we find our courses in "Domestic Science"—in Home Economics—taking more and more important places in school life.

"Fads" these classes were sometimes called, but to-day we have seen the "passing fancy" grow to fact—the fact of real service and the preparation therefor.

Now all this was in itself a gradual and slow development.

Our great-grandmothers lived the first chapters in the history of Home Economics. In those days of rugged pioneer activity it meant much to be a "good housekeeper." With all the intrepid hearts of them and with all their courageous strength of body these women toiled to make of

the new land a land of homes. Many times the hearthstones would have been cold but for the blazing fires of their own spirits. Often the family meals were meager indeed in variety of courses. There was no choice as between "local foods" and those that were exotic. Corn was served instead of wheat simply because corn was at hand and wheat was not.

So these brave and skilful women fed their families and helped to lay strong the foundations of the Republic our men are to-day defending.

Economic conditions were the results of simple, primitive living, and the science of dietetics had to be founded on necessity and common sense.

No doubt the girls of that time had often to help their mothers with the baking when they were longing to "go out and play"—just as do the girls of to-day. The bread that those girls baked helped to feed the soldiers who were to found the Republic, just as the girls of 1917 are helping to feed the men who will make it "safe for Democracy."

The thrill of living in a time of great events makes even common tasks comparatively easy. It is with the daily struggle with monotony that we are now dealing.

The girl who is helping her mother after school-hours is performing, first of all, the beautiful service of daughter to mother, but this is only the beginning. It may perhaps interest our girls to learn just what knowledge of food and feeding they should have, and then to consider how far-reaching may be the effects of the application of this knowledge.

A girl should know just what food each member of the family needs, how to plan meals that shall satisfy these needs, how to prepare this food properly, and how much the food shall cost.

Now this does not mean that girls busy with school and other duties must master the intricacies of food chemistry, nor that they need weigh each portion of food, nor otherwise trouble themselves unduly. The simple knowledge needed for a working program is easily summed up.

Girls should remember first of all that they and their brothers and sisters need food to build strong bodies for their future life-work, to re-




A FOOD-CONSERVATION BULLETIN

store the strength used in work and play, and to furnish power to carry on this work and play. Their fathers and mothers, as persons fully grown, have finished the building of *their* bodies, but they, like the children, need food to give working power and to restore the strength used in daily life.

The editor of St. Nicholas has said, "The department For Country and for Liberty is dedicated to such patriotic service as the readers of the magazine can render." So let the girls think

of the planning of the family's food needs as "patriotic service" of the very highest type. Indeed, this might be designated as the "Call to Arms," and the preparation of food the "Call to Service." Each girl may prepare her own "manual," not of arms, but of food, and she may thus go well equipped to her own field of service.

The general knows to a nicety just what part each regiment is to play in a campaign, and the girl may learn to marshal the foods represented in the five great groups so that she knows just which group of foods will provide strong muscles to carry the soldier into battle, which will furnish strong bones to meet the onslaught, which the heat for the struggle, and finally, how much driving-power is needed to carry it through.

So, then, when we marshal our forces we find that a man needs in a day twelve ounces of one, or of a combination, of the following: meat, poultry, cheese, dried vegetables, fish or eggs. To vary the above he may count every glass of milk taken equal to an ounce of any one of the others.

The soldier, either in home or military life, must have four pounds of fresh fruit and vegetables in order to keep the bony structure in good condition. He will need three-quarters of a cup of fat (this includes butter, oil, the fat of meat eaten, or any other fat in the daily diet) to keep him warm, and to this group he must add one and one-fourth pounds of bread or cereal; and finally, in order to complete the necessary amount of driving-power, he must have two ounces of sugar or one-third of a cup of syrup as an energy food.

Our Government at Washington realizes the importance of all this; and has issued just such directions as the above (Farmer's Bulletin No. 808) by way of helping us to prepare to carry on the war effectively.

The preparation of this food comes next. The first group includes both meat and meat substitutes. The principles to be emphasized in the preparation of meat are:

1. To sear the cut muscle ends so as to keep in the juices.
2. To render the fiber tender by careful application of heat.
3. To exercise care in all cooking processes where fat is used, so that there will not be an excess of grease.



USING CORN—SAVING WHEAT

The meat substitutes are made up usually of cheese dishes or dishes prepared from a combination of dried vegetables and milk. In the preparation of cheese it is necessary to see that the solid part is not rendered tough or stringy. One way to accomplish this is to grate the cheese very fine and then to stir it gradually into the hot mixture or cereal until the consistency is that of smooth cream. The preparation of dried vegetables will be considered under another group.

We have next to consider the preparation of the foods in the second group. These foods, the fresh fruits and vegetables, like most of the others do more than give strength to the bones—they also help to "regulate the body processes."

In preparing them, therefore, we must be careful to serve them in such form as shall best fit them to the needs of the digestive system. With fruits this is comparatively a simple matter, and the points to be remembered are as follows:

1. Be very careful that fresh fruits are entirely ripe.
2. If served with the skins, see that the fruit is washed, but it is best to remove the skins of all fruit to be served to children or any one of delicate digestion.
3. In stewing fruit the skins should be so thoroughly cooked as to render them entirely soft.
4. Stewed fruit may well be strained if special care as to diet is necessary.
5. Dried fruits are very high in food value, and should be served whenever possible without additional sugar. There are two reasons for this: first, because the sugar is not needed and is an unnecessary tax on the digestion, and second, because the Government is asking us to save as much sugar as possible for our allies.

Now as to the preparation of vegetables. The same principle holds good as in the case of fruits; that is, cook thoroughly so that the fiber is rendered soft and the skin non-irritating. It is also important to begin the cooking of the starchy vegetables in boiling water. The same is true of the cereals and grains.

Dried vegetables must be soaked long enough to render the cooking as easy as possible.

When we plan to warm our soldiers by means of the fats, we have little to do with actual food preparation beyond the careful adjustment of heat so that the fat of meats may be palatable. Our main stand-by in the fat group is, of course, butter. Here are some of the things that the Government is saying to us:

1. Many of us are eating more fat than we need.
2. Some of us are wasting fat by throwing it away. We must use bits of butter, fragments of suet, or the fat drippings from cooked meats.
3. Insist that all meat trimmings paid for be sent home.
4. Save all drippings obtained from cooking meats.
5. Render suet. Take care of the fat that you use for deep frying. Clarify fat.
6. Soften hard fats for use in cooking.
7. Substitute cheaper fats for butter in cooking.
8. The best natural fats to substitute for butter in flour mixtures are rendered chicken-fat and beef flank-fat.
9. Use the cracklings.
10. Do not waste any ham- or bacon-fat.
11. Utilize mutton-fat by mixing it with softer fat, by making it into savory fat for frying, and by rendering it with milk.

The breads and cereals belong in several of the groups. They help in the warming of the body, in the strength-giving and in the force-making. Our patriotic young cooks should remember that in cooking all flour and cereal mixtures they should be careful to cook the starch thoroughly, in the case of bread by thorough baking, and with cereals by long cooking in boiling water.

It is interesting to remember that sugar is one of the forms of energy most easily available. No special directions as to its preparation are necessary.

Perhaps the greatest lesson that the war is teaching us is that of the universal bond of brotherhood, the link that bands us together "For Country and for Liberty." When we analyze this we find certain practical obligations that we must meet before we are fitted for the highest form of service.

One of these responsibilities is that of wise and careful adjustment of our incomes. Naturally, the girls of the family look to their parents for this, but at the same time it is worth while for them, when studying the question of food, to learn the reasonable costs of food. Perhaps the best way to do this would be to take the suggested dietary for one person and make an estimate of the cost according to local prices. After this is done the girl will do doubt find her mother ready to confer with her and to instruct her as to the proper relation of the expenditure to the other items in the home budget.

In this way the matter of the home budget becomes one of vital importance—for a strong city and nation is made up of many strong and beautiful homes. The home budget may be a truly human document and may forecast a future of large opportunity for service.

# A GIFT FOR EVERY SOLDIER AND SAILOR

Christmas in the little American sector of the trenches, Christmas on the battle-ships, on the rolling, tossing Yankee destroyers in the North Sea, Christmas in many a snow-sprinkled village of France where American soldiers are billeted, in our training-camps behind the lines in Europe, and in the great cantonments here in the United States, will be a brighter, merrier Christmas because of the American Red Cross.

It is the ambition of the American Red Cross and of its thriving new Junior Red Cross to give a Red Cross Christmas present to every American

soldier and sailor, a gift all round. To each soldier and sailor the gift is to be an earnest of the loving protection which the Red Cross expects to throw around him for the duration of the war, a token of the affection of the American people.

What an interesting thing it would be to see the American soldiers in France receive their Christmas presents this year! Many of them are billeted with French village families. We can imagine these peasant children, whose ideas of Christmas gifts are sketchy compared with those of an average American child, crowding around "their American" while he opens the parcels that the mail has brought to him. One of those gifts will be the Red Cross present, perhaps one prepared by an American boy or an American girl. We can picture the admiration that such a gift would receive under such circumstances.

But while this is one scene in the military Christmas this year, a more familiar one—and one that may be witnessed by many American boys and girls—will be the Christmas at the cantonments. Here the Red Cross will not only contribute to the happiness with presents, but it will take charge of the cantonment celebration.

The American Red Cross has undertaken to erect in every cantonment, at every aviation field, and at every place, in fact, where American soldiers are quartered on American soil, a community Christmas-tree. Most of these cantonments now have at least thirty thousand inhabitants, so that a great, sparkling, and splendidly decorated tree will be needed to do justice to its responsibilities.

All through the holiday week the Christmas-trees will stand in front of the Red Cross warehouses in each cantonment, symbols of the nation's greetings, reminding the soldiers that everywhere in the nation the Red Cross is behind them. It is the largest contribution ever made to the municipal Christmas-tree movement. The Tree of Light in Madison Square, New York, is an old and happy story to most of the men at Yaphank cantonment, who saw it sparkle last year in the square beneath the clock-tower and heard the carolers raise their voices in Arthur Farwell's hymn "Joy, Brothers, Joy." And, no doubt, when these young men of the nation go home after peace comes, they will remember the Red Cross Christmas-trees at the army camps, and thus become leaders in the community Christmases in their own cities and towns.

For numerous reasons the Red Cross has standardized the Christmas present for soldiers just as it has standardized other supplies. The gifts that the Red Cross is asking its members to prepare should be uniform in size for convenient packing and uniform in price, so that what any one soldier receives from the Red Cross will be about equal in value to what any other receives.

It is not proposed to single out the men not likely to receive many gifts from home to be the recipients of the Red Cross presents. No matter how generous the supply of gifts from families and friends some of the men may receive, it is believed that the Red Cross gift will be welcomed by all. So, because hundreds of thousands of these Christmas parcels will be needed, if every soldier and sailor is to receive one of them, the Red Cross is asking all to contribute.

Each standard Christmas package is to be wrapped in a khaki-colored handkerchief, twenty-seven inches square, as a container. The handkerchief, of course, will be one of the presents.

As a hard bottom for the bag now to be improvised, use a pad of writing-paper, about seven by ten inches in diameter. This is for the letters that will warm the hearts back home as nothing else can; so a package of envelopes should by all means be included in the parcel. The standard khaki handkerchief and the writing-paper pad are supplied by the Red Cross, and are on sale at most Red Cross chapters.

Then select various articles either from the Red Cross list of suggestions or according to individual taste, but have a number of them, all of such a modest character that the total value of them will not exceed $1.50.

These articles should be arranged on the pad so that the entire package is the width of the pad and five or six inches high. The parcel should then be wrapped and tied with one-inch red ribbon, with a Christmas card under the bow. Again wrap the parcel in heavy, light-brown manila paper, tie securely with red, green or gilt cord, and seal with Christmas labels or American flags.

For gifts to be placed in the Christmas packets, the Red Cross suggests the following: pencil, postals, paper-covered book, home-made scrapbook (containing short stories, jokes, etc.), boy-scout knife, steel mirror, khaki handkerchiefs, neck-ties, mouth-organ, electric torch, compass, playing cards, mechanical puzzles (a dozen of which can be bought for fifty cents), other games, tobacco, pipe and pipe-cleaners, cigarette papers, water-tight match-box, chewing-gum, cracker confections in original packages, fruit-cake, preserved ginger, salted nuts, prunes, figs, dates, raisins, hard candy, chocolate in tin-foil, and licorice.

The Red Cross itself sells for five cents the Red Cross checker-board, a combination set of checker-board, checkers, chessmen, and dominoes made of heavy cardboard.

# LITTLE PATRIOTS

BY EDNA A. COOKE

The posters on the street all say
That we must do our share;
And all around are sailor boys
And soldiers everywhere.

Our nursie says they'll go away
Far, far across the sea,
And on the fields of sunny France
They 'll fight for you and me.

So don't you think that you and I
Might see what we can do
Then, even if we 're very small,
We 'll know we 're helping too.

And if we don't know how to knit
The mufflers and the socks,
Still we can save our pennies up
For the Junior Red Cross box.

For every one can do their bit
If they but do their best;
And Uncle Sam needs little folk
As well as all the rest.



## THE HOLIDAYS

Oh, the holidays are jolly days of happiness and cheer!
The holly wreaths and holly cards and holly stamps are here.
There 's holly in the window, too, and on the chandelier.
Oh, they 're jolly days, these holly days,
When Christmas-time is near! *Margaret Jewett.*

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## SONG OF THE SKATER

GLIDE, *glide, bend and careen,*
*'Mid shimmering blue and blue-white sheen.*

Oh, I am a boat
As idly I float,
And rise on a fairy crest!
And I am a reed,
A tall-grown weed
That sways to the wind-swept west.
And a bird that swings
On outstretched wings,
And turns not back to nest.

Oh, bright is the noon
And the wind is a tune
As I rock and bend and sway!
And follow the stream
Of a snow-white dream
On the path of the shining day!
And soar and sweep,
And outward leap
Away—away—away!

*Glide, glide, bend and careen,*
*'Mid shimmering blue and blue-white sheen.*
*Ellen Hasbrouck.*

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THE BIRD'S CHRISTMAS BREAKFAST



# THE DAVENPORT RECITAL

BY

HELEN E. RICHARDS

In a prosperous, Middle-western town, on the east side, at the upper end of a long avenue of comfortable homes, the street veers suddenly to the right and ends in Cedar Hill, a blind, but beautiful, alley, bordered with lawns, decorated at this time of the year with strange, nobby figures of gunny-sacking wound with cord and with piles of straw overlaid with boards. Back of these suggestions of the landscape-gardener stand four houses, wide-spreading, luxurious—the Cedar Hill homes of the Davenports, the Clydes, the Lees, and the Ludingtons.

On Christmas Eve it was the custom for Cordelia Davenport to give a recital, and the Clydes and the Lees and the Ludingtons came laden with their articles of commerce and hung them on the Davenport Christmas-tree at the end of the aristocratic Davenport drawing-room. The little group of families on Cedar Hill always celebrated royally, because it was within the power of Cedar Hill residents to do so.

"And Cedar Hill includes the élite of the town," quoted James Davenport, Junior, to his sister.

James, Junior, was taller than his father, and he carried himself with a regal air in spite of his extreme youth. He drew down the library shades and flung himself into an arm-chair.

"Sis, what do you say to going to Meredith's for programs? They have some gorgeous new leather things. I say white morocco, with the Davenport coat of arms in gold and blue. How 's that strike you?"

"And mistletoe instead of holly. Borts are taking orders now," supplemented Sis. "And I want the mater to try that new caterer on West Fifth. They say he is so much better than—" She stopped suddenly, and looked up at James with a startled expression. Both listened intently. They heard the voice of their mother talking to James, Senior, in the music-room.

"It is n't right, James. Suppose our boy was one of them! With all the waste and horror and misery of war, what right have we to spend so lavishly? We ought not to have any recital this year!"

No recital! James, Senior, gasped. "What will the Ludingtons say?" he cried.

"The Ludingtons can be thankful their son is in the treasury department instead of in the trenches."

James, Junior, slipped from his chair and caught his sister's arm.

"What is it?" he whispered. "What are they planning?"

"Hush!"

James, Senior, was speaking again. "We don't need to give up the recital, Cordelia," he was saying, in his low, generous voice, "we could have that and give the money, too."

"Then we ought to give twice as much and go without the recital!" cried his enthusiastic wife. "The Davenports have always led. Let us be leaders now, in giving—in sacrifice—in patriotism!"

"What will the children say?" asked her husband, suddenly.

"Never mind what they say, Daddy. They need just this sort of an experience. They are a couple of rank spendthrifts. Jim, Junior, has n't the first notion of the value of money—the way he throws it away on the bunch is something awful; and as for Sis—we 've encouraged her in—oh, well—

never mind. We 've always had more than enough."

Sis gazed at her brother solemnly. "Are we that bad, Jim?" she questioned under her breath.

He was silent. The fire in the grate crackled and snapped and leaped and fell. The voices in the music-room had dropped to a lower key.

"Is it for the Red Cross, Sis?" James, Junior, asked finally.

She nodded. "I heard the women talking at headquarters yesterday, but I did n't suppose they really meant it."

He slung himself forward, resting his chin in his hands. She watched him in silence.

"We 'll let the morocco programs slide—eh, Sis?" he laughed shortly. Then he looked up. "See here—how much money have you?"

"Not more than five dollars, I guess. I spent the rest for—"

"And I have n't got a cent!"

Sis gazed at him tremulously. "We can't have any Christmas," she faltered.

James, Junior, stood up. In the firelight, against the dark background of the library, he loomed like a young giant, his features standing out white, vivid, forceful, with all the Davenport pride and reserve. Quietly he put his hands in his pockets and stared into the fire.

"We have always led, Sis, the mater says," he said slowly; "and our house has always been gay at Christmas time. We 've got to keep it up!"

"But the money, Jim—if we give it all—"

"We can celebrate Christmas without money, Sis. What's family pride for? It is n't money pride, Sis, it 's the real article. The whole town ought to sacrifice, of course—you know it. Well, then, we 'll have our party just the same. And we 'll do it on what money we can scare up between us!"

Any member of their set who had overheard them might have smiled ironically. The prospect of the proud Davenports trying to lead Cedar Hill in the path of duty, and entertaining them meanwhile on what two young people could "scare up" was laughable. But it was also novel, and might have produced a slight thrill of curiosity.

The time had been, years before, when the Cedar Hill families were poor, when the Davenport Christmas party had been very gay, but very economical. But of late years, money and social rivalry had increased the expenditure and stunted the gaiety. Cordelia Davenport had been the leader, and if sometimes she sighed for more sincerity and less show in their social affairs, still it had not occurred to her that the situation could be remedied. So used had she become to professional singers and high-priced caterers, that to forego these luxuries, even out of patriotic loyalty, meant no Christmas festivity, and she sighed as she thought how empty Christmas would be without the annual gathering.

James, Senior, too, much as he hated the annual recital, began to realize a loss as the holidays approached.

"No Christmas this year," he said with a shrug as he met Mr. Clyde at the corner and they turned toward Cedar Hill for dinner.

"That 's all right," declared Clyde, seriously. "We 're cutting out some things, too. Sort of hard on the children, but our Christmas pile goes for the Defense League."

Silently the two men strode on up the hill, and it did not occur to either of them that they could celebrate without an outlay.

"What can you do without money?" asked Davenport, gloomily.

"I know," nodded Clyde. "It does n't rain Christmas doings—you have to buy them."

It was a few days before Christmas, and Cordelia Davenport was making her afternoon toilet before a tall mirror in her dressing-room. Tall mirrors were a passion with her. She was not a particularly vain woman, probably because she had little to make her vain, unless it was a well-dressed and commanding presence. Her face was not beautiful, but strong and determined, and wearing always that peculiar social mask which awes the beholder. It was rather because she loved spaciousness and luxury that Mrs. Davenport had placed magnificent mirrors in her rooms. One met one's self at the end of the upstairs corridor, in the alcove of the library, between the bay-windows of the drawing-room. As one descended the front staircase one saw one's counterpart descending opposite. Most of these mirrors were not built in, but hung close to the wall or stood steadfastly upon carved supports; and if any one of her family wished to give Cordelia Davenport an expensive present, he knew without asking that she could find a space somewhere for another mirror—or for a cut-glass candlestick. She was not sure which of these she liked best. James, Junior, once said that his mother ought to live in a glass house.

To-day, as Mrs. Davenport dressed, she saw reflected in her mirror the figure of a woman crossing the street and aiming straight for the Davenport front door. It was a portly figure, increased to absurdity by a huge collarette and a muff the size of two Angora cats.

"Madam Ludington!" exclaimed Cordelia; "what can she possibly want?"

This question did not imply that Madam's calls

were infrequent, but merely that her movements were sometimes social manœuvres. The recent stricture in the Christmas expenditure of the Davenports altered the social opportunities. The inference was that Madam Ludington was about to play a game. Time was when Madam had been motherly and sympathetic, but late years had smothered such tendencies. When Cordelia



"'ARE WE THAT BAD, JIM?' SHE QUESTIONED."

Davenport entered the reception-room, therefore, she was openly cordial—cordial and non-committal.

"It is so lovely of you to have us just the same as ever," Madam Ludington's smooth voice was very sincere, "just lovely! It 's the true Christmas spirit. You don't know how we all appreciate it."

Cordelia Davenport smiled. Was this sarcasm? She remembered uncomfortably the costly present she had received from Madam a year ago.

"Yes?" she parried pleasantly.

"And the invitations were too delightful. So informal. I told Sis I hoped she would always come hereafter to deliver them—she is growing into a very charming young lady."

"Yes," Cordelia assented, "I am very proud of my girlie—she is so trustworthy."

What had Sis done? What had happened? But Sis was trustworthy—she *was* trustworthy. Mrs. Davenport said it over frantically to herself while she smiled at her guest.

"We are all so delighted with your idea of entertaining us without an expensive outlay. It is so different!"

Madam Ludington's good faith was evident, but Cordelia could scarcely appreciate it—she was too much alarmed. Yet she must say something—she could not respond in monosyllables.

"I think," she said with sudden inspiration, and she marveled at herself as she said it, "that a merry Christmas is not dependent upon a bank account." It was such a novel thing for Cordelia Davenport to say—she had not expressed or thought of such a sentiment for years.

The fat, shrewd face of her neighbor lighted suddenly. "But we had forgotten that!" she exclaimed.

And Cordelia Davenport, who had come into the room with express intention of maintaining the Davenport pride and leadership, felt that she had scored.

When James, Senior, came home for dinner he was unusually gay. His wife told him of Madam Ludington.

"Trust the Davenports for upholding the family honor," he laughed easily; "they 've never failed yet, and they never will. James, Junior, and Sis came into the office this afternoon and told me they were going to entertain the usual crowd on five dollars. What do you know about that! Sis said she would bake four dozen cookies after some recipe she learned at school. Say, Cordelia, do you remember those funny Christmas cookies we used to have when we were kids?"

Cordelia stared.

"Four dozen cookies!" she cried. "They are n't expecting to feed Madam Ludington and the rest on *cookies!*"

James, Senior, looked alarmed. This appalling deduction had not occurred to him. But relief at the attitude of his son and daughter had made him feel light-hearted.

"Well—perhaps that is n't enough," he returned quickly; "Madam is a hearty eater." Then they both laughed till Cordelia cried.

"I don't care," she sobbed, "the children may mean well, but it will be perfectly awful to give those people cookies. It will—it will!"

Then she dried her eyes and went to arrange her hair. But she stopped short in astonishment.

"James!" she called. "James, come here!"

Before them, where the long broad mirror had hung, was a plain bare wall, and near the center, in an inadequate attempt to fill the space, hung James, Senior's, shaving-glass. Stuck to the wall with a pin was a bit of paper scrawled in the handwriting of Jim, Junior. "Merry Christmas, folks!" it challenged. They were disarmed. There was nothing to do but laugh and wonder. The little paper as much as said: "Don't ask any questions."

James, Senior, was silent for a space.

"Cordelia," he said finally, "we 've grown away —far away from the old simple good times. Perhaps the children can bring us back. Let 's not worry about their plans. We can trust them. Let 's be game."

Mrs. Davenport gazed at him contemplatively, a slight smile beginning to curl about the corners of her mouth.

"Why—" she hesitated, "why — p e r h a p s you 're right."

That night, when James, Senior, came down-stairs to dinner, he tripped on an innocent-looking yellow b a g which stood on the lower step. By an agile leap he saved his life and landed on the rug, while a little stream of lemons rolled gaily across the polished floor.

"Great Scott!" muttered Jim, Junior, to Sis in the dining-room; "I forgot to take away that bag."



"BEFORE THEM HUNG JAMES, SENIOR'S, SHAVING-GLASS."

A NEW faction had arisen at Cedar Hill, eager, inventive, at work for the preservation of a nearly lost holiday. All that Merry Christmas had meant, all that it had failed to mean because of worldliness and social bickerings, hovered fantastically before the residents of Cedar Hill. Secrecy met them at every turn. As the days passed on, the atmosphere became charged to its utmost with a current of mystery such as Merry Christmas had not brought for years.

On Christmas Eve there was a final rendezvous in the Davenport drawing-room—a flurried, joyous bunch of fourteen Cedar Hill young folks, whom James and Sis had pressed into service. for the occasion.

They ranged in age from the youngest Ludington—a five-year-old mannie in curls and kilts—to the Lee twins, just of age and decked in swallow-tails and white shirt-fronts. James, Junior, who had passed his twentieth birthday and overtopped the Lees by two inches, was master of ceremonies, and led proceedings in his gravely dignified way. Next to him was Isabelle Clyde, the tall blonde, a dream in blue chiffon, and then Sis—black-crowned Sis, whose graceful ways and glorious blue-black hair were attractions which made one forget the color of her gown.

Hastily they stationed themselves in the front hall, the Lee twins, butler-wise, at either side of the drawing-room entrance ready to pull the curtains, James, Junior, and Sis waiting to receive, and the rest hustling to the place allotted to them, to tune their various instruments. There was indeed an orchestra. It consisted of one piano, one violin, four ukuleles, and three combs, well papered, well tuned.

What a travesty on the usual Davenport recital! Will the proud Cedar Hillites be game? Is the contrast too great? Is it indeed true that it does not rain Christmas festivities—that we must buy them? At this moment Sis turned an appealing glance toward James, Junior. Did he, too, feel the inadequacy of their attempt? But her brother's eyes were fixed toward the top of the carved oak staircase where his mother and father were descending, evidently determined to be game whatever the cost, and smilingly concealing any misgivings.

As they reached the hall below, Cordelia glanced at the floor. The rugs were gone, and

from the big front door stretched a strip of canvas, fastened carefully with thumb-tacks.

"What 's this for?" she asked in surprise, turning to her son.

"We don't know, Mother," James, Junior, told her with a grin. "Mr. Lee asked us to put it down."

"Mr. Lee!"

At that instant sounded a lugubrious thud on the front porch, followed by shouts of laughter. The door burst open and in rushed Mr. Lee, Mr. Ludington, Mr. Clyde, and all the other guests, dragging a heavy weight across the mysterious canvas.

"Hello, Davenport! Got a place for this thing?"

"Oh, oh, a Yule log!" "All decorated with holly—how perfectly lovely!" "Wait, I 'll help!"

Pushing and laughing, the orchestra piled into the hall to see.

"It ought to have come at sundown," explained Clyde; "but the invitation said eight o'clock, so—" he gave a final heave, and the huge thing settled into place.

Never had the Davenport Christmas entertainment started in so unceremonious a fashion. The company stood about talking excitedly, and not till the old Yule log was actually beginning to kindle did they go upstairs to remove their wraps.

Cordelia turned to Sis and James, Junior. "It 's going to be perfectly splendid!" she said under her breath. "Your father and I almost worried, but they are taking it beautifully."

The music had begun—the violin wailed, the combs buzzed. Sis seized her mother's arm and pointed. Cordelia Davenport gasped. Down the staircase came Mr. and Mrs. Lee arm in arm in solemnity unequaled, and behind them trooped the other guests, all arrayed in costumes the splendor of which no Davenport recital had ever witnessed. Mrs. Lee's gown was composed completely of ruffles from the Sunday comic section, in pink and red and blue. Her husband was in black and white, as became a gentleman, with narrow spiral ruffles of the "Daily Tribune" and the "Argus-Herald" encasing each leg and arm.

Were they game? Could anything in all the great town with its wealth and pride, its poverty and greater pride, its struggles and sorrows, its jealousies and joys, equal the true Christmas spirit of haughty grandmother Ludington in her rustling gown of fine-print "want ads"?

The youngest Ludington jumped before her and clapped his hands and cried, "Oh, Gamma! Gamma!" and jumped again and lost his balance on the waxed floor and had to be hugged and comforted.

The orchestra trembled and squeaked, and failed in laughter. The guests rustled and swished and laughed, while the Lee twins, faithful to their office, drew back the heavy crimson portières and revealed the Christmas drawing-room. There were no festoons of ground-pine, no holly wreaths, not even the ancient bunch of mistletoe—but a blaze of glory that dazzled and blinded. The walls were lined with plate-glass mirrors, full length, expansive, reflecting and re-reflecting in bewildering infinity, multiplying a thousandfold the candles burning in Cordelia Davenport's cut-glass candlesticks. There was the big library mirror, with its gilded frame, the mirrors from dining-room, hall, and guest-rooms, and all the family looking-glasses—everything that would reflect. And in the center of the room, upon a tiny table, stood a diminutive Davenport Christmas-tree, its tiny candles glittering and winking at their million reproductions reflected on every side. There were fifty Christmas-trees —there were hundreds—millions! There were twenty-five guests—there were fifty—there were a hundred!

And then the recital began with an opening chorus by the Cedar Hill fourteen—the quaint old ballad they had learned at school:

> "God rest ye, merry gentlemen,
> Let nothing you dismay,
> For Jesus Christ, our Savior,
> Was born on Christmas day."

After the singing was over, Ludington turned to James, Senior.

"This is great!" he cried. "Why did n't we ever do it before? What 's this, Sis? Going to give these to me?" he went on comically. She had paused before him with a silver tray of tiny cards.

Sis laughed. "No, sir. You may have just one. We 're going to set you all to work. The card will tell you what to do."

"Number four! Number four! Where 's number four?" called Archie Clyde, rushing frantically about.

"Oh, Isabelle, are you *seven?* You and I are to beat the eggs!"

"Number four—number four!"

James, Senior, roused. "What's all this about? Why, I'm number four—my card is marked four. Here, Archie, you scalawag, what do you want?"

The boy poised on one leg in front of him and read from his card: "Help number four turn the freezers."

"'When the gong sounds, lead the way to the kitchen,'" read Mrs. Lee, meditatively. "Why—where *is* the kitchen?"



"THEY DREW BACK THE PORTIÈRES AND REVEALED THE CHRISTMAS DRAWING-ROOM."

Madam Ludington was adjusting her eyeglasses. "Here, somebody," she cried; "do read my card for me!" She handed it to a curly-headed Ludington.

"Oh, Grandma! You are to cut the cake! Oh, is n't this fun? Wait— I 'll tell you what it says. 'Please cut the cake which you will find on the broad shelf in the serving-room. There is a knife in the left-hand upper drawer of the kitchen cabinet.' "

"Mercy!" cried Madam; "how can I ever do anything in these paper furbelows?"

A gong sounded above the din. "Come on, everybody," called Mrs. Lee; "we 're going to the kitchen!"

"The freezers are all packed—all you have to do is keep them rolling," explained James, Senior, to Archie, after an examination of the two rounded tubs which seemed screwed to the table.

"Where's the egg-beater? Where's the—"

"Does n't it tell? Why, yes! 'On hanger above the sink'—here it is!"

Such laughter, such informality, never had been known. The newspapered guests flew back and forth. They folded paper napkins, they arranged plates of cookies, they beat eggs, and turned them stiff and foaming into the lemon sherbet. They carried chairs, they drew water and filled glasses.

"I 'm to light the candles on the cake," sang Mrs. Clyde; "but where are the matches?"

"Here—here—in this tin box!"

"Well, I 'll eat my hat, if I ever went to a party like this!" exclaimed Ludington.

"Oh, you must n't, Mr. Ludington!" called Sis. "There's johnny-cake, you know."

"Johnny-cake?"

"Why, yes," put in James, Junior; "we 're saving on wheat, you know; but it 's got nuts and raisins in it—oh, it 's a sort of glorified johnny-cake! Sis made a baby cake at the same time, and I sampled it."

At last all was ready, and the company returned to the Christmas drawing-room to eat what they themselves had served.

"You see, we could n't have a caterer," Sis explained.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" the voice of James, Junior, rose above the din, and they looked to where he stood, straight and tall, between the bay-windows. "Ladies and gentlemen. Twenty-five years ago to-night, on Cedar Hill, in the Davenport parlor, nine persons gathered to celebrate Christmas Eve. On that night a compact was made in the light of the Christmas candles to the effect that so long as they were neighbors, in sickness, or in health, in adversity as well as prosperity, in *war as well as peace,* they would, unless unavoidably prevented, spend each ensuing Christmas night together. Those nine persons were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Clyde, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Ludington, Madam Ludington, and Mr. and Mrs. James Davenport. Wherefore we, the children and heirs of the aforesaid persons, have determined that, so long as the power within us lies, we will, with sincerity and good will to all, aid and abet the aforesaid persons, and if at any time their courage fails, or money is otherwise diverted, we will, by reason of our inherited ability and traditional inventiveness, provide such entertainment as may be needed for the annual occasion. In token whereof we present you with this birthday cake, holding twenty-five candles, each one of which represents a single Christmas celebration during the past quarter-century. And," he added with a grin, "as there are now twenty-five of us, including two guests, there is just one piece apiece with a candle for each!"

Cordelia Davenport's eyes glowed. She turned to her daughter.

"Oh, Sis!" she breathed, "how did you know? Who told you?"

"Madam Ludington. And oh, Mother, she 's been just the best sport! She suggested the paper costumes, too. Do look at her!"

The old lady was shaking with laughter, while she tried to repair a damaged paper flounce with pins.

What gaiety—what laughter—what talk of years ago!

And then, at last, amid the clamor of tongues there sounded distant sweet chords. The guests paused and turned to look. Beyond the arched doorway sat Sis at the piano, and close beside her, his blue eyes watching her face, stood the youngest Ludington, the little mannie in curls and kilts, and sang in his clear boy's voice the Christmas song which Martin Luther sang four hundred years ago:

'Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head.
The stars in the bright sky looked down where He lay
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay!"

Beneath the sweetness of the simple song the wild gaiety was hushed. Absurdity and sweet sincerity were blended. No one had missed the professional singers, nor the white morocco programs, nor the caterer from West Fifth Street. The humiliating cookies, the absurd, revolving ice-cream freezers, and the garish paper costumes had become symbols of "Peace on earth."




THE "UNCLE REMUS" FIREPLACE IN THE CARNEGIE LIBRARY OF ATLANTA

# A TRIBUTE TO "UNCLE REMUS"

BY K. H. WOOTTEN

ALTHOUGH Joel Chandler Harris's timidity with grown people was proverbial, so, also, was his love for children; and in turn, the children about his home loved him dearly, not only as creator of the *Uncle Remus* stories, but as their good friend.

So it was only fitting that when the Carnegie Library of Atlanta was built the children's room should contain some tribute to the author whose stories are more popular there than all others.

The children's room in this library is a great big roomy place, with sunny buff walls, and across one end is the *Uncle Remus* mantelpiece. Miss Wallace, the librarian, was a great friend of Mr. Harris's, and it was she who originated the idea of the mantel and supervised its erection.

The broad mantel-shelf is of dark brown oak. Above it is a panel with the well-known lines from Stevenson, and in the center is a niche in which it was hoped to have a bust of Mr. Harris, but in which a saucy *Brer Rabbit* now keeps watch.

The large open fireplace burns "sure-enough" logs six feet long, and all around the opening are fourteen-inch-square blue-and-white tiles painted with the pictures made for "Uncle Remus" by A. B. Frost. The center tile shows *Uncle Remus* telling the tales to the *Little Boy,* those immortal

tales of all the "critters." The fire-light flickers on *Brer Rabbit* and *Brer Fox, Brer Bear* and *Brer Wolf, Brer Tarrapin* and "all the other beasts."

Almost any day the pictured tales are surrounded by a group of little mothers who tell the stories to baby brothers and sisters.

On December 9 of each year the birthday of Joel Chandler Harris is celebrated in the library with a program of his stories and songs (songs set to music by Edward McDowell and Mrs. C. W. Hubner). More than five hundred children have come to one of these birthday parties. Once Mr. Harris himself promised to come; but when the time arrived, his timidity kept him away, and he sent this note to the librarian:

My Dear Miss Wallace:

I do not know how I can ever convey to you my gratitude for making my poor birthday an occasion for celebration by the children of Atlanta. No higher tribute could be paid than this; and I am far from being sure that I deserve it. Yet what a great thing it would be if, after all, I did deserve it!

I should like to be there—but how can I face the children—their beauty, their sweetness, their innocence—how can I appear before these little ones without bursting into tears of gratitude? How could I, knowing what they are there for, behold them without making great display of what *Brer Rabbit* would call his big boo-hoo? I depend upon your woman's heart—which never fails to know—to sympathize with what I mean—and what I feel.

Your faithful and affectionate friend,

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

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HIS FIRST CHRISTMAS

# CINDERELLA'S GRANDDAUGHTER

BY BETH B. GILCHRIST

## Chapter II

Dorothea lay in her pineapple bed and luxuriated. Part of the luxuriating consisted in remembering what she was not doing. She had not the remotest idea what o'clock it was. Oh, the bliss of not having to care! She could lie abed with the sun up, and own a clean conscience. She need not listen for noises from the kitchen to make certain that Bridget was astir. There were no twins to button, no downstairs rooms to set to rights. Presently she would not have to go out to the range and supervise the cooking of father's egg. The percolator would take care of itself. She had nothing to do but nap and stretch and snuggle deeper into her lavender-scented pillows and think how riotously and righteously lazy she was.

Yesterday morning seemed very far away—an awakening in another existence. Dorothea contemplated it calmly and wondered not very acutely how Elise was getting on to-day. It surprised her to find that she was not worried. She had expected to worry. "They will manage somehow," she said to herself, and let it go at that. But she loved them all at home more than ever. She lay and thought about how dear and lovable they were. It had not needed absence to make her love them, but absence had certainly smoothed out the kinks that now and then knotted the smooth thread of her affections. The twins in retrospect were never exasperating. Elise was never "cocky," only high-spirited. "I believe I did need to come away," mused Dorothea. "Elise will get along splendidly. She must have a great deal of executive ability. Certainly she engineered me out of the house very neatly."

Presently a tray arrived in the hands of a trim maid, a tray that gave forth a delicious aroma of coffee. "I 'll treat myself to it this month," thought Dorothea; and, slipping her arms into a pink breakfast-jacket that looked as pretty and as unsubstantial as gossamer, she sat up to melon and rolls and coffee.

On the tray, tucked into a bunch of pink Japanese anemones, was a note:

My dear Little Girl:

I hope you slept well your first night in Fairwood. What do you say this morning to the Country Club? You will find sport clothes in the closet. No hurry. We will go over about ten.

Aunt Ida.

Dorothea nibbled her melon and reflected. The Country Club meant the tennis tournament, and the tennis tournament meant— For a minute the old prudent, sensible Dorothea looked out of the brown eyes. Marjorie Lake would expect her to play, and she could n't put up any kind of a game; she had served on a court exactly three times during the past summer. The next minute the sensible feeling weakened. "What do you care?" whispered an irresponsible imp. "Nobody here knows you. Go ahead and play and have a good time! That 's what you 're here for!"

"Why not?" said Dorothea, and her eyes sparkled. "I always did manage, when I had to, to play better than I ever thought I could." She stared hard at the delicate pink blossoms. "Can you tell me any reason why I should n't?" she asked politely. Then she laughed, a ripple of pure merriment.

The laugh seemed to settle it. An odd feeling of lightness possessed her—a gay-hearted carelessness of consequences. A month, four weeks out of—forever. The month had no yesterday, no to-morrow. A page by itself with no antecedents, no consequents, it stood quite isolated from the rest of Dorothea's book of life as she saw it. When the month was up, she would go home to be happy again in the old home ways. Till then she would be happy in new ways. No one could be happy who was always timidly saying, "no, no, no." Therefore, when there was the ghost of a chance, she would boldly say "yes," and let the results take care of themselves. In the specific case the results would undoubtedly be a lost tennis game, but what of it? She would have had the fun of being part of the tournament.

"For a month," said Dorothea to herself, "I shall let myself go. I 'm going in for everything, *everything* that comes up, whether I know how or not. I 'll play the game thoroughly—for all there is in me."

The new decision imparted a verve and sparkle that clothed demure Dorothea as jauntily as did the sport clothes that presently equipped her in white from head to heel.

"Well, well!" Aunt Ida kissed the girl warmly on both cheeks. "You look ready for business—in more senses than one. That 's right. It 's a glorious morning, with a tang of October wine in the air, in spite of the warmth."

"Oh, it 's glorious!" said Dorothea. "It makes me feel skittish."

"Glad to hear it. Playing tennis this morning?"

"Yes, if they want me."

"Good. I like to see a girl game."

"It looks to me like a month to be game in," Dorothea explained. "But if you see me starting to do anything I ought n't, you will stop me—won't you, Aunt Ida? You see, if I once start being game, I may not know where to stop, all by myself."

"I feel inclined to risk it, my dear. But I will remember that you have given me permission to call, 'Down brakes!' "

"Oh, thank you! Now I have nothing to worry about."

The Country Club-house was low and white and spacious, clinging to the crown of a wind-swept hill. To Dorothea, on this late September morning, it looked alive with people. She was too unspoiled to be thinking of herself, and she followed Aunt Ida from the motor as unconscious of observation as Don Pedro, Aunt Ida's big setter.

Marjorie Lake pounced on her. "Oh, here you are! Will you enter the doubles? Or would you rather play singles? Or both?"

"Singles," said Dorothea. "I don't want to involve anybody else in my downfall."

"Come on and involve me," Gerald Stanton proposed. "I 'm an eleventh-hour entry, too."

"You can't arrange it that way, Gerald," said Marjorie. "You have to draw for partners in the doubles. Better go in—may I call you Dorothea? It takes so long to say Miss Graham. You see, we 're all entering in the doubles, Dorothea. The real scientific players are mostly booked for singles."

"I certainly don't belong with them. Enter me in the doubles, please, Marjorie."

"I 'm going off to fix the straws or whatever you draw with," Norman Lake declared.

"I 'm going with him to see that he does it right," said Lawrence Burt. "Any particular partner you want, Dorothea? You can't have me. Two such star players together would give the rest of the bunch no show at all."

In the end Dorothea found herself beside Barnard Gleason on one side of a net, with Lawrence Burt and a girl whom she had just met on the other. Games were in progress on half a dozen different courts at the same time. A few onlookers gathered. Dorothea gripped her racket a trifle nervously and turned her mental back squarely on an insidious little wish that she had not been quite so "game." "It 's no way to do to wobble when you have once made up your mind," she admonished herself severely. "You've burned your bridges. They are n't there. Don't be a Lot's wife. Eyes *front!*"

Lawrence Burt marched solemnly up to the net. "Shake, deadly rival! I 'll wager you the best saucer of pink ice-cream you ever tasted that you 're simply not in it with me."

Dorothea shifted the racket to her left hand and her firm little fingers met his. "Done!"

Quietly she walked back to position. Her heart had stopped pounding; the racket swung easily at her side. The bit of fun had cleared the air for her. It was all a lark, anyway. But she would do her best for Barnard Gleason. He was the kind of boy who was likely to mind defeat.

On the big piazzas of the club-house the players, as their games ended, wet their dry throats with lemonade and watched the fluctuations of the scores that were not yet finished. It was pre-eminently "Youngsters' Day," but here and there a few older women rocked and knitted and watched, or played bridge in a sheltered corner.

A group of ex-players surrounded Dorothea's hostess, chattering volubly.

"She 's the sweetest thing, Mrs. Wright!" they announced glibly. "We 're all crazy about her."

"So pretty," cooed Fay Warren. "Her eyes are lovely."

"And such pretty clothes!" approved Allison Burt.

"She knows how to wear them," Fay put in.

"Listen to the expert," chirped Marjorie.

"That makes all the difference in the world with clothes," Fay declared. "Look at her now."

"She 's a picture!" Marjorie declared; "but that is because she is so graceful and— My, that was a dandy play!"

"She 's quick as chain-lightning," Henry Gleason commented. "And I thought she told us she was rusty."

"Perhaps she does n't call it playing," suggested his cousin.

"She 's seconding Barnard pretty well," he returned. "They 'll get this game, sure. I wonder how the score stands."

"What *I* like about Dorothea," Marjorie was explaining to Mrs. Wright, "is she 's so different from the rest of us. Not outside. But her ideas are different. And they 're interesting. Oh, of course, you can't come near her without liking her! Will she be in town this winter?"

"I think not, Marjorie. I count myself lucky to have her here now."

"Your niece, I think you said."

"By courtesy only. Her mother was my most intimate friend."

"I don't wonder—if she was anything like her daughter. Can't she sell pop-corn and peanuts

with us at the fair? Mother will be sure to want her."

"I have no objections. You must ask her."

"Mother will. I 'm just bespeaking her now. Poor Mother! She's getting to be a perfect wreck with it all on her shoulders. But she will do anything for the Red Cross. And with everybody helping as they are, it 's sure to be a huge success. The boys are coming up for the day from college. What was that?"

"Dorothea returned a difficult ball."

"Wish I 'd seen it. Oh, they 've won, have n't they? I believe her place was by rights in the singles." Marjorie leaned far over the balustrade. "*Now* who says she is n't in practice?"

"I do." Dorothea mounted the low steps imperturbably. Damp brown curls clustered at her temples, her cheeks were flushed. "Is that lemonade? Oh, will somebody please give me a glass quickly?"

Half a dozen boys jumped for the punch-bowl, but Gerald Stanton was at Dorothea's side before the others had more than reached it.

"How are you going to make us believe that story?"

She accepted the glass smilingly. "It 's so. It truly is. I used to play a good deal two years ago. Now and then in an emergency some of it comes back. My partner did most of the work to-day."

"No such thing," said Barnard Gleason, gallantly. "We did it together."

"Dorothea owes me a saucer of pink ice-cream, anyhow," said Lawrence Burt, unblushingly.

"So I do. I 'll see you get it some day, if I have to make it myself."

They laughed uproariously, as at a good joke.

"I 'm hot," said Lawrence, "and thirsty. And there 's no day like to-day."

"To-morrow may be better," countered Dorothea, "or the day after. And that lemonade bowl is half full this minute."

"Go to it, Larry!" urged Barnard. "Go to it. Did n't you invite anybody else to this party?"

"Of course I did n't! It took nerve enough to invite myself."

Dorothea caught a glance from Mrs. Wright that set her pulses thrilling. "It was an oversight." The soft voice carried easily through the merry group. "You see, we were so excited deciding to have a party that we put off inviting the guests until we should find out whose party it was. Now it turns out to be my party and I—hope you will all come."

"I thought it was just for me!" through the gay acclamations the voice of Lawrence Burt could be heard lamenting.

"You shall have two saucers of pink ice-cream," Dorothea comforted him. "Great big *whopping* ones!"

Then they all laughed again, and somebody wanted to know who next played whom, and somebody else announced that the dining-room doors were open.

In the bustle that followed, Dorothea drew close to Mrs. Wright. "You did mean me to do it, did n't you?" she besought. "I thought that was what your eyes said. But the words seemed to say themselves almost before I thought. And you will have to tell me where—only I left my purse at the house."

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Wright. "I happened to think you might need it, and so I brought it along, together with mine."

Dorothea saw in Aunt Ida's lap two bags, one of velvet, the other of silver mesh.

"But neither of those is mine."

The lady tapped the silver mesh. "It has been in your dressing-table's top drawer, together with its contents, for two whole days, waiting."

Dorothea drew back. "Oh, Aunt Ida, I could n't! You are perfectly lovely to have thought of it, but I have some of my own."

"I know, dear." Mrs. Wright's swift glance verified the fact that they were beyond earshot. "But don't you know, little Cinderella, that it is n't the thing, while at the ball, to use anything that you ever used before? On the day you go home you shall step into your pretty brown traveling suit and take your brown handbag with everything in it just as you put it away yesterday. It 's a whim of mine—a fancy. Please humor me, Dorothea. Your father gave his consent."

"To this?" Dorothea indicated the purse.

"To that and its contents. It is part of the month, dear. Trust me not to ask of you anything it would not be right for you to do."

"Forgive me. You are too good. Of course, if Father knows——"

"And approves."

"I want to hug you, but perhaps I 'd better not do it just now."

"Perhaps not. Luncheon, Norman? Indeed, we are hungry. You see, Dorothea and I have so much to say to each other that we sometimes forget such mundane matters as food and drink."

Still a trifle dazed, Dorothea found herself at a round table in a windowed alcove, with boys pressing on her attention matters of salads and cold meats.

"It took some manœuvering to get this table and hold it," Norman explained.

"We had to turn a stony stare on all our

friends," said Gerald Stanton. "Hi, over there! Chicken salad? Send it along to this table, Henry."

It was all very jolly and care-free and gay, and, if that were possible, more unreal than last night. Ought n't she to jump up and see that Bridget had n't forgotten to make sauce for the pudding? Or order the meat for to-morrow? A smile curved Dorothea's lips.

Gerald Stanton saw the smile and liked it.

Everybody was there, and Dorothea found it very odd and interesting to watch the pretty ladies trip up the steps from their motors and the white-flanneled gentlemen either hasten to golf or hover about the ladies. She had several animated groups under observation when Lawrence Burt presented himself at her elbow.

"Did I understand," he asked plaintively, "that I was invited to anything? All they give you here are uninteresting things like tea and sandwiches."



" 'SHE 'S A PICTURE', MARJORIE DECLARED. 'MY, THAT WAS A DANDY PLAY' "

"For a girl who has n't played tennis for two years, I 'd call you a crackerjack."

"I 'll tell you a secret," said Dorothea. "The way I played surprised *me* more than anybody."

"Was it really all a bluff, then?"

"Oh, yes! I wonder whether I can do it again."

"Sure you will! I like that. It is n't every girl who delivers the goods on demand."

"I 'm making discoveries about myself," said Dorothea; "but I don't think I shall be on the winning side in the next game. I don't mind, though. This has been fun enough. There are limits to possibilities, you know. By the way, when *is* the next game?"

"Monday or Tuesday. They finish the prelims to-day. But this place won't belong to us much longer. Everybody 's here Saturday afternoons."

"You certainly were," she assured him. "Wait till I ask Aunt Ida where—"

"Oh, I can tell you that. There 's a tea-room just below the hill."

"I thought you did n't like tea," Dorothea teased.

"Tea spelled with an 'i' and an 's-c-r-e-a-m' is all right."

Dorothea paused at Aunt Ida's chair. "We are in pursuit of a tea-room where they pronounce tea in two syllables and begin it with an 'i.' Won't you help us find it?"

Mrs. Wright laughed. "I am sure you will succeed without me. Run along, children, to your pink ice-cream. Call the motor, Larry."

It was enthralling to play the hostess to a big motor full of hilarious young people. Dorothea

swung the chain of the silver mesh purse on her arm and her eyes grew big with excitement.

"We had the *best* time," she confided to Aunt Ida on their way home. "That Larry boy is more fun than a barrel of monkeys. And Gerald Stanton is nicer even than I thought last night. I like most of the girls, too. The boys did n't want me to pay the bill. They were n't going to let me, but I circumvented them. It would n't have been my party, if I had n't. Oh, I felt so grand having a party! And in such a jolly little place. It 's the prettiest tea-room I ever saw. And they had such lovely things for sale. There was the *sweetest* basket——"

"Did n't you get it?"

"No, I wanted to, but I thought I 'd better not."

"After you looked in your purse?"

"Why, I—I never thought of looking in my purse for that!"

"Oh, Dorothea, Dorothea!" Aunt Ida laughed, but her face was very tender. "It 's magic gold, dear, remember that—good only for a month. Then *pouf!* It vanishes into thin air. The next time you want anything, within reason, I 'd advise you to get it."

"I can't want anything," said Dorothea, "as much as I want this minute to hug you. And this time I am going to do it."

## Chapter III

Through crimson branches the sun peeped at the luncheon-table. Now and then a leaf dropped, floating lazily downward to splash the gray flags with red. For the most part the great oak burned, stilly, a ruddy flame spreading wide above the terrace and the dainty table and the two who sat there, ministered to by the discreet passings of butler John. Beyond the gardens, with their masses of late color, the country flamed russet and red and gold under a translucent sky.

Dorothea laid down her salad fork. "It feels like magic!"

Mrs. Wright smiled the comprehending smile that Dorothea loved. Her gaze followed the girl's out over the valley.

"On a day like this in autumn, when it is so warm and golden and, above all, so still, the earth seems under a spell. I sometimes catch myself holding my breath at the beauty of it."

"That is just the way I feel about this month," said Dorothea. "Even now it sometimes seems as though it could n't be real. But only once in a while. Most of the time I am too busy enjoying it."

"That seems a sensible way to take the matter."

"I shall live on it for years and years—remembering, you know."

"As long as that?"

"Oh, yes. Why, I 'll *never* forget it! When I get to be an old, old lady in caps and little white curls I know I shall sit and think about this luncheon, and I shall tell the other old ladies—no, probably I shall tell a girl: 'When I was your age, my dear, I played Cinderella's granddaughter for a whole month, and one day we had luncheon under a great red oak on a wonderful gray-and-green terrace. It was October and just exactly such a day as this—' "

"I see you know how to tell stories."

"You get plenty of practice with younger twins in the family. They 're insatiable."

"It will be several years yet before the little old lady with her curls is in evidence."

"And her chimney-corner—a chimney-corner and a cat go with the little old lady."

"I see the picture perfectly. And in between the then and the now—" The deep voice held the sentence in suspense.

"I am not a bit clear about the in-between," said Dorothea. "Now and then I imagine things." The color rose in her delicate cheeks. "But they are vague and—and uncertain. And they have n't any faces—at least I never see faces. So I don't think about the in-between very often. Perhaps I am too busy. Anyway, I shall not have to rack my brains this winter for stories to tell the twins. And when I am darning stockings or mending Phil's shirts, I shall remember this very minute with you here on the terrace and I shall feel so young and—and unnecessary and gay! Oh, I shall gloat over it!"

"I hope you will, dear. I want you to have plenty to gloat over. Letters, John?"

"From home!" Dorothea pounced on the thick envelop. "And here 's another! This must be from the twins—the ducks! Printed, and the lines all running aslant. Does n't it make you see them, just to look at it?" She extended the smudgy envelop joyously. "They each did a line, turn and turn about. That is why it looks so excessively queer—bless 'em! Will you excuse me if I just glance—"

"I could n't possibly. You must read from beginning to end, and now and then aloud."

"Oh, thank you! Everybody 's well. Elise puts that in the very first sentence. 'Bridget has n't fired us yet!' As though she would. Bridget grumbles a good deal, but you could n't hire her to find another place—not really. 'Father's egg peeped this morning, it was so young and tender.' I wonder what that covers. 'You should see me sitting in your place at table. Superb!

The percolator is great fun, just as I knew it would be. I 've been pining for ages to get behind that percolator. Bridget started it going this morning and forgot to screw the top down, and I did n't notice that she had n't done it, so we had a little mess for a bit, but don't you worry at your hundred-and-fifty-mile distance. It never will happen again.

" 'The Smiths took us out in their car last night —yes, Father had his overcoat along—' This page goes on about where they went.—Oh, they punctured a tire and did n't get home till midnight! That is why Elise slept over. She has been trying to catch up with herself all day. Poor Lisa! I know that kind of day. It 's hopeless. You simply can't."

Dorothea chuckled again and read aloud:

" 'The twins have been so angelic ever since you went away that I was afraid they might be going to be sick, but they 're normal again now. They followed Mrs. Sykes's Angora cat up a tree, playing they were rescuing a captive princess, and the Angora jumped down into the middle of Mrs. Jenkins's best flower-bed—that hideous magenta-and-scarlet affair, you know—and the twins jumped after, never noticing where they lit, which happened to be on Mrs. Jenkins's choicest Begonias, judging by the looks of the remains. Mrs. Jenkins was furious, and the twins were surprised and sorry. They always are, you know. Mrs. Jenkins used language, and the twins loved it. Jack asked me to-night whether I supposed she would say the same things if they ever did it again, and I told him no, he'd better not count on it. The imp! He looked quite dashed. But they took her over that scraggly old geranium they have watered all summer, every time they did n't forget it, and Janet told her it would make her flower-bed look lots prettier. After the cat episode they went and swung on the garden gate until they broke the top hinge, and then they yanked up all your pansy seedlings under the impression they were pulling weeds, so I guess there 's no danger of their being sick just yet. Jim put the seedlings back after supper, and I watered them well, so cheer up—a few may pull through. Anyway, I 'm not worrying about the twins' health, tra-la. They cried for you three nights—I would n't tell you until they stopped doing it. You would have taken the first train home—'

"And I would, too, almost. The poor dears!" concluded Dorothea.

"I should like to make the acquaintance of the twins."

Dorothea flashed a smile across the table. "You must. Everybody loves them, and they don't mean to do any harm. They are nearly always trying to be particularly helpful when they do their worst."

"I recognize the breed."

"This is their letter." Dorothea began to laugh. "You will have to read it yourself, to appreciate the spelling. Why, here is one from Father! I *am* rich."

Dorothea passed the labored sheet of paper across the table.

Dere Sister Bil Sykes yello cat has fiv kituns they hav not got ther is open yet we want 2 but farther says we hav enuf things we gav Mis Jenkins our Jeeranium becaus her flowrs got hurted Mis Sykes cat is so slippry and we weded the gardun but ther ar sum left We ar good the way you told us and we lik yur letturs has he fownd the Slipper rite us a hole lot we luv yu

JANET AND JACK.

P. S. Thes ar Kisses for yu.

"The dears!" laughed Aunt Ida. "They believe in phonetic spelling."

"They 're hopeless!" Dorothea looked up from the letter she was devouring. "Father says Elise is doing splendidly, though he would n't exchange her for me in the long run. He likes us to be different. But I can have a good time with an easy conscience, knowing that they are all right at home. I do think nice fathers are the loveliest things! Three letters make a big treat all at one time, don't they?"

"There still seems to be a considerable pile beside your plate."

"Why, so there is! I was so excited hearing from home, I had n't noticed." Dorothea opened the topmost square curiously. "Fay Warren is asking a few girls to lunch with her to-morrow."

"Very good, my dear. You could trust Fay to write it out prettily on paper. The next is a tea. I have its duplicate. The telephone, John? For you, Dorothea."

Flushed-cheeked, Dorothea returned to the terrace. "Allison Burt is getting up a little dance for to-night and will I come?"

"I hope you told her you would be delighted."

"I said just that—if you had n't made other plans, and I did n't think you had."

"Quite right. And that reminds me. Mrs. Gleason telephoned this morning she was having a few young people for a luncheon dance Monday to amuse a young cousin from the West, and would my charming niece come to her. You will have to start an engagement-book."

"Is n't it thrilling! I feel like a belle with so many dates."

"I had thought, if your social duties permit, we might stroll in the gardens this afternoon. I must oversee the setting of my new phloxes. But if you would like to take the car for some livelier purpose—"

"I can't think of anything nicer than gardening with you."

"The most satisfactory thing about you, my dear, is that I know you mean every word you say."

Loitering through the gardens in the warmth of late September, Dorothea thought was like sauntering across the stage of a fairy-tale. Anything might happen here. She must remember the next time the twins clamored for the story of "The Sleeping Beauty" to make it like this inside the forest wall. The sunshine hung in the drowsy air like filtered gold; lazy bees droned in the autumn asters. The spell of the day held her feet to a languorous gait. Now she dabbled in the brown earth of a border, freshening labels. Now she sat on a carved stone bench and smiled at her empty hands and watched the bent backs of two small brown men, while beside her Aunt Ida's voice, rich as autumn fruitage and as mellow, issued directions for her precious phloxes. Now she strolled between flowery borders, drifting, as fancy dictated, into the wide arms of some friendly seat. Everywhere beauty wrapped her as in a visible mantle, and the very stuff of a girl's day-dreams quivered in the magic air.

Before her, his bright head bare, stood Gerald Stanton. "Marje sent me to borrow you. May I have her a little while, Mrs. Wright?"

"Just as she says," affirmed that lady.

Dorothea smiled lazily. "Are you quite sure you 're real?"

The boy looked puzzled. "As real as," he swept an inclusive gesture, "the rest of this."

"But this is n't real," said the girl, gravely. "Don't you know that if I should move, it would all break, like a bubble?"

His white teeth flashed in a wide grin. "I sha'n't break. And I 'll bet it won't either. Try us and see."

"Perhaps I will." She raised questioning eyes to her hostess.

"By all means," said that lady. "While you are gone, Mixner and I will finish the phloxes."

Dorothea rose slowly. "What does Marjorie want of me?"

Something about the Red Cross fair. Marje just had an idea. Nobody but you would do. Wants to consult you on the ground. Marje and Aunt Isabel have this thing on the brain, you know."

Seated beside Gerald Stanton in a low racing-car, Dorothea smiled to herself. It was the merest hint of a smile tucked away at the far corner of her mouth, but the recollection it registered set her eyes dancing.

"This is Norman's car," Gerald was saying. "I 'd like to show you mine."

Dorothea's smile deepened. She was remembering more than one sight of his car, with him behind the wheel and a girl beside him. "To see oursel's as ithers see us," flashed through her mind. She glanced down at her sport suit. The clothes, at least, were right.

"It has a thing or two I 've thought out—"

"Yourself?"

"Oh, yes. I 'm interested in such things. Got quite a junk shop at home fixed up in the garage. Mother would n't have me in the house. Afraid I 'd blow up the whole shooting-match. I do a good many stunts out there."

"Tell me about some of them."

Dorothea had no understanding of machinery, but she listened in uncomprehending, interested patience to a complicated story of ignition and cylinders. Jim would have appreciated its fine points. She almost wished Jim were here, but not quite. Certainly not at the expense of her own absence. The voice beside her was too friendly and pleasant, the young face too handsome. And this boy was more than good looking. Technically, his words might remain more or less of a Chinese puzzle to her comprehension; yet they made perfectly good sense to her instincts. He was a worker, perhaps even—she glimpsed it for all his modest offhand recital—a bit of a genius. The fact was, Dorothea herself had genius of a sort; she knew how to ask questions, how to clothe her interest in speech that stimulated and never rebuffed. Elise said that Dorothea could make a stone tell its secrets. And Gerald Stanton was not a stone.

"They 're going to play off the finals in the junior tennis to-morrow morning," he remarked suddenly, veering away from machinery. "May we stop for you when we go over?"

"If Aunt Ida has n't planned something that I don't know about."

"Here 's hoping she has n't. Hard luck you and Barnard had Tuesday."

"I 'm afraid I hoodooed him."

"Not a bit of it. Barnard 's no cup-winner."

"I did n't mind for myself," Dorothea explained. "But I was afraid he might feel disappointed and be too polite to show it. I played the best I could, and deserved to be beaten, and had a lot of fun at it, too. I think I came off pretty well."

"You 're a true-blue sport," approved the boy.

"Thank you, Mr. Gerald Stanton. If I were n't sitting down, I 'd make you my best bow."

"My friends call me Jerry."

"Do they? Rather a good idea. It is shorter."

"When you 're in a hurry, try it."

At the entrance to a big stone house, Marjorie



"'WILL YOU EXCUSE ME IF I JUST GLANCE—'"

Lake fell upon Dorothea and swept her upstairs to a room littered with fabrics in all stages of cut and construction.

"I could n't explain decently on the telephone; and besides, anybody can say 'no' so easily over the wire. *Have* you a short full black skirt?"

"I don't know. I will look and see."

Marjorie stared.

"You lucky girl! To have so many clothes you don't know what you 've got!"

"I know them by heart, almost all. But I can't quite remember about the black skirt."

"It does n't really matter. A skirt can be made. Only I thought if you happened to have one—we have the rest of the costume. It 's for a Belgian village-dance at the Red Cross Fair. Allison and Norman and Larry and Jerry and I are in it. Before and after the dance you sell pop-corn with the rest of us. We would n't miss that for a hundred dances. If I guarantee the pop-corn stunt, you 'll dance, won't you?"

"Certainly, if somebody will undertake to show me the steps."

"Jerry will teach you. He knows 'em. What have you done to that boy?"

"I?" Dorothea's brown eyes widened in surprise.

"He asked for you for a partner. I 'm his cousin, you know, and I tell you Jerry is n't given to pulling wires to get what he likes."

"He does n't have to, does he?"

"You 're right there! He 's the popular hero with all the girls. If he was n't Jerry, he 'd be spoiled."

"I can't exactly blame them."

"You 're frank."

"It 's a satisfaction," Dorothea pursued whimsically, "to show people that you have good taste. I don't think I blame the girls at all."

"I did n't see you pulling wires."

"My mistake. I forgot to think of it in time."

The other laughed. "Oh, Jerry knows his way about. Just the same, when he came up here he could n't think of staying more than two or three days. Had a place he was going on to from here. He has stayed five already, and I'll wager we could n't drive him away if we wanted to."

Dorothea shook her head lightly, and Marjorie laughed again. "Come along to the sewing-room and try these things on. Then we will find Jerry and you can begin. He went to hunt up some music."

Dorothea carried away from the afternoon a blurred sense of motion and a surprisingly accurate knowledge of the figures of a dance. She could not help feeling excited, but she was too sensible to let her excitement modify her manner. Marjorie, of course, had spoken in hyperbole. More than the traditional grain of salt must be taken with such talk. It was cheerful, calculated to make a girl happy, but nothing to tack one's faith to. Yet something that Jerry said on the drive home gave such thoughts pause. They had been talking of the fair.

"But are n't you in college?" Dorothea had asked bluntly.

"Oh, yes. We go next week. Late this year. Easy enough to run over though. Ever seen the old campus?"

She shook her head.

"Our new frat house is a dandy. Opens next month with a big blow-out. Would you come if I asked you?"

Stealthily the girl pinched herself. "Try me and see."

"Right-O. Just remember from now on that you 've got a date the third week in October."

Did he mean it? At the moment, surely. But would he follow it up? The question absorbed Dorothea's attention as she dressed for Allison's dance. Did she want him to follow it up? The dainty ivory buffer paused in her absent fingers. He liked her. It was impossible to avoid the conclusion that Jerry Stanton liked her, as impossible as to blind herself to the knowledge that she liked to be liked. What girl would n't? she defended swiftly. But—there was no dodging the sinister "but"—would it be wise? As though wisdom had any concern in a magic month. Was n't this just part of the good time that she had promised herself to enjoy thoroughly?

"It 's only a game," she reminded herself, and her spirits rose buoyantly. "I 'll remember that, and I 'll remember it is scheduled to last exactly three weeks and two days longer."

"But remember, too," argued prudence, "that you will never know him after this month!"

"I 'll know him now," retorted Dorothea, stoutly. "Anyway, he may forget about the frat house bid. I won't pick out my dresses until he says something to Aunt Ida."

Then she ran to the closet and kissed her hand to its contents. "You bewitchingest! How I do love to look at you!"

Standing so, she pulled a fold into place and stroked it gently. "The rose pink, of course. I should have to take that, it is so becoming. And this brown—" At that she laughed derisively, "Who 's counting chickens now?" and fell again to dressing.

*(To be continued)*



THE RACE—WHICH WILL WIN?

# THE CHILDREN OF THE TREE OF LIGHT

BY GRACE HUMPHREY



Photograph by Brown Brothers

THE TREE OF LIGHT AT ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA

CHRISTMAS is known, the world over, as the children's festival. It is the world's greatest holiday, celebrating the birth of a baby. And of the thousands and thousands of Christmas-trees, the world over, the most unusual one is the Tree of Light, that each year mysteriously appears in Madison Square, in New York City, and lights its candles for countless people to see and enjoy.

How the first community tree came to be, six years ago, is an interesting story.

"How can I live through this Christmas-time?" said a lady in great trouble to two friends. "I can't bear the loneliness!"

"I know," was the sympathetic answer; "I 've been through it myself. While I was studying in Europe, I came nearer being downright homesick at Christmas-time than all the rest of the year. You see, all my friends went home, or to visit, and I was so alone. I remember staying in my quiet lodgings till I could n't stand them any longer, and going out for a walk at twilight, only to find the streets just as lonely and deserted. Every house brightly lighted, every family celebrating Christmas with a tree and gleaming candles; sometimes I could hear people laughing or singing—plenty of happiness and good cheer, but it all seemed to be shut up inside; outside, nobody and nothing!"

"Ah," said the lady, "there must be many lonely souls in New York at Christmas-time. Would n't it be wonderful to have a tree for them?"

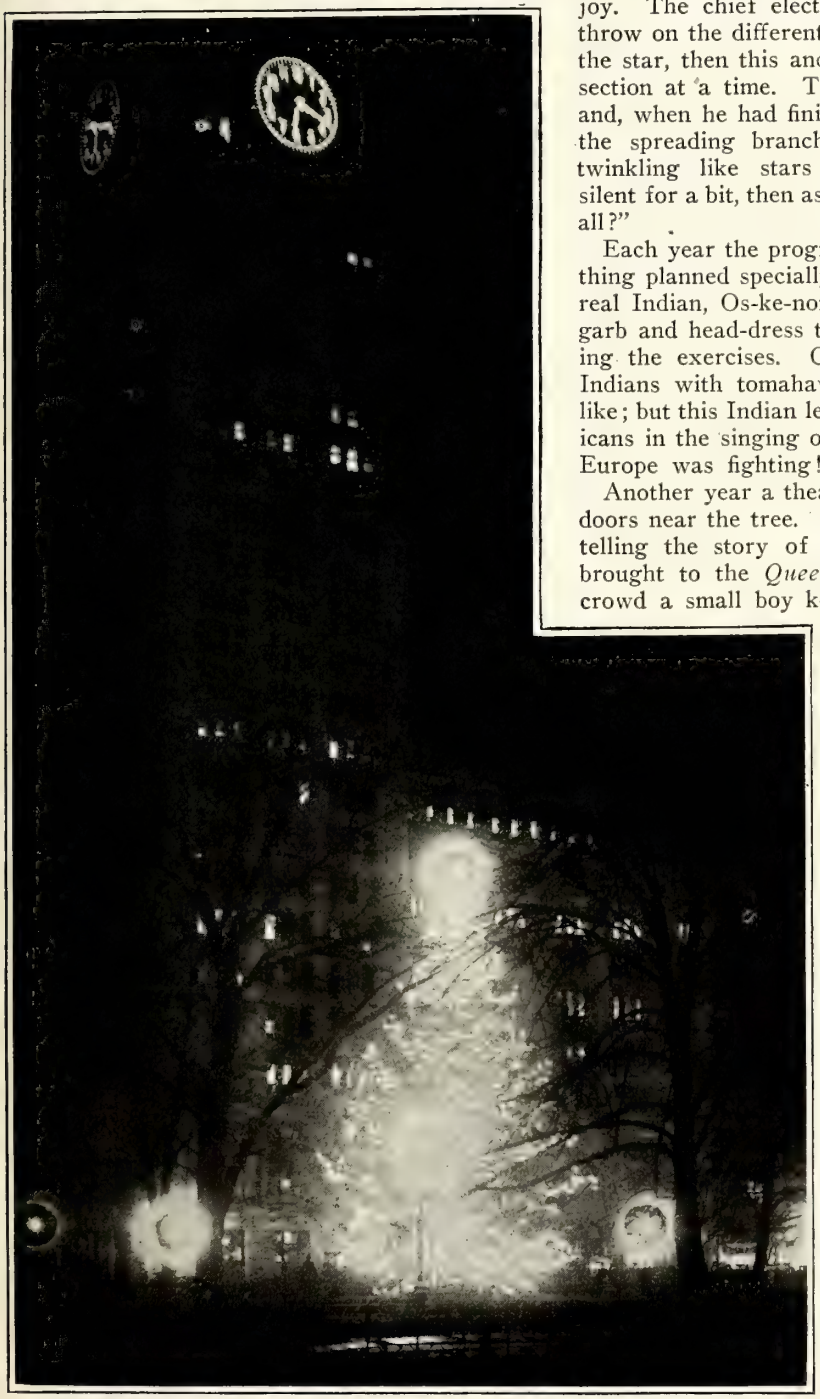
And this woman's happy thought became a reality, that very month; for the friends knew it was a wonderful idea—a Christmas-tree for everybody, out of doors, for all to share its message of good will. Though the time was very short, the tree was secured, a giant fir with great sweep of branches. It was trimmed with hundreds and hundreds of electric lamps, with a white star at the very top. And thousands of people came to enjoy it. Children came, and stood fascinated by its colored lights. Their parents came, and had a new feeling about Christmas—that you could have its spirit without presents. The band played, people sang, and the party was full of Christmas secrecy, for nobody knew who did it. "Who gave the Tree of Light?" asked a little shop-girl, and a tall man in a fur-lined coat replied, "No one knows—it's just our tree!"

And each year since, the people's tree has stood in Madison Square for New York's lonely ones, rich or poor. "Does it mean anything to you?" an elderly man said suddenly to his neighbor. And when the reply came, "Indeed it does," he said eagerly: "Well, it can't mean as much as it does to me. You see, I 've traveled all over the world, and tried everything; but this is the first time I have n't been lonely at Christmas since I was a little boy. It 's *my* tree!"

And at that very moment, across the square, two women, with Christmas dinner-baskets on their arms, stopped to look at the tree, and one said to the other, pushing the shawl back from her face, "That's all right, but the Christmas dinner you eat and forget; now it does me good just to look at the tree, and somehow it stays with you all the year!"

The lighting of the tree always comes at half

past five on Christmas Eve and is a great event. The emphasis is on the tree, not on the person who turns the switches. The man in charge said to one of the boy scouts, who are always on duty near the tree, "Can you find me a boy to turn on the lights?" Of course he could, and was back in a moment or two with a little East Side fellow, whose pale face was alight with anticipation and joy. The chief electrician showed him how to throw on the different switches, this one first for the star, then this and this and this, to light one section at a time. The boy followed directions, and, when he had finished, stood looking up into the spreading branches where the lights were twinkling like stars overhead. He remained silent for a bit, then asked, "Gee! Did I light them all?"



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THE TREE IN MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY

Each year the programs at the tree have something planned specially for the children. Once a real Indian, Os-ke-non-ton, came in his Mohawk garb and head-dress to give his tribal call, opening the exercises. Children generally think of Indians with tomahawks, bloodthirsty and warlike; but this Indian led the great crowd of Americans in the singing of the peace hymn while all Europe was fighting!

Another year a theater-party was given out of doors near the tree. The play was a pantomime, telling the story of the seven gifts that were brought to the *Queen*. Here and there in the crowd a small boy kept up a running comment on the play, telling what was happening in this living movie, as the *Brave Man*, the *Rich Man*, the *Haughty Lady*, and the rest, came with their gifts; so there was no doubt that the spectators caught the story and the lesson of Christmas giving. At the end the *Dear Child* brought her battered doll, and chose as her present from the *Queen* the gleaming star on the tiptop branch of the tree, which at that moment blossomed out in a blaze of lights, acting well its part in the Christmas fantasy.

And last year there was an afternoon party at the tree, just for the children. There were four boys' bands, which took turns in playing. There was a boy soprano, a bird warbler, and, best of all, a splendid big Santa in a red coat,



THE TREE AT HAMPTON, VIRGINIA

who was almost mobbed by the delighted youngsters, so that three policemen had to rescue him.

But the tree does more than give such pleasure to the children, for now and again it does a wonderful thing. Once a twelve-year-old immigrant lad played his violin during the intermission of the band concert. In the crowd was a wealthy lady who noticed this little foreign boy and enjoyed his music. Later she had him come to play for her and decided that he had great promise. You will be glad to learn that he is having a splendid musical education, for which the lady is providing, and a wonderful future is prophesied for the boy whom she found at the Tree of Light. Surely he will come with his fiddle, some Christmas Eve, world-famous, to play again for the tree.

Sometimes a story starts in Madison Square, and no one knows how it comes out. One year a lady in warm furs came to the tree. She seemed to be alone in the great crowd—looking, looking for some one. Presently she singled out two forlorn little children, a boy and a girl, who certainly had been neglected by Santa Claus. She talked with them for a moment, then, taking a hand of each, made her way to a big motor-car. "Home," she said to the footman, who lifted the children in. And the tree, which saw this much of the story, guessed what sort of home it was, and wondered how long they stayed, and if the lady kept in touch with them afterward. And because her sad face, when she left, seemed happier



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THE NEIGHBORHOOD TREE AND ITS YOUNG GUARDIANS (SEE PAGE 146)

with some of the Christmas spirit, the tree feels sure she did.

In the crowd one night was a poor old man, very lonely, utterly discouraged, "down-and-out," though he was a true gentleman. From bitter



THE VISIT OF THE WISE MEN—A NORTH CAROLINA CHRISTMAS PAGEANT

experience he had learned that no one wants an old man, and he had been trying for weeks to get work. Somehow the tree, with its lights and music, its message of good will, filled his heart with hope. With the last of his money he put an advertisement in the paper, asking for a home in exchange for any service he could give.

The next day brought him a letter, making an appointment for him to meet Mr. and Mrs. Light-tree in Madison Square; and that very night he went with them to a new home.

And the Tree of Light has other children, for all over this country there are Christmas-trees—fine big trees set up by chambers of commerce, little trees in empty lots and at cross-roads—the Tree of Light claims them all as its children. Some of them are found in queer places. One had a week's home on a motor-truck, and appeared each night in a different street of the town. Another blossomed out in a hospital yard, where the patients could look on from the windows, and the very sickest ones could hear the singing of the carols. One lighted its star in railroad yards, for all the travelers and engineers and brakemen to share. And one, in a Texas border town, brought together Americans and Mexicans, to sing their carols in English and Spanish, their enmity forgotten.

The neighborhood association in an outlying district of New York City planned a neighborhood tree. But when the carpenter and electrician arrived, it was found that the tree had disappeared during the night. Stolen! Tony, the leader of the gang, stoutly denied all knowledge of it. But the young woman in charge said: "You see, it was n't my tree any more than yours, or the gang's, or anybody's. That 's why I mind

if we must give it up." Well, Tony would ask about it, but he still shook his head. It was n't five minutes till the gang appeared, carrying the tree in triumph. They had found it—well, never mind where! They offered to stand guard over it, and they kept watch until New Year's.

In a little town in North Carolina the tree committee borrowed three camels from a circus wintering near by, and used them in a pageant telling the story of the visit of the Wise Men to Bethlehem. Bringing their gifts, the three Oriental figures approached the tree slowly, while Mary knelt by the manger. The chorus, on a balcony, sang, and the tree was lighted at their arrival. So great was the spirit of reverence in the crowd, so fully did the lesson carry home, that the tree is given most of the credit for the fact that no arrests were made in the town that Christmas, which had never happened before.

The committee in another town planned a gift for each child, and wrote to the New York tree asking how to give out presents without confusion. "No gifts," was the answer; "no gifts; don't spoil the spirit of the day." But they wanted to emphasize the idea of giving, and announced this plan in the papers: that Santa Claus would come to the tree, with an empty pack, and each child was to bring something to put into it. And so well did their plan work that over five bushels of food were crowded into Santa's pack, to be distributed to people in need.

"That's the busiest Christmas-tree I ever saw," commented a little school-boy; "it 's waked up the whole town!"

Do you wonder that the Tree of Light is proud of its children? For to every town and village they are carrying the true Christmas spirit that stays with you all the year.




NEW YORK CITY'S FIRST TREE OF LIGHT



# CHRISTMAS-TREE LANE

BY CECIL CAVENDISH

THERE are many fine streets
  In this good town of mine.
There 's Walnut and Willow,
  Persimmon and Pine;
And Broad Road, and Broad Way
  And High Street and Main—
But none I love better
  Than Christmas-tree Lane.

You 'll seek it in vain
  In all seasons but one.
When snow-clouds are hiding
  The pale winter sun,
And winds of December
  Blow cold at the pane—
'T is then you 'll be finding
  This Christmas-tree Lane.

They come with their branches
  Of holly so gay,
With garlands of ivy,
  And mistletoe spray;
And dozens of pine-trees
  They bring in their train
To make the old market
  A Christmas-tree Lane.

The sight and the scent
  Of the sweet-smelling pine,
They set me to dreaming
  An old dream of mine:
I 'd buy all the pine-trees,
  The high and the low,
And trim them with presents
  For children I know.

Yes, deck all the branches
  With candy and toys,
And send out a message
  For good girls and boys.
I fancy I hear their
  Glad carol's refrain
As slowly I wander
  Down Christmas-tree Lane.




## Chapter III

### OFF TO SEA

"Gone! Gone where?" asked the captain, with a frown of annoyance.

"I met him on the wharf and he said he 'd left the ship, sir," Dave replied.

Suddenly the captain's face wore a smile. The situation appeared to amuse him.

"What d' you know about that!" he said with a deep laugh. "You 'll get on, son, if you 're always as smart as this. Come back and talk to me in a week. From what I can see of you, I reckon you 'll fill the billet, but I 'm too busy to waste time on you now. Come along next Thursday, and then I 'll run the rule over you."

Dave's heart beat a little faster than usual as he walked home. Nothing had been farther from his mind earlier in the day than definitely to ask for a job on a vessel. Now he was as good as booked to sail in a week. In the excitement of the moment he had quite forgotten to ask where the ship was bound for. All he knew was her name—the *Pacific Queen.* As a matter of fact he was not deeply concerned as to her destination. Any point of the compass was equally satisfactory to him. Although he had not officially "signed on," the big captain with the deep laugh had said he would fill the billet, and Dave was prepared to take the captain's word for it. The only thing that made him thoughtful was the fact that he would have to go without telling his father or Aunt Martha. There did not seem to be any way out of that difficulty. If he told Aunt Martha, she would make a fuss and his father would hear of it, and Dave knew what that would lead to. Captain Hallard had definitely said his son was not to go to sea until the following year, and when Captain Hallard said a thing he meant it. Dave weighed the whole situation up carefully on his way home and decided the best thing was to disappear quietly to prevent a scene. He would just leave a note for his dad, explaining matters, and promising to return home immediately he got back to America.

Dave lay awake many hours that night, and, with the first streaks of dawn, crept quietly down the stairs, for he wanted to set his eyes on the *Pacific Queen* again. He felt an air of proprietorship in regard to the vessel. Also, he half dreaded to find she had disappeared in the night, and it was with positive relief that he saw her lying snugly tied up at her berth.

He had learnt in recent months to judge the cut of a vessel, and the *Pacific Queen* looked a trim craft to him. She was a single-screw steel freighter that had not been launched more than three years. No mail-boat that ever tore her way out of New York seemed half so magnificent in Dave's eyes as the *Pacific Queen* lying at her moorings that early summer morning. There was no sign of life on board except a thin stream of smoke from the galley stack, and the boy stood feasting his eyes on his future home for a full hour before a healthy appetite sent him hurrying home to see what Aunt Martha had for breakfast.

The problem of what to take on the voyage puzzled him somewhat. There were not many things he could take, as the money-box into which he had been dropping dimes and five-cent pieces for a couple of years contained only a few dollars. A large clasp-knife, of course, must be included.

Of that there was no question. Who ever heard of a sailor without a clasp-knife? Dave was not absolutely certain what it was for, but he knew it was indispensable, so he boldly laid out a dollar and a half on a fearsome weapon with a bone handle. Fortunately, he had a new pair of heavy shoes. One problem gave him many uneasy hours. His father had once told him that when the time came for him to go to sea he could have the binoculars that formed one of Captain Hallard's souvenirs of the sea. The clasp-knife was a treasure already, but those binoculars were the crowning point of Dave's desires. They had cost an awful lot of money at one time and were not a necessary part of a boy's outfit, but Dave felt it would be a great thing to have them with him.

Choosing a suitable opportunity, he asked:

"Dad, do you remember saying I could have your glasses when the time came?"

"Surely," his father agreed, "and I hope you will remember always to treat 'em as carefully as I have done. They 've got fine lenses in them, and I don't know that I ever handled a better pair of binoculars in my life."

"Can I use them now just as if they were mine?" Dave put in anxiously. He had a nice sense of honor. Nothing would have induced him to take them on the *Pacific Queen* without a favorable reply to this question.

"Why, I don't see any objection," Captain Hallard replied good-naturedly, puffing away at his pipe. "Only, as I say, take care of them, and mind you don't scratch the lenses."

At times Dave felt almost bursting with the desire to tell one of his school friends the wonderful thing that was to happen on the following Thursday, but he kept his own counsel and waited as patiently as he could. On his last night at home he wrote two letters, one to his father and one to Aunt Martha. The first ran:

Dear Dad:

I could n't wait, and I 'm going to sea. Please forgive me. I 'll take good care of the binoculars and write to you often.

Your loving son,

DAVID.

He propped the two letters up against the clock on the mantelpiece and then went to bed in his own room for the last time, after packing his few possessions in an old suitcase. Dave hardly dared close his eyes lest he should sleep too long. Before it was light he slipped on his clothes. The stairs creaked as he walked down them in his stocking-feet, with his shoes in one hand and the suitcase in the other. He dreaded waking either his father or Aunt Martha, and yet had to fight with a desire to say good-by to them. He had to bite his lips hard and a lump came into his throat when he passed his father's door.

For three hours Dave waited on the wharf, until there were signs of life on the *Pacific Queen*. When Captain Chisholm turned out of his berth he was told there was a boy waiting to see him.

"A boy!" he said. "What does he want?"

"Says you told him to come, sir. He 's been on deck since four o'clock."

"Oh, I know," said the captain. "Send him here."

The master mariner was having breakfast when Dave was ushered in. He had already ascertained that the boat was bound for Auckland, New Zealand, and other Australasian ports.

"So you want to go to sea, eh?" the big man asked, attacking a pile of bacon and eggs.

"Yes, sir," Dave replied.

"Ever been afloat?"

"Not yet, sir."

"What 's your name?"

"David Hallard."

"How old?"

"Sixteen, sir."

"Got a father?"

"Yes, sir."

"What does he say about it?"

"He says I can be a sailor, sir," he answered, after a moment's hesitation. "He was a ship's master, but he 's got rheumatism now."

"Well, you seem a smart enough lad. You 'll have to jump around a bit at sea. We 've no use for lazy folk here. Go and report to Mr. Quick, the first mate. He will tell you what to do. He 's rough and ready, but he knows his business. Don't let him have to tell you twice and you 'll be all right. We sail at noon. Run along now."

Dave found that Mr. Quick was a very different type of man from the captain. He seemed to bark instead of talking, nor did he appear to be in a particularly pleasant frame of mind that morning. He had fiery red hair and piercing eyes. Mr. Quick devoted precisely sixty seconds to the new hand, during which he gave Dave some terse and emphatic advice, and after that he hustled him off to the galley, where he was placed under the wing of Barnes, the ship's cook.

"Well, and what have they sent to plague the life out of me now?" Barnes asked in a high, squeaky voice. If Dave had not been trying hard to make a good impression on every one he might have laughed, for Barnes had the most comical face he had ever seen. In reality he was good-natured enough, but for some reason he always tried to give the impression that he was cranky and unapproachable, perhaps because people had been taking advantage of his amiability for forty

years at sea. His fat cheeks were red, and his eyebrows stood out like two white bushes. In spite of the greeting, Dave liked Barnes instinctively on sight, and grew to like him still more in the course of time; and he is a lucky person who makes a friend of the cook afloat.

"I 've come to help you," the boy said. "So far, I only know how to peel potatoes, though."

"Well, I sha' n't be askin' you to bake doughnuts or fry chickens for the passengers yet a while," the cook growled, " 'cause there ain't no passengers this trip, and again there ain't no chickens to fry. Ship's biscuits, cold, with plenty o' weevils in 'em, is all the hands get on this ship week-days. Sundays it 's different. We has to warm the biscuits up into a puddin' for a change."

"Then what do we want a cook for?" asked Dave, with a grin.

"Look here, youngster, I 'll not stand for any impidence," Barnes declared, puffing out his cheeks and doing wonderful things with his bushy eyebrows. "You 'll have a frying-pan about your ears in a brace of shakes. Don't stand there like a dummy! Why don't you get to work? Do you expect me to wash all them dishes?"

Dave whipped off his coat and started on the task with a celerity which brought a grunt of satisfaction from the cook—a sound which Barnes hastily strove to hide with a cough.

It occurred to the new hand that he might be able to extract some information from the cook.

"Can you tell me what other duties I 'll have on board this boat, Mr. Barnes, besides washing dishes?"

The cook glared at him.

"Not a thing, my son," he said. "It 's one of the rules on this ship that the boy is n't allowed to do anything but wash dishes. When he's got through he has to part his hair in the middle and dine with the skipper—if there is n't some more dishes to wash, which there allus is. What are you pesterin' me with fool questions for, anyhow? Do you take me for the navvigatin' officer or only the owner? Reach me that frying-pan down and I 'll belay your ears with it."

Dave promptly obeyed, and got a thump on the shoulders with it for "more impidence." After that, he was kept busy with various duties in the galley until, for the first time in his life, he felt the peculiar vibration of a ship's engines. The propeller had begun its endless song of *"chug-chug-a-chug."*

Another Hallard had started on his first voyage.

•

The new hand's sleeping quarters were in the "fo'c'sle," but he did not sleep much the first night, for everything was strange. So far, the ship was very steady, only giving a roll occasionally. When the boy turned out next morning they were far out to sea and running to the south, the coast-line of New Jersey looming up in the distance on the starboard beam.

Dave soon discovered that he was to lead a strenuous existence on board. With only one pair of hands, he was to do all sorts of odd jobs for the cook, help the steward to wait on the captain, who had his meals alone, obey orders from any one who took it into his head to issue commands, and make himself generally useful. He got a good many hints from Barnes when that queer individual was in the mood to be communicative, though Dave had to sort out the hints from a maze of contradictory statements.

"It 's a reg'lar dog's life at sea," said the cook, while Dave was stirring a mysterious compound in a large basin. Barnes seemed to have a fondness for that expression. "I dunno why kids like you want to come on a ship. An' yet it 's all right at times, such as when you get ashore. The best part of bein' at sea is goin' ashore, I allus says. Did n't I see you runnin' your legs off for Oleson this morning?" he demanded ferociously, without the slightest warning.

"Who 's Oleson?" Dave asked. He had been performing a variety of duties for so many people.

"Oleson is that great, lumbering, Swedish seaman who looks like a one-eyed mule." Dave recognized the vague description by the fact that one man wore a patch over his left eye.

"Yes, he asked me to—"

"Never mind what he asked you to do," the cook snapped. "You 've got to learn to look after yourself, kid, or nobody on this ship won't be doin' nothing soon. You 'll be doing it all."

Mr. Quick, who was reputed to have eyes in the back of his head, took no notice of the new hand except to give him an occasional sharp order. Dave, being new to ship's discipline, disliked the chief mate's manner, but made a mental resolve not to incur that officer's wrath. The third day out, however, an incident occurred which made a permanent enemy of Mr. Quick.

A steady wind had begun to blow, whistling through the rigging and giving the steamer a most unpleasant motion known as the "cork-screw." That is to say, she neither pitched all the time nor rolled all the time, but kept up an aggravating combination of both. Dave was getting rather white in consequence, and did not by any means feel sure of his legs. He had a strong desire to lie down and wait until he got used to the motion, but there were many things for him

to do. In the middle of this the steward popped his head into the galley.

"Shake up the skipper's dinner in a hurry," he said. "The old man says he wants it right now. I 'm going to fix up the table, so send the kid on with the soup soon as you can."

"Tell the captain to go to Jerusalem," spluttered



"'HE SAYS I CAN BE A SAILOR, SIR,' HE ANSWERED"

Barnes, who hated to be hurried. "Reg'lar dog's life, this is. Here, Dave, take this soup along to the steward, and get a move on."

David, anxious to do his best, but feeling more shaky than ever, took the plate and hurried, according to instructions. Even without the soup he would have found it most difficult to retain his balance; as it was, he only kept upright by a miracle. His mind was concentrated solely on his task, and there was no reason for him to suppose that Mr. Quick would come around the corner suddenly.

Before the boy had the slightest warning, the apparition of Mr. Quick towered in front of him. Both the mate and the boy were apparently in a hurry. Dave realized what was inevitable a fiftieth part of a second before it happened, but he was utterly powerless to prevent the disaster.

The plate struck Mr. Quick just about on the lowest button of his waistcoat, and Dave, being unable to check himself, followed the plate.

Mr. Quick gave a yell of pain, for the soup, which trickled its greasy course down his trousers, was scalding hot. Dave remembered that fact while he was scrambling to his feet with one eye on the mate's red hair, which appeared to bristle and stand erect.

"I 'm very sorry, sir," the boy stammered. "The boat swayed just then."

Mr. Quick's arm was raised and an angry light shone in his eyes.

"You lubberly pup!" he bellowed. "I 'll teach you better manners than to throw soup over an officer of the ship. She swayed, did she? Then this is where you sway!" and he struck at the boy with a huge fist.

Had the blow landed where Mr. Quick intended it to, Dave would probably have been knocked unconscious, but he dodged just in time, and the mate, still hurling abuse at Dave, and mopping himself down with a handkerchief, turned on his heel and disappeared along the alleyway; while Dave, very crestfallen, went back to the galley for more soup. There more trouble was awaiting him, for Barnes seemed to be in the worst of tempers, until he learnt of the calamity. Then, however, his anger vanished and his fat sides shook with laughter. He did not love the chief mate and rejoiced exceedingly at the latter's discomfiture.

"But take my tip, Dave," he said severely, "and keep out of that man's way after this, or he 'll make things hot for you."

Dave, unfortunately, could not altogether keep out of Mr. Quick's way, though he would have

been glad to follow the advice. The mate was of an unforgiving nature and nursed his grievance. He set Dave to all manner of disagreeable tasks, and more than once cuffed him on slight provocation, thereby arousing the intense indignation of Barnes.

The weather continued rough, and the *Pacific Queen* was nearly a week out of port before Dave began to lose the topsyturvy feeling in his stomach. What with seasickness and Mr. Quick's studied unkindness, he felt exceedingly miserable sometimes, but he kept a stiff upper lip, thereby earning the secret admiration of Barnes, who was a good deal more human than he suspected himself of being.

## Chapter IV

### DAVID ADDS TO HIS STOCK OF EXPERIENCE

The voyage, until they made their first stop, at New Orleans, was uneventful. Dave was bitterly disappointed to find that, as they were only to remain in port a few hours, nobody was allowed ashore, and he left the gate of Louisiana with only a confused memory of docks. The weather remained favorable in the Gulf and the Caribbean Sea; and the boy settled down to ship's routine during the long run to Cape Horn, where the *Pacific Queen* ran into a furious gale, which battered her for four days. It was Dave's first experience of really bad weather, and with it came more seasickness, for the ship sometimes lay over at an angle of forty-five degrees, or seemed to be trying to stand on her nose as she slid down the mountainous seas. Green waves were shipped, but little damage was done, everything movable having been securely lashed.

The cook had a miraculous faculty of keeping on his feet and manipulating dishes and pans when by all known laws of gravitation he should have been sprawling. The first time Dave was jerked off his legs by a violent roll of the ship, Barnes hurled a stream of invective at him, performing wondrous gymnastics with his bushy eyebrows and balancing a stew-pan on the galley stove the while.

"Do you want me to hold you up," he fumed, "as well as do all the work in this galley? This comes of goin' to sea with babies! It 's a cradle you ought to have. Me and the mate will take turns rockin' you to sleep. I 'd never have come aboard this packet if I 'd known you 'd be— Come here," he added, softening suddenly, noticing a red stain on Dave's shirt-sleeve. "You 're an idiot, that 's what you are. Why did n't you tell me you 'd hurt yourself?"

He rolled up the boy's sleeve and found a cut which, while not serious, was causing considerable pain. With a tenderness that even Dave had not suspected Barnes capable of, the cook bathed and bandaged it, leaving the dinner to take care of itself until he had finished.

As that day wore on, the sea grew worse, and Barnes quietly took on his own shoulders a good many of the boy's duties. "You 'd better turn in, youngster," he said during the evening. "There 's nothing much for you to do."

"Thanks, Mr. Barnes," Dave said limply, profoundly grateful for the chance of getting to his bunk. He was making his way for'ard and feeling extremely sick, when he encountered Mr. Quick. The wild sea had aroused all the man-driving quality in the mate, who promptly put the lad to cleaning the chain-locker, which happened to be the most disagreeable task he could think of at the moment.

David Hallard came of stubborn stock, and the situation had to be pretty desperate for him to admit to himself that he was beaten, but by the time he was able to crawl into his berth he had a craving to be home, in his own bed, in the house that did not sway and try to turn somersaults, and where there were no chain-lockers. It was the worst hour of the gale, and Dave, though not actually frightened, was more than a little awed. Added to that, his arm hurt a good deal. And besides the seasickness, which alone was enough to make him intensely miserable, he had the recent memory of Mr. Quick's deliberate unkindness.

The rolling of the steamer kept him awake for hours, during which he made a grim resolution. After that his mind became easier and he dropped off to sleep.

Next morning, to his great joy, the boy found the gale had considerably abated; though a heavy sea was still running, the ship was riding much more easily. His resolution involved one point which puzzled him, and after a while he decided to consult the cook.

"I want to ask your advice, Mr. Barnes," he said. "I 've made up my mind to do something."

"What 's worryin' you, Dave?" he asked, puffing out his red cheeks. He liked the boy more than he was aware of, and took a fatherly pride in giving him advice.

"Oh, only this: I 've decided to leave the ship when we get to Auckland."

Barnes stared and blinked his queer-looking eyes.

"Pity to do that," he said. "By rights you ought to take the ship with you. Is n't the steam heat to your satisfaction, or is it 'cos you have n't got a private bath-room?"

Dave knew Barnes well enough by now to ignore his sarcasm.

"I 'll be real sorry to go and leave you, Mr. Barnes," the lad went on, "but Mr. Quick has never forgotten my upsetting that soup over his legs, and he 's got it in for me."

"I know," the cook said. "That 's one of his playful little habits. It 's the vinegar in him. But don't forget, sonny, you might go further an' fare worse."

"Maybe," Dave agreed ruefully; "but if I have my way, I 'll try to be under a mate whose legs I have n't upset hot soup over. Here is what I want to know, though. This boat goes on to Australian ports and the crew are paid off at Brisbane, are n't they?"

"If we ever get there."

"Well, how can I get my pay at Auckland?"

"You want some new clothes, don't you?" Barnes said. "There 's nothing in the slop-chest for kids. I 'll put in a word for you, and they 'll advance you as much money as you 've earned up to the time we hit New Zealand."

Realizing that the more he knew about his new profession the more easily he would be likely to obtain another ship in New Zealand, Dave learnt all he could during the next few weeks, and here he found a valuable tutor in one of the sailors named Hawke. The man spent many hours of his watch below teaching the boy some of the simpler arts of his craft, including splicing and the tying of those baffling knots which form such an important part of a nautical education.

As the *Pacific Queen* neared Auckland, Dave wound up a long letter which he had been writing to his father, bit by bit, ever since he left Brooklyn. It was characteristic of the lad that he said very little of such hardships as he had encountered. He explained that he was going to join another ship, and added hopefully that he would find one homeward bound if possible, little dreaming of the strange adventures that were before him ere he could cross the threshold of his home again.

At Auckland, Barnes saw that Dave got most of the money due to him as wages, urging that he had not enough clothes to keep him warm, and, carrying his suitcase, Dave went up the gangway, thrilled at the idea of putting his feet on foreign soil.

Dave felt no compunction about having left the *Pacific Queen*. Mr. Quick did not want him, and he did not want Mr. Quick. Now both parties were satisfied. Barnes was the only person who really might be inconvenienced, and he had said he could easily get some one else "more useful and less impident."

After amusing himself by watching the shipping for a while, Dave decided to keep out of the way until the following evening, by which time his old ship would have sailed.

Dave encountered some disappointment in the matter of ships. Naturally, he hoped to get a vessel bound for either New York or Boston, but



"'I 'M VERY SORRY, SIR,' THE BOY STAMMERED"

as luck would have it the ships seemed to be clearing for nearly every part of the world except those he wanted to reach.

But he had spent a good deal of his money on various articles which experience had taught him were necessary, and with considerable misgiving he went on board a small tramp, at last, determined to accept any berth that was going, and in a few minutes found himself engaged on the ancient steamer *Kingfisher*, bound for Adelaide and Fremantle, Australia, in the capacity of cook's help and cabin-boy.

Dave bitterly regretted his choice before he had been at sea twenty-four hours. The ship was one of the oldest afloat in those waters, and proportionately dirty. Rats scuttled among the cargo, and even found their way to the crew's quarters. Either because the owners were mean about paint, or because the skipper was indifferent, the old *Kingfisher* had a dilapidated appearance, and in anything but the calmest weather the vessel was known pleasantly by the sailors as "the submarine," by reason of her trick of digging her nose into the waves instead of riding on top of them.

But bad as her appearance and sailing qualities were, it was her machinery which was worst, and Dave found that MacTavish, her Scottish engineer, never tired of bemoaning his fate in having to drive such "scrap iron."

After casting off at Adelaide, the *Kingfisher* passed Kangaroo Island on her port beam, and entered the vast and stormy bay known as the Great Australian Bight, where great currents meet and where the elements rarely seem to be at rest. For full six hundred miles the *Kingfisher* had to plough her way through a wild sea, and MacTavish's life became a nightmare.

The old boilers held and the cylinders never faltered. Trouble, however, was waiting round the corner for the unhappy Scot. Right in the middle of the Bight, when the wind was blowing big guns and giant waves were careening along, the *Kingfisher* gave a plunge which left her propeller in midair for the space of several seconds before there was time to shut off steam. MacTavish, feeling the vibration, knew what was happening, and burst into a cold perspiration. If it had occurred on any other ship, he would not have been so concerned, but his "rattle box" was in no condition to stand treatment of that kind. A few hours later his worst fears were realized. An oiler reported that a crack had developed in the main shaft near the propeller.

The ship was promptly stopped, and MacTavish made a careful inspection of the damage. For once, the captain was deeply concerned. He, too, went down into the bottom of the ship, to see how bad the trouble was.

"She 's cracked at a flaw in the steel," MacTavish declared, "and it 's only a question of how much strain is put on her before she rips right off as clean as a carrot. You 'll have to run at half speed, anyway, Cap'n. If you make Fremantle, you 'll be lucky."

For days after that the *Kingfisher* crawled westwards, with the engineers nursing her "scrap iron" jealously. She managed to scrape out of the Bight and was already within a few hundred miles of Fremantle when a southerly gale struck her in all its fury.

Suddenly, while the ship was pitching, she shuddered convulsively. There was a grating noise in the engine-room, and then silence.

The propeller-shaft had parted, and they were at the mercy of the sea. The only thing that was of the slightest assistance was a fore-and-aft sail which had been rigged, but the canvas was rotten, and it split from top to bottom in a violent gust.

For the first time in his life Dave was facing real danger.

Helpless as a log, the *Kingfisher* ran before the storm hour after hour. The crew could now do nothing but wait for a possible shifting of the wind. It kept steadily in one quarter, however, and, when darkness fell, the hopes of every one on board fell to zero. Rockets were sent up, but there was no answering signal. All through the night Dave, with the rest of the crew, stood on deck, anxiously looking for something in the nature of a miracle to happen.

Dawn broke after an apparent eternity, only to accentuate the misery of their position. Everywhere the sea was a mass of foam and seething, white-crested waves. Soon the loom of low-lying land ahead became apparent, and toward this they were carried remorselessly. At the end of their cables dangled the two anchors, which, now that the *Kingfisher* was in shallower water, dragged and retarded her progress somewhat, but did not hold.

"Stand by the boats," the captain bellowed at last through a megaphone. There were breakers about three cables' lengths ahead.

Every man was already wearing a life-belt. The chances of getting ashore, even in the boats, seemed a forlorn one, with such a sea raging.

All waited tensely for the moment when the vessel should strike the ground. Just outside the grasp of the hungry breakers she hit the bottom with a mighty thud which jarred her from stem to stern. The next wave lifted her. Then she struck for the last time, and the days of the old *Kingfisher* were over.

Waves were breaking right over her when the men were struggling to lower the boats. One boat, containing as many of the crew as could scramble into her, capsized instantly, and Dave shuddered as he heard the cries of the doomed men. He was standing at the side of the ship, waiting with others for a favorable instant to jump into a boat that danced crazily alongside. For a second the small craft was lifted almost up to the rail, and he made a leap, landing, more by good fortune than anything else, in the middle of the boat just as her crew began to pull away.

The next ten minutes were thrilling. Dave could not think of them for months afterward without a vivid picture of it all flashing into his brain.

There were more than a dozen sailors huddled together in the dancing craft. Dave never knew the exact number. Far too heavily laden, she stood no chance of reaching shore. Straight at the breakers she went. It was neck or nothing. At the worst, the men in her could only die, but they could die fighting for their lives.

The first wave toyed with the craft, lifting it like a cork before passing on. Twenty feet behind it towered a silent, green wall of water, the crest of which was just beginning to topple over with a hissing, ominous sound. Relentlessly it rushed on, and Dave's heart sank, for he believed that his last moment had come.

The boat shot upward and spun around dizzily, half full of water. The boy clutched one of the seats with nerveless fingers. Every second he expected to feel the wave closing over him. Rowing was out of the question. They were at the mercy of the sea.

The helpless boat met the next wave broadside on. It came like some devouring monster, eager for its prey. One of the crew, his nerves strung to breaking point, uttered a hoarse cry as the mass of water struck them. The boat turned completely over, and its occupants sank in a smother of foam, many of them, as it proved, to their doom.

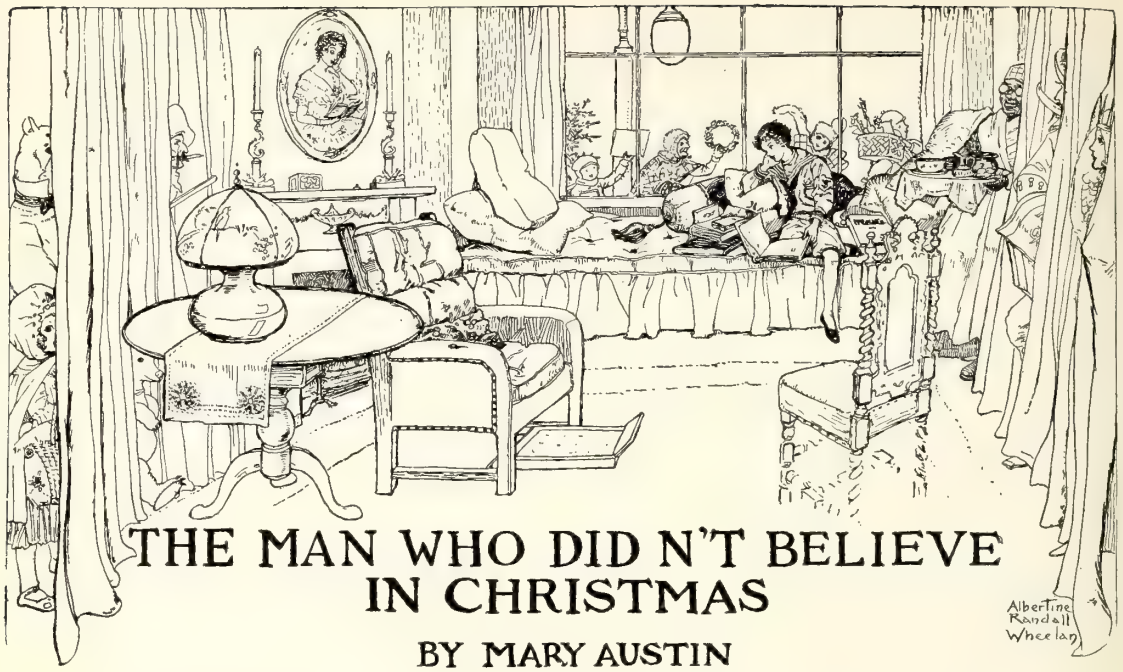
Aided by the life-belt he was wearing, the boy struck out, gasping. At one instant he came to the surface and took a choking breath. The next moment another swirling breaker had caught and overwhelmed him again. His mouth, ears, and nose were full of water. He was rolling over and over and the last of his strength was fast ebbing away. When his head emerged from the foam the thunder of the surf sounded fainter, as though it were drifting away into the distance. Vaguely he wondered what his dad and Aunt Martha were doing, far away at home; but his thoughts were disconnected. He felt an inclination to sleep, although he was being smothered all the time. If only he could get one more breath!

For a flash he returned fully to consciousness, when a sharp pain shot through his knee as it struck a rock. Then came forgetfulness.

*(To be continued)*

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# THE MAN WHO DID N'T BELIEVE IN CHRISTMAS

## BY MARY AUSTIN

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA

THE REAL PEOPLE

*Alan, a lonely boy* — *Mr. Hardmann, his father*
*Mammy Delia, the housekeeper*

THE PASSERS-BY

*Grocer's Boy* — *Shopping Girl*
*Old Woman* — *Newsboy*

THE STORY PEOPLE

*Red Riding Hood* — *The Three Bears*
*Captain Kidd* — *Fairy Princess*
*Toby, the Clown* — *The Wizard of Oz*
*Dare-Devil Dick, the Indian Fighter*
*Clarice, the World's Empress Bareback Rider*

TIME: *The Present, Christmas Eve.*

ACT FIRST

SCENE.—*The living-room of a comfortably furnished house in any American city. At the back is a deep window-seat looking on the street; at the left, a fireplace, with a dull glow of coals; in front of it, a table with a reading-lamp, unlighted; near that a Morris chair. One or two other chairs are arranged about the room, and over the mantel is the portrait of a lady. A strong light comes in from the window, but the corners of the room are in darkness.*

*A boy of seven or eight is seated among the cushions of the window-seat, turning over a pile of books. From time to time he glances out of the window.*

*A grocer's boy goes by with a basket from which the top of a bunch of celery and a chicken's legs may be seen sticking out. The boy inside opens a small book and begins to read. Little Red Riding Hood comes out of the dusk on the right of the room and goes briskly across with her basket. As she disappears on the left you can just see the Wolf, joining her. The boy turns the pages, and from somewhere in the dusk the Three Bears materialize, each with his appropriate spoon. ("Who 's been eating out of my spoon?") The boy keeps his eyes on the book and wriggles with appreciation.*

*A pretty girl, with her arms full of parcels, passes outside and calls,* "Hello, Alan!" *Turning to look at her and wave his hand, the boy lets his book fall, and the Three Bears disappear. He watches the girl out of sight. An old woman with wreaths of holly on her arm holds up one, inviting him to buy, but he shakes his head, and with a sigh turns to his books again. This time he selects a larger one; and as he reads, the Fairy Princess, who looks very like the young lady who just smiled at him, steps daintily across the room, and then other figures appear indistinctly. A newsboy outside, passing, cries,* "Merry Christmas," *and a man with a small fir-tree in his arms goes by. Alan answers,* "Merry Christmas," *but it ends in a sigh and a choke, and he turns to his books.*

*Now the shadowy figures grow plainer. Captain Kidd, with a cutlass in his mouth, buries a chest of Spanish Treasure behind the Morris chair, and Dare-devil Dick, the Indian Fighter, comes scouting along the trail. Dick catches sight of the largest of the Three Bears, draws a bead on him, misses fire, and, drawing his bowie-knife as the bear rears on his hind legs, they clinch.*

*Just at the most dramatic moment the sound of a door opening causes them all to vanish; and Alan, who has been showing the most intense appreciation of what he reads, puts down his book to talk to the housekeeper, who enters from the right.*

*All this time the room has been growing dark, lit only by the glow of the street lamp outside. Now*

*delicate flakes of snow begin to fall. Mammy Delia brings in a tray with Alan's supper, which she places on the table, turning on the reading-lamp, diffusing a warm glow over the room.*

DELIA. Law sakes, honey, ef you ain't a-strainin' of you' eyes ag'in over them old story-bookses! Ef you' daddy was to catch you at it, you gonna hear somepin go smack, I reckon.

ALAN (*still absorbed in what he has been reading*). Mammy Delia, were you ever scalped? Or had to walk a plank?

DELIA. Who, me? (*Alan nods.*) Law bless you, chile, ain't no plank gonna hold me; I take the whole sidewalk.

ALAN. Oh, no, Delia, I mean as a pirate makes you. Captain Kidd, you know (*Pantomime*). But I guess they didn't do that to ladies. Pirates were always awfully kind to ladies; and the ladies sometimes got so fond of them that the pirates just could n't drive them away.

DELIA (*moving about the room, drawing the curtains and setting the furniture to rights*). Oh, could n't they!

ALAN. No. Don't you think that shows they have kind hearts, Delia?

DELIA (*placing a chair at the table*). Well, I reckon pirates is a whole lot like other people. They got as kind hearts as they can affo'd to have 'ithout spilin' their business.

ALAN. I'm glad you think so, because I really would n't *care* to be a pirate if they were n't kind. Sometimes I think I 'd rather be an Indian fighter, because pirates have to fight perfectly good people sometimes; but Indian fighters only kill bears and redskins and things of that kind. (*While Delia has her back turned he creeps upon her from behind with pantomime of scalping.*) Scalped! (*Warwhoop*).

DELIA (*in mock terror*). Fo' de laws' sake, you ain't skelped me ag'in, is you? I reckon you' daddy'll do that, though, ef he comes home and catches you settin' up. (*She draws a chair invitingly.*) Come, now!

ALAN. It's very perplexing, don't you think, Delia, trying to decide what you'll be when you grow up?

DELIA (*tying his napkin*). Well, I guess havin' you' supper will help some with the growin'. (*Pushes him up.*)

ALAN (*catching sight of the bread and jam*). Oh—e! Strawberry jam! (*He reaches for it, but Delia catches his hand*).

DELIA. Porridge first! (*She brings a cushion to make him high enough, giving his napkin a final tuck*). Mind now, don't spot! You know you' daddy says you got to be a gen'man jes' the same when you's alone as when you got company.

ALAN. Uh—huh (*eating carefully*). Delia, why don't we have some Christmas in this house?

DELIA. Well, you know, you' pa, he don't believe in Chris'mus.

ALAN. Yes, but is n't it *there?* In the street and everywhere, just like Thanksgiving and—Sunday? I don't see how you can help believing in it if it is *there.*

DELIA. Well, leastways, he don't believe in makin' a fuss about it.

ALAN. Every window in this street has got some Christmas in it but ours.

DELIA (*with a quick glance up at the portrait on the wall*). You poor lamb!

ALAN (*following her glance*). If we had a mother in our house, *we'd* have a Christmas, too, would n't we, Delia?

DELIA. Yes, honey, you' mother, she was one for all kinds of doin's and fixin's. Seemed like we was n't hardly done with Thanksgivin' till we was fixin' for Chris'mus. An' them ole story-books what you been readin', she was fond of 'em up to the last. 'Pears like this ole house ought to be plumb full of pirates an' b'ars an' fairy princesses an' sich, they was that alive to her.

ALAN (*kindling*). Oh, it is. Every time I open a book they just come right out. (*Mysteriously*) There's a chest of Spanish Treasure right over there behind that chair, Delia, and back there in that corner there's the most awful, horrible—grizzly bear!

DELIA. Awk! (*She gives a squeal of fright, and then recovers herself*). If you ain't the beatenest chile!

ALAN. I should think *they* would n't like it not to have any Christmas in the window.

DELIA (*to herself*). Poor lamb! (*Aloud*) But we don't have to have Chris'mus in the window, honey. We can have it right here in ou' hearts.

ALAN (*taking it seriously*). I don't know just what that means, Delia.

DELIA. Why, jus' lovin' and givin'. That's what Chris'mus is, honey lamb. We can love people in ou' hearts and give them things in ou' hearts. We can have that kind of Chris'mus.

ALAN (*soberly*). Can we? (*Absorbed in the subject, he absently lets the porridge fall from his spoon, and then puts the spoon in his mouth without noticing*).

DELIA. Mind you' napkin! You know what you' pa is always sayin'.

ALAN (*regarding the drip of his spoon thoughtfully, and then suddenly taken with an idea*). Why—of course we can have that kind of a Christmas. (*He finishes his porridge carefully, with great attention to keeping his napkin spotless, takes a careful drink of milk, and begins on his bread and jam.*)

DELIA. Besides, you jes' wait an' see what I got for dinner to-morrow.

ALAN (*interested*). Turkey?

DELIA. You jes' wait an' see!

ALAN. I know! Turkey and stuffing and celery—and mashed potato—and cranberry—and mince pie—ouch! (*In his excitement he has almost dripped the jam, but remedies that by licking the crust once around.*)

DELIA. (*Who has been piling up the books with her back to him.*) Ain't you 'most finished? You' pa is likely to be along home any minute now.

ALAN (*bolting the last mouthful*). Almost—Thank you. (*He licks his fingers, and, taking off his napkin, surveys its spotlessness with satisfaction.*) Not a one!

DELIA (*taking it from him*). Quite the little gen'man you're gettin' to be. Wait a minute! (*She attempts to wipe on the napkin the jam which he has not quite succeeded in removing from his countenance with his tongue*).

ALAN (*drawing back*). No, no. No, sir-ee! (*He takes out his handkerchief and polishes his cheeks with it*). Now it's all right.

DELIA. And now you better run along to bed before you' pa—

ALAN. Please, Delia—I just have to stay up tonight until Daddy comes. There's something I have to ask him.

DELIA. You know what he said—

ALAN. He said I could stay up when it was necessary, and this is, Delia. It's *most* important.

DELIA (*reluctantly, as the boy strokes her cheek coaxingly*). Oh, well— But don't you try no 'maginary pufformances on you' pa, honey; he ain't built for 'em. (*Goes out with the tray.*)

(*Alan brings his book to the table, kneels in the chair to bring himself in the right relation to the lamp, and begins to turn the pages slowly. As he turns, Captain Kidd and Dare-devil Dick come out of the shadow; they are joined by the Fairy Princess, and as the three talk the Three Bears lumber up and stand listening*).

CAPTAIN KIDD (*motioning to Dare-devil Dick to draw near and regarding Alan with pride*). What a pirate he'd have made if they'd just let him have his chance in life!

DICK. Well, now, *I* think he rather favors trailin' an' scalpin'. But ain't it a plumb shame the poor kid don't have no Christmas? Ain't there nothing we can do about it?

CAPTAIN KIDD. Well, maybe if we made that father of his walk the plank—

PRINCESS. Oh, no, *she* would n't like that (*indicates picture*). You know, if it had n't been for her, we would n't be here.

DICK. No, we can't go against the feelings of a lady.

PRINCESS. Don't you remember how all the time the boy was a tiny baby she kept calling us around her? She was afraid she would have to leave him, and she said if he could have *us* for friends—

CAPTAIN KIDD (*much moved*). Well, the *Jolly Roger* is n't exactly the school for Christmas angels, ma'am, but if you think of anything—

PRINCESS. We must *all* think—

DICK. The first thing is to lay for the father—

PRINCESS. Hush! I think he 's coming! (*They slip back into the shadow and as the outer door is heard to close, Alan closes his book and they completely disappear. Mr. Hardmann is heard stamping in the entry, and immediately enters with his coat still on and hat in hand.*)

ALAN (*getting down from chair*). Hello, Daddy!

HARDMANN. Well, son! Been a good boy to-day?

ALAN. Yes, Daddy. (*They kiss formally.*)

HARDMANN. (*To Delia, who has entered and who takes his coat.*) Just hang it where it will dry; there's quite a bit of snow falling. (*Exit Delia. Hardmann takes newspaper from pocket and draws up the Morris chair.*) A bit late, is n't it, for you, young man?

ALAN (*who stands touching him with timid affection.*) I wanted to ask you something.

HARDMANN. Well, out with it. (*He takes the boy's hand, not unkindly, but with stiffness.*)

ALAN. I wanted—to ask—if you would mind our having a little Christmas in the window to-morrow—

HARDMANN (*stiffening*). Who 's been talking to you about Christmas? I thought I had made Delia understand—

ALAN (*alarmed*). No, Father, truly. I just thought of it by myself. You see, every house but ours—

HARDMANN. *Of* course! It 's a conspiracy of tradespeople. The more fools they can get to buy their gimcracks — Christmas giving! Christmas getting would be more like it. I 'll have nothing to do with it.

ALAN (*desperately*). I thought you would n't mind. I could take the money out of my bank—and we need n't put it up until after you had gone to the office—Daddy!

HARDMANN (*rising and taking an attitude before the fireplace*). Now, Alan, you have really hurt my feelings! You are talking as though I were a cruel and neglectful parent. I thought I had made you understand that, in doing my best to bring you up useful and successful, I had tried to avoid everything that is not eminently practical.

ALAN (*forlornly*). Yes, Daddy.

HARDMANN. Now what is there practical about Christmas? And Santa Claus? What's Santa Claus? Driving reindeer through the air! Sliding down chimneys! Stuff and nonsense! Do you understand?

ALAN (*choking back his disappointment and glancing back toward his story-book for support*). I—I think so, Daddy.

HARDMANN. Well, then, you must n't disappoint me by indulging in such nonsense. It stimulates the imagination unduly. Your poor dear mother had too much imagination. It was her one failing, and I should n't be doing right by her son if I did n't try to correct it. Come now, kiss me good night, and let us hear no more of Christmas.

ALAN (*kissing him*). Good night, Daddy. (*He looks at his book and then back at his father, and, when he thinks the latter is n't looking, tries to slip the book away unobtrusively.*)

HARDMANN. Here, what 's this? Reading in bed?

ALAN. I was n't going to read. I was just—taking it. For company.

HARDMANN. Well, let me see what company you keep. I suppose it is time I began to supervise your reading. Come.

ALAN (*reluctantly yielding it*). It 's a very nice book, Father. It—it is n't at all—imaginative.

HARDMANN (*reading the title*). Boy's Story-book. We 'll see (*turning the pages*). Captain Kidd—h'm—Aladdin—Sindbad—

ALAN. Good night, Father.

HARDMANN (*abstracted*). Good night, son.

(*He adjusts the light and the Morris chair and begins to turn over the pages of the book, showing strong disapproval. He says* "Pish!" *and* "Tut-tut!" *and* "This is worse than I thought!" *But in spite of himself he grows interested, tries to pretend he is not, finally surrenders and settles down to enjoyment. As he reads, the story people gather in the dark corners of the room. They whisper and make signs to one another. Captain Kidd takes off his sash and offers it to Dare-devil Dick, making signs what he shall do with it. Dick and Captain Kidd steal up on either side of Hardmann.*)

DICK. "Hands up!" (*They bind his hands behind him with the sash, and Dick takes off his own handkerchief to make a gag. Hardmann sputters.*)

CAPTAIN KIDD. There now, don't you make any more noise than you have to!

DICK (*with the gag*). He won't have any more chance to than the coon had with Davy Crockett. Now then! (*Slumping him back in the chair*). You look more the way a man ought to look who 's been putting it all over a poor kid. Just because he 's your'n! I 've a notion to skelp you. Eh, Cap?

CAPTAIN KIDD. Walking the plank is too good for *him*. Shiver my timbers! Don't believe in Christmas!

RED RIDING HOOD. Why does n't he?

ALL. *Yes, why don't you?* (*Hardmann makes inarticulate protest.*)

CAPTAIN KIDD. There was n't a pirate ship on the Spanish Main that did n't have an extra grog and a plum pudding for Christmas.

RED RIDING HOOD. Why, you 're worse than a pirate!

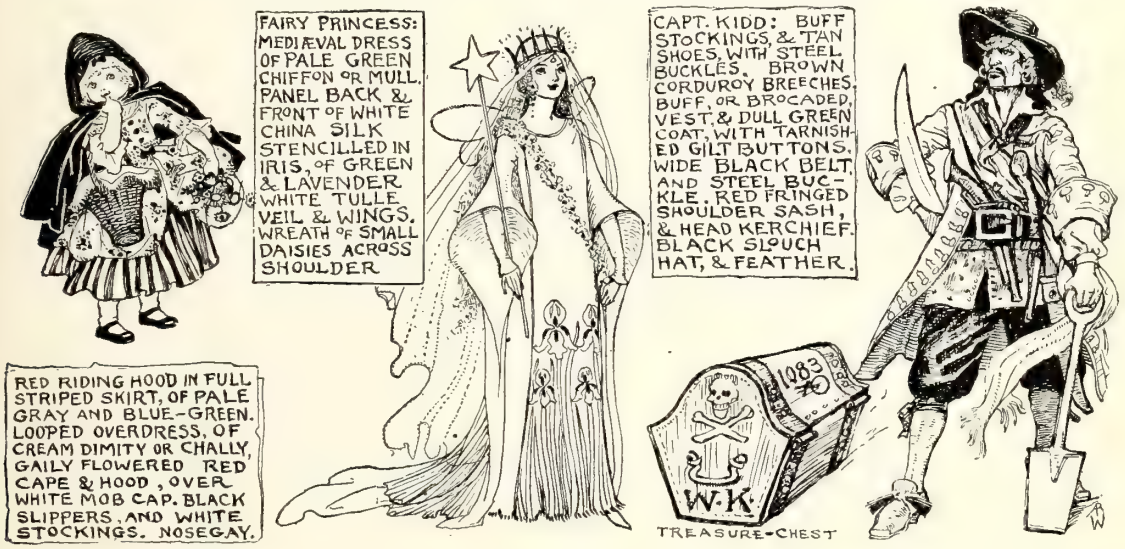
THE OTHERS. Yes, you are worse than a pirate!

PRINCESS. A great deal worse. You 've had a chance to learn better.

RED RIDING HOOD. I think he ought to be magicked away to some place *where nothing ever happens.*

DICK. That's no good. That kind don't know when anything happens, anyway.

PRINCESS. Oh, I 've thought of something! Listen! (*They all gather around her to whisper.*)




DICK. Hist! You, Pete! (*He motions to the Father Bear to take his place while he joins the others.*)

CAPTAIN KIDD. You, mate! (*He pantomimes to the Mother Bear to take his place beside the prisoner*). Fo'cas'le council!

(*Hardmann, who has not seen the bears, as soon as the others turn their backs, tries to get out of his chair on one side, and is terrified back by the open jaws of Father Bear; he tries to sneak out on the other side, and confronts Mother Bear. He sinks back in the chair, and Baby Bear comes sniffing about his toes. He begins to kick out frantically and makes sputtering noises. This attracts the others.*)

DICK. Hold on there, hold on! (*Separating him from Baby Bear.*) Ain't you got no feelings for the young? He was just having fun with you. Why, I knew a man had his whole arm et off and did n't make so much fuss about it. Take his gag off and let him talk some. It 'll relieve his feelings.

(*While this is being done there is music and a whoop-halloo outside, and Toby the Clown comes tumbling into the room, holding a hoop through which the Bareback Empress suddenly bounces and pirouettes about the circle.*)

PRINCESS. Oh! I never saw you before. Did *you* come out of a book?

CLARICE. Out of a circus, and that 's pretty near the same thing. I heard you were having a party, and this gentleman (*kissing her hand to Hardmann*) is a friend of mine.

HARDMANN. I—really, there 's some mistake, I—really!

CLARICE. And what 's more, he once admired me very much. (*Sensation.*)

HARDMANN. I?—preposterous!

CLARICE. You did. You were eleven and a half when your father took you to a circus, and you saw me there.

CLOWN. What 's more, you admired *me.* You were going to be *me* when you grew up. You used to practise this out in the barn (*tumbles*).

CLARICE. Yes, and when your own boy wanted to go to the circus this summer you—said—it was—enervating!

THE OTHERS. Oh! You never! How could you!

HARDMANN. I did n't! That is—I mean I don't know this lady. I won't be responsible for what people like that say about me.

DICK. Why, it 's the best thing I ever heard about you. If you was to *be* one of them things, you 'd have to be doing something every minute.

CLOWN. You betcha! (*Business of clowning*) Like that!

CAPTAIN KIDD. That's why boys like to read us, real healthy boys. We 're always doing something.

PRINCESS. It 's very stimulating to the imagination.

THE OTHERS. Yes. Of course it is. Did n't you know *that?*

PRINCESS. And that 's what gave me my idea.

CLARICE. What's that?

PRINCESS. Why, that he should have to be each one of us in turn until he finds out what we are for.

THE OTHERS. Yes! That 's the idea. Make him find out!

CLARICE. Well, you 're rather old to begin my business. They generally break a leg or an arm when they begin at your age. Still, that 's nothing, and if you fall, the horses hardly ever step on you.

HARDMANN (*alarmed*). Really, I—

CAPTAIN KIDD. There 's nothing like pirating to keep you limber. Why, I 've seen the time when the scuppers were running full and the rigging half over, and the sea swarming with sharks—And there was Old Flint. Remember Flint? (*Sings*).

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest,
(*The Others Join*)
Yoho, and a bottle of rum!

HARDMANN. I 'm a respectable citizen—

DICK. That won't do you no good when you get into the redskin's country. (*Fixes his gag again.*) Now, don't you try no funny business. We 're going to learn you something. Let 's begin. (*Hardmann shows extreme terror as Dick begins pantomime of Indian war-dance and scalping.*)

CLARICE. Well, I think we ought to do something for the poor kid first.

RED RIDING HOOD. He ought to have some kind of Christmas.

THE OTHERS. Yes, of course he ought. (*They consider.*)

PRINCESS. I know! Let 's ask the Wizard of Oz.

CLARICE. Well, he does n't seem to be among those present—

PRINCESS. Oh, *that 's* easy. I only have to make a figure like this with my wand, and wave it like this—and this—and turn around three times—and stamp my foot—

(*There is a flash of light, a flash of darkness, then the lights are at normal again and the Wizard of Oz is seen.*)

And there he is!

WIZARD (*proceeding at once to do tricks of magic and legerdemain*). What can I do for you?

PRINCESS. We want you to make a Christmas.

RED RIDING HOOD. For a little boy who never had any.

CLARICE. Christmas-trees and toys and candy.

WIZARD. Produce your boy.

PRINCESS. Why, we can't, you know. He 's upstairs, asleep.

WIZARD. I see. You want a dream Christmas. Nothing easier. Make the magic circle there.

(*They make a circle, pushing back the furniture, the Wizard producing whatever he needs by magic, describes circles in the air with his wand, and begins to pace a magic figure, chanting*)

Cabala, quabala,
Abracadabra,
Zamiel, Amiel, Abaron, Tymayel,
Shemeshiel, Malkahiel,
Tetragram, Pentagon,
Fee! Fo! Fum!

(*As he paces, the others circle in back, moving from right to left as he moves from left to right, each one using movements appropriate to his character.*)

STORY PEOPLE (*dancing and chanting*).
Intry, Mintry, Cutery corn,
Apple seed and briar thorn,
Onery, oery, ichory Ann,
Phillison, phollison,
Nicholas, John—

WIZARD OF OZ (*his voice rising above the others as smoke begins to arise within the circle and a strange light shines about him*).

Shemeshiel, Malkahiel,
Macaroni, piebald pony,
Samiel and Grimalkin,
Cabala, quabala,
Abracadabra,
Ding, Dong, Dell—

(*As the last word thunders out, the smoke clears and shows a small Christmas-tree in the middle of the circle.*)









ALL. Oh, lovely!

WIZARD. Now for the gifts. (*He goes about extracting small toys from each of them—a ball, a top, etc.*)

PRINCESS. But I want to give him something my own self. Christmas-trees have stars, don't they? (*She takes the star from her wand and fixes it to the top of the tree. The Wizard waves his wand, and suddenly the star glows, amid exclamations of delight.*)

CLARICE. I want to be in on this. (*She takes the spangles from her dress; the clown hangs up his whistle.*)

CAPTAIN KIDD (*lugging his treasure-chest*). Just let him get his hands into this! (*He opens it at the foot of the tree and holds up a handful of gold*). Spanish Treasure!

DICK (*showing a bowie-knife*). These long marks are for the Injuns I 've killed, and these notches are for grizzly bears, and the crosses are for life-and-death struggles.

PRINCESS. Dear me, there seem to be a great many of them!

DICK. Yes, ma'am; and if he finds he needs any more, I can easy put 'em on for him. (*He hangs it on the tree and at the same time Red Riding Hood produces a cake from her basket and puts it on the treasure-chest.*)

WIZARD. Now, produce your boy! (*They all look blank.*)

PRINCESS. Well, of course, it 's only a dream Christmas—(*she looks troubled*).

CLARICE. Well, he could walk in his sleep, could n't he?

PRINCESS. The very thing. I know a fairy spell! You must all help me. Somebody open the door.

(*Red Riding Hood sets the door open. The Princess begins to dance and to sing softly. A fairy light plays over the whole scene. The others stand back and accompany her dance with a low crooning*).

PRINCESS (*singing*)

All you sleeping in this house,
Man and child and creeping mouse,
Hearken to my fairy spell!

(*Chorus*)
Hearken to her fairy spell!

Hark, but do not wake to hear!
Be your slumber without fear,
While the dream is hovering near,
Slumber deep and well!

(*Chorus*)
Slumber deep and well!

You, dear child, for whom we wait,
Come you through the Dreamland Gate,
Listening to my fairy spell!

(*Chorus*)
Listening to her fairy spell!

Come you softly down the stair,
Of the darkness unaware,
Come to those who speak you fair
And who love you well!

(*Chorus*)
All who love you well!

(*She pauses to listen at the doorway, turns to the others and nods reassuringly, and sings softly*)

Now the dream is at its best,
Day is neither East nor West,
Come but do not break your rest,
Come, oh come!

(*Chorus*)
Come, dear dreamer, come!

(*The Princess backs away from the door, dancing still with beckoning movements as she draws Alan, who appears at the door in his night things,*

*with his shoes and stockings in one hand and his little coat in the other.)*

ALAN (*vaguely*). I thought somebody called me. Oh—ee! (*catching sight of the tree*). Christmas-tree! (*He drops his clothes and advances, entranced, discovering the others*). Why, you are all here! (*Timid for a moment, he suddenly remembers*). Merry Christmas! Everybody!

ALL. Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!

ALAN. Captain Kidd, and Dare-devil Dick the Indian Fighter, and the Fairy Princess, and—and everybody. (*Wistfully*) Is that your tree?

PRINCESS. No, it 's yours. See, this is what I gave you. (*Alan is overcome.*)

DICK. And look-a-here, Pard. This is from me.

CAPTAIN KIDD (*thrusting his hands in the chest*). Pieces of Eight!

RED RIDING HOOD (*giving him cake*). Now sit right down and eat every bit. It 's got pink icing.

ALAN (*sitting down, cake in hand, on the treasure-chest*). And who is this? I don't believe I know your story?

CLARICE. Oh, I 'm Madamoiselle Clarice, the World's Bareback Empress!

ALAN (*looking at her back interestedly*). Oh! (*Wishing to be polite*) Don't you ever catch cold?

CLARICE. Well, what do you think of that? That 's what comes of keepin' kids away from the circus.

ALAN. Oh—ee, circus! Oh, won't you please do a little of it now?

CLARICE. Why, sure. That 's what I 'm here for. Hoop-la, Toby!

(*The clown and Clarice begin their act, and one by one the others join in, doing things for Alan's entertainment, the Wizard pulling rabbits out of people's collars, etc., Captain Kidd dancing a hornpipe with Father Bear, until the boy is quite beside himself with laughter and squeals of delight. In the meantime Alan's father, who has been sitting in the background, gagged and tied, has worked the handkerchief from his mouth, and calls attention to himself with various spluttering noises. When the fun is at its height he breaks out.*)

HARDMANN. Stop, stop! I object. That's not the sort of thing I want my son to see. It's foolish, it's impractical—

ALAN. Father! (*Goes up to him.*) Why, your hands are tied!

HARDMANN. I tell you, I 'll not sit here and have my son hear such things—

DICK. Easy, old scout.

ALAN. What are you doing to my father? Untie his hands!

PRINCESS. You see, my dear, we don't regard him as a suitable kind of father for a nice, imaginative boy like you—

ALAN (*almost crying*). What are you going to do with him?

CAPTAIN KIDD. Walking the plank's too good for—

DICK (*stopping him*). Why, you see, he was going to take your book away. And then where would you be without us?

RED RIDING HOOD. And he does n't believe in Christmas!

PRINCESS. And the fairy folk don't care much about staying around a house where there is n't any Christmas, not a teenty little smidge of it.

ALAN (*laying his hand on his father's arm*). You —you mean that you won't stay if my father stays—

PRINCESS. You see, it is n't only the fairy folk who leave! There are lots of other nice things go out of a house where there is n't any Christmas—you 'll find when you grow up—and lots of ugly things come in— You 'll have to choose.

ALAN (*stoutly struggling with tears*). It is n't true that there is n't any Christmas in this house. There is some right here in my heart. Christmas is loving—Mammy Delia said it was. And—I love you, and I love my father—

PRINCESS. Christmas is giving, too, little boy.

ALAN (*dashing away the tears triumphantly*). Well, I was giving something, too. I was giving my father a Christmas gift. I—I 'm a nawful careless little boy—an' I spot my napkin and sometimes the tablecloth—and disappoint my father. And I did n't spot them to-night. And I was n't going to, *ever*—and I was giving it to him for a Christmas gift. (*He bursts into tears and throws himself upon his father's breast*). And I don't want him to go away, I want him to sta—ay!

(*At the boy's first sob, the story people look at one another in consternation, and at the next, all the lights but the reading-lamp go out, and they all vanish. The lights go up a little and show Alan sobbing in his father's arms in the Morris chair.*)

HARDMANN. There, there, son (*petting him*).

ALAN. Father, Father! I don't want you to go away!

HARDMANN. Why, I 'm not going. I 'm here, son. You 've been dreaming. Hush—hush.

DELIA (*entering, in dressing-gown*). 'Scuse me, Mr. Hardmann, I thought I heard Master Alan cryin'.

HARDMANN. He 's been walking in his sleep, and he 's had a dream or two.

ALAN (*now fully awake and puzzled*). I thought Daddy was going away.

HARDMANN. Why, I could n't leave you, son. I—why I would get to be quite an old fogy without my boy—I— Is n't that so, Delia?

DELIA. Well, you suttenly was aidgin' in that direction, Mr. Hardmann.

HARDMANN. Yes, I—(*embarrassed*)—I think you 'd better take him right up to bed. There are—several things I want to do (*gives her the boy*). I—suppose you could n't tell me if the shops on this street are open, Delia?

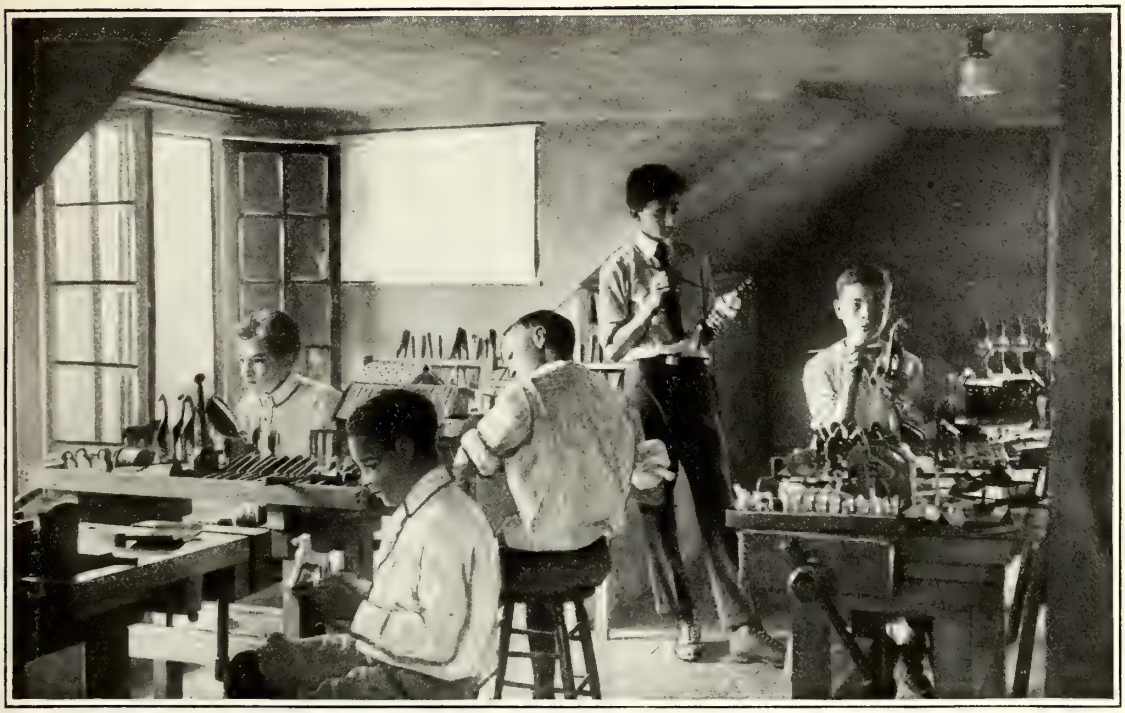
DELIA (*as she takes Alan, now drowsing off again*). Yes, sir, they 's right smart sto's keeps open till midnight, along of to-morrow bein' Chris'mus.

ALAN (*rousing sleepily*). Merry Christmas, Daddy.

HARDMANN. Aw—er—Merry Christmas! (*Delia bursts into a laugh which she tries discreetly, but unsuccessfully, to check as she goes out with Alan in her arms or drowsily stumbling along beside her.*)

(*Left alone, Hardmann goes to the window, drawing the curtain to look up and down the street. The old woman with holly wreaths holds up one. Hardmann makes signs that he wishes to buy, opens the sash, hands out the money, and is heard to say emphatically,* "Two, please." *Receives the two wreaths, hangs them up in the window and hurries to the door. He stumbles over Alan's shoes and stockings, picks them up, is struck with an idea, and, timidly looking up at his wife's picture for approval, hangs up one stocking at the mantelpiece, and then hurries out at the door like a man bent on a pleasant errand. Christmas chimes are heard.*

CURTAIN.



A BUSY DAY IN THE ATTIC WORKSHOP

# THE TOY-MAKERS OF TRYON

BY LIDA ROSE McCABE

"WHAT can I do with my hands?"

Royce Quiller, the eldest of a family of eight children, often put the question to himself in his log-cabin home in the lonely fastnesses of the Blue Ridge Mountains of western North Carolina. How the answer is coming to him and to other mountain and village boys, making for self support and good citizenship, is the story of the wood-carvers and toy-makers of Tryon.

These Blue Mountain boys—in age they run from eleven to fifteen—will tell you that the happy change that an artistic, marketable use of their hands is bringing into their heretofore aimless lives, is the magic of two "grow'd up" fairies—Eleanor P. Vance and Charlotte L. Yale. They are the remarkable women who founded and developed wood-carving and hand-loom weaving among the mountaineer tenants on the famous "Biltmore" estate near Asheville, North Carolina. To Tryon, which is forty-five miles from Biltmore village, they came about two years ago to do like work among the youth of that locality.

Tryon is on the South Carolina state line in a nook of the Blue Ridge Mountains of the Appalachian Range. It is the largest village on the eastern slope. Gaily painted houses overrun it (with front doors on hilltops, back doors opening anywhere below), and from among them arises the square stone tower of the village church. An ox-team with a load of wood rumbles along in leisurely fashion through the heavy red clay of the main street. On the village outskirts, in an old cottage converted through the labor of the crafter's own hands into a House Beautiful, is the Vance-Yale studio-workshop.

It was at the door of this unique cottage that Royce Quiller timidly knocked one autumn day. The lad had hobbled about the mountains on crutches ever since he could remember. This handicap barred him out of games and sports in which most boys grow strong, and made him think much of his hands—fine, capable hands, too.

"Why should n't I use my hands as the Biltmore boys do?" he mused, for stories of the latter's wood-carving and loom-spinning had penetrated to his mountain home.

Royce had not only capable hands, but a sturdy, ambitious soul, as you will see. This autumn day

he hobbled two miles across the mountains to the railroad, which brought him, after ten miles of travel, to the Tryon station. From there, two miles more of hobbling and he was at the Mecca of his dreams—the "grow'd up" fairies' cottage in Grady Place on the Markham Road.

Never, we are sure, did boy look into kinder or more sympathetic faces than greeted Royce.

"What can I do with my hands?" he asked.

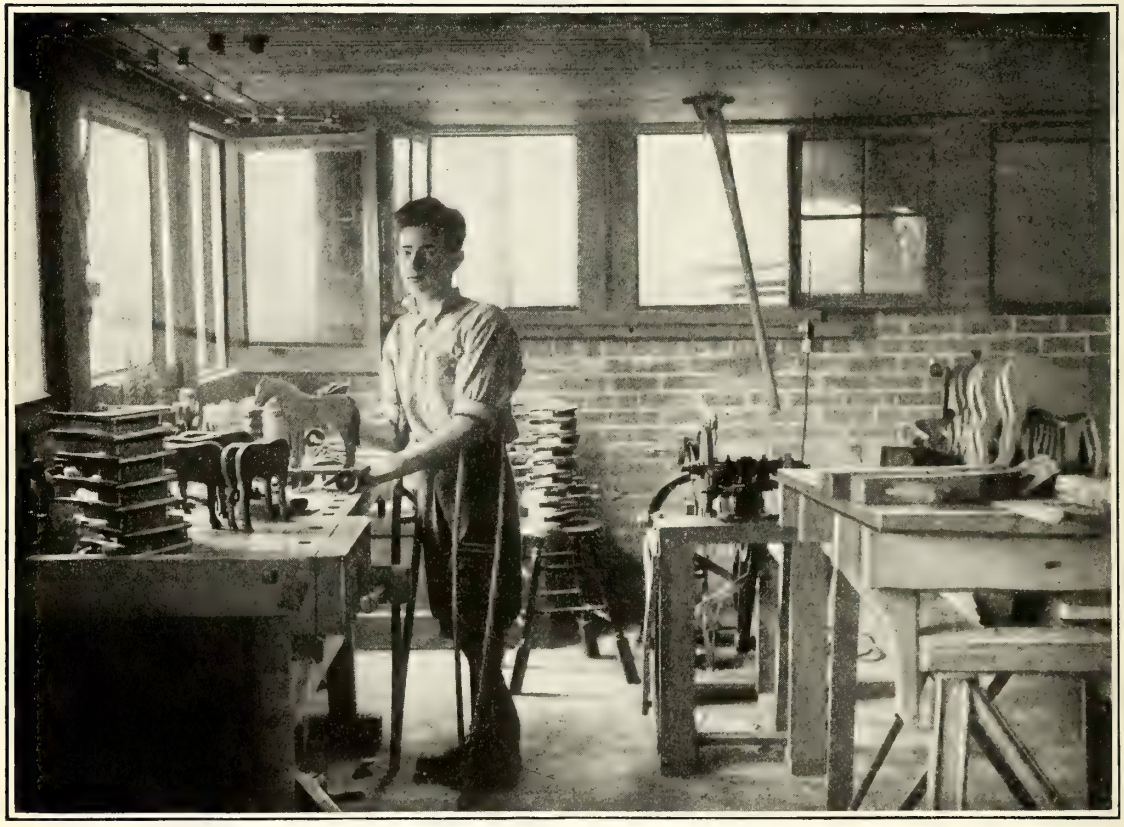
For answer he was seated at a carpenter's bench flanked with carving-tools, and the Tryon school of wood-carvers and toy-makers had its first mountain-boy apprentice. In his wake came other mountain and village boys, until to-day there is a waiting-list, for the capacity of the Tryon shop is limited to twelve, so that each boy may have individual training and learn what he can do best.

In attic and basement the wood-carvers work. Such workshops! The walls are windows that frame the eternal blue of the mountains and catch the fragrance of their riotous bloom. No whistle calls the Tryon wood-carvers and toy-makers to the work-bench; no clock marks wearisome, lagging hours as so often befalls city toilers. Each boy works for the joy of the work; to see what he can make his hands do in the interest of beauty and utility. If money comes, all well and good; but it 's not for money alone that he works.

The Tryon wood-carvers and toy-makers do not pay a penny for their training. Tools and materials are given them without cost. From the start each boy is paid a living wage.

In the attic workshop they learn the use of carving-tools, how to saw and plane and to trace patterns on wood from designs prepared for them, for they have yet to learn the rudiments of drawing and design. In the attic, also, they paint and enamel the gay little toys they cut out of a solid block of wood. The bark and grain of every Carolina mountain tree is known to the crafters. Not until a boy reaches his sixteenth year is he admitted to the basement, where the lathe and band-saw work is done, for until that age he is apt to lack height, and the strength, care, and judgment necessary safely to handle a machine.

Royce Miller works there, however, at a little toy scroll-saw attached to an electric-light socket,



MAKING A HORSE READY FOR HIS COAT OF PAINT

often cutting out spinning-tops from a block of wood. Through the magic of brush and paint the uppers were later converted into make-believe Belgian, Dutch, or Carolina mountain children, smart American ladies, thin or fat soldiers and middies gay in the uniforms of various armies.

A trunk-strap held the scroll-saw to its work. "It was the only leather we had," was the explanation given with pride rather than apology.

A scroll-saw, you may know, is operated with the foot, like a sewing-machine, so Royce was unable to use it until his resourceful employers adjusted it to the electric-light socket.

Some day, when the village-boy crafters have grown in skill, they will set out with their tool packs to the remotest mountain home and there teach other boys who have never found their way to the Tryon shop. Then in good time,—when dreams come true,—the enchanting Blue Ridge Mountains will bring forth generations of wood-carvers and toy-makers to rival those of the Tyrol, the mountain regions of Europe that have long thrived in making toys for American children.

Meanwhile, the Vance-Yale shop depends wholly upon the sale of the carvings and toys of the Tryon crafters to pay wages and buy tools and materials. The only market until now has been the chance visitor (Tryon has a winter-resident population coming from more than two dozen States), a special order, or the Mountain Industrial Association. This association of well-to-do women finance the Tryon Woman's Exchange, where mountain folk profit by criticism of their wares, and find sale for them without peddling, as in earlier days, from door to door.




THE TOY-MAKERS' TRADE-MARK

I saw a little Tryon wood-carver hovering round the Woman's Exchange where his first mountain log-cabin, made for a bird-cage, was on sale. It was not very well made. He will do better next time. But it was the work of his own hands, and how he loved it! It hurt him dreadfully to part with it, and every day he came to see if anybody had bought it and went away whistling when he found it still unsold.

The Tryon crafters, as has been said, are without training in drawing and design, but soon these advantages will be theirs and much besides, for they have in Eleanor Vance a thoroughly trained professional wood-carver.



THE TRYON TOY-MAKERS' MOST AMBITIOUS WORK

The galax leaf, which is found in the mountains of Carolina, is the Tryon worker's favorite design. In natural or conventionalized form, carved in high or low relief, it decorates ash- or tea-tray, glove- and handkerchief-boxes, stools, book-ends, picture-frames, handles for clothes- and hearth-brushes—the Tryon staple output. To keep the boys close to the soil in their work is the Vance-Yale purpose. The toys, for example, are largely the animal, flower, or bird life with which they are familiar in their mountain or village homes. Their most ambitious achievement is a group comprising a typical mountain log-cabin, a prairie-schooner, barn-yard fowls, a mountain sheep and goat, a cow, a dog, a cat, and a mountaineer and his ax, the whole carved out of native wood and painted in colors. This toy, with as many pieces as a Noah's Ark,—which they also make,—has a real historical value, for it preserves in tangible form a phase of American life destined soon to pass away.

It was the galax leaf, carved on a picture-frame, that brought the first intimate knowledge of the havoc of the World War to the Tryon crafters.

"I want a frame carved for the portrait of a young Canadian soldier blinded in the Belgian trenches," said a Tryon winter-resident in giving the crafters their first special order. Pleased with the execution of the commission, the visitor wrote to the original of the picture—a lance-corporal of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infan-

try—about these mountain and village boys who were training their hands to industrial service.

The frame had passed from the crafters' memory when there came to Tryon a five-page typewritten letter addressed, "To the Children of the Mountains." It was from the lance-corporal and told the story of St. Dunstan, the training-school for "blinded soldiers and sailors of the British Empire," where he was being schooled anew to battle for his daily bread.

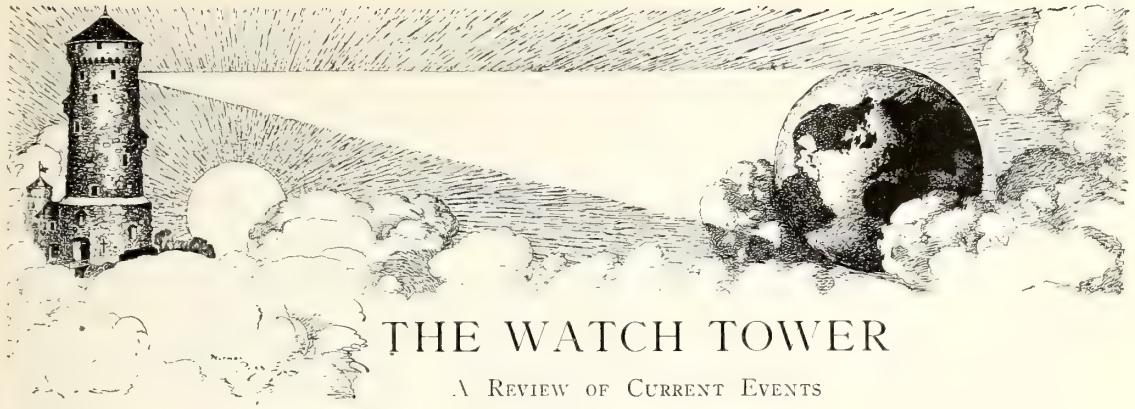
"The first thing we blinded do at St. Dunstan," wrote the young soldier,—I quote from his original letter,—"is to start to read and write again. We learn by a system of raised dots that we feel with the tip of the right forefinger. It 's pretty hard work at first, but by and by we begin to find it easier, and soon we are able to read stories. Then we have a machine on which we can write. It has six keys which make dots on thick paper. Then we are taught to write on an ordinary typewriter as sighted people do. First we have to get the position of each letter by heart. I am writing this story of St. Dunstan for you on my type-writer, and I find I can write pretty fast."

The crafters, for days after the corporal's letter came, could think only of St. Dunstan's and its pupils. "How good," they thought, "to have eyes, and work by the glorious light of day!"

Now, the Tryon wood-carvers and toy-makers have a club. It' s a high honor to belong to it. At sacrifices known only to the boys themselves the members saved their pennies to buy a club badge. Two dollars and a half was in the treasury when the corporal's letter came. A two months' debate followed, which ended in a vote to forego the club badge and contribute its price, the entire two dollars and a half, to the Red Cross Fund!



THE CHRISTMAS DOLL: "IF YOU DON'T GO RIGHT AWAY, I 'LL CALL THE CAT"



# THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

BY EDWARD N. TEALL

## A FULL MONTH!

October brought busy days to the British army in Flanders. General Haig's men hammered away, day after day, against the German line. Day after day, fighting in seas of mud and under protection of the heaviest and most sustained artillery fire that ever shook the earth, they forced the enemy steadily back, capturing thousands of Teuton troops and working irresistibly toward the great goal—the capture of the U-boat bases at Ostend and Zeebrugge. And while this was going on, the French fought with marked success on the Aisne line. The month scored for the Allies a real gain on the western front.

In the east, things did not go so well. Russia continued to be torn by internal dissension. With many setbacks, Mr. Kerensky seemed to be growing in effective power, but the *balance* of power has not yet been struck. The German fleet blocked the entrance to the Gulf of Riga by taking the islands at its mouth, and landed an army for a drive on Petrograd. Russian soldiers made a show of valiant resistance, but failed to check the invasion. Late in the month it was proposed to move the capital from Petrograd to Moscow, the ancient capital, which Napoleon reached, but vainly tried to hold, a century ago. At the end of October the Russian warships were safe in the Gulf of Finland, and the German land forces were retreating. Meanwhile, the Italian armies suffered serious reverses, being driven back on a wide front and losing many thousands, captured by the Teutons. Probably the German scheme was to break Italy's "morale," but as the month closed, reinforcements of French and English troops were about to join General Cadorna's army and aid was going forward. The beginning of November emphasized for the Allies the vital need of unity and the danger of overconfidence.

Among the neutrals, South America is fast lining up with the Allies. Brazil declared war against Germany; Uruguay severed diplomatic relations with the Teuton Government; Peru dismissed the German Minister and recalled the Peruvian consuls in Germany. South America can furnish considerable strength in troops and naval force, and her supplies of food and material will be invaluable. The Swedish Government was shown to be badly involved in the German campaign of plotting and spying in other countries. Holland felt the heavy pressure of German threats on one side and of refusal by the Allies on the other to supply her with commodities that she might use to help Germany. It began to seem likely that the Scandinavian countries, too, would yet be constrained to take arms on one side or the other.

In Germany, meanwhile, the sufferings of the people increased, and there were many signs of decay both in the spirit that has made them so formidable a foe and in their physical powers of endurance. President Wilson's declaration that America fights not the people of Germany, but the militaristic Prussian rule, always plotting against the peace of the world, has cut deep into the national consciousness of Germany. The Kaiser made a trip to the Balkans and Turkey, and during his absence there was expectation that Capelle, Minister of Marine, and Chancellor Michaelis would resign. On October 31 the appointment of Count von Hertling as Chancellor was announced.

In September, the sinking of Ally ships by the U-boats was the smallest since the war began. Moreover, there was dangerous discontent in the German navy. Mutiny in a navy is a most serious thing.

American troops in France made rapid progress in learning the war game, and the training of

troops and officers in camps at home proceeded in a manner most reassuring to the nation. On October 17 Americans showed their mettle when a U-boat attacked and sank the *Antilles,* a troop-transport ship. The submarine commanders will spare nothing in trying to break up our line of naval communication, but it does not seem likely that any substantial success can crown their efforts.

Day by day, week by week, month by month, the Allies in the holy cause of freedom are gaining strength in material supplies, in economic fitness, and in man power, while the forces of autocracy are dwindling.

## DRAFTING THE DOLLARS

There is no American between the ages of nine and ninety who is not involved in the war and the responsibilities that must follow it. There is not a dollar, not a penny of American money that can claim exemption from the national service. We have drafted men; we must draft the dollars.

Liberty Loan money is volunteered; tax money is drafted.

Within the next few years the American people will have to pay enormous sums in taxes. No one need tell us that the boys and girls are not concerned in this, for the taxes their daddies pay come out of the family treasury; and again, the boys and girls who are now growing up will soon be the money-makers, the supporters of families. Therefore they must now give earnest attention to these matters which in normal times are not apt to be regarded as their affair.

No doubt a good many of our young people are taking part in Liberty Loans in one way or another—canvassing, or putting their own savings into bonds. The Boy Scouts of the country, it is stated, have raised over sixty-eight million dollars for the Liberty Loan. Many a father is financing a fifty-dollar or hundred-dollar bond for his son or daughter. And this is as it should be, because it gives our young folk a share today in the burden and the glory of the war.

But the loans are not the whole thing. The loans bear interest, and that interest, a huge total, has itself to come out of the people's pockets. The loan gives the Government cash for its immediate needs. The real business of financing the war rests on the bed-rock of taxation. That is where the dollars are drafted.

During the next few years the American people will have to pay taxes on private incomes and on the profits of business enterprises; on playing-cards, liquor, tobacco, and perfumes in the manufacture of which alcohol is used; on automobiles, theatre tickets, pleasure-boats, talking-machines, jewelry, cameras, sporting-goods, chewing-gum, railroad fares, freight and express shipments, telegraph and telephone messages, postage, life insurance, membership fees in social and athletic clubs, on drafts and checks, on inherited estates, on deeds to real estate, and a thousand other things. In some of these items the tax will be laid direct, as when we have to buy a stamp to put on a check. In others it will be paid in the form of increased charges by railroad companies and so on, and by them turned over to the Government. But all along the line the luxuries and even the conveniences of living must be made to contribute their share to the national treasury.

To take a single illustration, consider for a moment the automobile industry. No other industry lends itself more readily than this one to the needs of a Government at war. Hundreds of thousands of automobiles will be needed for military purposes. Outside of that field, manufacture must be restricted largely to meet the demand for business vehicles. The use of pleasure-cars is a luxury, and in such times as these it must be checked. Skill and labor must first be used to meet the demands of the Government. Those who desire cars purely for pleasure will have to pay high for their indulgence.

In such ways Uncle Sam is drafting our dollars. Ask Dad, who knows business, if this is not a better way than those ways which involve "inflation"—financing on paper, which only puts off temporarily the unavoidable day of reckoning.

These are wonderful, wonderful, days for Americans; most of all, perhaps, for young Americans!

## THE SECOND LIBERTY LOAN

In October the country completed its Second Liberty Loan campaign. The minimum amount of the loan was fixed at three billion dollars, but the Government reserved to itself the right to allot additional bonds up to half the amount of any oversubscription, and five billions, the basis of the allotment, was accepted by the nation as its aim.

In the early days of the month, subscription proceeded rather slowly. In normal times the sums of money that were reported daily would have seemed huge, but in proportion to the need they were inadequate. On October 14 the President issued a proclamation setting aside Wednesday, October 24, as Liberty Day, when patriotic meetings should be held in every town and city, so that the people might "pledge to one another and to the Government the fullest measure of financial support."

That day will be recorded in history as one of America's greatest days. It was observed in the good old American fashion, with parades and oratory, and a wholesome amount of good hard work by the army of canvassers. Meetings were held all over the land, at which patriotism ran high. Throughout the country there was observed a remarkable combination of the deepest earnestness with an almost joyous enthusiasm. Here in the East the weather-man was not kindly disposed at first, but after a morning of wind and rain the skies cleared. At the close of business on October 23 the total subscription was approximately $2,750,000,000, but by nightfall of that ever memorable date the three-billion line had been passed and the goal was almost in sight. By the close of business on Saturday, October 27, more than $4,500,000,000 worth of subscriptions was either on file in Washington or in Uncle Sam's mail.




A BRITISH TANK IN THE LIBERTY LOAN PARADE.

In addition to the purely business side of the Liberty Loan campaign there were some picturesque elements which must not be passed over. First, the work of the "Four-minute Men," who went from place to place making short speeches in behalf of the Liberty Loan. With these short, snappy talks filling the intervals between films at the moving-picture playhouses, and with the patriotic pictures and appeals everywhere thrown on the screens, the movies have been a real factor in the education of the people. Shall we not give to the four-minute men a place in our regard along with the minute-men of Lexington? They have done much to keep alive the Spirit of 'Seventy-Six!

And there was another reminder of Revolutionary days. Perhaps there are not many of us who know just how important a part was taken in those times, when there were no railroad trains or automobiles and no telephone or telegraph to carry the news swiftly, by fires built in high places whence



Photographs by Press Illustrating Service.

A MODEL OF A BRITISH TANK, BUILT BY BOY SCOUTS, FROM WHICH THEY SOLD LIBERTY BONDS.



Photograph by Brown Bros.

THE CAPTURED GERMAN SUBMARINE IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK CITY.

their signals flashed far and wide. It was a fine idea of the Women's Liberty Loan Committee to have bonfires lighted here and there in all the States, not only to remind the people that so few days remained for the buying of bonds, but, still more important, to flash the word of fellowship across the land and to symbolize America's constant care for the altar-fires of liberty.

Finally, there is no doubt that some of the catchwords used in this campaign will find a place with the glowing words of earlier Americans—"Don't give up the ship,"—"We have n't begun to fight yet,"—"You may fire when ready, Gridley;" and now, "If you can't go across, come across,"—"Write a check to check the Kaiser." Probably we shall have finer phrases later, when Old Glory flies over the battle-line; but these popular slogans catch and hold the spirit of the times.

Germany got no comfort out of the mustering in of five billion recruits in the Dollar Army that backs our soldier-boys "somewhere in France."

## AMERICA GOES MARCHING ON!

Washington is a busy town these days. Early in October the Senate had to deal with accusations of disloyalty brought against a member of that august body. From all over the country petitions poured in for the dismissal of Senator La Follette. On October 5 it was voted to conduct an inquiry into his case. Some senators feared that ousting him would reflect on the honor and impair the dignity of the upper house of our national legislature; but the American people will surely not "stand for" even the appearance of disloyalty in their Congress; nor can they tolerate representation by men who, if not disloyal, are misguided in their views of this country's duty in the war.

The powers of the National Government are now being understood as never before. The fomentors of trouble, whether or not supported by Germany, are being suppressed. Disloyal newspapers are held sternly in check. The Government, resolved to stop profiteering, the making of fortunes at the expense of the people at large, used its great powers extensively in October.

The prices of food, of coal, of steel, have been subjected to supervision by the Administration. During the month the Food Administration, under Mr. Hoover, commenced a nationwide campaign for the elimination of waste and the conservation of food resources. In New York City, milk prices had to be taken in hand and the agencies of supply somewhat summarily dealt with. The country was threatened with a sugar famine. Large supplies found in hoarding were released, and the available stock was fairly distributed. Hoarding is a source of danger. It has been partly checked by limiting retail sales to small quantities for each purchaser.

Whole industries were practically drafted, in the autumn weeks, into the service of the National Government. Everything possible was done to check the unrest of labor. The Council of National Defence was reorganized, and the powers of the Trade Board were expanded. Early in the month, after long argument in the Senate and House and conferences by committees representing the two bodies, the War Revenue Bill, providing for the raising of more than two and a half billions of dollars in taxes, was passed.

Along with the Second Liberty Loan campaign, which closed October 27 and raised nearly five billions, this demonstrated the wonderful financial power of this country.

In New York State October was marked by such notable occurrences as the beginning of actual police work by the new state constabulary; the opening of that triumph of American engineering genius, the Catskill Aqueduct; and the appointment of John Mitchell, former labor leader, as president of the State Food Control Commission. In New York City the mayoralty campaign took form more and more, in the newspapers, as a battle for Americanism against the forces which, if not openly un-American, are at least not decisively committed on the side of the United States.

Not exclusively American in its interest, but of a concern to this nation which will become more apparent as time passes, was the announcement made by Baron Ishii that Japan is to enforce a Monroe Doctrine in Asia in behalf of China. She declares her intention of maintaining the independence of China. Baron Ishii declared positively that the German propagandists are responsible for statements that Japan has a hostile aim against the United States.

It might be said, without exaggeration, that no month in all its great history was more important in the progress and achievements of the American people than was October, 1917.



SOUTHERN COMMERCIAL CONGRESS AND FOREIGN DIPLOMATS AT THE NEW YORK CITY HALL.

## THE "NEW" SOUTH

Texas has an area of 265,780 square miles. This exceeds the area of Austria-Hungary by 4,745 square miles; of Germany, by 57,032; of France, by 58,610. If England, Scotland, and Ireland were spread out over Texas, there would still be room for Italy and Greece—with a corner left that would hold Massachusetts and the Greater City of New York. Twelve Southern States, Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, occupy exactly one-fourth of the area of the United States (without Alaska and the island dependencies).

But when we compare populations the results are quite different. We should have to combine two cities only, Berlin and Paris, to have a population larger than that of the great State of Texas. (Only a statistician could possibly combine Berlin and Paris!) London's population, before the war, was about equal to that of Virginia and the Carolinas. France's population was about ten times that of Texas; Germany's, about fifteen. We are not trimming our fractions close; the suggestion is enough for present purposes—which are not those of a class in arithmetic and geography.

And the suggestion is that in our Southern States we have a territory of the dimensions of an empire, with a comparatively small population. Add to this the facts that this part of our great country is rich in natural resources, and that its commercial and industrial development was retarded for many years by the slow process of recovery from the strain of the Civil War, and we are ready to appreciate the meaning and importance of the Southern Commercial Congress held in New York in mid-October. At this congress several hundred representatives of agriculture, trade, and manufacture in Dixie Land discussed the part which the Southern States are to take in our country's war task.

The Southern Commercial Congress is a permanent body, made up of representatives of numerous commercial and industrial associations.

This, its tenth annual session, was held in New York, no doubt, in order to gain wider notice for its earnest endeavor to organize all the resources of the Southern States for the good of the United States. The South has fertile fields; more scientific methods of agriculture are being applied, so that productiveness may increase. It has a long coast-line, and plans are being made to improve its harbors. It has tremendous water-power, and more use must be made of the force developed by its rivers rushing down from the mountains to the sea. It has rich deposits of minerals, many of them especially valuable in chemical processes now that imports from Europe are cut off; and science is seeking the best means of making them available. The South needs better roads—and intends to get them. It needs better schools—and is working for them. The South is wide awake; a tremendous future lies before it, and Southerners are resolved our Government shall profit by it.

The session of the Southern Commercial Congress in New York, which included in its programme a splendid expression of whole-hearted participation in the task of making the world safe for democracy, was indeed one of the notable occurrences of this nearly ended year.

## THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

A NEW YORK tourist in Japan registered his automobile in Yokohama. At home, the car's license-number was 134,838; the Japanese tag bore the number 309. New York City alone has more than 70,000 autos; the 309 in Yokohama included, it is said, business cars as well as pleasure vehicles. But let us not be vain; THE WATCH TOWER would just like to know how New York compares with Yokohama in the count of jinrikishas!

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THIS country leads the world in training boys and girls to be useful citizens. In the election in New York City last month the school system was one of the important subjects of debate. Mr. Hylan, who ran against Mayor Mitchel, attacked the Gary system. This system divides a school into two parts. While one division is in the classroom the other is having manual training, or some sort of outdoor work, or play. Perhaps our TELESCOPE is out of order, but it does not show us any boy or girl who is not better off for a school system—whatever its name—that gives him or her something to do, with mind or body, every minute of the school day.

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How many of you have noticed that our old friend Carranza is now President, "in good standing," of Mexico, and that Mexico is now peaceful and on the way to renewed prosperity? A good deal of important news gets lost in the shuffle nowadays.

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AMERICANS are extravagant. But we have been having a good lesson in economy. While the men have been going "over the top" for the Liberty Loans, Mr. Hoover has preached the gospel of the clean plate, and the women have been making a "big drive" for conservation of our food resources. The Connecticut Food Supply Committee has shown, in figures, the costliness of waste: there are 20,000,000 American families; if each family wastes an ounce of meat in a day, the total loss is 1,250,000 pounds—worth, at 25 cents a pound, $312,500. Jack Spratt sets a good example.

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GERMANY must have credit for at least one good thing: she has effected among the other nations such harmony, such unity of purpose in action, as no number of Hague Peace Conferences could ever have brought into being. During this autumn the exposure of German faithlessness toward neutrals drew the South American countries, Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Peru, Paraguay and Uruguay, into closer fellowship than they had ever known.

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THE WATCH TOWER TELESCOPE is a powerful instrument. Not only is its field of vision wide enough to take in all the lands and all the oceans, but it has the strange power of penetrating walls and even of seeing into men's hearts. And there, at this Christmas season, it reveals many a pleasant view of faith, and hope, and courage. Beyond the battle clouds, all the time, it has seen a bright future, the world restored, the nations rebuilding —joy on earth, good will among men. Good cheer is always with those who do well, and this Christmas even more than others it is a joy to give; for this Christmas more than others there is need. And so from THE WATCH TOWER the word is flashed: A happy, *giving* Christmas to all of you!

## THE MISTLETOE AND ITS BIRD FRIENDS

You have heard, no doubt, many strange stories of that little vegetable parasite (a plant which grows on the living parts of another plant) with the curious white berries—the mistletoe. With the exception of holly, there is no plant which we associate so closely with the Christmas season. Why is it? Can it be on account of its curious mode of growing, or because of the many pretty stories and myths we associate with it?

There are about three hundred kinds of mistletoe in the world, and each variety grows on the branches of trees and has little white or pink berries. But the pink berries are found only on the cedar-trees. The mistletoe, unlike other plants, gets no food directly from the ground. Instead, it gets its nourishment from the trees on which it grows.

Do you wonder how the seeds travel from tree to tree? Let me tell you. They are carried by their friends, the birds, who are tempted to feed on the delicious mistletoe-berries when their other food-supplies fail. After the birds' meal is over they distribute the little seeds by cleansing their bills upon the bark of the various trees and also by rubbing off those which have stuck to their feet. Thus the sticky seeds are carefully carried from the parent stem and stuck on to a fresh limb where they can sprout the coming spring. There they remain all the while the cold winter is among the woods; but as soon as the warm winds begin to blow, a tiny new plant starts to grow from the bark of the tree. Then when winter comes and the leaves have fallen from the branches, we still have the beautiful mistletoe, with its glistening, pearl-like berries and dark green leaves.

Blue-jays, redbirds, thrushes, blackbirds, and mocking-birds are especially fond of these berries. So it is the birds who reap the harvest and plant the seeds for the new crop, and keep ever alive the green mistletoe. Scientists tell us that when the birds fly in flocks, keeping in one line of direction, that the following spring it is not uncommon to see mistletoe bushes ranging through the forest for a great distance, thus showing the course the birds have taken in their flight to the south. And the Indians and hunters would often make use of these lines of mistletoe to point them to the north and south when they had no other compass. Thus, even though the mistletoe is a parasite, it yet feeds the great flocks of hungry birds when the winter comes to drive them from the woods and when the trees themselves could not do it, it guides the hunter and makes beautiful the trees with a winter livery of green when their own leaves are withered and buried in the snows beneath.



THE MISTLETOE GETS ITS NOURISHMENT FROM THE TREES ON WHICH IT GROWS

Another curious thing about the mistletoe is that though it blossoms earlier in the year than the tree on which it grows, yet the little berries do not ripen before December. Maybe this is because it has to steal its food from the trees, and therefore cannot ripen early. The very name "mistletoe" gives some idea of its significance. In the Anglo-Saxon language "mist" means gloom, and it comes in midwinter, the gloomiest time of the year.

It was a common custom among the Druids, who were ancient priests living among the oak forests of England, to make presents to the people of branches of mistletoe on the first day of the year. They considered the plant sacred, and the gift of it on this day was believed to bring with it blessings for the coming year.

The gathering of mistletoe was a very important ceremony among these ancient Druids. About

five days after the new moon they marched in stately procession to the forest and raised an altar of straw beneath the finest mistletoe-bearing oak they could find. The Arch-Druid would ascend the oak and, with a jeweled knife, remove the sacred mistletoe. The others stood beneath the tree and caught the plant upon a white cloth, for, if a portion of it touched the earth, it was an omen of misfortune to the land.

And this is doubtless the reason why it is still the custom to hang it from the ceiling, and why it is supposed to lose its charm if it touches the floor.

Royal Dixon.

## A WONDERFUL SEA

The most remarkable of inland lakes is the Dead Sea in Palestine, or the Holy Land.

In the Old Testament it is called by various names: the Sea of Solitude, the East Sea, the Sea of the Plains, the Sea of the Desert; only once, the Dead Sea. By the ancient Greeks it was called the Asphalt Sea, but since early in the Christian Era it has been known among most of the civilized nations as the Dead Sea, though the present-day Bedouins living in the vicinity name it *"Bahr Lût,"* that is, "Lot's Sea."

This strange body of water is located sixteen miles southeast of Jerusalem and forty-eight miles east of the Mediterranean Sea. It lies in the deepest part of the Valley of the Jordan, which extends from Mount Hermon, east of the Lebanon Mountains, for three hundred miles south to the Red Sea.

The sea is forty-seven miles long, from six to ten miles wide, and covers 360 square miles.

One of its most remarkable features is that its surface is 1292 feet below the surface of the Mediterranean Sea and 3874 feet below the level of the city of Jerusalem, which has an altitude of 2582 feet. Its greatest depth is 1310 feet. Thus its bottom is 2602 feet below the Mediterranean sea-level, and 5184 feet below the streets of Jerusalem.

The bottom of the Valley of the Jordan is for 90 miles north of this lake located far below sea-level, and the surface of the Sea of Galilee in this valley is 682 feet below the level of the Mediterranean.

The Valley of the Jordan is, therefore, the deepest valley in the world, and the Dead Sea lies at a greater depth below sea-level than any other lake.

Another remarkable characteristic of the Dead Sea is that its water, though beautifully clear, is intensely salt and has a bitter, disagreeable taste. It is six times more salt than ordinary sea-water, for salt composes twenty-five per cent. of its bulk. Indeed, when ordinary salt is thrown into it, it will not dissolve. This high percentage of salt renders the water so dense, that an organic body will easily float upon its surface.



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THE WILDERNESS SOUTH OF THE DEAD SEA

Mr. Arthur M. Reeves, an American scholar, gives his experience after bathing in the lake:

> I lay flat on the water, and without any exertion whatever, I floated on the surface. Next I lay on my side, but immediately I was turned over. When I tried to swim, my feet would come to the surface. The temperature of the water was very pleasant, but the sun shone so brightly I could not remain in long. By accident I threw some water in my eyes, and they commenced smarting severely. When, after going out, I attempted to dry myself with a towel, it slipped over me, just as if I had been oiled. After I had ridden for some time my hair and ears became incrusted with salt.

The density of the water increases from the north to the south and with the depth.

From the chloride of magnesium and chloride of natrium which the sea contains the water receives its bitter, disagreeable taste, and from chloride of calcium it gets its oily appearance and feeling.

The Dead Sea is furthermore remarkable for the reason that it contains no living thing, either animal or vegetable. When fish from the River Jordan, which is rich in fish, stray into the lake they die quickly. Even fish and other creatures living in the ocean soon perish when placed in these waters.

Nor are any animals, birds, or vegetation found on its shores or on the surrounding desolate mountain-sides. This is due to the saltness of the soil, the poisonous exhalations arising from lake and land, the scanty rainfall, and the complete absence of any fresh water.

This wonderful sea has still another strange feature: from all directions, north, south, east, and west, about thirty rivers empty into it (some of them dry in the summer season), the largest being the River Jordan. It is estimated that together they pour into this sea 6,500,000 tons of water every day. But, although receiving this huge amount of water, the sea has no outlet, no river to carry away this great mass of water to the ocean. Formerly people thought that there was an outlet through underground channels, but this is impossible, because it lies so far below sea-level. As a matter of fact, this huge quantity of water is carried off by evaporation, the level of the sea varying but little during the year. The power of the sun's rays is so intense that they produce an excessively sultry, stifling, tropical heat in this deep pit half of the year, and the water evaporates very rapidly, while any heavier substance which the water held in solution remains behind.



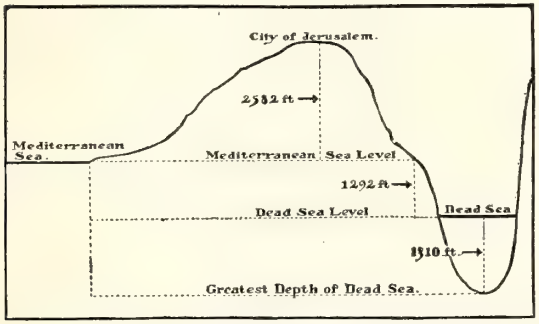
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ON THE NORTH SHORE OF THE DEAD SEA, LOOKING SOUTHWEST

This, going on for ages, has left the remaining waters heavy with salts and various other mineral substances. A dense fog frequently covers the lake, especially in the morning.

The western and eastern shores are formed by steep limestone and sandstone mountains, rising

three or four thousand feet above the surface of the lake. The northern and southern shores are low, the latter is virtually a salt marsh. On the southwest is a range of hills of salt. Sulphur, gypsum, coal, asphalt, jasper, and marble are found in the neighborhood.




THE DEAD SEA LEVEL COMPARED WITH JERUSALEM AND THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA

Marks on the mountain-sides show that the water of the lake once stood as high as 1180 feet above its present level. It is probable that the lake in remote ages filled the lower Jordan Valley without overflowing into the Gulf of Akabah at the head of the Red Sea. Rainfalls diminished, the climate grew warmer, and evaporation increased. These conditions, long continued, are sufficient to have produced this strange body of water. It is not necessary to suppose, as was formerly done, that the region is volcanic.

Large masses of asphalt, covered with a heavy crust of salt, are found on the shores and floating upon the water, perhaps loosened from the cliffs by the rivers and washed into the lake.

A strange line of white foam extends along the middle of the lake almost every morning. The cause of it has not yet been discovered. In fact, the sea has many extraordinary, mysterious features which are still waiting for a thorough scientific investigation.

The Dead Sea, with the whole Jericho plain, is claimed as the personal property of the sultan. The region is inhabited by Bedouins.

Olaf O. L. Vico.

## A CURIOUS EXPERIMENT FOR WINTER

When there is snow on the ground it is easy, by means of a simple experiment, to demonstrate the extent to which materials of different colors absorb the rays of the sun.

Take several small squares of cloth of various tints. These might be black, red, light blue, white, and yellow. When the sun is shining brightly place these bits of stuff on a level patch of snow where the rays can strike them.

Leave them in this position for a few hours, and then see what has happened. You will find that, according to the amount of heat absorbed, so will the material have melted its way down into the snow. Thus the black cloth will have gone down the farthest of all, so deeply, indeed, that it will be out of reach of the rays of the low winter sun. The red and yellow cloths will have sunk down also, but not nearly to the same extent. The light blue will have only gone a little way below the surface, while the white will be still on the top, quite unaffected by the sun's rays, having absorbed virtually no heat.



COLORED CLOTHS ON THE SNOW




THE PIECES OF CLOTH A FEW HOURS LATER

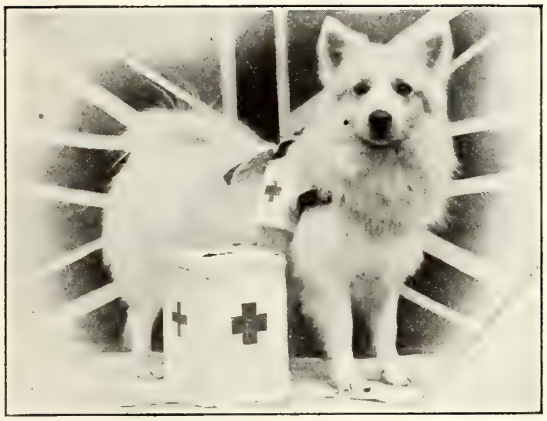
This little experiment is interesting in that it gives us a real indication of the value of colored clothes in helping to keep us warm. At any time of the year one will really be warmer in dark material than in light stuff, because the former will absorb more heat than the latter.

S. Leonard Bastin.

## A RED CROSS WORKER

In these days, when so many hands are busy with Red Cross work, it may interest the readers of St. Nicholas to hear about "Muggins," whose portrait is printed here.

"Muggins" lives in Victoria, B. C., and is owned by some one very much in sympathy with



"MUGGINS" OF VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA

the Allies. From the picture you see what a beauty "Muggins" is, and how she would attract attention, wherever she goes, for that reason. This is what "Muggins" does: she meets all the steamers as they come into Victoria, and stands beside a Red Cross contribution-box, with another fastened to her shoulders and with the British flag as a background for her snow-white coat. She watches the passengers as they go by, and if they do not notice her, she sits up and "begs." This seldom fails to attract the desired attention, and, in this way, she has collected over a thousand dollars. Even our four-footed friends may "do their bit" by helping along the Red Cross work as "Muggins" has, and perhaps, now that America has declared war, we may hear of other dogs or pets who will become as well known as "Muggins" in Victoria.

Helen Kimball.

## A SLEIGH MOTOR-CYCLE

Although it is possible, with a little snow on the ground, to run a motor-cycle and its side-car equipped with rubber tires, it has been found impossible to do so when the snowfall measures several inches. But a resident of Galt, Ontario, has devised a means of overcoming the difficulty.

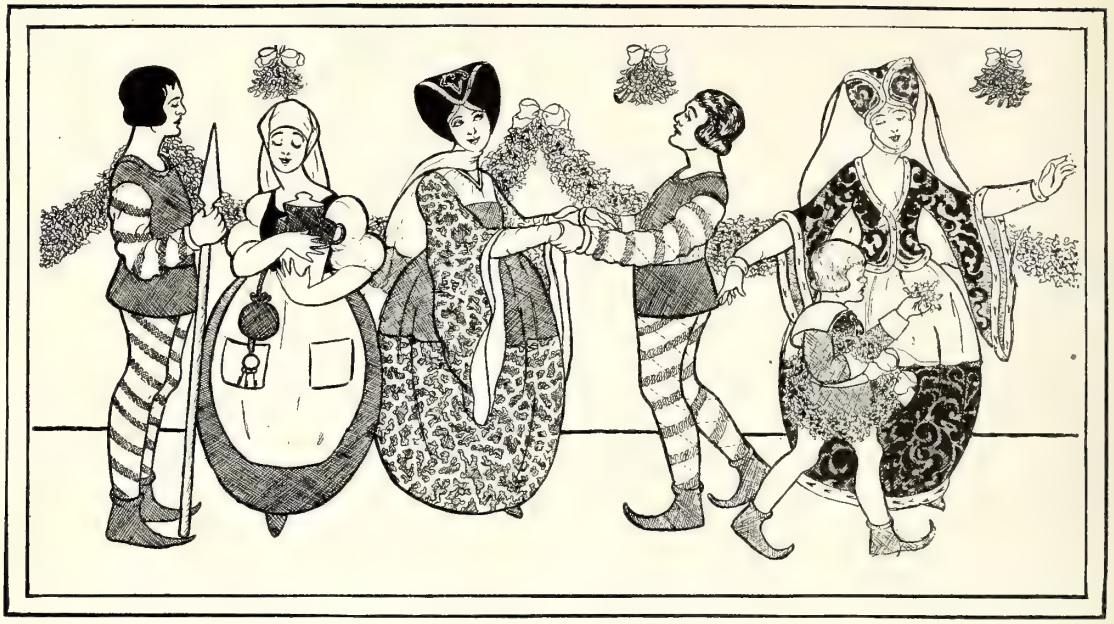
The rubber tires were taken off of the wheel on the side-car and the front wheel of the machine, and runners were fitted on and bolted to the rims of the two wheels. The rubber tire remained on the rear wheel of the machine for driving purposes, the runner on the front wheel making a rut in which the tire of the rear wheel easily revolves.

A motor-cycle with runners of this nature is entirely new, and makes it possible to use one practically all winter. The invention has been given a thorough test, going through a foot of snow without any trouble at all.

John G. Dickson.



A MOTOR-CYCLE AND SIDE-CAR FOR WINTER USE



A HEADING FOR DECEMBER—"AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS"

# ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

A YOUNG artist, who is an Honor Member of the LEAGUE, sent in this month a decorative Christmas design which was so wide in proportion to its height that, if reduced to the limits of a ST. NICHOLAS page, the figures would have been mere pygmies of inch dimension and the effectiveness of the excellent drawing would have been completely lost. The only way to do justice to the contribution, therefore, was to let it run across two pages—an exceptional compliment, but one which we believe all LEAGUE members will feel it fully deserves. Indeed, we should take pride in the fact that one of our own young illustrators, a girl of fourteen, was able to contribute so fine a double-page heading for the Christmas LEAGUE.

This month's budget is especially rich throughout, however, on the pictorial side; and the varied photographic prints here shown are a fresh reminder of the wealth of natural beauty and human interest that is always to be found "somewhere in the United States."

Our zealous young prose-writers, too, were represented by so many well told stories that it was a hard task to select the best, where all deserved to be printed.

Many old-time subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS may remember that years ago the magazine gave to its readers and the world a memorable poem by the beloved Longfellow, beginning

> Three Kings came riding from far away,
> Melchior and Gaspar and Balthazar;
> Three Wise Men out of the East were they,
> And they traveled by night and they slept by day,
> For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

The sacred theme of the Nativity has inspired not only our Cambridge poet, but many others of the great in literature; and it is worthy of note that it has power to charm and exalt the imagination of our young verse-writers who have sent us, this month, tributes to the Christmas Star so true in sentiment and so poetic in reverent feeling that the LEAGUE is proud to claim them. And though, as these verses recall, the shadow of the great war is not yet lifted, the spirit of Christmas abides undimmed in the hearts of the LEAGUE young folks, to whom, one and all, we extend—with gratitude for their loyal work of the past twelve-month—the earnest greetings of the Yule-tide and the New Year.

## (LIST OF PRIZE-WINNERS DECEMBER ST. NICHOLAS, 1917.)

**PROSE.** Gold badge, **James Goodwin Woodworth** (age 17), Massachusetts.
Silver badges, **Phyliss F. Rafferty** (age 15), Massachusetts; **Emmie Lou Washington** (age 14), South Carolina; **Alice H. Harvey** (age 12), Delaware; **Colette de Mun** (age 16), France.

**VERSE.** Gold badge, **Miriam Simons** (age 16), Wisconsin. Silver badges, **Marthedith Furnas** (age 13), Indiana; **Mary B. Boynton** (age 14), New York; **Hariet S. Taylor** (age 15), Illinois.

**DRAWINGS.** Gold badge, **Fannie C. Barnhart** (age 17), Missouri.
Silver badge, **Margaret Hebblethwaite** (age 14), Brazil.

**PHOTOGRAPHS.** Gold badge, **Mildred Lull** (age 13), New York.
Silver badges, **Helen R. Galland** (age 12), New York; **Betty P. Fox** (age 14), Pennsylvania; **Lucile McGrath** (age 14), California; **Katherine J. Russell** (age 12), New York; **Alice Scott** (age 14), Missouri.

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Silver badges, **Janet Newkirk** (age 13), N. Y.; **Lillian Stark** (age 13), Penna.



BY ELEANORE L. ROBERTS, AGE 14. (HONOR MEMBER.)

## THE CHRISTMAS STAR

BY ELIZABETH CLARKE KIEFFER (AGE 17)

*(Honor Member)*

In ages past, kings in a foreign land
Wandering, sought from their great doubts surcease.
And saw their star-guide's glory shine at last,
In Bethlehem among the hills of peace.

Ages have passed, doubt still defiles the world,
And kings forget how once they saw the star;
Upon the hills of peace there shines no light,
Save the red brands of furies waging war.

And yet, last night, I saw a wondrous beam,
That seemed to whisper, "War at last must cease,
And thou shalt see that star in glory shine
Triumphant o'er the happy hills of peace."

## A CHRISTMAS CONTRAST

BY PHYLLIS F. RAFFERTY (AGE 15)

*(Silver Badge)*

To waken on a frosty Christmas morning and look out on the ground and the leafless trees, covered with their winter blanket of snow, then rush for the fireplace to unfold the treasures the stockings might hold—incidentally to warm very cold toes and fingers—is naturally what one would expect to do in New England.

So, in contrast to this, imagine waking up on Christmas to find it an unusually warm, sunny morning; while upon looking out of the wide-open window, to see the earth in its most summery dress, with the flowers in full bloom, would seem very strange. Yet such are the many Christmases I have experienced in the Philippine Islands, until I consider a snowy Christmas quite a strange, but delightful, treat.

My most interesting Christmas there, was that of 1914. The famous constabulary band, composed of sixty Filipinos, played as usual at the *Luneta* (park); but the most unique feature of the afternoon was the mammoth Christmas-tree the Filipinos set up. The tree was the feathery bamboo of the tropics instead of the evergreen of the North. In among the network of branches were wired myriads of tiny electric lights of all colors of the rainbow. As it grew dark the lights were turned on, and they flooded the *Luneta* with their cheerful twinkle.

I am sure that this sort of a Christmas was enjoyed by every American fully as much as one with a real evergreen-tree and plenty of snow to romp in.

There were flash-lights taken, and I suppose that many of these, as mine was, were taken to show dear ones in the United States something of that happy Christmas in the Philippines, ten thousand miles away.

## A CHRISTMAS CONTRAST

BY MARJORIE STOUTENBURGH (AGE 14)

It was Christmas Eve in America, and preparations for the following day—the most wonderful red-letter day on the calendar—were in evidence in every home. Before logs that crackled cheerily in the fireplaces stockings were being hung, and many a note, which had been laboriously written weeks before and contained lists of devoutly-wished-for gifts, found a conspicuous place which good St. Nick's keen eye could not fail to see.

Over many parts of the country the snow fell silently to the earth, forming a soft, sparkling mantle which frequently transformed familiar objects into weird shapes. In other places, however, flowers bloomed in luxuriant splendor and the balmy night air seemed unusually serene and peaceful.

In a different country, thousands of miles away, on that same Christmas Eve, a luminous star shone down on the fertile hillsides and upon shepherds and their flocks. In the valley lay Bethlehem, lighted by the star which had led the Wise Men to a certain stable centuries before. And as the shepherds of old had done,

those upon the hills now bowed their heads with reverence and thought, undoubtedly, of that night so long ago when the angel appeared bearing the tidings of the Savior's birth.

How different, and yet similar, are these scenes; for after all, although separated by land and water, is not the feeling in every heart on Christmas Eve and the ensuing day a universal one of tenderness, happiness, and love toward all mankind?

## THE CHRISTMAS STAR

BY GWYNNE ALMON ABBOTT (AGE 17)

*(Honor Member)*

O STAR that led the Wise Men long ago
  On joyful errand o'er the desert wide,
And through the night of ages burning slow
  Still keepst thine ancient place, a lamp to guide;
Now, though our eyes are dimmed with dust and tears,
  And faces far too stained our Lord to greet,
Show us the path laid out across the year,
  As straight as ever, to the Christ-child's feet!
That we, though wearied by the toil of war
  And all the anguish of these bitter days,
May worship with a joy unknown of yore,
  And pour before our Master all our praise:
For we, far richer than the kings of old,
Have brought Him fairer gifts than myrrh or gold.

## A CHRISTMAS CONTRAST (1911)

BY JAMES GOODWIN WOODWORTH (AGE 17)

*(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won April, 1917)*

THE numerous presents had all been opened by various members of the family. Empty boxes, paper, string, and other paraphernalia lay scattered about the house.

The dinner had begun. Anne, the youngest of the family, was seated with her Uncle Tom. Opposite her was Brother Bob and Aunt Mary, with Dad and Mother occupying a place at each end of the table. The room was decorated most artistically with evergreen boughs and red ribbons. The table was adorned with a basket of fruit garnished with pine branches



"SOMEWHERE IN THE UNITED STATES." BY HELEN R. GALLAND, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

and cones. The dinner was all one could desire. Soup, goose, potatoes, squash, beans, onions, cranberry and currant jellies, and champagne. The Christmas pudding finally appeared, burning furiously, ending the sumptuous repast.

On the same day, thousands of miles farther south, on the vast Antarctic continent, Captain Scott and his seven men were struggling south towards the pole, which lay over two hundred miles distant, little dreaming that Amundsen, with his mighty team of dogs, had ten days before reached there and was now speeding swiftly north again to safety. Scott and his men had skiied over five hundred miles from their winter quarters. About them was a scene of the wildest desolation, the desert of snow stretching out in all directions as far as the eye could reach. They had attained a tableland of almost nine thousand feet altitude. Here it was clear and bitterly cold, with a strong wind blowing.



"SOMEWHERE IN THE UNITED STATES." BY JOSEPH C. SMITH, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)

Their Christmas dinner began late in the day. Slices of horse-meat with biscuits, cocoa, and raisins, and a little chocolate, constituted the meal. To those half-frozen, hungry men on that trackless waste of snow, it seemed like an epicurean feast. After enjoying their first full meal for weeks they crawled into their sleeping-bags to dream of home and good things.

## A CHRISTMAS CONTRAST

BY AGNES MACDONALD (AGE 15)

*(Honor Member)*

MADELEINE could see the roadway quite plainly from where she sat before the fire one snowy Christmas Eve, so when a little figure started up the path to the house our eager watcher was on her feet in a second, and in another was at the door.

"I have a lovely idea, Joan," said Madeleine, as the two girls settled before the fire. "Let 's open right now the presents we 're going to give each other."

Joan looked a little troubled as she glanced from Madeleine's pretty dress to her own plain one, and from the package which Madeleine had just given her to the one lying in Madeleine's lap. There was such a contrast! It was easy for Madeleine to forget how poor Joan was, but Joan herself could not forget it so easily.

Joan was brave, however, so she simply smiled and nodded, "You go first."

"No," returned Madeleine, "we 'll do it together."

For a few minutes there was no sound but that of the undoing of the parcels, and then with cries of delight the girls were in each other's arms.

"A scarf, you darling! And I know you knitted it yourself!"

"Oh, but Mad, a ring set with my birthstone!" returned Joan, quite breathless from her friend's last hug. Yet in her heart she kept saying: "We 're both happy and *that 's* all that counts. I guess there was n't such a contrast after all."



BY ELIZABETH TSCHUDI, AGE 14.



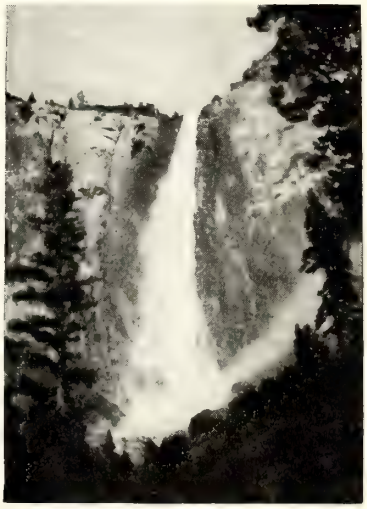
BY CYNTHIA GRIFFIN, AGE 14.



BY BETTY P. FOX, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY MARY DE REVERE, AGE 14.



BY LUCILE MC GRATH, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY HELEN J. HANLON, AGE 15.



BY JAMES HAUGHTON, AGE 15.



BY MILDRED LULL, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE, SILVER BADGE WON JULY, 1917.)



BY KATHERINE J. RUSSELL, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

"SOMEWHERE IN THE UNITED STATES."

## THE CHRISTMAS STAR

BY MARTHEDITH FURNAS (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

Out of the mystic East they came,
Foreign of face and foreign of name;
Three swaying shadows along the sand,
Seeking a King in a foreign land.

And through the blue of the tropic night
They followed a summoning beacon-light.
From sunset red to the pale of dawn
It beckoned them ever on and on.

Until one night it led them down
To the crowded streets of Bethlehem town,
And over a stable-yard obscure,
It paused—it stopped—and hung secure.

'Tis nearly two thousand years ago
Since the Wise Men entered that doorway low,
And found the place where the Christ-child lay;
But still we celebrate Christmas Day.




"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY FANNIE C. BARNHART, AGE 17.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JULY, 1917.)

## A CHRISTMAS CONTRAST

BY EMMIE LOU WASHINGTON (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

The soldier opened his eyes slowly and watched the movements of the surgeon as he prepared to dress his wounds.

"Twenty-fifth of December—know what that means?" said the surgeon's cheery voice.

"Twenty-fifth of December," he pondered. Yes, he knew what that meant. His head throbbed and his limbs ached, but he tried to rise. The surgeon stopped him.

"I must," protested the wounded boy; "to-day I am to fly over the town of D———."

The surgeon looked at the khaki-clad lad tenderly. "Your wounds are too severe. Besides, it is Christmas. Here is a package from home." The great doctor said the word home almost reverently as he pulled out a small package and gave it to the soldier, placing it in the hand that was free from bandages.

Inside, Harold Porter found a signet-ring "From Mother." He slipped it on his finger and closed his eyes. How different it all was from the frivolity of former Christmases—the bare, hospital walls, and the soft-tinted, firelighted walls at home; the desolate hospital windows, and the holly-trimmed windows of a certain house, very dear to him, in a little town of Missouri. The groans and moans of the sick and wounded took the place of the shouts and laughter of children. The grating of the heavy wheels of carts reëchoing through the stillness as they rattled down the street was quite a change from the merry tinkle of sleigh-bells that filled the air at the Christmas season across the sea. Vivid pictures of the church at Christmas-tide, of a lighted tree laden with mysterious packages, of a Christmas dinner, and last, but not least, of a mother whose face was wreathed in smiles passed through the mind of this true son of the Stars and Stripes as he drifted into dreamland.

## A CHRISTMAS CONTRAST

BY SHIRLEY SMITH (AGE 13)

The toy-shop closed promptly at seven o'clock on Christmas Eve, and immediately there arose a hubbub.

"Hello, how did you get here?" said the jumping-jack to the doll of last Christmas.

"I am sure I don't know," she answered, meekly.

"You ought not to be in sight," said the jumping-jack; "you are a disgrace to a decent toy-shop! Why, your hair is half off and your clothes are faded and entirely out of style. Now look at Mademoiselle Rosamond! Her hair is in beautiful golden ringlets, and her clothes are the latest thing from Paris."

"I am sorry," sobbed the poor, disgraced doll; "I did n't come here of my own accord."

"I suppose not," sneered Jack; "you had a fit of walking in your sleep, most likely."

"What are you doing now, Jack?"

Jack turned quickly at the sound of a new voice. "Why, Madamoiselle Rosamond, I was merely commenting on the appearance of this young lady," replied Jack, taking this time to give his red-and-yellow suit an admiring glance.

"For shame! Can't any one even appear in an old-fashioned gown without you commenting on it?" exclaimed the up-to-date doll, putting her arm around the shabby doll. "Come with me, you dear child, I will fix you up," and they walked off arm in arm, while all the dolls whispered, "What a contrast!"



"SOMEWHERE IN THE UNITED STATES."
BY VIRGINIA D. STILLMAN, AGE 16.

This is the reason the store-keeper found the old doll lying beside the beautiful French doll on Christmas morning. The clock had struck twelve as the dolls reached their destination, and they had immediately relapsed into silence.

## THE CHRISTMAS STAR

BY MIRIAM SIMONS (AGE 16)

*(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won March, 1916)*

It shone two thousand years ago,
A beacon to the world that Christ
Was born, and Wise Men came to see
The infant Jesus, and proclaimed
The coming of an heavenly reign
On earth, when God alone should rule.
To-day that star still shines as clear
As e'er it shone in Bethlehem;
But, blinded in the cosmic strife,
Men see it not,—or will not see,—
Deny the rule of the Great Good
Or any better world to be.
They cannot, or they will not, see
That each day brings us nearer far
To the great goal; but those who see
Rejoice, and in their hearts can feel
Heraldings of the Heavenly rule
Foretold by that fair Christmas star.
These strive to haste the coming morn,
And pass unknown; but their great task
Goes on. Above, the Master sees
And knows, and aids them from afar.
For this, these many die to-day—
And brighter glows the Christmas star.

## A CHRISTMAS CONTRAST

BY ALICE H. HARVEY (AGE 12)

*(Silver Badge)*

It was Christmas Eve, and there was a great bustle in New York. On a side street there was a large house gaily lighted up, for Mr. and Mrs. Bradley were giving a dance. There were ladies in silk and satin, and children chatting and dancing merrily.

Little Geraldine Bradley was a lovely child, with



"SOMEWHERE IN THE UNITED STATES."
BY ALICE SCOTT, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

golden curls and blue eyes, but looked spoiled. All through the evening she flitted about with the gaily attired little girls. Then she went upstairs, and, after hanging up her stocking, went to bed.

Christmas morning dawned bright, with snow over everything, for during the night it had fallen, leaving a white world.

"I wish it had not snowed," she said crossly. Her stocking was full of pretty things, and her mother gave her a beautiful wax doll. Her father's present was a bicycle, and she received a great many more lovely things. But Geraldine was discontented in spite of everything done for her. Poor little Geraldine!

Now I am going to tell you of another little girl, who was a great contrast to Geraldine; for though having few comforts, she was happy and contented with what she had.

Down in a poorer part of the town little Polly Milton had gone to bed. Mrs. Milton was sitting by




"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY EUGENIA E. DODD, AGE 17.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

the fire knitting some woollen socks for Polly. Father was out getting a few toys. When Polly awoke in the morning she was charmed by the snow-storm. In her stocking were apples, candy, and raisins. Mother presented her with her socks, Father with a small doll, and her happiness was complete.

"Oh, what a lovely Christmas I have had, Daddy!" she said blissfully that evening. Daddy smiled, but he kissed her very tenderly when he said good night.

## A CHRISTMAS CONTRAST

BY COLETTE DE MUN (AGE 16)

*(Silver Badge)*

It was our first Christmas dinner in the trenches. We were all seated in our dug-out on wooden boxes round an upturned tub spread with a gorgeous feast of tinned eatables and, oh! joy of joys! one bottle of champagne. Our hearts were light; laughter rang out through the mud walls; our very primitive knives and forks clattered; cigars were waiting for us in their newly arrived box; coffee was being made on an evil-smelling spirit-lamp—it felt a bit like home.

"Well," said Charley, our host, "I have never enjoyed my Christmas dinner so much; what about you chaps?"

We all agreed heartily.

"Now," he went on, "would n't we just have laughed at this humble feast before the war—champagne in tooth-brush glasses, think of it! We all took our pleasure too much for granted then.

"Don't I remember the Christmas party I went to only a year ago! It was awfully nice, now that I come to think of it: pretty girls, old friends of mine, dancing, mistletoe and holly everywhere. I came home very late, but Mother was still there, knitting by the fire.

"'Well, my dear boy,' she said, 'I hope you enjoyed it.'

"'Oh, Mother,' I answered (I am sure I did not even try to smother a yawn!), 'it was all very dull; I was nearly bored to death.' Just think of me answering that! And the funny thing is that I felt so very sorry for myself.

"Why, it makes me laugh to think of the contrast between last year and this; and what a conceited young puppy I was then!"

Here he began to laugh; and as laughing is contagious we all joined in.




"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY M. MELICENT WATTS, AGE 16.

## THE CHRISTMAS STAR

BY MARY B. BOYNTON (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

'Tis Christmas morn, Lo, in the eastern sky,
Gray turns to rose, and rose, in turn, to gold;
Yet in the blue above there shines a star—
Sweet memory of that Christmas morn of old.

'Twas Christmas morn, yet in no palace grand,
But in a stable, where the cattle fed,
A tender mother laid her new-born child
In the low manger for his only bed.

'Tis Christmas morn; and while the eastern sky
Proclaims with triumph the advancing day,
Let us all think of that first Christmas morn,
When Bethlehem's star shone where the baby lay.

## A CHRISTMAS CONTRAST

BY KATHERINE MAY (AGE 11)

"OH, DEAR!" sighed a little fir-tree; "it is so lonesome. Nobody even looks at me!"

And it was true. The other firs scorned it, and said it was too small, and even the men, when they came to get Christmas-trees, seemed hardly to see it.

But, as the year went by, the other trees took more notice of it; and by the time the men came again it was much taller. One man came and chopped it down and put it in a wagon with some others. Our fir was sold among the first and to a family with many children.

On Christmas Eve it was decorated with strings of pop-corn, tinsel, pictures, figures of Santa Claus and of angels, candy, gifts, candles, and many other things. At its base was a little village composed of a railroad track, a train of cars, a tunnel, a station, some cows, pigs, horses, and a few clay people, a house, grass, trees, and other things.

On Christmas the children came and danced and had fun around the tree.

"This is indeed a contrast to my discontent of last year," thought the fir.

## THE CHRISTMAS STAR

BY HARRIET S. TAYLOR (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

THE flaming red and gold of sunset
Had melted into gray
And the sun o'er all the mountains,
Had sent its farewell ray.

The short midwinter twilight
Was deepening into night,
When the moon rose slowly, brightly,
Bathing all the earth in light.

Following closely in its footpath,
Gleaming softly from afar,
Shone out, calmly and serenely,
A silver Christmas star.

Far below, reposing gently
Mid the snow-clad mountains' might,
Lay a peaceful little village,
Wrapped in sleep this Christmas night.

In one window, gleaming brightly,
Sending out its cheerful ray,
Shone a single little candle,
Earthly star of Christmas Day.

From the great star, shining clearly,
And the candle's feeble ray,
Issues now the same glad tidings,
"Joy and peace this Christmas Day!"

## THE ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

PROSE I

Gertrude Nelson
Anna Landsman
Katharine Mordock
Dorothy D. Marshall
Fred Floyd, Jr.
Hugh L. Willson
Mildred Natwick
Lucia M. Giddens
Esther L. Williams
Irene Shlivek



"TRAINING." BY LOIS WILDE, AGE 14.

Louise Robertson
Helen E. Bailey
Virginia B. Haugh
J. Kay Finnemore
Louis Wengrowsky
May Donahue
Helen Garrison
Floy J. Norwood
Roselyn Beltz
Florence E. Meier
Mary E. Abbott
Elsie Miller
Frances Webster
Margaret De Laughter
Carol Crowe
Ruth Gardner
Margaret B. Oleson
Keturah Mac V. Williams
Fannie R. Lichtenstein
Rose Spiegel
Dorothy Van A. Fuller
Betty Hall
Hannah Ratisher
Dorothea K. Smith
Edith C. Haver
Mary E. Longworth
Mary L. Jack
Dorothy E. Barber
Katharine H. Spicer
Gretchen Legouri
Barbara Roberts
Marjorie E. Robinson
Marie L. Luhrs
Faith Bemis
Marie Mirvis
Minerva Smith
Helen Lamport
Rebecca T. Farnham
Margaret L. Cornelison
Marion Cleveland
Susanna Kessler
Frances L. Seaman
Alice Young
Myrle Henckel
Marion Richardson
Alice Winchester
Alice Hersey
Eleanor Huntly
Florence Lott
Martha Grossman

VERSE I

Marry L. Ballentine
Catherine Parmenter
Mabelle H. Emory
Millicent Bush
Ruth P. Fuller
Jeannette Lampert
Robert Smith, Jr.
Virginia Tate
Dorothy Doane
Elizabeth E. Clarke
Ethel Philleo
Deborah C. Jones
Waldron O'Connor
Gwendolyn Dorey
Helen E. Horr
William Boethling
Julia Dietsch
Claire Richardson
Dorothy McEntee
Celia V. White



"SOMEWHERE IN THE UNITED STATES."
BY KATHRYN CLARK, AGE 15.

PHOTOGRAPHS, I

Elizabeth Bowen
Mary M. Chesnut
Ruth D. Hayden
Eleanor A. Boshart
Helen Loring
Kathryn Haubold
Maria Chamberlain
Mary Stevenson
Margaret Olmsted
Jean Wagner
Goldie Rosman
Alice M. Lightner
Jeanie Wilson
Margaret McIntyre
Elizabeth L. Brown
Michael Morris
Harmon Green
Louise Kerns
Irene Nichols
Harriet Hunter
Rachel Allen
Lois N. Perry
Lillian Conn
Mary Decker
Joanna Eckstein
Rebecca Haigh
Laurence L. Gaillard, Jr.
Catherine M. Stockwell
Janet Woodworth
E. Rose Williamson

Kathryn A. Lyon
Laurence B. Goodrich
Elise Aylen
Geisse Fuguet
Leila Karaghensian
Joyce Grier
Virginia Palmer
Emily L. Weed
Jean Harper
Fannie M. Bouton
Lenora F. Glen
Marian Bardeen
Juana Albraum
Margaret A. Kelly
Frances Burrage
May E. Linton
Elizabeth M. Carroll
Ruth A. Stafford
Emma H. D. Palmer
Margaret Scoggin
Edith V. M. Simmonds II.
Marion W. Smith
Edith Low
Alice Moss
Ruth Hayward
Catherine Raub
Clarke Dulany
Frances Arnold
Veronica Parker
Dorothy R. Hart
Anna R. Payne
Mary S. Benson
Linda Van Norden
Betsy M. Sladen
Frances Jones
Ilse Smith
Lillian C. Jones
E. Frances Jennings
Laurene H. Cottman
Anita K. Howell
Martha Whitten
John R. Bigelow
Helen P. Wesson
Gertrude H. Hardy
Elease Weinss



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER."
BY MARGARET HEBBLETHWAITE, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)

Gertrude I. Pattee
Jeannette Johnson
Annie Alinder
Janet Blossom
Nancy Norton
Edythe L. Hageman
Alice C. Rice
Agnes Barnard
Virginia P. Hill
Anna C. Adams
Margaret Wigell
Charlotte H. Crouch
Louise Ashley
Leone C. Immel
Josephine Glidden
Eleanor Jett
Mary T. Worthen
Eleanor J. Marschak
Mary A. Westcott
Ruth Dewberry
Gerald Mendenhall
Loretta Bogue
Mildred M. Brey
Nancy Cochran
Caroline M. Smith
Ruth Sweeney
Virginia Harvey
Elizabeth Southard
Norman Watson
Margaret Mackprang
V. E. B. Fuller, Jr.
Margaret L. Heckle
Gerardine H. Ogilby
Katherine McCaul
Louise Black
Priscilla C. Bullitt
Agnes C. Matzinger
Mary A. McLarney
Zella Wheeler
Katharine J. Blackwell
Rosamond Lewis
Hawley S. Young
Marion Douglas
Mildred Donaldson
Laidlaw Williams
Kathryn Ogilby
Elizabeth Endebrock
Henrietta Van Doorn
Joe Earnest
John E. Underwood
R. Hugh Alcorn
Pattie L. Hagan

DRAWINGS, I

Alice Sniffen
James D. Havens
Grace A. West

PUZZLES, 1

Alice Bickham
Eleanor Cook
Renée Moën
Richard L. Purdy
Yvonne Moën
Evelyn Bleich
Katharine Brooks
Florence Noble
Medora Hostetter
Elizabeth Feazel
Helena Van de Carr
Adline Moravia
Helen E. Sanderson
Alice Greig
Evelyn Brady
Patty Pennan
Constance Doe
Lolita Stubblefield
Dorothy Rose Oppenheim
Mabel B. Burton
Elizabeth C. Voorhis
Emily Pendleton
Beatrice Dunham
Pauline Lyles
Dorothy Hilton
Hope D. Warner
Lydia A. Cutler

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 218

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

**Competition No. 218** will close **December 24** (for foreign members **December 30**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **April.** Badges sent one month later.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Break o' Dawn."

**Prose.** Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Railroad Story."

**Photograph.** Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blueprints or negatives. Subject, "Along the Way."

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "A Patriotic Picture," or a Heading for **April.**

**Puzzle.** Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

**Puzzle Answers.** Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of THE RIDDLE-BOX.

**Wild Creature Photography.** To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A,* a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B,* a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C,* a gold badge. *Prize, Class D,* a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a *few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold* the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

## RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must** bear the **name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt —and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

# FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

## SOME TWINS, A BEAR AND A CHRISTMAS-TREE

BY SARAH E. MULLIKEN

Jo and Joanna were twins who lived away off on a woods road that went up the side of a mountain.

The great woods came right down to their back door; so, of course, they had splendid neighbors. There were blue-jays and nuthatches, and woodpeckers, and thrushes, and golden robins, and squirrels, and chipmunks, and rabbits; and sometimes a deer. And they were all friends of the twins.

Now there was only one thing in the world that Jo and Joanna wanted. That was a Christmas-tree. At bedtime their mother would tell them of her Christmases when she was a little girl, how she always had a wonderful tree, trimmed with pop-corn and cranberries and covered with presents. But Mother lived in a town when she was a child, and Grandfather and Grandmother did n't have to be bakers, butchers, and candlestick-makers, not to speak of being carpenters, dressmakers, farmers, shoemakers, plumbers, and everything else; so they had time to plan Christmas-trees for their children.

Jo and Joanna were talking about Christmas one sunny November afternoon as they sat on a rock half-way up the mountain. Although it was November, it was so warm and sunny the twins had no coats on, and the animals that hide away in the winter were out sunning themselves.



"JO AND JOANNA WERE TALKING ABOUT CHRISTMAS"

Said Joanna: "I 'd go without maple

sugar on my griddle-cakes, if we could have a Christmas-tree! But we can't!"

And then she stopped and sighed.



THE LITTLE BEAR CUB

Said Jo: "I 'd chop wood all day long, if we could have a Christmas-tree. But we can't." And *he* sighed.

And a chickadee over their heads said: "Chick-a-dee, chick-a-dee! What a pitee, what a pitee!"

And a squirrel threw a big acorn at Jo's head, and then one at Joanna's head, just to cheer them up!

But the chickadee stopped short and the squirrel scampered up a tree, for there came tearing over the rocks a little bear cub, giving terrified little grunts and rubbing his poor little nose.

When Jo and Joanna saw the bear cub coming right at them, rubbing his poor little nose, and grunting and squealing, they hurried to meet him, hand in hand. And Jo and Joanna said, "Little bear cub, what *is* the matter?"

Then they saw what the matter was.



NESTS FILLED WITH NUTS

The bear-cub had been poking around looking for some honey, and had bumped into a porcupine, and, of course, the porcupine had sent a shower of his needles right into the bear cub's nose! And they hurt his poor, tender, little nose dreadfully and made it look like a pin-cushion.

When Jo and Joanna saw what the trouble was, they said, "Oh, poor little bear cub, let us take out the porcupine quills for you!"

The bear cub was glad enough to have the twins help him. So they pulled out the quills as gently as they could, and Joanna took her little clean handkerchief to the brook, and washed the little bear cub's nose very carefully, and the water felt nice and cool.

Then the twins ran home to supper.

The little bear was very grateful and he grunted, in bear language, "I 'd like to do something for those nice twins; but I don't know anything they want."



THE FLOCK OF CHICKADEES

And the chickadee said, in chickadee language, of course: "They want a Christmas-tree. I heard them say so."

And the squirrel said, in squirrel language, of course: "And so did I."

Then said the bear, "Let 's give them one."

And the chickadee and the squirrel said: "How can we? How can we? We'd like to, for they are nice children. They give us nuts and crumbs."

And the bear said: "Best of all, they picked out porcupine needles for me. They *shall* have a Christmas-tree!"

So the bear cub put on his thinking-cap, and he thought, and he thought, and he thought.

The next day he called a council of all the wild creatures that knew Jo and Joanna, and when they heard the little

bear cub's plan, the crows cawed, the owls hooted, the rabbits chuckled, the bees buzzed, the partridges drummed, and everybody started to work on a tremendous surprise for Jo and Joanna.

If you had been at the end of a woods road, half way up a mountain, one moonlit Christmas Eve, you would have seen a queer sight. There was a house at the end of the road, and close to the house was a pine-tree. Up the pine-tree climbed a bear cub. What do you suppose were in his paws. Two hornets' nests! And the hornets' nests were filled with honey! And the bear tied them on to the lower branches of the tree with long grasses plaited together.

Hardly had the bear climbed down, when suddenly a flock of chickadees came in sight. They had great long strings of red things in their beaks. What do you suppose they were? Why, checkerberries and partridge-berries, to be sure, all strung on straws and grasses, put together as only birds can do it. And the birds flew in and out of the branches, until by and by the tree was all garlanded with bright red berries.

Then came a troop of squirrels and chipmunks, and what do you suppose *they* carried? Why, each one had a last year's nest filled with nuts. They put the nests on the branches of the tree.



"THERE WAS THE MOST WONDERFUL TREE EVER HEARD OF"

Then the blue-jays came in sight. You could never guess what *they* brought. Why, they had made dolls, with oak-apple heads and with feather dresses from the blue-jays' own tails!

The black crows came with snow in their bills, and some with red apples, and they trimmed the tree with them.

When the sun came up, the twins' mother peeped into their room and said: "Merry Christmas, Jo and Joanna! Come and see the red mittens I have knitted for you!"

And the twins' father said: "Merry Christmas, Jo and Joanna! I 've some maple candy for you!"

And the twins said: "Merry Christ-

mas, Father and Mother! Thank you! Are they on a Christmas-tree?"

Just then the twins' mother looked out of the window and said, "Oh!"

The twins' father looked over her shoulder, and said: "Oh, Oh, Oh!"

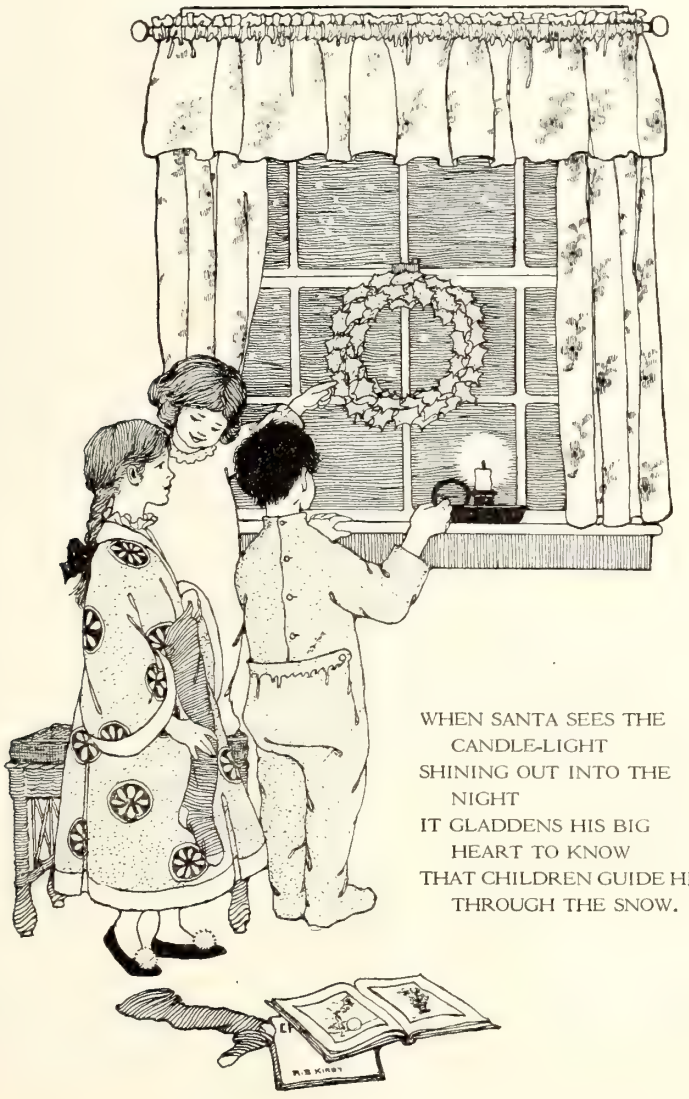
And the twins hopped out of bed and looked out of the window, and they hopped, and danced, and screamed, "Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh!"

For there was the most wonderful tree ever heard of! It sparkled with real snow, it was garlanded with checkerberries and partridge-berries, on its boughs hung strange presents, birds' nests and hornets' nests full of nuts and honey, strange dolls and apples!

The whole family rushed out of doors, exclaiming, "Where *did* these things come from?"

And the little bear cub, hidden in the bushes, grinned.

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WHEN SANTA SEES THE
CANDLE-LIGHT
SHINING OUT INTO THE
NIGHT
IT GLADDENS HIS BIG
HEART TO KNOW
THAT CHILDREN GUIDE HIM
THROUGH THE SNOW.

# THE LETTER-BOX

YONKERS, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have had you for almost three years, and I think you are the loveliest book that was ever published. I was sick last year and could n't go to school, so I looked forward with great pleasure to your company. Around Christmas, when I sent for the catalogs, that pleased me even more, for after I read you through from cover to cover, I would look at the catalogs and would wonder and plan my Christmas gifts.

I have a brother, twenty-one years old. He is in the Norton-Harjes Ambulance Corps, which has recently been taken over by the American Government. He went over April 14, and only signed for six months, but we don't expect him home until the war is over.

My mother and I are both members of the Red Cross, and both of us have pins. In the summer I went over to the Red Cross meetings, which are held in the Club House. My mother rolls bandages, and I made comfort kits.

Down in Van Cortlandt Park the 23rd and the 71st regiments were encamped. It was very interesting to see the dress parades, held on Sundays. The bayonet practising was also interesting.

With many wishes for a happy and successful future,

Your little friend,

ELEANOR BARNES (AGE 11).

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NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here I am, home again, after having had a wonderful summer at camp! And when I think of it, it is all due to your inspiring, and "every inch true," article on camp (in the June number of ST. NICHOLAS), for that was the first thing to inspire me with the desire to go to camp.

All *I* can say is that I advise all the girls who are lovers of having a good time and who have not yet tasted of the joys of a summer in camp, to try it next summer!

Thanking you again for the lovely summer you gave me, I am your devoted (but always impatient for the first of every month) reader,

VIRGINIA SIEGMAN.

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GALVESTON, TEX.

YOU DEAR, DEAR MAGAZINE: I just simply *love* you! Before our family took you I heard all of my friends talking about you as a "great" magazine, so I decided to give you to my brother for Christmas, and so I did, but the whole family reads you. Just as soon as the postman comes to the gate and whistles, on about the fourth or fifth of the month (the date you usually arrive), every one of us makes a stampede for the gate to get the mail,—when on any other day Mother has to beg us to go. My brother reads you first, as he is the one to whom you belong, but I am usually a close second.

I think your stories are just "scrumptious," if there is such a word. I always read "Under Boy Scout Colors" first, as I love boy stories, and then I read "The Girl Next Door," and all the serials and all the stories. But I think the most interesting parts are THE LETTER-BOX, and THE LEAGUE. I think the stories and poems are just fine!

I notice that a great many of ST. NICK's letters are from France, England, Canada, and all parts of the United States. They are so interesting! But I live in Galveston, and I think it is the finest place to live in! We go in bathing quite often. I was in the late 1915 storm, which washed away palms, oleanders, and large, fifty-year-old oak-trees, in front of our home, and even houses and buildings, although not a particle of damage was done to our home.

Your devoted reader,

MARY E. SULLIVAN (AGE 13).

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DEAL BEACH, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In all the five years I have received you I have often meant to write and tell you how much I enjoy you. To-day, when I came home from a walk I asked, as I usually do, if there was any mail for me. When they told me ST. NICHOLAS had come, you should have seen me run upstairs and read you through, advertisements and all. My favorite stories are "The Boarded-up House," "The Sapphire Signet," and "The Girl Next Door."

It might interest your readers to hear something about the well-known camp at Wrightstown, New Jersey, called Camp Dix. Only two Sundays ago, my mother, sister, some friends and myself motored to this camp, which is fifty-five miles from here. At first it was hard to locate ourselves in so large a place (it is twenty miles around, I believe). Finally, we asked an officer the most direct way around the camp. He showed us and asked if we would like to visit one of the small wooden houses which they use instead of tents. It was very interesting. He showed us the small kitchen, where they were making potato salad and salmon salad for dinner. He also showed us the sleeping-room. It consisted of two rows of cots with two blankets each and the names of the different soldiers on them. Some of the boys were reading, some playing baseball, and still others digging trenches. The Y. M. C. A. is doing a great deal to entertain them. Once a week they give movies, lectures and entertainments of that sort. When we drove around we saw the camp hospital, the information bureau, and a colored soldier on guard on a high platform. He looked just like a statue, he moved so little. We had a long drive home that evening and we had to go pretty swiftly to get home by half past seven, but the stars were out and it was lovely.

Thanking you again for the many pleasant hours you give me,

I remain your devoted reader,

ARPINIE TAVSHANJIAN.

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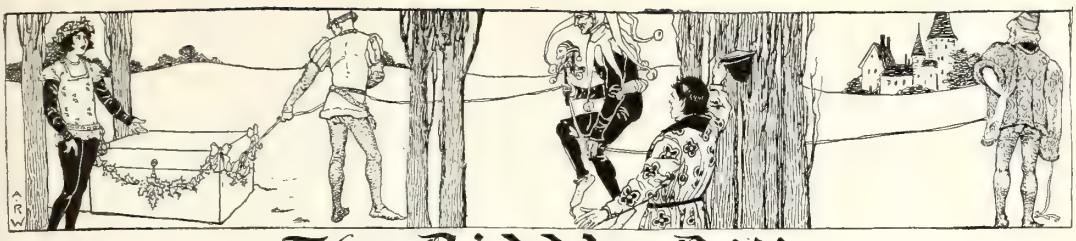
ALLERTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister and I have taken you since we were eight years old.

We thought your October "Books and Reading" was very interesting, because we are interested in Longfellow. Last week we went to Maine. We stayed over night in Portland. In the morning we went to see the Longfellow house. We had always thought he was born there, but when we went in, on the door was a brass plate which said he was brought there when he was eighteen days old. Father registered on the desk where Longfellow wrote the "Rainy Day."

The living-room is very interesting, because one of the first pianos is there. Right beside it is General Wadsworth's favorite chair. There are so many other things I could not tell you about them all.

Yours sincerely, NATALIE SHELDON (AGE 10).



# The Riddle-Box

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER

Anagrams. Linden, walnut, spruce, willow. Wilson.

Novel Double Acrostic. Primals, James A. Garfield; third row, Chester A. Arthur. Cross-words: 1. Jacks. 2. Ashen. 3. Meets. 4. Essay. 5. Satyr. 6. Avert. 7. Girth. 8. Adage. 9. Realm. 10. Farce. 11. Inter. 12. Ether. 13. Laugh. 14. Dirge.

Double Diagonal. Jefferson, Roosevelt. 1. Justifier. 2. Secession. 3. Refectory. 4. Profusion. 5. Fastening. 6. Traversed. 7. Precursor. 8. Elevation. 9. Tradition.

Some Puzzling Trees. 1. Tu-lips. 2. Paw-paw. 3. Fir. 4. Bay. 5. Pine. 6. Palm. 7. Ash. 8. Birch. 9. Feach. 10. Spruce. 11. Beech. 12. Pear. 13. Hem-lock.

Charade. Fir-kin.

Connected Diamonds. I. 1. P. 2. Cot. 3. Pores. 4. Ted. 5. S. II. 1. P. 2. Got. 3. Foles. 4. Ten. 5. S. III. 1. S. 2. Dog. 3. Solar. 4. Gap. 5. R. IV. 1. S. 2. Nag. 3. Saber. 4. Get. 5. R.

Endless Chain. 1. Enter. 2. Erase. 3. Sepoy. 4. Oyama. 5. Macaw. 6. Aware. 7. Redan. 8. Angel. 9. Elder. 10. Error. 11. Orion. 12. Onset. 13. Ether. 14. Erode. 15. Delta. 16. Taken.

Illustrated Numerical Enigma. "Small cheer and great welcome make a merry feast."—Shakspere.

Single Curtailings. Paderewski. 1. Harp-y. 2. Cana-l. 3. Shad-e. 4. Cove-r. 5. Hear-t. 6. Free-d. 7. Crow-d. 8. Burs-t. 9. Dark-y. 10. Demi-t.

Primal Acrostic. England: Cross-words: 1. Eureka. 2. Novice. 3. Gallop. 4. London. 5. Ararat. 6. Nelson. 7. Dragon.

Connected Squares. I. 1. Crepe. 2. Relax. 3. Elope. 4. Paper. 5. Exert. II. 1. Keats. 2. Eaten. 3. Atone. 4. Tense. 5. Sneer. III. 1. Tongs. 2. Overt. 3. Never. 4. Greta. 5. Stray. IV. 1. Glass. 2. Lunch. 3. Annoy. 4. Scowl. 5. Shyly. V. 1. Yeast. 2. Enter. 3. Atone. 4. Sense. 5. Trees.

Solvers wishing to compete for prizes must give answers *in full,* following the plan of the above-printed answers to puzzles. To our Puzzlers: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to St. Nicholas Riddle-box, care of The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Answers to all the Puzzles in the September Number were received before September 24 from "Allil and Adi"—Helen H. McIver.

Answers to Puzzles in the September Number were received before September 24 from John W. Delafield, 10—Helen A. Moulton, 10—Florence L. Carter, 9—"Pater et filius," 9—"S. Anna's Girls," 8—Donald B. Hatmaker, 8—St. Gabriel's Chapter, 8—Henry H. Collins, 8—Helen Adda Vance, 7—Alice Poulin, 7—Mary W. Parker, 7—Clark Simmons, 7—A. Eugene Griffin, 7—Helen Hackney and Gertrude Barrows, 6—Mary Catherine Hamilton, 6—Miriam J. Stewart, 5—Kathrine Hynson, 4—Dorothy Keller, 4—Newton C. Jones, 4—Barbara Holt, 3—Gwenfread E. Allen, 3—Margaret B. Lee, 3—Clarabel Hord, 3—Mary Frances Wyman, 3—Barbara Probasco, 2—Martha B. Bayard, 2—Ethel Birch, 2—Carol M. Connett, 2—C. I. Kenna, 1—E. G. Landreth, Jr., 1—M. Connett, 1—M. Greenwood, 1—Ellen Whitehead, 1—A. L. Ratcliffe, 1—R. Thurston, 1—E. Morehouse, 1—E. Foster, 1—H. L. Sherman, 1—M. Sieglaff, 1—K. Rand, 1—J. Betz, 1—E. E. Brower, 1—F. B. Thompson, 1—H. L. Wylly, 1—D. Fessenden, 1—M. McAvoy, 1—G. T. Beaham, 1—E. Crowley, 1—J. C. Solomons, 1—T. Diemer, 1—C. Teetzel, 1—D. E. Gunn, 1—M. Mead, 1.

### CHARADE

My *first* is common, you 'll agree;
My *next* is found in A, B, C.
My *thirds* are found in every home;
My famous *whole* are found near Rome.

virginia sargent (age 8), *League Member.*

### NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC

(*Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition*)

When the following words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will spell something of which every boy and girl should be proud, and another row will spell a way to show it.

Cross-words: 1. Flavor. 2. Pastoral pipes. 3. One of a kind of light cavalry. 4. Relating to elves. 5. Dough. 6. A variety of quartz. 7. Implied, but not expressed. 8. Rustic. 9. The upper part of the hip bone. 10. To propose. 11. Stain. 12. Peruvian monarchs. 13. To purloin. 14. Clouded.

lillian stark (age 13).

### A GEOGRAPHICAL STORY

Last Christmas we had a big dinner-party. The dinner included, among other things, the usual (1) *European empire,* as well as two white (2) *seaport of Italy* hens, some good peppery (3) *city on the Elbe,* and some (4) *river of Idaho.* After dinner my (5) *three islands near Niagara Falls,* (6) *a city of Montana,* (7) *a city of Italy,* and (8) *one of the thirteen original states,* each received a lovely (9) *sea northeast of Australia* necklace. Our two little cousins (10 and 11) *two Virginia capes* were made happy by receiving (12) *an ocean* costumes. Aunt (13) *the falls of the Zambesi* was delighted with a set of (14) *an Asiatic country.* After the distribution of gifts, the children played in the (15) *mountains of Alaska, north of the Yukon,* for an hour, with new sleds given to them by their uncle (16) *a Texas city on the Colorado River,* but by twilight all of our guests said (17) a *Cape of Greenland.*

frances m. segner (age 15).

### CUBE

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | 1 | | 2 |
| | | | | |
| 5 | | | | 6 |
| | | | | |
| | | 3 | | 4 |
| | | | | |
| 7 | | | | 8 |

From 1 to 2, to regale; from 1 to 3, primary; from 2 to 4, implied; from 3 to 4, to negotiate; from 5 to 6, a nobleman; from 5 to 7, a broom; from 6 to 8, indigent; from 7 to 8, a nautical abbreviation; from 1 to 5, an untruth; from 2 to 6, a color; from 4 to 8, a plaything; from 3 to 7, a masculine nickname.

emma middleton (age 12), *League Member.*




### PICTURED ANSWERS

A number of objects are shown in the above picture. Among them may be found the answers to the four following riddles:

I. It has a head but no tail; several legs but only one foot; is sometimes warm and sometimes cold; wears clothes; and takes in lodgers.

II. A gaping mouth that 's never shut,
A tongue that 's often still,
That functions in a narrow rut,
And at another's will.

III. It is solid and not transparent, and yet people can see through it; it has neither top nor bottom, beginning nor end, and yet it can be weighed and measured; and it is sometimes worth more than its weight in gold.

IV. I'm rather fat but quite genteel;
And often stabbed with iron and steel;
The wounds are deep, but I cannot feel,
And it matters not if they do not heal.

RICHARDS PHILLIPS.

### DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A SQUARE



I. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In write. 2. A number. 3. To restore to freshness. 4. An open fabric. 5. In write.

II. SQUARE: 1. To shrink through fear. 2. A yellow earthy ore. 3. At what place. 4. Sinned. 5. Coarse grasses.

III. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In write. 2. Epoch. 3. To build. 4. To perform. 5. In write.

JUDY HOLMES (age 13), *League Member.*

### DIVIDED WORDS

(*Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition*)

EXAMPLE: Divide a certain time, and make an animal and a period of time. Answer: Dog-day.

1. Divide a fish, and make a masculine nickname and a fish. 2. Divide to fade, and make humor and a pronoun. 3. Divide a vegetable, and make a vehicle and to decay. 4. Divide an announcement, and make a word used to express negation and a cold substance. 5. Divide a clergyman, and make equal value and a descendant. 6. Divide a bird, and make a masculine nickname and a titmouse. 7. Divide an author, and make what is mightier than the sword and a human being. 8. Divide pertaining to sound, and make a descendant and an insect. 9. Divide an individual, and make a preposition meaning "for each" and a near relative.

When the words have been rightly guessed, the initials of the latter half of each six-letter word will spell a church festival.

JANET NEWKIRK (age 13).

### METAMORPHOSES

THE problem is to change one given word to another by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same and the letters always in the same order. Example: Change *wood* to *coal* in three moves. Answer: wood, wool, cool, coal.

1. Change *ship* to *boat* in five moves.
2. Change *mile* to *yard* in five moves.
3. Change *golf* to *ball* in four moves.
4. Change *call* to *come* in five moves.
5. Change *mice* to *rats* in four moves.
6. Change *shoe* to *hose* in six moves.

NANCY HOUGH (age 12), *Honor Member.*

### CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE

(*One word is concealed in each couplet*)

1. I 'd pay no attention to Harry's decree,
He 's a despot as heartless as any can be.

2. For a clear sky we 're hoping—and there is the blue,
Enough for the breeks of a Dutchman or two.

3. Only give us a start, argue not, Harry dear,
There 's plenty of time and we 're all of us here.

4. A fact I 've oft proved—naught like outing, 't is plain.
For sweeping the cobwebs all out of your brain.

5. So while with cool water Chris laves Harry's brow,
I see all his aches taking leave with a bow.

6. Here 's your car; here 's the sunshine; in happiest moods,
We 're off for a glorious day in the woods.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

CAREY PRINTING COMPANY, INC., N. Y.



# New Ideas About Child Training

By R. H. Sinclair

THE father or mother who doesn't sense in its full meaning the God-given responsibility of bringing up children is making a mistake which may easily lead to everlasting sorrow for both parent and child.

Character is not born but builded. You as a parent are the architect of your child's character—the constructor of its future career, for upon character depends success. Abraham Lincoln, perhaps our greatest American, once said: "All that I am and all that I ever hope to be I owe to my mother." Great men before and since Lincoln have said the same thing, and how truly they spoke!

Reversed methods of training could have turned many a book-keeper into a financier and many a financier into a book-keeper. And this difference is not one of school training but of training right in the home from the time the child is born until it leaves home.

**Especially Written for Parents of Boys and Girls Under Eighteen Years of Age**

And yet we have never until recently given any really scientific study to this great question. Thousands of parents are daily using wrong methods, which can easily destroy their children's chance of happiness and success. And the pitiful part of it all is that they don't realize the irreparable harm they are doing.

The trouble has always been that we have not searched for the cause of disobedience, the cause of wilfulness, the cause of untruthfulness, and of other symptoms which, if not treated in the right way, may lead to dire consequences. Instead, we punish the child for exhibiting the bad trait, or else "let it go." As a result, we do the child an actual wrong instead of helping it. What we should do is to attack the trouble at its source.

The new system of child training is founded upon the principle that confidence is the basis of control. And the five fundamental principles involved are: suggestion, substitution in choice, parental initiative in cooperation, parental expectation and parental approval.

Under this new system children who have been well-nigh unmanageable become obedient and willing, and such traits as bashfulness, jealousy, fear, bragging, etc., are overcome. But the system goes deeper than that, for it instills high ideals and builds character, which is of course the goal of all parents' efforts in child training.

Physical punishment, shouted commands, and other barbarous relics of the old system have no place in this modern school. Children are made comrades, not slaves; are helped, not punished. And the results are nothing short of marvelous.

Instead of a hardship, child training becomes a genuine pleasure, as the parent shares every confidence, every joy and every sorrow of the child, and at the same time has its unqualified respect. This is a situation rarely possible under old training methods.

And what a source of pride now as well as in after years: To have children whose every action shows culture and refinement, perfect little gentlemen and gentlewomen, yet full of childish enthusiasm and spontaneity with all!

To put in practice these new ideas in child training, strange as it may seem, takes less time than the old method. It is simply a question of applying principles

founded on a scientific study of human nature, going at it in such a way as to get immediate results without friction.

The founder of this new system is Professor Ray C. Beery, A.B., M.A. (Harvard and Columbia), who has written a complete Course in Practical Child Training. This Course is based on Professor Beery's extensive investigations and wide practical experience, and provides a well-worked-out plan which the parent can easily follow. The Parents' Association, a national organization devoted to improving the methods of child training, has adopted the Beery system and is teaching the course to its members by mail.

### An Invitation to Join

At this time an invitation is being extended to earnest fathers and mothers who would like to join the Association and learn the methods which are proving so universally successful with children of all ages from babyhood to man and womanhood.

Membership in the Parents' Association — which has no dues—entitles you to a complete course in child training by Professor Beery, in four handsome volumes of approximately 275 pages each. This course must not be confused with the hundreds of books on child training which leave the reader in the dark because of vagueness and lack of definite and practical applications of the principles laid down. It does not deal in glittering generalities. Instead, it shows exactly what to do to meet every emergency and how to accomplish immediate results and make a permanent impression. No matter whether your child is still in the cradle or is eighteen years old, these books will show how to apply the right methods at once. You merely take up the particular trait, turn to the proper page, and apply the lessons to the child. The younger the child the better. You cannot begin too soon, for the child's behavior in the first few years of life depends on the parent, not on the child.

Membership in the Parents' Association gives you, in addition to the special four-volume Course in Practical Child Training, the following privileges:

*First:* Unlimited free use of the Association's advisory service in the solution of perplexing problems in Child Training.

*Second:* Mail service which will consist of Special Bulletins to be issued from time to time, containing the newest findings of the Association's Board of Experts and relating the experiences in child training of other members of the Association, thus keeping each member informed as to the progress being made in this important and far-reaching work.

*Third:* Authoritative advice as to the children's books, schools, camps, and all matters pertaining to educational methods.

*Fourth:* Unlimited free use of the Association's Purchase Service Bureau, through which all educational books, whether school text-books or books treating on the mental, physical or moral development and training of children can be purchased. This service will be free, and members availing themselves of it will find by comparison of prices that they secure the benefit of publishers' trade discounts.

## Do You Know How—

to instruct children in the delicate matters of life?
to always obtain cheerful obedience?
to correct mistakes of early training?
to win confidence of children?
to keep child from crying?
to develop initiative in child?
to teach personal courage and self-reliance?
to suppress temper in children without punishment?
to overcome objectionable habits in children?
to succeed with child of any age without display of authority?
to make firmness unobtrusive?
to discourage the "Why" habit in regard to commands?
to direct children discreetly in their amusements?
to wisely guide childs' choice of companions?
to prevent worry in child?
to develop sense of responsibility?
to train child in neatness and order?
to prevent quarreling and fighting?
to cultivate ideal temperament?
to deal with supersensitive child?
to cure impertinence? Discourtesy? Vulgarity?
to deal with boy who is a bully? A braggart?
to remove fear of darkness? Fear of thunder and lightning? Fear of harmless animals?
to eliminate all forms of viciousness?
to replace disinclination for bathing with delight in same?
to encourage child to talk?
to teach punctuality? Perseverance? Carefulness?
to teach child instantly to comply with command, "Don't touch"?
to inculcate respect for elders?
to overcome obstinacy?
to cure habit of coaxing?
to teach value of money and its proper use?
to correct wrong habits of thought?
to prevent and correct round shoulders? Slouching postures and careless carriage?
to cultivate mental concentration?
to engender interest in work or study?
to combat various juvenile temptations?
to teach honesty and truthfulness?
to insure your child's financial success?
to treat child that runs away?
to cultivate cleanness of speech and thought?
to break child of sucking thumb?
to prevent fickleness? Jealousy? Selfishness?
to develop imagination? Judgment? Discrimination?
to strengthen memory?
to interest child in right kind of reading?
to induce child willingly to go to bed at night and get up in the morning?

**These are only a few of the hundreds of questions fully answered and explained, in a way that makes application of the principles involved easy through this course.**

Before becoming a member of the Parents' Association you are privileged to examine the four-volume Course in Practical Child Training without the slightest obligation, and without even making a deposit, in order that you may be sure that the work of the Association is along the lines of which you approve, and that the course contains exactly what you want.

Here is the offer the Association is making for a limited time: If you will fill out and mail the application form printed below, without any money, the complete Course in Practical Child Training will be sent by return post on five days' approval. Examine it carefully and then, if you feel you can afford to be without it, send it back and you will owe nothing. If, on the other hand, you are as well pleased as the thousands of other fathers and mothers who are turning to it each day for guidance, send only $2 at the end of five days and $2 a month for four months. On receipt of the first payment you will be enrolled as a member of the Association, and will receive a certificate of membership.

If you are truly anxious to make the greatest possible success of your children's lives, you owe it to them to at least look at this course, which you may do, in accordance with this offer, without risking a penny. I must urge you to act promptly, however, as this offer may never be made here again.

*APPLICATION BLANK (NO MONEY REQUIRED)*

**THE PARENTS' ASSOCIATION, Inc., Dept. 2312, 449 Fourth Avenue, New York City.**

You may send me, carrying charges prepaid, your complete four-volume Course in Practical Child Training, by Ray C. Beery, A. B., M. A., for five days' free trial. If it meets with my approval and I decide to become a member, I will send you $2 five days after delivery of the four-volume Course, and $2 a month for four consecutive months in full payment for Membership and Course. If I do not care to subscribe, I will return the books within five days after their receipt. It is agreed that when I send the first payment you will at once send me a membership certificate good for 1 year and that the $10 is payment in full, and there are no additional dues or assessments whatever.

Name .....Address .....


Elgin Streamline $25~
Elgin Streamline $50~
Lord Elgin Streamline $75~
Lord Elgin $100~

"Elgins!"

For your protection, this Purple and Gold Quality Band is secured to every genuine Horsman "ART" Doll. It is our trade mark; and our guarantee of quality, and perfect manufacture under sanitary conditions. Look for this trade mark on the doll you buy.

*(Product of Aetna Doll & Toy Co.)*

GENUINE HORSMAN TRADE MARK, REG. "ART" DOLL U.S PATENT OFFICE

# Who Ever Heard of Christmas Without a New Doll?

AND when they are as cute and pretty as these "Horsman Kids," who would be satisfied with *only one?* These are the kind of dolls every little girl wants. They are real little people; so different from old-fashioned dolls, and each one with a cunning, lovable personality all its own. You'll just love the whole big family of "Horsman Kids." There are ever so many different ones. The popular "Campbell Kids," the "Peterkins," the "Peasant Children," and lots of others, some with real hair and glass eyes, and all dressed in the prettiest costumes. Look for them when you go Christmas shopping with Mother.

Tell Mother about these dolls. Tell her HORSMAN "ART" Dolls are made in America in a big, airy, sanitary factory; the characters are original and exclusive, and the dolls are strong and well made. Tell Mother to

**Write us for Illustrated List Picturing Many of the Prettiest HORSMAN Dolls Which Can Be Bought Wherever Good Toys Are Sold**

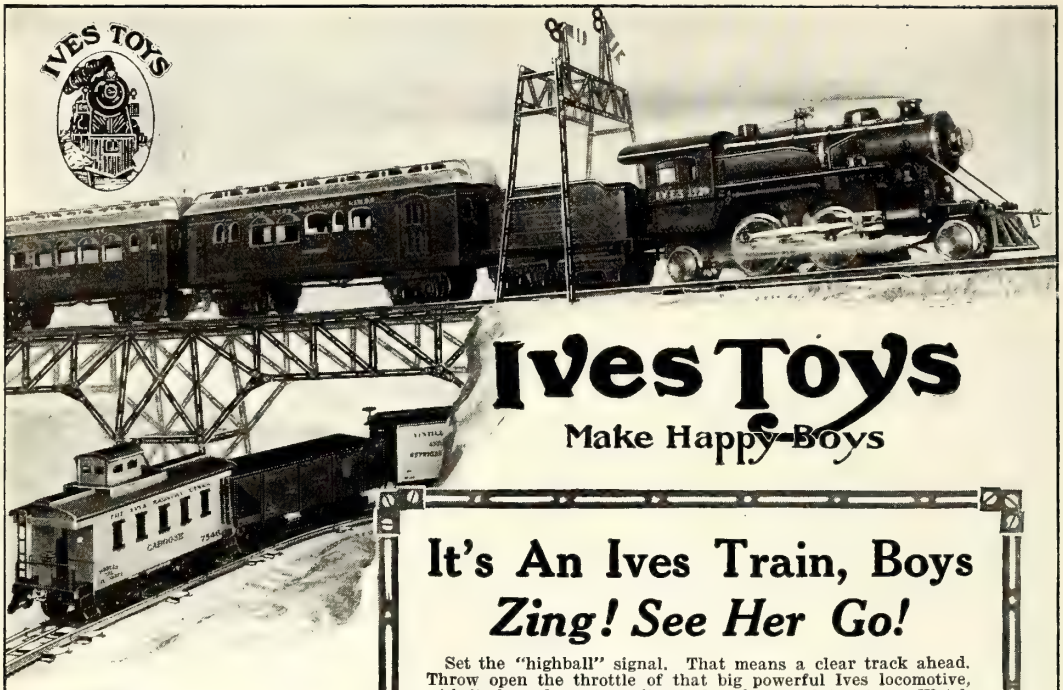
## E. I. HORSMAN CO., Inc.

*The Oldest Established Toy House in the United States*

**11-15 Union Square, West**
**New York City**

*These are not real Children. They're* HORSMAN DOLLS!


LIFE SAVERS
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE
LIFE SAVERS
5
STORE
I Want Some Life Savers Today
Said sweet Mistress Millie to wee Merchant Willie,
I want some Life Savers today.
Yes, madam; they're dandy—a dainty mint candy
That fairies discovered, they say.
Just try one, said Willie. Oh, thank you! cried Millie,
But what is this hole that I've found?
Why, that's where the good little fairy queen stood,
While the rest built the ring all around.
Four Flavors:
PEP-O-MINT
LIC-O-RICE
WINT-O-GREEN
CL-O-VE
Mint Products Company, New York
5 cents—Everywhere
PEP-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE







## BOYS!

### Get This Dandy Book

Do you want a really gorgeous book which tells you all about railroading; which has two wonderful pages showing the heraldry or designs used on the freight cars of prominent railroads; two big pages of the finest railroad trains in their actual colors; some very interesting things you can do with electricity and the story of Ives Toys?

Then send five two-cent stamps to cover cost of postage, etc., and we'll mail this fine book to you. Write your name, street address plainly and the name of your town or city, when you are sending for this book.




# It's An Ives Train, Boys

## *Zing! See Her Go!*

Set the "highball" signal. That means a clear track ahead. Throw open the throttle of that big powerful Ives locomotive, with its long, low, streamline body—the very latest type. Watch the big driving wheels spin. She's off! See her pull the train along. Now work that switch! She's crossing over! Press it again! She's slowing up! Now she's stopping at the station.

FUN! You just bet! There's barrels of it in Ives Trains and tracks. It's sure enough railroading with passenger cars, freight cars, coal cars, cabooses—just like real. Electric and mechanical locomotives. Real headlights and bells. Switches, signals, sidings, tunnels, bridges, and stations. You can lay the track yourself. It's the kind of railroading, boys, that may make you a big railroad man some day.



**Read What the Engineer of**

### The Famous 20th Century Limited

**Says About Ives Trains**

**"Ives Trains ought to make any boy's heart glad. They are made and finished as nearly like the real trains as it is possible to make a toy. The company that makes them goes right to the railroad companies for its designs and coloring. It's real railroading when you can play railroading with such trains—no make believe. Whether or not any boy wants to make railroading his life work Ives toy trains and railroad systems ought to teach him a whole lot about the business."**

**(Signed) F. J. MINK.**

### Signals and Bridges of Ives Struktiron

Some boys like to build their own bridges and signals, like the ones in the picture. You can do this with a set of Ives Struktiron. You can also build turntables, freight platforms, buildings and hundreds of models with Struktiron—one of the finest construction toys made.

### Send for This Fine Folder—It's FREE

It describes Ives trains, cars and engines. We'll send it to you on request, absolutely free of charge.

Save your money and get an Ives Train. Ask your folks for one for Christmas. There are no toy trains like Ives, boys—no engines with such pep and power and speed. Ask your dealer for them. Look for the Ives trade mark to be sure they are Ives. Write us if you can't get them and we'll tell you the name of the nearest Ives dealer.

**THE IVES MANUFACTURING CORPORATION**

**196 Holland Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.**



# Home Billiards!

## The Pick of Santa Claus' Pack

Carom and Pocket Billiards are an all-year sport—brimful of fresh surprises every game! Shared by boys and girls, and mothers and "old boys"—billiards instills the love of home in all. With practice you can soon control the balls, but not the merry flow of jest that often makes the best of players lose.

Resolve to get Carom and Pocket Billiards—not "sometime"—but NOW—*this* Christmas. A small part payment puts a scientific Brunswick Table in your home.

Pay the balance monthly—as you play.

## BRUNSWICK
### HOME BILLIARD TABLES

Life, speed, accuracy and lightning action—beautiful cabinet work in rosewood, mahogany, oak and walnut.

Brunswick "Quick Demountable" Tables fit all size rooms and easily folded when not in play.

"Baby Grand" for spare rooms, lofts, basements, or private billiard rooms.

Balls, Cues, Rack, Markers, expert book of 33 games, etc., all included FREE.

Write for handsome color-book—"Billiards —The Home Magnet."

Low prices, easy terms and home trial offer included. Mail the coupon for this interesting book at once.

**Send Your Address For Billiard Book FREE**

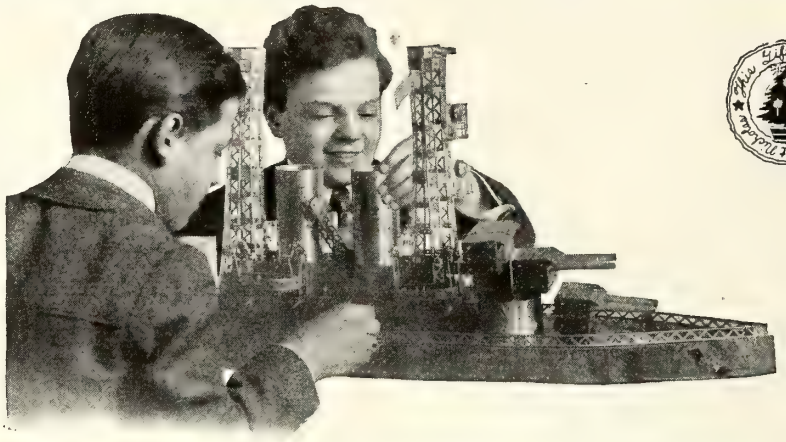
THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
Dept. 59-P
623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Send me one of the free color-books "Billiards—The Home Magnet," and tell about your home trial offer.

Name .....

Address .....

.....






# See What Your Friends Say!

I don't ask you to take my word that Erector is the steel construction toy which has given more fun to more boys than any toy ever invented. Your own boy friends can tell you.

Ask Bill or Jim or Harry—any of your chums—what construction toy they have. Erector, of course! Ask them what *they* think of

## GILBERT ERECTOR

**"THE TOY LIKE STRUCTURAL STEEL"**



**Gilbert Toys**

Ask your dealer to show you the complete line of Gilbert Toys which includes

**Erector**
**Brik-tor**
**Electrical Set**
**Electric Motors**
**Chemistry Outfit**
**Submarine**
**Machine Gun**
**Mysto Magic**
**Parcel Post Toys**
**Nurses' Outfit (for Girls)**

Ask them what construction toy builds the most, strongest and best models. Ask them which is the **only** one with lapped interlocking girders that enable you to build four-sided and square columns; the one with every piece stamped accurately out of steel, scientifically made and correct in design and proportion; the one with big reinforced steel wheels, grooved and hubbed for every engineering purpose; the one that gives, with most sets, the sturdy electric motor that will, when properly geared, lift your own weight.

Your friends will all answer—Erector! Well, then, isn't Erector the construction toy **you** want this Christmas? Of course, it is!

### Win Honors and Rewards

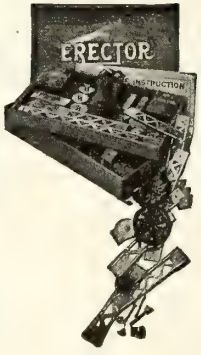
Besides, Erector is the steel construction toy which enables you to win honors and rewards in the Gilbert Engineering Institute for Boys.

The highest honor of the Institute is "Gilbert Master Engineer"; it entitles you to a fine Diploma, splendid Gold Watch, Gold Fraternity Pin and a good-paying position during the Holiday season. Before you win this degree, you must win the degree of "Gilbert Engineer" and "Gilbert Expert Engineer," with their Diplomas and Lapel Button.

Ask your dealer to show you Erector. Tell your parents that you especially want No. 4 Set which contains hundreds of parts and the great Electric Motor; price complete with manual, $5 (Canada, $7.50). Other Erector sets $1 to $25 (Canada, $1.50 to $37.50). If you already own a regular Erector Set, ask the dealer to show you the special Master Engineer Set with lots of new features (see picture on left).

### Write for "Gilbert Toy Tips"

I want to send you, **absolutely free**, a copy of my boys' magazine, "Gilbert Toy Tips." It's full of stories and photographs; tells all about Erector and other Gilbert Toys, also about the Gilbert Institute of Engineering for Boys. Write now for your copy of Tips.




Alfred C. Gilbert Pres.

*President*

**THE A. C. GILBERT COMPANY, 130 Blatchley Avenue, New Haven, Conn.**

**Canadian Representative, Menzies & Company, Limited, Toronto, Ontario.**

# EVEREADY DAYLO

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.




*The light that says*
*"There it is!"*

## Hail to the Holidays!

THEY'RE almost here. And with them come the joys, frolic and fun of winter sports—skating, snow-shoeing, sleigh-riding and coasting.

On those dark, snowy nights when old Mister Moon is hiding, you'll need an Eveready Daylo. When you coast down the "old hill," Daylo will point out the sharp, icy turns—when skating over uncertain ice, Daylo will "show up" the air holes—and when Jack Frost numbs your fingers, Daylo will help you adjust your skates easily and quickly.

Winter and summer alike, Daylo adds to the fun of night-time sports. Put Daylo on ***both*** your Christmas lists; on the list of ***gifts you want*** and on the list of ***gifts you will make.***



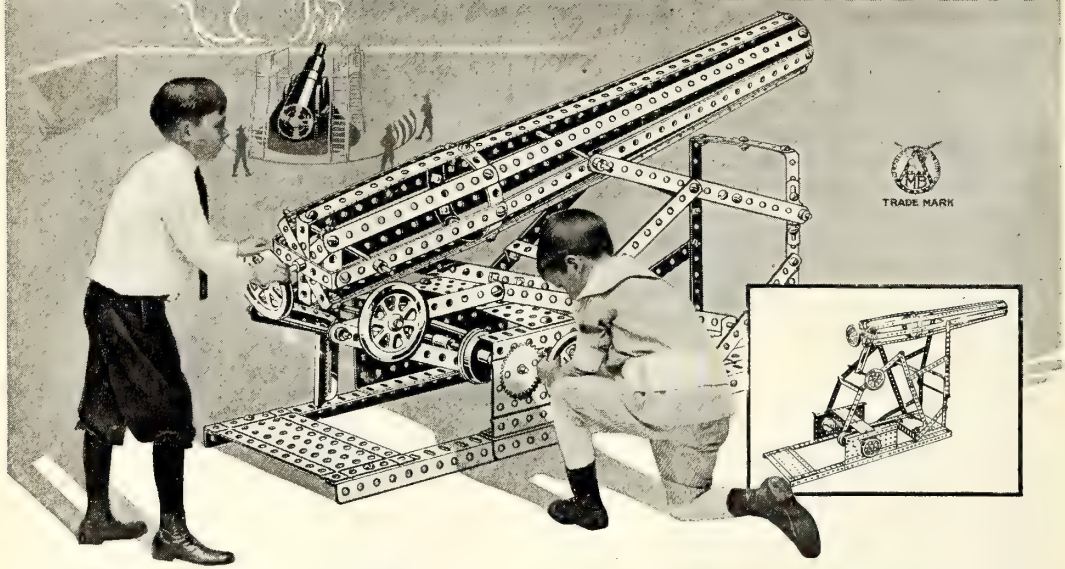
Sold by electrical, hardware, drug, stationery, sporting goods and jewelry stores everywhere, at prices from 75c up. In Canada, 85c up.

**AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS of National Carbon Co., Inc.**

Long Island City, N. Y. Chicago San Francisco Atlanta

Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario

# AMERICAN MODEL BUILDER




# Boys Wanted for the "American Army"

*Good pay in lots of fun—excellent mental training—recruiting stations at stores in your town*

Thousands upon thousands of boys have enlisted in **this** army. They camp on the Field of Fun recruited not to fight, but to **build.**

"Armed" with an American Model Builder outfit, each boy builds all the things that great engineers build—big disappearing guns, like the one shown above; warships, aeroplanes; hoist bridges; traveling cranes; stationary engines; derricks; automobiles; printing presses; elevators; and hundreds of other models that **really operate.**

Join the ranks of the American Model Builders, fellows! It's bully fun! Tell Dad tonight that you want to enlist with the "army" Christmas morning.

Tell him that the American Model Builder is—

## Best Value

—because it contains 15% **more** new and novel parts than any other outfit, such as real automobile wheels, car wheels, truck frames, bolster plates, "T" strips, ratchet pawls, new gears, and angle irons.

—because you can build **more** practical working models, models that go through all the operations of the real machines. And that's half the fun, fellows—running the models after you build 'em!



## Look, Fellows!

**Electric Motor Included with Sets at $2.00 and up**

Not a toy, but a real motor that will operate the models you build with your American Model Builder outfit. It has three-pole armature, spring tension brushes, form wound coils, stands 3⅛" high by 2¼" over shaft, has start, stop and reverse switch. Can be operated on dry cells or on city current through our inexpensive transformer.

—because the American Model Builder is **built to last.** It contains not a single piece of flimsy wood, tin or iron. Every part is made of the highest-grade brass and cold-rolled steel, double-plated. And see the panel to the left!

## Fathers and Mothers

Here is the toy your boy **needs.** The American Model Builder contains all the major parts used in modern engineering and is based on correct mechanical principles. It will teach your boy to **think constructively,** fostering his inventive and creative genius. It will keep him **quiet,** amused for hours.

## Ask Your Dealer

to show you the new sets of the American Model Builder and the new instruction book containing dozens of new models never before built with a construction set. He will also give you a booklet showing the new features. If your dealer hasn't the genuine American Model Builder write us and we will send catalog and full information with name of dealer who can supply you.

## THE AMERICAN MECHANICAL TOY CO.

**500 First Street**

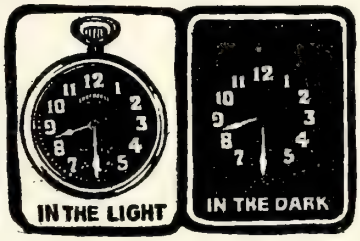
**Dayton - - - Ohio**

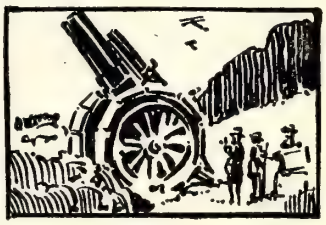
**Get in the Big Prize Contest for new models. 155 prizes valued up to $100 each. Write us for details.**

# Say, Boy, have YOU an INGERSOLL "Radiolite"?

## ANOTHER LETTER FROM A "RADIOLITE" BOY





Dear Boys:

We may be youngsters yet—too young to fight "Out There," but then we're not too young to prove that we are made of stuff that turns out MEN. Our Dad and Brothers went "Out There" to fight for what we count most dear; but don't forget *we* have a job—a man-sized job for us *right here.* Let's prove that years don't make the MAN. Let's do "our bit" for all that's in it, and make a drive straight into life and get the best of every minute.

In any job we have to do, it's mighty good to *start it right.* Well, wind and set and *time* your job by your own trusty RADIOLITE. No matter where you do your "bit," by day, or in the black of night, in pitch dark holes, or in the woods, your RADIOLITE shines sunny bright. Real *Radium* makes the figures clear and gives the hands a daylight glow. It is a husky "real man's" watch and gives a fellow pep and *GO.*

A boy should have a RADIOLITE—the watch that makes prompt action stick. If *YOU* have failed to get one Kid, go to your dealer now and *quick.* But don't forget—just get this straight: Ask for the trusty INGERSOLL, for if it doesn't bear that name, it is no RADIOLITE at all.

So Boys, get to the job on hand, let others bluff and do the shouting! We're in to win from feet to chin with RADIOLITE to help "*Good Scouting.*"

Yours truly,

*a Scout*







Dealers have the five Radiolite styles and sizes—and plain dial models too. Prices: $2.25 to $4.50
Other Models. Prices: $1.25 to $6.00

***Not a Boy's Watch—but the best Watch for Boys, and Girls, too***

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.

New York Boston Chicago San Francisco Montreal

***Reprint by special permission of John Martin's Book (The Child's Magazine)***



# Christmas Morning!

Give that boy or girl of yours a set of Anchor Blocks—a really wonderful architectural construction toy that will teach them while they are having real fun. These blocks are entirely different from ordinary blocks. They are made of stone in three natural colors—red brick, buff and blue slate —real building material. They last forever. They are a toy of constant wonders. They develop initiative and imagination. They offer the widest scope for the constructive tendencies that ought to be encouraged in every child.

## RICHTER'S ANCHOR BLOCKS



Castles, battlements, bridges, forts, arches, houses, towers and all sorts of buildings arise as by magic under the child's hand. Each block is made in perfect relation to the others—architecturally exact and mathematically accurate. This permits adding other blocks to the set at any time so that larger and more elaborate models can be built.

The many shapes of blocks in every set offer wonderful possibilities in building. There are no parts to rust or to hurt the child or tear its clothes, no parts to shrink or swell or fall apart. These blocks are at all times, in all climates—unchanging, correct, clean and everlasting. The models are easily dismantled. Just knock them over and start another. No time lost, no tiresome process to take them apart.

Catalog of these fine construction blocks sent on request. Sets from 50c to $5.00. Wonderful fortress sets, new this year, $1.50, $3, $6, $12. Fill out coupon and mail now or send money order if you wish to order right away.

Cut out coupon here

F. AD. RICHTER & CO., Dept. 402
74 Washington Street New York

Send me your booklet giving full particulars about Anchor Blocks.

Name .....

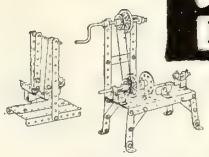
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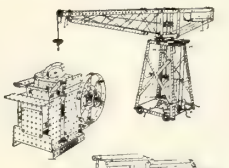
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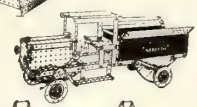



# STRUCTO

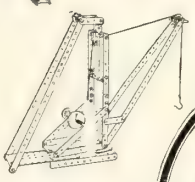
## BOYS' ENGINEERING OUTFITS











### The Greatest Toy Ever Invented For Real Boys

Structo is a miniature of the mechanical world for boys. The famous Structo girder is the only girder from which all types of beams can be made.

Structo enables you to make regular working models, engines, battleships, bridges, sky-scrapers, pile drivers, clocks, steam shovels, elevators and hundreds of other things—just like famous engineers and inventors make. Then you connect your motor and they work just like the real machines do.

The Structo book shows you how to make hundreds of working models. You can design many other models yourself.

**POWER ELECTRIC MOTOR**

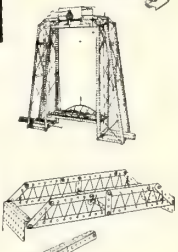
goes free with outfits Nos. 4, 5, 6 and accessory outfit No. 3-A. Equipped with standard shafting, which is interchangeable with Structo gears and pulleys.



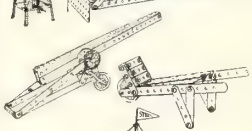
**Structo Gears** are wonder gears — deep cut—sure to work.

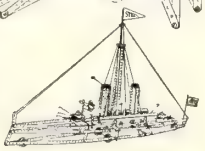


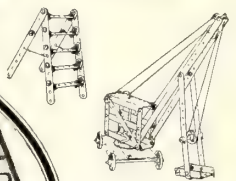












### STRUCTO AUTO BUILDER





**A Toy That Includes All the Mechanical Principles of a Real Automobile.**

Has a triple unit motor, a real steering apparatus—transmission with three speeds—first, second, reverse and brake. Also a differential gear that is a duplicate of the gears used in present-day auto construction. The body is of a roadster type. You build it yourself—you make a real, working automobile.

**Structo Manufacturing Company, Freeport, Ill.**

***Write Us Today for Full Particulars***

## STRUCTO

**Engineering Outfits**

| | |
|---|---|
| Cadet Outfit | $1.00 |
| No. 1 Outfit | 1.50 |
| No. 2 " | 2.50 |
| No. 3 " | 3.75 |
| No. 4 " | 6.00 |
| No. 5 " | 12.00 |
| No. 6 " | 25.00 |
| Junior Engineer | 4.00 |
| Structo Engineer | 6.00 |
| Chief Engineer | 12.00 |
| Multi-Girders, ½ dozen | .60 |
| Multi-Girders, dozen | 1.00 |

**Structo Pays the Postage**

**Send This Coupon TODAY**

**STRUCTO MFG. COMPANY, Freeport, Ill.**

Please send me free your Structo Auto Builder Book and full information and prices on your Structo Outfits.

Name .....

Address .....

City or Town .....

State .....

Father's Name .....




© S. F. Whitman & Son, Inc.

# Munitions of Happiness

## Whitman's

## *for Christmas at home or in camp*

Old General Santa Claus is this year called upon to wage a more strenuous campaign of kindness than ever before. Whitman's candies are his most effective "ammunition," for carrying brightness and pleasure throughout the world, each package conveying, in its sweetness, an unmistakable message of good cheer.

There will be a shortage of really good chocolates and confections, so we suggest that you see *now* the dealer near you who is your Whitman agent, usually the leading druggist, and arrange for your own gifts at home or abroad.

We suggest those favorite standard packages:

**THE SAMPLER,** assorted chocolates and confections, one, two, three and five dollars a box.
**NUTS, CHOCOLATE COVERED,** 50 cents, $1.00, $2.00, $3.00 a box.
**PINK OF PERFECTION,** chocolates or confections, $1.25, $2.50 and $6.00 a box.
**SUPER EXTRA CHOCOLATES or CONFECTIONS,** in half pound to five pound boxes, at 90 cents a pound.
**LIBRARY** package, a de luxe chocolate assortment with a book. Two pound size $2.00.
**SERVICE CHOCOLATES,** our new soldiers' and sailors' assortment is a favorite gift to, or from, a man in the Service. Each box contains a pound of very special chocolates and a book. Such authors as Kipling, DeMaupassant, Conan Doyle, Hugo. One dollar a box. Our agents will attend to the mailing for you, or we will do so, on receipt of $1.00 and parcel postage.

Write for booklet of standard and fancy packages, or get these from our agents, and plan for

## The CHEERIEST CHRISTMAS POSSIBLE

**Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.**

*Makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip.*

NOTE:- -The prices given above may be advanced slightly by dealers on the Pacific Coast and other distant States.



# Such a Dandy Christmas Gift!

Wouldn't it be fun to cook on a real, little electric range?—to put the kettle on for tea, to make cakes in a little pan in a real little oven and to fry eggs just like Mother does?

Then ask Mother and Father to get you for Christmas, a

## *Western Electric*
## Junior Range

The heat is made by electricity and comes up through six little holes in the top of the stove. Mother need not fear as the Junior Range is as safe as an electric light. No flame—no smoke—no matches. Just connect the cord to an electric light socket and turn the switch.

If you cannot see one at the toy stores or department stores or at the electric light company in your city, write to our nearest office and we will tell you where to get one.



*One-eighth actual size*

***Ask for the little cook book written especially for the Junior Range. It is free.***

**WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY**
INCORPORATED

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| New York | Atlanta | Chicago | San Francisco |
| Boston | Richmond | Indianapolis | Los Angeles |
| New Haven | Charlotte | Detroit | Seattle |
| Philadelphia | Savannah | Milwaukee | Portland |
| Baltimore | New Orleans | St. Louis | Salt Lake City |
| Pittsburgh | Birmingham | Kansas City | Denver |
| Buffalo | Houston Dallas | Oklahoma City | Omaha |
| Cleveland | | | Minneapolis |
| Cincinnati | | | St. Paul |

**EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED**



## The Tires on That Christmas Bicycle

are important. You know what the other fellows with bikes say about United States Tires. They're not only the snappiest looking tires made, but what's a lot more important, they wear longer and better on both city pavement and country roads.

Ten different treads from which to pick the one that you think will best fit your road requirements.

So when you ask Dad or Mother for a new bike for Christmas, don't forget to tell them you want it equipped with United States Tires.

**United States Bicycle Tires**
Are Good Tires



Dear Boys and Girls:

Wouldn't it be great if all us St. Nicholas readers used some of our own Christmas allowance to buy useful gifts? We can do an awful lot of good and it won't cost us much either. I can't think of anything that would do so much good for so long a time for so little money as the little boxes of Dr. Lyon's for-the-teeth, the brush and holder which they offer us at a special price because it is Christmas. Let's all get them for our friends who do not know how good "Dr. Lyon's" is! Wishing you a merry christmas I am

your friend

Betty

**Here is the Christmas package**

This package contains three useful articles: first, a full-sized package of Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder (or Dental Cream, if you prefer); second, a high quality Dr. Lyon's Tooth Brush with different length bristles; and third, a Tooth Brush Holder. To get one, read and mail the coupon below.




I. W. Lyon & Sons, Inc.
533 W. 27th St., New York City

Please send me (one / two) Christmas (box / boxes) containing tooth brush, holder and (Dental Cream / Tooth Powder) (state which), for which I enclose (40 cents / 75 cents)




NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY..... STATE.....




# For Christmas
## *and afterward*

Here's a friend to join your winter games.

Ask for a pair of Coward Shoes for Christmas. They will carry you through snowy days in great shape and be as ready as you are for the next adventure.

For skating, skiing, hiking—whenever your good time depends on good shoes—you'll be glad you own a pair of Cowards. You can count on them to do their share, in wet or dry, right through the thick of it.

They need to be ordered now for wear Christmas day. Made for girls, too.

**JAMES S. COWARD**

**262-274 Greenwich Street, New York**

(Near Warren St.) Mail Orders Filled.

**Sold Nowhere Else**

**The Coward Shoe**

"REG. U. S. PAT. OFF."

# Chautauqua Industrial Art Desk




## THE TOY OF VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE

Why should your child be left to stumble into what he is going to be and do?

This equipment finds and develops the child's natural talent through play.

**The battle of responsible parenthood** is won when the boy or girl is set on the way to achievement in the thing that each is **best fitted to do in life.**

The children begin to use this

**TALENT-FINDING, JOY-GIVING, INTEREST-AROUSING**

equipment by the time they are two years old and do not cease to appreciate it in the High School.

Fill out and mail or drop postcard today to
**LEWIS E. MYERS & CO., Valparaiso, Indiana.**

Gentlemen:—

Please send me free pictures and folders telling about this **wonderful Desk.**

Name .....

Street .....

Town .....

State .....

# FAMOUS PARKER GAMES

The makers of ***Rook, Pit, Halma, Pastime Picture Puzzles*** and other successes offer

## The Great New Game POLLYANNA




The popular board game now played Everywhere! Absorbingly fascinating, Easily learned in a few minutes. POLLYANNA is a perfect game *for Two, Three or Four Players. Partnership games are great fun!* Be sure that you have this game for Christmas. POLLYANNA comes in several editions, the most popular selling at ***$1.00*** and ***$1.50***. At your DEALERS or by MAIL from us.

## PING-PONG

**Reg. U. S. Patent Office**




PING-PONG—There is no better game for boys and girls than PING-PONG. This famous game always bears the words PING-PONG and is made only by Parker Brothers. Excellent Sets from ***$3.00*** upwards and cheaper sets as well. At your dealers or express collect from us.

## KALEIDOGRAPH




The Kaleidograph forms beautiful designs in colors. It fascinates! You cannot leave it alone. Great fun for children and **a delightful solitaire for adults.** Fifty Cents at all Dealers.

**PARKER BROTHERS INC**
**SALEM MASSACHUSETTS**


# GOOD FUN



WINTER is here again and Christmas is just around the corner! In a great many homes the "Spirit of Christmas" has been felt much earlier and more actively than ever before in the preparation of cheer for the soldiers and the sailing of the "Christmas Ship" two weeks ago. From now on, the attention of all of you will be turned to Christmas at home. The children of the ST. NICHOLAS family found so much help in the lists of appropriate gifts for their friends last year that we are going to give them the same kind of assistance this season, in the hope that the parents, too, will find the reminders useful. Be sure to find out just what would give each person the most pleasure.

### For Mother or Big Sister

Gloves.
Handkerchiefs.
Silk Stockings.
Candlestick.
China Dish.
Glass Dish.
Candy Jar.
Writing Set.
Flower-holder.
Guest-book.
Shoe-buckles.
Dainty Pin.
Bag.
Sofa-pillow.
Towels.
Table-linen.
Silver for Dresser.
Fire-lighter.
Mirror.
Clock.
Work-basket.
Umbrella.
Bridge Cards.
Books.
Sandwich Tray.
Nut Bowl.
Bonbon Dish.
Tea-ball.
New Music Records.

### For Father or Big Brother

Umbrella.
Cane.
Pocket-knife.
Bill-fold.
Golf-balls.
Golf Clubs.
Books.
Book-mark.
Fountain Pen.
Playing-cards.
Shaving-mirror.
Card Box.
Letter-holder.
Letter-opener.
Gloves.
Belt.
Neckties.
Waste-basket.
Thermos Kit.
Cuff-links.
Tools.
Calendar-pad Holder.

### For Girls

St. Nicholas.
Bicycle.
Books.
Breakfast Set.
Candy.
Camera and Films.
Camp-fire Uniform.
Miniature Theatre.
Music-books.
Name Pencils.
Pony.
Pet Dog or Bird.
Piece of Jewelry.
Pictures.

*(Continued on page 52)*

# *"Dad! I'd like these for Christmas!"*

Here are clever, practical, low-priced toys that teach and fascinate all boys and girls. No muss, no bother; clean white sand or marbles run these toys.

# WOLVERINE Automatics

**At all Toy and Department Stores**

## "TOYS THAT GO!"

**Little copies of big workers—they run by gravity. Elevators, cranes, dumping machines, pile drivers, etc., all run by sand or marbles!**

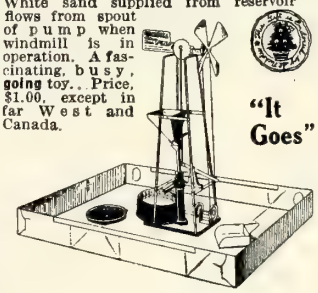
### Sky Scraper Elevator

Marbles placed in chute at top furnish the power. Every marble makes car go down, weight brings car back. Runs just like big office building elevator. By attaching any single-cell electric battery you can have flashing lights. The elevator comes equipped with red and white lamps — but without battery. Price, $1.75, except in far West and Canada.




### Windmill

Runs either by hand or electric fan. White sand supplied from reservoir flows from spout of pump when windmill is in operation. A fascinating, busy, **going** toy. Price, $1.00, except in far West and Canada.




### Sandy Andy

Up track, down track—fills with sand, dumps the sand—**runs itself** by sand weight. All you do is to fill hopper with sand. Sandy Andy does the work. Price, 60 cts., 75 cts., and $1.00, except in far West and Canada.



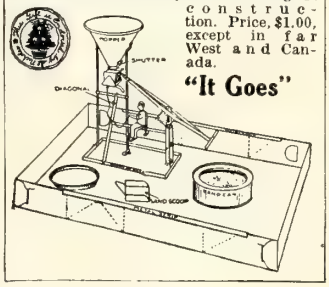

### Bizzy Andy Trip Hammer

**Bing! Bing! Bing!** All the boy boss or the girl boss does is to load the chute with marbles. Marbles and counterweight keep the hammer going —bing, bing, bing! The children, and grown ups, too, enjoy the busy hammer. Price, 50 cts., except in far West and Canada.




### Sand Crane

Sand in hopper—**then things move.** Little engineer on swinging seat seems to control the crane which swings round and dumps sand; swings back, loads up, turns back and dumps sand again. A wonder toy, yet simple and strong in construction. Price, $1.00, except in far West and Canada.




Wolverine Automatic Toys are Time-Tested and Proven Practical Joy Makers. Many thousands have given boys and girls keen and lasting pleasure for years past. Look on the carton for the name "Wolverine," the name of the company that originated and perfected Gravity Toys.

## How To Help Santa Claus Select What Would Please You

Cut out this page and mark on it the Toys you like best. Give the page to your mother, or father, or best friend, and ask them to send it to St. Nicholas Magazine or to The Wolverine Mfg. Co., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

**Be sure you go to the store and see the wonderful Wolverine "Toys That Go"--you'll say they're great.**

**Wolverine Manufacturing Co., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.**



***That's right, boys; have lots of fun with CHEMCRAFT. You are learning the best way to serve your country when you grow up. We need more CHEMCRAFT boys and girls.***

How would you like to have a CHEMCRAFT set so that you can do all kind of wonderful chemical experiments? With CHEMCRAFT you can test foods and detect many of the common adulterants, you can manufacture black and colored writing inks, test your water supply and determine whether or not it is pure, you can make soap, you can prepare dyes and manufacture pigments, you can make magic writing paper on which water writes just like ink, make many colored chemical plants grow while you watch them, pour ink and milk from the same vessel, you can change water to blood and blood to stone, pour ten different colored liquids from the same vessel of water, and do hundreds of other fascinating experiments.

The CHEMCRAFT sets contain everything you need, chemicals, apparatus and complete instructions. There are no poisonous, explosive or otherwise harmful substances in these sets, they are absolutely safe.

Write to us and we will tell you more about the CHEMCRAFT outfits and which stores sell them in your town. They are made in three sizes: No. 1 at $1.25; No. 2 at $2.50, and No. 3 at $5.00. We are sure Dad will get you CHEMCRAFT if you ask him.

**THE PORTER CHEMICAL CO.**
**Hagerstown, Md.**

***The CHEMCRAFT Outfits are the original chemistry sets. They are highly endorsed by chemical experts, government officials and professors of chemistry in leading schools and colleges.***

# GOOD FUN

(*Continued from page* 50)

Coaster-brake.
Coat Sweater.
Croquet Set.
Dolls.
Doll Carriages.
Doll Clothing.
Doll House and Furniture.
Diary.
Electric Chafing-dish.
Furs.
Furniture for own Room.
Flash-light.
Fountain Pen.
Gloves.
Games.
Garden Sets.
Handkerchiefs.
House Shoes.
Hair-ribbons.
Hand-bag.
Music Selections.
Muffler of Wool or Silk.
Mackinaw.
Motor-wheel.
Modeling-clay.
Picture-frame.
Phonograph.
Phonograph Records.
Piano Records.
Paints and Crayons.
Playhouses.
Pins.
Reading-lamp.
Sewing-machine.
Skates.
Skating-boots.
Sled.
Soap-bubble Outfits.
Stuffed Animals.
Sewing-basket.
Toy Vacuum-cleaner.
Toy Range that Cooks.
Toys of all Kinds.
Thermos School-kit.
Tennis-racket.
Toilet Articles.
Writing-paper with Monogram.
White or Colored Silk Hose.
Work-aprons, for Cooking or Gardening.
Wrist Watch.

**For Boys**

St. Nicholas.
Automobile.
Bicycle.
Blocks.
Bob-sled.
Books.
Bookcase.
Baseball Outfit.
Bicycle Tire.
Coaster-brake.
Camera and Films.
Canoe.
Chest of Tools.
Construction Toys.
Coat Sweater.
Cuff-links.
Class Rings.
Dog.
Desk.
Drawing Set.
Fishing-rod.
Fountain Pen.
Fur-lined Gloves.
Flash-light Lantern.
Games.
Golf Clubs.
Home Billiard-table.
Home Gymnasium Outfit.
Knife.
Mackinaw.
Model Aeroplane.
Military Brushes.
Pushmobile.
Motor-wheel or Cycle.
Modeling Outfit.
Neckties.
Name Pencils.
Pocketbook.
Printing Plant.
Pushmobile.
Postage-stamps.
Pushmobile.
Rifle.
Rubber Heels.
Rubber Boots.
Rain-coat.
Sand-boxes.
Student Lamp.
Skates.
School Pins.
Slicker and Hat.
Stamp-book.
Traveling Bag.
Toy Railroad and Equipment.
Toy Factory.
Telephone System.
Typewriter.
Tent.
Tennis-racket.
Telescope.
Toy Circus.
Thermos Kit.
Thermos Bottle.
Watch.
Wireless Outfit.
Writing-desk Outfit.
Waste-paper Basket.

**For Very Little Folks**

Worsted Dolls.
Animal covered with Wool or Fur.
Linen Books.
Blocks.
Balls.
Rattles.
Double Gown, Bootees and Blanket Set.
Silver Spoon.
Bread and Milk Sets.
Sidewalk and Floor Cars.

(*Continued on page* 54)

# BARNEY & BERRY




## You Can Serve Your Country Even in Your Play

Every American boy and girl wants to do what he or she can for our country. Perhaps the very best way you can serve is by keeping well and strong and happy, for it may not be long before the call comes to do some big thing, and you must be healthy and happy in order to do your best.

The very best way to get this strength for future service is to enjoy the good things nature now offers you out of doors. There is no finer sport than skating, and an hour a day on the ice with a pair of Barney & Berry skates will give you a heap of fun and fill you chock full of life.

More than fifty years ago Mr. Barney enjoyed skating, just as you do today, and he made the very first all-metal skate that fastened with a clamp. Ever since then the firm of Barney & Berry, of which Mr. Barney was a member, has made the finest steel ice skates. Somewhere in your town there is a merchant who knows what boys and girls need, and he has Barney & Berry skates all ready for you.

BARNEY & BERRY MEMBER SKATERS' LEAGUE

### YOU CAN JOIN

**Be a member of the B & B Skaters' League. Nothing to pay. Fine lapel button sent to you by Barney & Berry when you join. Learn about this at once. It's too good to miss.**

### FREE

**Booklets on "How to Skate," "B & B Skaters' League" and complete Illustrated Catalog of B & B Ice Skates mailed to you FREE if you will send your name and address to us.**

## BARNEY & BERRY, INC.

**1493 BROAD STREET, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.**




**No. B692—Tops Best Cold Rolled Steel, Blades of Genuine Welded Tool Steel, Ribbed Pattern, carefully tempered and highly finished. Full Nickel Plated and Buffed. Every Blade Sclero-scope Tested.**

## To Fathers Whose Boys Have Electrical Toys

A safe and *efficient transformer* is an absolute *necessity* if *your boy* is to have the regular use of *electrically operated trains, motors* and other toys. "Little Giant" transformers are made by pioneers who know how.



**The "Little Giant" Toy Transformer—**

a practical instrument with which to control speed of small motors, trains, etc.,—just as a motorman controls speed of a street car.

*Special Viking features* make it *easy to operate, safe* and *efficient.* Net price, $2.40.

**Automatic Cut-out Transformer**

For the man who can afford to give his boy *"something better"—something entirely new and exclusive.* The Automatic Cut-out Device was designed to protect the transformer itself, and also electric train, toys, etc., in circuit. Interesting and instructive. Net price, $7.80.



**Get This Before Xmas**




This transformer lights up to 12 regular 4-volt Xmas tree lamps from your lamp socket, saving the expense of batteries. If one lamp burns out, all others stay lighted, differing from the troublesome series string where one burned-out lamp puts all lights out. Gives pleasure to the kiddies—insuring a brilliantly lighted tree when wanted. Net price, $1.95.

Electrical and toy stores sell Viking Transformers. For *economy and efficiency insist on Viking.* If your dealer hasn't a Viking Transformer, send your order direct. Send for Bulletin No. 8.

**VIKING ELECTRIC CO.**
**152 Chambers St. New York City**



## *Table* CHRISTMAS TREES *that live and grow*

Live trees that grow in pots all winter and can be transplanted outdoors in the Spring to grow up with the children.

Beautifully symmetrical bushy little Spruce, **3 ft. high with all their roots—ready to pot** and grow—Christmas trees that will last—sent postpaid to any address for **$1.00 each.**

This little tree will not only make yours a real Christmas table but will be one of the children's most prized possessions—they will love to take care of it this winter and can transplant it in the Spring themselves—as printed directions are sent with each tree—Mail a dollar bill at our risk and the tree will be sent direct from our nursery parcels post prepaid.



**Rochester Horticultural Co.**
**21 Berwyn St.**
**Rochester, N. Y.**


# GOOD FUN

(*Continued from page* 52)

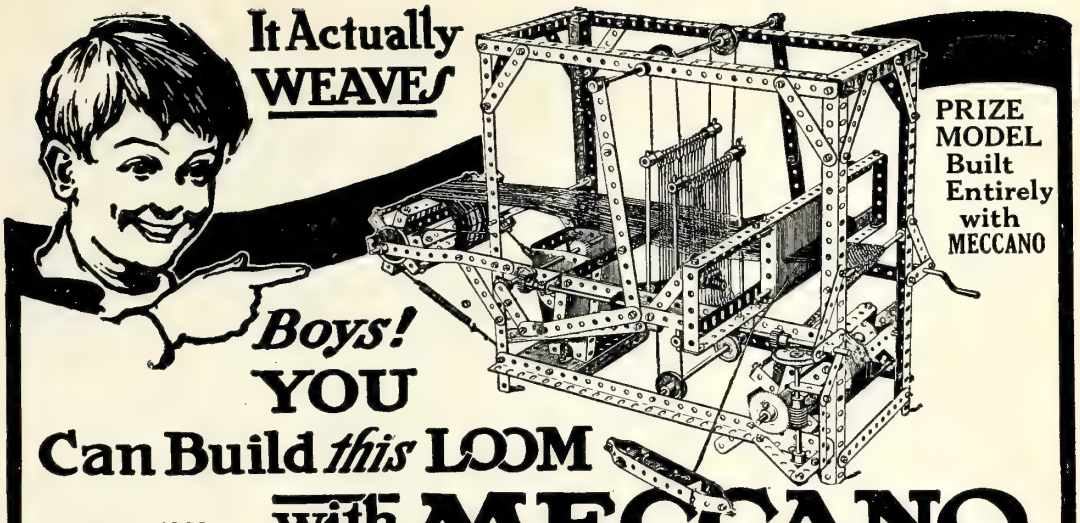
AMERICAN boys and girls used over five million fir-trees last Christmas. This year it will be difficult to get trees because there are not enough men to cut them. If you live in the country you can cut your own after obtaining the owner's permission. If you live near a National Reservation, Uncle Sam will let you have a tree for your home without charge. After Christmas do not let it be thrown out into the yard to be burned or carted away by the rubbish collectors. Cut it into lengths of about a foot and use it in the open fireplace. If you live in a city apartment where there is no open fireplace, the tree may still be cut, bundled up, and sent to some poor family. Fuel, like food, is scarce and none should be wasted.

* * *

IF you want a novel container to put the homemade candy in use little bags of bright figured silk, chintz or sateen. They will help to make the gift really personal, and they can be used for holding other things after the sweets are gone. A good size for these bags is five inches wide by eight inches deep. You will need a strip of goods five and a half inches wide and sixteen and a half inches long. This allows for seams and finishing. Line the bag with a plain color to match the ground of the figured material, or some shade in the figures, if you prefer. Run the ribbon in two inches from the upper edge so there will be a little frill at the top when the ribbon is tied up. Be sure and wrap your candy in waxed paper so it will not stick to the material.

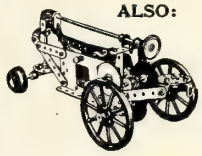
* * *

WINTER sports are few, but one of those which is becoming interestingly popular, especially at country clubs and golf clubs is curling. Curling is like shuffleboard except that it is played on an ice rink with large smooth circular stones in place of the iron discs used in the indoor game. This stone has a handle, or grip, on the top by which the stone is hurled or "curled" along the ice from one spot to another. These marks are called "tees." Players soon acquire great skill in sending the stone with just the proper amount of force in exactly the right direction. Each side has four players; each player has two stones. The eight stones that, after the play, lie nearest to the spot or tee, at which the players are aiming counts a point. Often strategic plays are made at the order of the skip, as the captain is called. In such plays, the effort is to hurl a stone into such a position that a previously well-hurled stone will not be driven out of its favorable location by opponents' stones. If you wish to know how to lay out a curling rink, write to the editor of the Good Fun Department.

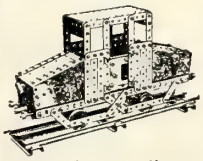



# Boys! YOU Can Build *this* LOOM with MECCANO

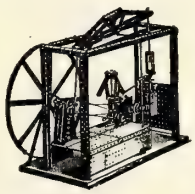
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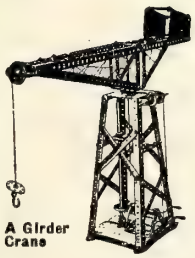
An Electric Tractor



An Electric Locomotive



A Beam Engine



A Girder Crane

**And Hundreds of Other Wonderful Models**

## Toy Engineering for Boys

THINK of the glorious fun of building such fascinating models with Meccano! Why, here's a real Loom, built by a boy with Meccano—and, wonder of wonders, it actually weaves silken fabrics in beautiful colors.

You can build one. Also Electric Locomotives, Clocks that keep time, Potter's Wheels that make clay ware, "Tanks," Machine Guns, and the hundreds of other delightful models pictured in the Meccano Manual free with all Meccano regular Outfits. If you want action, connect them up with the powerful Meccano spring or electric motor and, whirr! off they go, just like real machinery!

## It's Great to Build with Meccano!

You can have a new toy every day; you can't realize the joy of it all till you try it. Why, it's almost magic! But—you must have Meccano with its patented parts. No other toy builds such clever, smooth-working, accurate, engineering models. No study needed; the fun begins the minute you open the box. Each set complete—nothing more to buy.

**Prices of Meccano Outfits**

| | |
|---|---|
| No. 00 | $1.00 |
| No. 0 | 1.50 |
| No. 1 | 3.00 |
| No. 2 | 6.00 |
| No. 3 | 9.00 |
| And up to | 40.00 |

Sent prepaid on receipt of price if not at your dealer's.

## Send Right Away, Today, for Free Meccano Wonder Book

Send names and addresses of yourself and three boy friends and you will receive the Wonder Book telling all about Meccano, a free trial subscription to the "Meccano Engineer" and terms of $1000 Prize Contest. Send now so you and Dad can decide on your present.

**MECCANO COMPANY, Inc.**
**Building 10-Y, Bush Terminal, Brooklyn, N. Y.**

## Insist on MECCANO for XMAS

**because:**

—Meccano building is true engineering.

—No study is needed; the fun begins at once.

—No other toy makes such fascinating models.

—Meccano models run like real machinery.

—There's no limit to the number of wonderful models any boy can build.

—You can win a big cash prize.

**Be Sure You Get MECCANO**

## To the Boys of America

**Our Future Officers and Soldiers, Boy Scouts and All Other Boys**

**ATTENTION!**

# "ATTABOY" PUTTEES



Army Regulation Model. Fine Grain Leather. Wear for years. Made by Sorosis Factories exactly same model as our famous Officer's Puttees of which we have made over 40,000 pairs. For years sought for by U. S. Army Officers.

**BOYS' SIZES**

**Price $5.00**

Postage prepaid in U. S. and Canada. Give calf Measurement over clothing.

**Note to Parents.** Remarkable physical, mental and moral effect in the bearing and behavior of boys has been noticed through the wearing of military clothes and Puttees.

**A. E. LITTLE COMPANY**

**Makers of World Famous Sorosis Shoes**

**Dept. A, LYNN, MASS.**

*Catalogue Military Footwear sent Dealers on request.*







# THINGS TO EAT



THE "Home Card" of the United States Food Administration tells each one of us what we can do to help win the war. It tells us that "our problem is to feed our Allies this winter by sending them as much food as we can of the most concentrated nutritive value in the least shipping space." One of the foods mentioned in the list is sugar, and it is one of the things that we have been in the habit of using in quantity at Christmas time, especially those of us who make our own candy. Christmas would n't be Christmas without candy, would it? Probably the Food Administration has this in mind when they advise the use of sirups for candies and sweets.

Here are some confections that call for brown sugar in addition to the corn sirup:

### Peanut Candy

½ pound of brown sugar.
½ cup of corn sirup.
½ cup of water.
2 tablespoonfuls of butter, or butter substitute.
Scant half pound of shelled peanuts.

Boil the sugar, sirup and water until the mixture will crisp when dropped in cold water. When it is ready to take from the fire, stir in the butter and nuts, and when they are evenly distributed pour into a well-greased tin to cool.

### Delicious Nuts and Fruits

1 cup corn sirup. 1 cup sugar.
⅓ cup of water.

The ingredients should be put together and boiled until the sirup will become brittle instantly when dropped in cold water. Put the sirup in a double boiler to keep it hot and dip fruits or nuts in, one at a time. Remove them with the points of a fork and lay on a buttered plate. They will harden at once.

### Caramels

4 squares of chocolate. 1 cup brown sugar.
1 cup milk. 1 full tablespoon of butter.
1 cup corn sirup.
1 teaspoon of vanilla.

(*Continued on page* 58)



# *Boys and Girls—Get This Wonderful Xmas Tree Outfit* $3

## *Sent Complete, For Only $3—Postpaid*

Play Safe — Light Your Tree Electrically. Candles are dangerous. Don't turn your Christmas tree into a tragedy. Xmas tree electric lights keep your tree lighted with perfect safety and less expense than candles—send $3.00 and we will mail postpaid a complete Xmas tree outfit consisting of 8 variously colored tungsten lamps with 16 ft. Silkoline wire and attachment plug that will fit any socket in your home.

If house is not wired, we can furnish a similar outfit to be used with batteries, same price. Battery box including 3 long-lasting batteries and connectors $1.00 extra.

Outfit will last a lifetime—approved by insurance companies, used by churches, schools and institutions.

*Order as many as you want. Specify whether for use on electric circuit or batteries. Send check, post office or express money order.*

**Lumino Electric Co., 239-D Oliver Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.**

*Send for catalogue of other Lumino products.*



*Purity*

Alcohol and acetanilid have their uses—but surely they are not meant for use in a child's mouth, and certainly any antiseptic that contains them is to be strictly avoided.

That's why, every year, more mothers are insisting on DIOXOGEN and no antiseptic but DIOXOGEN for their bathrooms.

That's why
DIOXOGEN
***as a mouth wash***—
a teaspoonful in a little water—is becoming a byword in those homes where mouth-health is given the attention it deserves.

THE OAKLAND CHEMICAL CO.
10 ASTOR PLACE, N. Y.




**Dioxogen**

# THINGS TO EAT

(*Continued from page* 56)

Cut the chocolate in small bits and add it to the milk. Heat slowly and when the chocolate has dissolved, add the sirup and sugar and cook until it hardens when dropped in cold water. When it is nearly done, add the butter. Take it from the fire and pour into a greased pan large enough to allow the mixture to spread to the thickness of about half an inch. When it is cold, mark into squares and cut with a silver knife. Wrap each one in a small square of oiled paper. Chopped nuts may be put in just before taking the caramels from the fire, and they make a pleasant change from the plain ones.

### Pop-corn Fritters

1 cup of corn sirup. 1 tablespoon of vinegar.
Fresh pop-corn.

Boil the sirup and vinegar until the mixture will harden when dropped in cold water. Pour it over fluffy grains of freshly popped corn. As soon as it is cool enough to handle, form into neat flat cakes. They are easier to pack in gift boxes than the balls. For use immediately the corn may be made into balls by using the same mixture.

### Stuffed Dates and Prunes

A very delicious confection is made by filling dates or prunes with nuts. Take the stones from the fruit and fill the space with the meats of walnuts or pecan nuts. Press the prunes or dates together firmly and pack them close to each other neatly. The box in which they are packed should be lined with paper, but it is not necessary to wrap each piece of fruit by itself.

* * *

Ask Mother to let you try this custard in which maple sirup is used instead of sugar:

### Custard with Maple Sirup

2 eggs. 2 tablespoonfuls of maple sirup.
1½ cups of milk.
Pinch of salt.

Beat the eggs and add the salt. Add the sirup and beat again. When these are well mixed add the milk and beat slowly until thoroughly blended, then pour into a dish, set the dish in a pan of hot water, and bake in a moderate oven until the custard is firm.

### Baked Corn and Cheese

1 pint of corn. Bread crumbs.
1 pint of cream sauce. Cheese.
Butter substitute.

Make the cream sauce by melting a small piece of butter in a sauce-pan: add a tablespoonful of flour, or more if you want a rather thick sauce: add a scant pint of milk and allow it to thicken over a slow burner, stirring all the time so it will be smooth. Stir the corn into the sauce after it has been taken from the fire, and season to taste. Put the corn thus prepared into a deep, well-greased baking-dish,

(*Continued on page* 60)

# BUGVILLE GAMES




THE ONLY GAMES IN EXISTENCE PLAYED WITH LIFELIKE MOVING CREATURES

## THE WONDERFUL CRAWLING BUGS

are wide-awake little fellows, two inches long, that move about with a slow, weird motion and do tricks—all by themselves. You should see them play football—pushing the ball, tackling and tripping each other!

## THERE ARE FIVE GAMES ALL FOR $1.00

The author of the Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford stories said: "Those games are more fun than my stories." Children of all ages love them.

*Sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00.*

**ANIMATE TOY COMPANY, 32 East 17th St., New York**

## Christmas from Dad to Son

A jolly Christmas Gift. One that will keep fresh the memory of Christmas throughout the year. A Gift that every Real Boy wants. It tells him how to do things. It educates him; it makes him the best informed boy among his friends on the all absorbing topics of Mechanics, Engineering and Electricity. This is all about a book that will come to you every month. It is called Everyday Engineering, essentially a magazine for men and boys who do things.

**$1.00 a year—12 issues**

Ask Dad for a $1.00 today and send it to

**EVERYDAY ENGINEERING**

**9000 Aeolian Building** **New York**

## Christmas Gifts

For Boys and Girls




Parents and all other people who are wondering what on earth to give to boys and girls for Christmas will find the problem solved in ST. NICHOLAS magazine for December. "Look for the Christmas tree." If you want a gift that is ***sure*** to please, give a subscription to ST. NICHOLAS. Address 353 Fourth Ave., New York.

## *I'm Ready for Action*




## *I Am "Big Dick"*

### *American Boys Attention!*

I never miss fire.

I shoot thirty-six (36) wooden bullets as fast as you can turn the firing-crank. I shoot true as your aim and my strong iron base keeps me from "jumping".

For indoor war play I have no equal and will give you and your friends exciting fun storming the German Breastworks you can easily build.

**If you are a real live American Boy you will want me.**

Tell mother and father I am not dangerous and just whisper to them that Christmas is coming.

You will find me at most good toy dealers and well worth the $3.00 asked. If you don't find me at *your* dealers send the price to my builders and they will send me direct to your home.

Don't forget!

**BIG DICK**

**MILTON BRADLEY COMPANY**

(Builders of BIG DICK)

**DEPT. A** **SPRINGFIELD, MASS.**

*Makers of the World's Best Games.*

# BE OIL WISE—GET 50¢ SIZE

You'll get as much 3-in-One as if you bought 8 of the 15c bottles. And 3-in-One never loses its quality—never thickens, gums, or turns rancid. Always sweet, fresh and good.

3-in-One has for 23 years been the leading Household Oil—Lubricating, Cleaning and Polishing, and Preventing Rust.

Use for oiling sewing machines, bicycles, talking machines, guns, reels, locks, clocks, etc. Use for cleaning and polishing fine pianos, tables, chairs, any furniture. Use for preventing rust on any metal surface.

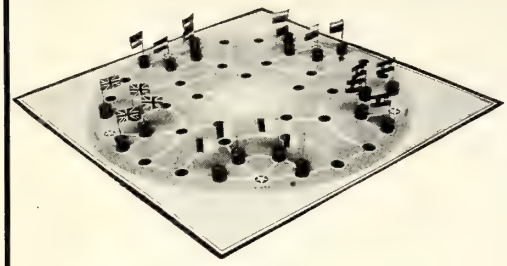
**FREE** On receipt of your dealer's name we will send you free of cost a generous sample bottle and the valuable 3-in-One Dictionary. Try this good oil at our expense.

3-in-One is Sold at all Good Hardware, Drug, Grocery and General Stores

## Three-in-One Oil Company

**165QG. Broadway** **New York**

# DO YOU LIKE A BRAINY GAME?



## "MILTRY" is the Greatest Ever!

**IT'S A MINIATURE BATTLE-FIELD**
**EACH PLAYER IS A GENERAL**

This great war game is so simple that even young children can play it, and so interesting that grown-ups insist upon joining in the fun. Twenty armies with their national flags, handsome board (see picture), rules and suggestions for strategic moves, sent postpaid for $1.00.




## THE VERY THING FOR CHRISTMAS!

Send for "MILTRY" to
**PLAYWELL GAME COMPANY**
**220 Broadway New York City**




**Give Exhibitions—Earn Money**

**Great fun, boys!** With one of these Gilbert Mysto Magic Sets you can do wonderful tricks just like real magicians, give regular shows at parties, churches, halls, and earn money.

**Famous Tricks of Great Magicians**

These Sets contain apparatus and instructions for some of the best tricks of famous professionals. Any boy can do them with a little practice. You couldn't have a Christmas present that would give you more fun.

**Gilbert Mysto Magic Set No. 2004**

Contains many really wonderful tricks, with Magician's Wand, large poster and Gilbert Manual of Magic Knowledge, the greatest book on Magic ever written. It shows how to do a number of mystifying tricks, besides all those in the Set. Also tells "How to Become an Entertainer" and gives a great monologue for shows. Price of No. 2004 Set $5 (in Canada, $7.50). Other Sets $1 to $10.00. (Canada $1.50 to $15.00.)




**Magic Ca'alog Free**

Fully illustrated. Tells what's in every Set. Write for it now. Ask to see these Sets, sold in all toy and department stores.

**THE A. C. GILBERT CO., 303 Blatchley Ave., New Haven, Conn.**
Canadian Representatives: Menzies & Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario


# THINGS TO EAT

(*Continued from page* 58)

cover it with fine bread crumbs, dot with the butter substitute, and spread a layer of very thinly shaved cheese over the top. Put in a quick oven for a few minutes until it is nicely browned.

* * *

It seems quite natural to use sirups as a substitute for sugar, but it is not quite as easy to think of orange juice as a substitute for milk. Yet an eminent physician tells us that orange juice and milk compare very closely in food value. It is claimed that one pint of orange juice contains nearly the same number of food units as three quarters of a pint of full milk, and that three quarters of a pint of orange juice is equal in food value to a pint of buttermilk. Orange juice combined with barley, oatmeal or corn gruel is considered an excellent food for people who are recovering from fever, so it certainly must be good for well people too. A pint of this fruit juice would be a little more expensive than a pint of milk, but just now when we are using so much of our milk to put into the condensed form that is being sent to our soldiers, it is good to know of something as good as orange juice to take its place as a nutritious food.

Beside this comparative value, the acid and sugar which the orange juice contain are splendid to help us digest the other foods we eat.

A very delicious conserve can be made of the peels of oranges from which the juice has been extracted, so that none of the fruit need be wasted. The peel should be put in a bowl of slightly salted water, and this water needs to be changed every day. When you have enough peel to make one pound, put them in a kettle with three pints of water and let them simmer slowly until they are quite tender. Add a pound of apples which have been peeled and quartered, and cook until the apples are done. Add sugar; half a pound will be enough unless the apples are very tart, and let all cook slowly until quite thick.

* * *

When cooking your candy, or anything else that has a tendency to boil over, rub a little butter or butter-substitute around the edge of the kettle, about half an inch deep. Whatever the kettle contains will not boil above this greased rim.

## The Happiest Boy in Town

Bobby can't rip the crating off his new Iver Johnson quick enough.

Saint Nick has tickled him to death by giving him exactly what he wanted — a snappy-looking, easy-riding Boy Scout Model Iver Johnson. A few minutes more and Bobby will be off making his Christmas calls on his dandy new Iver Johnson.

Don't YOU want a "Boy Scout" Iver Johnson? And doesn't sister want a "Camp Fire Girls" Iver Johnson? Extra high-grade seamless tubing, fine bearings, drop-forged parts, fine enamel and nickel trimmings, are some of the reasons why the Iver Johnson is the world's most popular bicycle.

Send for FREE BOOKLET "B" on Bicycles

**IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS**
**358 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.**
*Makers of the Famous Iver Johnson Revolvers and Shotguns*
**99 Chambers Street, New York**
**717 Market Street, San Francisco**








## How Our Whole Country Learned To Love Peanuts

SIXTY years ago very few people outside the Southern states knew the taste of peanuts.

But then came the Civil War, when thousands of soldiers from the North went down into Virginia. There they found out the good taste of roasted peanuts.

When they came back home, they spread the good news. Soon Americans *everywhere* were eating peanuts.

Today, many thousands of boys and girls love the taste of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter, which is the taste of the finest peanuts grown in the South.

Most boys and girls love Beech-Nut Peanut Butter spread on bread, crackers, or toast.

If you have never tasted *Beech-Nut* Peanut Butter, ask your mother to get you a jar today.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

© B.N.P.Co. 1917




# Beech-Nut Peanut Butter




# Why Must Little Feet Suffer?

WHY must children's feet grow up to have corns, bunions, sagging arches, twisted toes? Because parents prefer "fancy" shoes to healthful shoes.

Resolve today that *your* children will be free from these foot ills. Give them roomy, healthful Educators—built to "let the feet grow as they should." They're made

***FOR MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN***

Look for EDUCATOR branded on the sole. There can be no stronger protection than this trademark, for it means that behind every part of the shoe stands a responsible manufacturer.

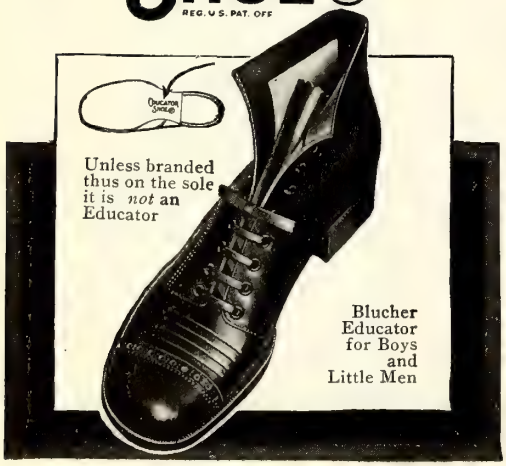
Send today for "Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet," a free book of surprising foot facts.

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc., 17 High St., Boston, Mass.

RICE & HUTCHINS

# EDUCATOR SHOE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF






## *"Dad's going to get me one!"*

# Skudder Car

*no-dead-center*

THAT is what every boy *hopes*—every girl too—over three and under twelve years old.

ANY YOUNGSTER can drive the Skudder Car. Its action is simple—the tilting board which operates the double-ratchet direct drive, requires only the shifting of the weight from one foot to the other. Speed, 10 to 12 miles an hour. It is a coaster as well.

The SKUDDER Car means tremendous fun for every boy and girl. It means much more than this to the mothers and fathers of the youngsters who drive the Skudder Car—it means outdoors, fresh air, sunshine, better, stronger, healthier, happy children.

GET YOUR boy or girl a Skudder Car. You will find it at toy stores, hardware stores, department stores, etc. If your dealer hasn't the Skudder Car in stock write to us today for full particulars.

**Janesville Products Company**
**Department 1211** **Janesville, Wis.**



TRADE MARK
PARCHEESI

# PARCHEESI

Our Grandparents played Parcheesi. Our Parents played Parcheesi. Our Children want Parcheesi. Sold by Department Stores, Toy and Stationery Stores.

***Manufactured by***

SELCHOW & RIGHTER CO., N. Y.



Their Best Beloved
Christmas Gift

## "The Cuddledown Set"

At the end of that Wonderful Day, the Kiddies even want to wear them to Bed!

The "Cuddledown Set" is a Comfy Robe, Bootees and big woolly Blanket. And it's Cuddledown Time in the early morning—before and after the bath—for outdoors—or the nursery. Mother knows dozens of uses for such an acceptable gift.

For the grown-ups, the "Cuddledown" Robe is an ideal Christmas Gift. Made of best blanketing in the newest designs, silk-trimmed or plain. If your dealer does not handle the Cuddledown line, write us direct.

**"Cutey Cuddledown"**




for the Christmas Stocking. She's a fascinating dolly and story book all in one. Send 5c. for her carfare and your Kiddy will receive a stockingful of joy.

**QUAKER ROBE CO.**
**LARKIN BUILDING**
**PHILADELPHIA**





## How to Obtain More
# INFORMATION
about articles advertised in St. Nicholas

**1** Most of the articles may be seen at the better grade of toy stores or department stores. To be sure of obtaining the exact thing advertised, take your copy of St. Nicholas or a copy of the advertisement with you.

**2** If the stores do not happen to have the article, or if you wish more facts about it before going to the store, write a short note to the manufacturer asking for the booklet or catalog mentioned in his advertisement.

**3** If you are interested in several advertised articles and do not want to write a letter to each manufacturer, turn the page, fill out all the spaces clearly, have your mother or guardian endorse it and mail the half page to St. Nicholas (Catalog Dept.), 353 Fourth Ave., New York City.

(OVER)



**PUT AN X BELOW TO GET THE CATALOGS YOU WANT**




**Read the other side (on page 63) first.**

Then decide what things, advertised in ST. NICHOLAS, you would like more information about. Then (with a pen) put an X in the little square in front of the advertised name. After marking all those things which you want to know more about, write down your name, street, town, and state, in the spaces reserved for them. Then cut out the half page and mail it to us in a sealed envelope. After that wait a few days and the catalogs will come to you.

| | |
|---|---|
| ——— | Abingdon Books |
| ——— | "American Flyer" Train |
| ——— | American Boy |
| ——— | Anchor Blocks |
| ——— | Appleton Books |
| ——— | Milton Bradley "Big Dick" |
| ——— | Barney & Berry Skates |
| ——— | Brunswick Home Billiard Table |
| ——— | Bugville Games |
| ——— | Boston Garters |
| ——— | Century Books |
| ——— | Continental Tires |
| ——— | Colgate Toilet Products |
| ——— | Coward Shoes |
| ——— | Chautauqua Industrial Art Desk |
| ——— | "Chemcraft" |
| ——— | Dan Patch Racer |
| ——— | Davega Skating Outfit |
| ——— | Dr. Lyon's Xmas Package |
| ——— | Dodd, Mead Books |
| ——— | Elgin Watch |
| ——— | Electro Importing Novelties |
| ——— | Eveready Daylo Flashlight |
| ——— | Eastman Kodak |
| ——— | Erector |
| ——— | Flexible Flyer Sled |
| ——— | Gilbert Mysto Magic |
| ——— | Gorham Silverware |
| ——— | Holeproof Hosiery |
| ——— | Hinds Toilet Products |
| ——— | Houghton-Mifflin Books |
| ——— | Harbutt's Plasticine |
| ——— | Horsman "Art" Doll |
| ——— | Ideal Model Aeroplane |
| ——— | Ingersoll Watch |
| ——— | Iver-Johnson Bicycle |
| ——— | Ives Toys |
| ——— | "Keen Kutter" Tools |
| ——— | Lumino Xmas Tree Outfit |
| ——— | Lionel Trains |
| ——— | Lippincott Books |
| ——— | Meccano |
| ——— | New Departure Coaster Brake |
| ——— | Parker Games |
| ——— | Parker Lucky Curve Pen |
| ——— | Palisade Kennels' Police Dog |
| ——— | Playwell Games |
| ——— | Quaker "Cuddledown Set" |
| ——— | "Ranger" Motor Bike |
| ——— | Raynster |
| ——— | Remington Rifle |
| ——— | Skudder Car |
| ——— | Shaeffer Pen |
| ——— | Structo |
| ——— | The "Rite" Family |
| ——— | Rochester Horticultural Christmas Tree |
| ——— | U. S. Bicycle Tires |
| ——— | Viking Electrical Toys |
| ——— | Western Electric Junior Range |
| ——— | Wolverine Automatic Toys |
| ——— | Wonder Blocks |
| ——— | Whitman's Candy |
| ——— | Wonder-Wood |
| ——— | Waterman Pen |

If you don't want to cut the ST. NICHOLAS, write the names down on a piece of paper, sign your name and address, and mail that to ST. NICHOLAS.

Name .....

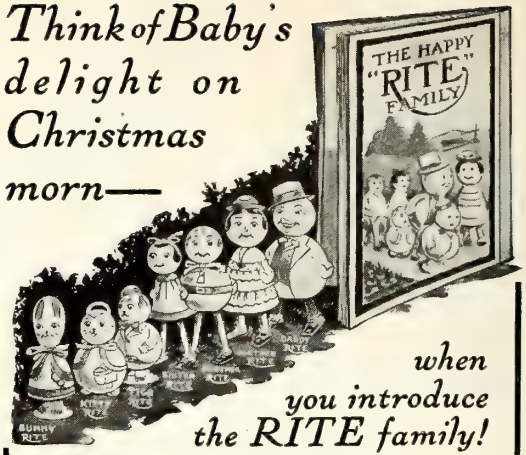
Street .....

Town .....

State .....

CUT ALONG THIS DOTTED LINE AND MAIL TO ST. NICHOLAS TODAY


*Think of Baby's delight on Christmas morn—*




*when you introduce the RITE family!*

*There's*
**Daddy Rite Mother Rite Brother Rite Sister Rite Tige Rite Kitty Rite and Bunny Rite**

**Choose any one of the lucky seven. Give it to the youngster you** know. Then increase his (or her) happiness every once in a while by giving him (or her) a new member of this comical family.

**Each member of the RITE family is a nursery character doll and** rattle in one, made of beautiful ivorite —hand-painted in fast colors—sanitary and unbreakable.

***Start this little collection Christmas morning and keep adding until the family is complete***

***Price 55 cents each***

**Have you a little sister, brother, cousin or friend? He (or she)** surely will want the big fascinating book, containing full-page color illustrations of all the RITES, telling of their merry antics in amusing and instructive rhymes.

**You and the older folks will like it because it teaches the child the** lessons of neatness and kindness.

***And it's only 25 cents***

**Tell the folks they can get these and many other RITE nursery** novelties at Infant, Toy and Toilet Goods Departments of leading Department and Drug Stores.

If your dealer cannot supply, write to

**RITE SPECIALTY CO.**

***Originators***

**35-39 WEST 36th STREET, NEW YORK**

***Write for new Booklet, "If Baby Could Talk." It's FREE.***






FREE

These Three Booklets:
"How a Boy Made the First Remington."
"Four American Boys Who Are Famous Rifle Shots."
"Boy Scout Marksmanship."
Send your name and address for these booklets.

REMINGTON UMC
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

**The bear mother was only thirty feet from Eliphalet Remington—charging—**

the rifle had never been fired before. It was the *first Remington rifle made*. Eliphalet made it himself at his father's forge at night. The first shot must kill the bear, or the boy was a goner. But read the wonderful story yourself. How young Remington made his own rifle a hundred years ago. How he began to make rifles for his friends and neighbors. How he established the first fire-arms business in America—and how it grew, until Remington UMC took the Grand Prize for Modern Arms and Ammunition at the San Francisco Exposition.

Every American boy wants to become an American marksman—and he wants the arm and ammunition that will help him. The closest shooting to-day is being done with the .22 Caliber Remington UMC Rifles and Metallic Cartridges. Sold by Sporting Goods Dealers in your town.

**The Remington Arms Union Metallic Cartridge Co., Inc.**

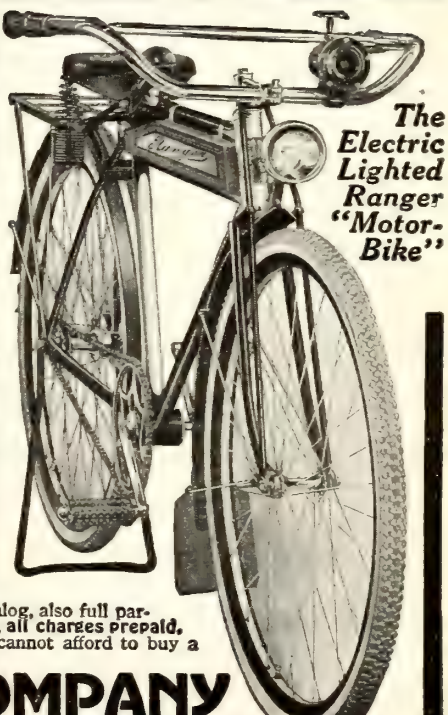
*Largest Manufacturers of Firearms and Ammunition in the World*

Woolworth Building, New York

Remington UMC of Canada, Ltd., Windsor, Ontario



# Christmas Bicycles



*The Electric Lighted Ranger "Motor-Bike"*

Choose from **44 styles**, colors, and sizes in the famous **"RANGER"** line of bicycles. All are pictured in natural colors in our big new catalog. There are many other models also—in fact the most complete line of bicycles in the world, all at FACTORY PRICES, from **$16.75, $17.75 up.** There is a **Mead** bicycle to suit the taste of every rider—electric lighted **Motorbike** models, **Racers, Juniors** for children; **Ladies'** models too—all at prices made possible only by our **Factory-direct-to-Rider** selling policy.

**Delivered to You Free** We send the **"RANGER"** bicycle, FREIGHT CHARGES FULLY PREPAID TO YOUR TOWN, for **30 days free trial**—actual riding test. We pay return charges if you decide not to keep it, and make no charge for wear and tear during trial. We make no effort to influence your decision. The trial is all at our expense.

**Factory-to-Rider** Back of your **"RANGER"**—if you decide to keep it—is the eldest and most successful bicycle concern in the world, with a Service department that cares for the parts and repair needs of more than a million riders. With every **"RANGER"** we ship, goes a **Certificate of Guarantee** for **Five Years.**

**Parts & Repairs** **Lamps, Horns,** ready-to-use front and rear **wheels,** Inner Tubes, Tool Kits, etc., etc. Repair parts for all bicycles and coaster-brakes, all accurately pictured and described in the sundry pages of the big new **Ranger** Catalog. All the latest imported and American novelties in equipment and attachments at prices **so low** they will **astonish** you. **TIRES**

**Rider Agents** wanted everywhere to ride and exhibit **"RANGER"** bicycles. Select the model you prefer and, while you ride and enjoy it, **make money** by taking the orders of your neighbors who want a bicycle like yours.

**Send No Money** but write today for this big new catalog, also full particulars of the great new offer to send, **all charges prepaid,** the **"RANGER"** bicycle you select for **30 Days Free Trial.** You cannot afford to buy a bicycle, tires or sundries without first learning what we offer.

**MEAD CYCLE COMPANY**
**Dept. T15, CHICAGO, U.S.A.**

# REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 190

**The Judges were so swamped with the great number of answers to this competition, that THE CENTURY CO. almost needed a sack as large as that used by Santa Claus to hold them all! It seemed as if almost every boy and girl who reads ST. NICHOLAS wanted to test their ingenuity and cleverness, and so our mails were simply crowded with competitions sent in by our devoted friends.**

**THE MESSAGE SHOULD READ: They all want the things advertised in ST. NICHOLAS.**

## ROLL OF HONOR

Rebecca Gallagher
Jane Ridgway
Richard L. Purdy
Mary A. Judkin
Louis Marder
Ethel L. Wilson
Rebecca Hathaway
Alicia Sax
Lewis W. Nichols
Elizabeth Spring
Elizabeth Hayter
Harry Hannan
Blanche Holmes
Bert Newell
Mildred Force
Robert Ferreira
Anna Hubbard
John Whiting
Myra Chenoweth
Joe Lund
Dorothy Cornell
S. Curtis Keith
Elizabeth D. Wertz
Paul Harmegnies
Natalie Shipman
Oscar E. Young
Katharine D. Eaton
Ruth Cole
Alfred Hettel
Mary Louise Boog
Martha Saunders
Kathleen D. Kohn
Alice Roberts
Robert E. Gregg
Constance Ripley
McCurdy Bricker
Allen White
Anna M. Steed
Elizabeth C. B. Peck
Llewellyn R. Cole, Jr.
Gertrude Toles
Albert Slocum
Margaret Whalen
Dorothy Burns
Eleanor Hugo
Barbara Miller
Walter Goers
Maryanna Foster
Helen F. Rogers
Frances Ames
Edith Pentz
Elizabeth Cummings
Flory Koenigsberger
Joseph Izard
Rebecca Luther
Elizabeth Ford
Beulah I. Shattuck
Beatrice Lyman
Ruth Gunther
Elizabeth H. Good
Frances Holmes
Sadie Schenker
Robert Short
Dorothy Storey
Alice Boyden
Samuel Greitzer
Charlotte Aubin
Eleanor D. Fay
Helen L. Kelly
Helen LePage
William Viertel
Polly Carey Drew
Hildegard Kunhardt
Frances Reilly
Emily McCausland
Dorothy Hughes
Josephine Young
Lawrence Biebel
Elizabeth Neal
Emily Davis
Margaret Overington
Elizabeth Adams
Helen Waterhouse
Annie McPherson
Alice T. Hoyt
Margaret Harland
Pauline Matthews
Doris Pedwin
Ruth Mary Collins
Helen Skinner
Helen Reekie
John H. Hinrichs
Betty Yates
Anna Rice
Harriet Ball
Dorothy Jost
Mildred Wulp
Mary C. Pangborn
Edna Guion
Phyllis K. Ripley
Mary Crowell
Alfred R. Hussey
Helen Brown
Arlita Baker
Camilla Livingston
Jane Whitney
Elinor Stillman
Donald MacKinnon
Esther Kenyon
Constance Selby
Julia E. Aultz
Margaret E. Miller
Cecile de Luze Simonds
Caroline J. Phillips
Anna M. Lloyd
Richard McGlathery
Gwenfread E. Allen
Helen L. Miner
Elizabeth C. Smith
Elizabeth Selden
Esther A. Smith
Eleanor Jorden
Nael Stona
Editha Ewing
Esther Rowland
Gertrude V. Sherer
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(*Continued on page 72*)

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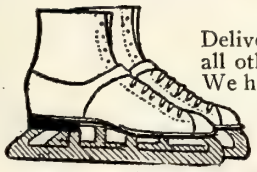


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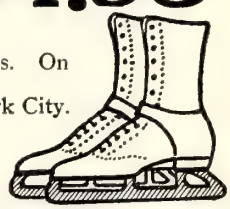
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# ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

## CHRISTMAS

BY the time the boys and girls read this article Christmas Day will not be hopelessly far away. Of course, even a few weeks is still a long time to wait, but then it is not so bad as it might be. And the time grows ever measurably nearer and nearer. There is an atmosphere about the house which heralds the approach of the exciting day. The Editor of this page remembers, when still a very small boy, how in talking with his mother, he was asked if he thought Santa Claus would remember that he was on the roll of stamp-collectors and bring him an album. Never in his wildest dreams had he ever hoped for anything so wonderful as that. Never. To this day he can recall the thrill of joy which overwhelmed him when he actually found a stamp-album on Christmas morning. Truly, a genuine album, bound in green cloth with gold letters and design, a full-fledged International Album. Need it be said to other stamp-collectors that all the other presents paled into insignificance as page after page of the book was turned? Some spaces he knew he could fill, some not, although he had hopes, while some stamps he knew were forever unattainable. But it was something just to own a space for them. Since those days the Editor has been active in passing this pleasure on to not a few other children. Never does Christmas approach that he does not remember his first album. He is helped in this not a little by the letters he receives from readers of Stamp Page, letters asking suggestions about Christmas gifts from lads and lassies who are fond of stamps. And believing, as we most thoroughly do, in the educational value of stamp-collecting as well as the amusement derived from it, the Editor takes great pleasure in replying to all such letters. Each year brings a new series of inquiries, but our reply must be in some senses a reiteration of that given in former articles. Perhaps the most helpful possession there is for any stamp-collector, either young or old, novice or confirmed victim, is the Standard Catalogue. No matter how good an album he owns nor how many stamps he has, he wants and needs the new catalogue. One cannot go astray in giving this book to a collector. But, unfortunately, this year there is to be no new edition. Owing to the war, the high cost of paper, and other reasons, the publishers are omitting the 1917 edition. So each of us must swallow his disappointment on that score, trying to console ourselves that this denial is in a small way helping us to do our bit. Dismissing, therefore, the ever desirable catalogue, it becomes difficult to advise, unless we can know something of each boy or girl in question—their age, knowledge of stamps, whether or not they already have albums, and especially how many stamps they already have. If he has not an album, every beginner naturally wants a home for his stamps. Here is offered a wide choice to suit every purse. For the beginner, perhaps the best thing is the Junior International. This is recommended inasmuch as the novice is usually omniverous. He wants stamps from all countries. For those who decide to limit their collecting to a few countries, there are sectional albums, where pages may be bought covering only such countries as one desires. These, of course, are loose-leaf albums. But for those who already have albums the ever-present need is for more stamps to put in them. There are two easy ways for Santa Claus to help such as these. The first is through what are called "Packets." There is no limit to the variety of these packets. They can be had along almost every line, even to packets of stamps showing only animals, or boats and ships. It is advisable to buy as expensive a packet as possible, for one really gets the best value of his money in this way. Indeed, it is not a bad idea to buy a large packet and divide it, saving part for a later birthday remembrance. The second way, of especial advantage to one who has already had some experience as a collector,—whose collection numbers say two or three thousand stamps,—is to establish a credit with his favorite dealer. With this he can purchase just what stamps he most desires. Some dealers provide a daintily engraved credit-slip which can be readily put into a Christmas stocking with most satisfactory results. Many dealers, also, put up in attractive form what they call "Christmas boxes," which contain albums, hinges, stamp-tongs, perforation-gages, water-mark detectors, packets of stamps, and other stamp paraphernalia—all most interesting to the boy who loves his stamps. Then there is quite a list of books written about stamps, many written especially for the young. Any bookseller could doubtless furnish a list of these, varying materially in price. Some are in the nature of handbooks of information, while others are written in a more narrative style. But all are very helpful in their way. The Editor takes this opportunity to extend to all readers of STAMP PAGE his best wishes for a Merry Christmas, and to express to all stamp-collectors his hope that in their Christmas stockings will be found something that will help along in the pursuit of our favorite fad.

## NEW ISSUES

UNDER this title we wish this month to call attention to two very interesting stamps. The first of these is the new Canadian stamp, issued in




commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the formation of the Canadian Confederation. Before considering the stamps we wish to thank all of our readers who sent specimens of the stamp to us. The very first copy we ever saw was a canceled one sent to us by a reader of this page—Miss

(*Continued on page* 70)

# ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

IT is so named because here every ***St. Nicholas*** reader can find the names and addresses of leading stamp dealers. Selected stamps for young folks are their specialty. Mention ***St. Nicholas*** in writing them and be sure always to give your name and complete address, as well as that of parent, teacher or employer as reference. Be sure to get permission first. We are careful to accept the advertisements of only the most reliable stamp dealers, and if you have any unfair business dealings with ***St. Nicholas*** advertisers advise us promptly. We are always glad to help solve your stamp problems. Write us when you want information.

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**100** different Animal stamps, only $2.35: a bargain: Make fine XMAS gift. Lists free. JOHN M. LONG, 917 STATE ST., ERIE, PA.

**"25c. Parcel Post Due 14c.** (cat. 75c.) with requests for our approvals. NITZSCHKE STAMP CO., ALBANY, GA."

**YOUR CHOICE OF THESE STAMPS FREE!**
No stamp collector can afford to be without *Mekeel's Weekly Stamp News*, Beverly, Mass. Thousands of stamp bargains.
**25c for 6 months and One of these Premiums Free:**

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **200** | All diff. foreign | **65** | Diff. Brit. Colonials |
| **60** | Japanese, all diff. | **50** | Diff. Norw.-Denm. |
| **101** | All diff. United States | **16** | Diff. Mex. rebels |
| **75** | U. S. precancelled | **1000** | Stamp hinges |
| **50** | Different from Sweden or Italy or Africa or Asia | | |

**Ten Issues for 10c. and One of These Free:**

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **100** | Foreign, all different | **42** | Different curious Japan |
| **50** | Different U. S. stamps | **8** | Diff. Mex. rebels |

**ALSO FREE—A copy of the new 3c. Canada "Fathers of the Confederation" if you ask for it when you remit.**

## Stamp Collecting Is Educational.

### Why Not Join the

### St. Nicholas Stamp Club?

Stamp Saving is a fascinating game. It teaches one to be observing. You must study the design, the coloring, the perforations, the cancellations, the value, the age and the amount of each new stamp. It suggests all kinds of interesting study in geography and history; its position in the world; its past and its future. At this time it is especially interesting, because of all that can be learned about the kings of the different countries in the world.

Join the ST. NICHOLAS STAMP CLUB and enjoy its benefits with them. We will send you a membership blank, if you ask for it.


## ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

(*Continued from page* 68)

Cynthia Griffen, of Southampton, Massachusetts. Later came another used copy from Clyne Crawford, of Cleveland, Ohio. The third stamp received was an unused copy, and that we illustrate. It was sent to us by Jack McMahon, of Winnipeg, Manitoba. While we thank all of our readers and fully appreciate their kindness, we are under special obligations to Jack. Not only did he send us the stamp, but with it he sent a very neatly drawn, outline sketch of the central part of the design. He tells us that this design is from a painting well known in Canada, entitled "The Fathers of the Confederation." Jack, in his sketch, gives the names of all the men pictured here. The man standing in the centre of the picture is John A. MacDonald, the real founder of the Confederation. As will be seen from the illustration, the stamp is about the size and shape of the Quebec issue. In the upper corners are the two dates, 1867-1917. The color is a rich brown and the engraving beautifully done. The second stamp which we illustrate comes to us as a war issue from France. Or, perhaps, we should say it is a charity stamp. It is one of a series of stamps issued by France for the support of war orphans. The central design is that of a woman ploughing with a pair of horses; at the top, the words *"Republique Française"*; at the right *"postes,"* and at the bottom *"Orphelins de la Guerre."* Below the design in very fine letters are the names of the artist and the engraver. Two shield-shaped ornaments bear the values of the stamp; at the left "15 c," the postage value, at the right "+ 10," the charity value. The color is a dull slate-green. The second value of the series, "25 c — + 15," is in bright blue.

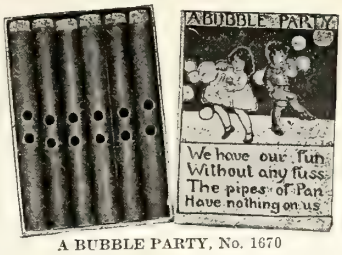
### ANSWERS TO QUERIES

¶WE do not know just why the letters A. M. appear in the upper corners of the Greek stamps issued in 1902. These two letters appeared as a surcharge upon some earlier provisionals. The letters signify "payment in gold," and the stamps were sold only upon a gold basis, not for paper money. In this way they resemble certain stamps of Nicaragua, which were surcharged for sale upon a gold basis. What especial circumstances then existed in Greece causing such an issue, we do not know.

¶ There are two so-called color schemes. The words are usually applied to an arrangement of the British Colonial Office by which all the values for all the colonies controlled by it (and possibly to the other colonies also) shall be printed in the same color and upon paper of the same color, where colored papers are used. The second color scheme refers to an agreement of the Universal Postal Union. This Union is maintained and supported by all the larger nations and most of the smaller ones. One of its rulings is that all nations under its jurisdiction adopt colors as follows; green for drop-letters; red for local rates, domestic rates; and blue for the foreign rate. By a drop-letter is meant a letter for delivery at the post-office of the city in which it is mailed. Our own rates call for a one-cent green, a two-cent red, a five-cent blue. This corresponds with Great Britain—one halfpenny green, one penny red, two and a halfpenny blue. And the rule holds good through many nations.

# Blow, Bubbles, Blow!

**These bubble pipes** never fail to entertain children of all ages. One end of each tube bears a covering of soap that's just right for "ballooning" bubbles and the two holes in the side make **wondrous chains** and other combinations possible. The bubble party with a box or two of these pipes is sure to be lively, easily managed and healthful. Six blowers in a pretty box with directions, postpaid for **20c** or **3 packages for 50c.** With your purchase comes our helpful guide to cheerful Christmas shopping for all on anybody's "list." On 72 pages are **1000 suggestions** of complete gifts, nearly all of which are new ideas and many so full of character as easily to be chosen as personal remembrances. This peerless gift book sent alone for 6c stamps. Write for it. The **POHLSON GIFT SHOPS, 80 Bank Bldg., Pawtucket, R. I.**




A BUBBLE PARTY, No. 1670

# $1.00 EASILY MADE

by selling 25 Christmas packages at 10c. each containing 50 art postcards, tags, gift cards, seals. BIG VALUE, BIG PROFIT, EVERYBODY BUYS. Send 10c postage and *reference* (parents sign letter.) Order before December 5. When sold pay us $1.50. Keep $1.00 Profit. **E. B. WINSLOW, Dept. K, Tuckahoe, N. Y.**

## BOYS AND GIRLS! GET BUSY AND SEND FOR A SET OF THESE BEAUTIFUL PENCILS

**WITH YOUR NAME STAMPED HERE**

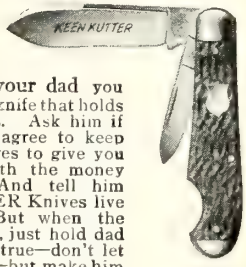
**NAME STAMPED IN GOLD LETTERS ON HIGH GRADE GREEN, BLUE, RED, OR WHITE ENAMELED RUBBER TIPPED LEAD PENCILS.** 3 Pencils in Christmas box, 30c., 6 Pencils, 50c. Stamps or Coin. Write plainly name to be stamped and colors of enamel wanted. Send your order early to assure Xmas delivery.

**Rochelle Pencil Co. Dept H. New Rochelle, N. Y.**

E. C. SIMMONS KEEN KUTTER CUTLERY TOOLS



*"That's the kind of a knife I want"*




K2867

JUST tell your dad you never had a knife that holds sharp edges. Ask him if he will not agree to keep his former pledges to give you one that's worth the money spent for it. And tell him KEEN KUTTER Knives live longer lives. But when the dealer sells him, just hold dad to his promise true—don't let him overleap it—but make him pass it to you fast or else he'll want to keep it.

**SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY**

***Manufacturers and Distributers***

**St. Louis New York Philadelphia Toledo Minneapolis Sioux City Wichita**

*"The recollection of QUALITY remains long after the PRICE is forgotten."—E. C. SIMMONS.*

**Trade Mark Registered.**



# How To Get a Pet For Christmas

No need to ask any ST. NICHOLAS reader if they would *like* a pet for Christmas. For where is a boy or girl who would not be delighted to find a rollicking, companionable dog, a shaggy, friendly pony, a fluffy kitten, or some other jolly pet in their Christmas packages? Tell father and mother Luther Burbank says that every child should have various animals to pet; and that any child who has been deprived of such things have been deprived of the best part of his education. Here is the way to get the pet you would like best. Look through the little advertisements below, select those that interest you most, and then write a short letter to them or to us asking for more information. Then have father or mother write their name at the bottom of your letter and mail it as soon as ever you can.




## AIREDALE TERRIER PUPPIES

**THE Ideal Dog for Children (and grown ups)**

Most **intelligent, playful, affectionate** of all dogs. Magnificent **guardian.** Self-respecting, **clean-minded,** upstanding, thoroughbred. Trustworthy, **dependable.** No Vibert Airedale EVER INJURED A CHILD. Have saved children from injury. We have splendid, farm raised, **healthy,** roly poly, comical, playful, **laughing** puppies, and grown dogs, thoroughbred, pedigreed, eligible to registry. No care. HARDY. Simply feed the leavings from your table. Will mature into **matchless watchdogs. THE GIFT FOR** BIRTHDAY OR CHRISTMAS. Prompt shipment, safe delivery, YOUR satisfaction guaranteed. Interesting ILLUSTRATED booklet on request. VIBERT AIREDALE FARM, Box 25a, Weston, N. J. Phone Bound Brook 397.
(Most exclusive breeders of Airedales in the world.)

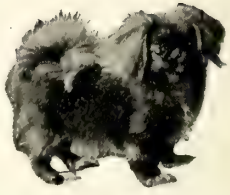
*ALL BREEDS THRIVE ON*

## SPRATT'S DOG CAKES AND PUPPY BISCUITS

Write for samples and send stamp for Catalogue on Dog Feeding

**SPRATT'S PATENT LTD., NEWARK, N. J.**

### THIS IS ME



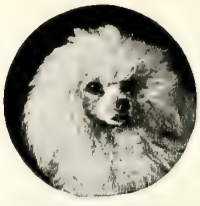
I may be little and soft and plump.
But my heart is big and true.
My mistress says now I'm quite big enough
To leave my dear mother—for you.
From $25 up for these wonderful little **PEKINGESE**
**Mrs. H.A.Baxter,Telephone 418 Great Neck,L.I.,or 489 Fifth Av. New York City(Tel.Vanderbilt 1236)**

### Snow White Esquimo Puppies



The smartest and cutest dogs on earth. Natural trick dogs and very comical. Just the thing for children, affectionate, playful and harmless as a kitten. Always full of "PEPP." My puppies are not raised in a city back yard or crowded kennels but on a Kansas farm. They are full of vigor and the picture of health. Will ship on approval to responsible parties. Safe delivery guaranteed. Terms reasonable. 5c. in stamps brings you a catalogue of these popular dogs.
**BROCKWAY'S KENNELS** **Baldwin, Kansas**

### Toy White Silk Poodles



the real small kind from 3½ pound parents, $12.00; Toy Maltese Terriers, $15.00; Toy Pomeranians, $25.00; Toy Fox Terriers, $5.00 up; other Toy breeds, English Bulls, Boston Terriers, grown dogs. Bitches and Puppies, $15.00 up.
Scotch Collies, $7.50 up; Bull, Fox, Irish and Airedale Terriers, Great Danes, Newfoundlands, St. Bernards, grown and puppies. Angora Cats and Kittens, $8.00 up.
State wants. We ship anywhere.
**AMERICAN KENNELS**
**35 N. 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

### INFORMATION ABOUT PETS

If you want to ask any questions about the things advertised here, or want to know where to obtain pets of any kind, write to

**ST. NICHOLAS, Pet Dept.**

**353 Fourth Ave.** **New York**

### DOGS FOR EVERY PURPOSE

A pal for the boy. A playmate for the girl. A town-car dog, or a dog for a country jaunt. Which do you want? Let us consult with you and advise without charge which dog is best suited to your purpose.
Long experience—a host of satisfied customers—prices that are right. Write us before you make your decision.
**HARGOUR KENNELS - Arlington, N. J.**


### REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 190—*Continued from page 66*

Ruth Steels
Marion Clark
Gertrude Marshall
Helen Hughes
Elizabeth Hastings
Florence Fox
Nina Lionne Marsh
Ina Webb
Florence W. Olney
Caroline Coffin
Marion Clark
Esther Lucile Cottingham
Lucy Mapelli
Margaret East
Helen Jones
Dorothy Ducas
Pauline Goodwin
Mary Mutch
Betram Gaer
Doris E. Woodruff
Doris E. Rich
Alice N. Atkinson
Mary Elson
Mary F. Taft
Margaret S. Button
Barbara Ware

Gratia Maynard
Charlotte Stone
Vera Shelton
Dorothy Byers
Erma E. Futlon
Helen F. Hyde
Mary F. Moore
Louise C. Kittredge
Anna M. Steed
Marion J. Coate
Lavonia Powell
Olive Smith
Nana M. Burton
Nathalie F. Reynal
Rayone Dietrich
Sona Antis
Judy Holmes
Phyllis Myers
Katherine S. Bastedenbeck
Winifred Stahly
Mary E. Lewis
Janet R. Oppenheimer
Dorothy Viets
Willett Clark
Henry Rath

Cyrus Spencer
Robert Saxton
Ray B. Sigmund
Audrey Sanders
Maurice Goldstein
Newton Graves
Philip C. Barney
Robert Arny
F. Tileston Waterman II
Laurence Cumming
Louis Cohn
Isaiah A. Small, Jr.
Charles C. Porter, Jr.
Paul Northway
Edward S. Lanning
Henry C. Olmsted
Ben Larrabee
John Miller
Robert Whitney
Kenneth MacKenzie
Marvel Stromme
George Shapiro
Laurence Thompson
W. B. Forrest, Jr.
Dean Banks
Barbara Bayliss

Helen McCann
Barbara Chalmers
Anna Lang
Ione Barnett
Evelyn Brossman
Rose Bilotta
Margaret Douglass
Dorothy Jones
Elizabeth Boyd
Elizabeth Kitchell
Beatrice Hadley
Anna H. Spengler
Barbara Hoffman
Elizabeth Parmelee
Mary S. Yeats
Dorothy M. Connell
Elvera Roos
Frances B. Soulmin
Elizabeth G. Bliss
Priscilla Probst
Lisbeth Stone
Dorene Brown
Mabel C. Wilbrandt
Helen MacGregor
Salome Welch
Marie Lombard

Martha Lowry
Margaret O'Connor
Agnes M. Pearce
Florinda Brown
Janet I. Thomson
Elizabeth C. Kistler
Marjorie Smith
Miriam White
Jane T. Russell
Anna May Muller
Mary Reed
Alice Coonley
Gertrude E. McIntyre
Bernidean Wolfe
Eleanor M. Vezin
Catherine T. Rose
Margery Brower
Mary Day Rouse
Elizabeth M. Essick
Marjorie Cluff
Louise Kuykendall
Elizabeth Flather
Adele Hammond
Ivy-Jane Edmondson
Ethel Temple
Anne Covington

Dorothy Keller
Lucie Calderon
Dorothy McEvoy
Elinore Jacobs
Marie Ford
Dorothy Whitaker
Irene Morrow
Katharine Herrman
Martha Bartt
Betty Reed
Elizabeth Dale
Jane H. Turner
Gladys Moody
Josephine Van Buren
Mary E. Dyer
Mauriceta Harris
Katherine Lupa
Kathleen Hayward
Anna Beckwith
Kate S. Boardman
Dorothy G. Rand
Betty T. Becker
Frances Clifford Willis
Winifred Potter

**BOYS** HERE'S THE CHRISTMAS GIFT YOU'LL WANT

COMPLETE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH AND ONLY $1.00 PREPAID

THE TELE-SET—Telegraphs two ways. Outfit includes keys and sounders for two stations, wire, code chart, telegraph blanks and full directions in neat box. Works with dry cells. Thousands sold. Learn telegraphy. Boys can have great fun. The Tele-set is the original two station dollar outfit.





POCKET BOOK of ELECTRICITY FREE

SPECIAL WAR EDITION—Distributed as a supplement to our big Handy Book during temporary government suspension of wire sales. Lists motors, flashlights, telegraph apparatus, puzzles, magic outfits, books chemical sets, games, novelties, just the things you'll want for Christmas, for every boy in America. FREE on request.

The Newman-Stern Co. Formerly The ELECTRO-SET Co.
Dept SN-19 Cleveland O.

**NEW FOR GIRLS**

90 assorted Christmas greetings, cards and folders, 20 each of 3 designs, 10 each of 3 designs sent prepaid, 50c. May be hand colored. Sell to your friends. Self-blending water colors for coloring cards 10c additional. 10 handsome embossed assorted cards 20c; worth 50c. E. B. WINSLOW, Dept. R, Tuckahoe, N. Y.

**LE PAGE'S GLUE** HANDY TUBES
WILL MEND IT

**CLASS PINS**
MANUFACTURER TO YOU
MADE TO YOUR ORDER 15¢ AND UP

Catalog free, showing hundreds of new designs. Write today. Two popular designs illustrated made with one or two colors best hard enamel. No. 3506 made with any 3 letters and 2 figures: Silver plate 15¢ each, $1.50 doz. Sterling silver 30¢ each, $3.00 doz. No. 3512 made with any name on band not exceeding 9 letters, remainder of pin lettered G. S. or H. S. and date 18, 19, 20 or 21, only: Silver plate, 20¢ each, $1.80 doz. Sterling silver 35¢ each, $3.60 doz.





BASTIAN BROS. CO. 412 Bastian Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

**LIONEL MULTIVOLT TRANSFORMER**
Runs All Kinds Of Electric Trains And Toys

ATTACHES to your house current, operates all electric toys and other small electrical apparatus; any gradation of power from 2 to 30 volts. This special $3.40 transformer is Lionel quality, high grade, all thru. Absolutely safe. If not at your dealer's order direct, giving us his name. We will ship, charges prepaid. Other models up to $8.00; send for catalogue.



$3.40

The Lionel Mfg. Co.
48-B East 21st Street, NEW YORK CITY

*Cheaper than Batteries*


## Pet Department—Continued—



# A POLICE DOG

***Your Boy's Friend and Ready Protector***

This famous dog is the most companionable of chums. He is always willing to go anywhere. Eager for fun and frolic. Minds his own business like a gentleman. But when the time comes to defend his master, or his home, you will find him true as steel. Against dog or man he needs no assistance.

His manners, his disposition, his size, his grit, his brains and his willingness to serve make him THE DOG FOR YOU.

The Police Dogs of Palisade Kennels are world-known, both as show-dogs and trained dogs.

The Police Dog is always well-behaved if properly trained, and easily taught to do all kinds of tricks. All this is described in an illustrated booklet, sent free.




*Write for it today.*

**PALISADE KENNELS**
Box 35
**East Killingly, Conn.**



# CHRISTMAS GIFTS

TOYLAND has opened its doors again and everyone is seeking gifts that are out of the ordinary and of good quality. Here in the pages of ST. NICHOLAS are the advance announcements of TOYLAND, making it easy for its readers to select gifts sure to please both the giver and the getter. The makers guarantee the gifts advertised. ST. NICHOLAS has examined and places its endorsement upon them. The best toy dealers are displaying them on their main aisles and in their windows—or will gladly get them if shown the announcement in this issue. Should there be the slightest difficulty in obtaining any article advertised here, it may be secured by ordering direct from the manufacturer or by writing to

## ST. NICHOLAS

353 FOURTH AVE. NEW YORK CITY



# Oh BOY! if you want FUN

Lionel Trains are patterned after the big electric trains. They have fine, high-power, electric motors and are full of dash and go! Built with the weight close to the track so they won't derail; handsomely enameled—unbreakable—good for years of fun. Operate economically on batteries, or on house current with Lionel Transformer.



Ask Dad for a LIONEL Electric TRAIN for XMAS

$5 UP

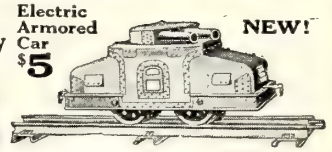
## Send for Big Free Catalog

—showing complete line of freight and passenger sets. Over 100 fascinating pictures. Tell Dad or Mother what you want and if not at your dealer's, I'll ship prepaid on receipt of price.

J. LIONEL COWEN, Pres.

THE LIONEL MFG. CO., 48B, E. 21st St., New York City

Electric Armored Car $5 NEW!



Price includes 8 sections "O" Gauge Track

## LIONEL ELECTRIC TOY & Multivolt Transformers TRAINS

# EVERY BOY WILL WANT THE NEWEST STRUCTURAL TOY

## Wonderwood

THE WHITE PINE TOY BUILDER

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



HERE is what the boys have been waiting for! A chance to play contractor with real lumber and real toy buildings. You can build a great many models from the blue print plans that go with each set that are just like the buildings you see every day. Each detail is true to life, even to the rafters and green shingles for the roof, and the white clapboards for the walls. All parts fit together without nails, pegs, or glue and make models that can be carried about. This is the most realistic structural toy any boy could wish for. See the built-up models at your toy store.

**Made in four sets, priced $3.50 and up. If your toy dealer cannot supply you, order direct from the manufacturers.**

## Commonwealth Toy Corporation

**22 Liberty Street Merrimac, Mass.**

USED IN THE ARMIES AND NAVIES OF THE WORLD



*For* Christmas give

LUCKY CURVE

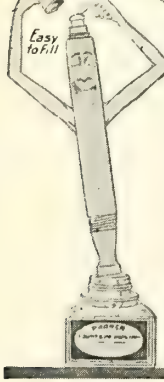
# PARKER

## SAFETY-SEALED FOUNTAIN-PENS

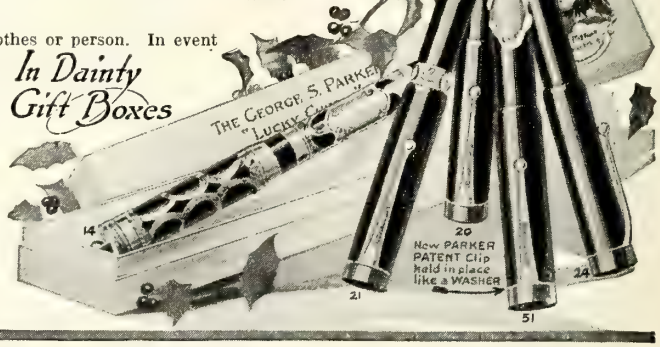
FOR the boys at the front, for relatives, friends and sweethearts. The enduring gift, always appreciated, always useful. Parker Self-fillers are **safety-sealed**; the new type "no holes in the wall" fountain pens.

Ink can't get out to soil clothes or person. In event of accident to interior mechanism, the pen automatically changes from a Self-filler to a non-Self-filler without interruption of service. Because of these exclusive features it's the pen for the army and navy, where only dependable pens are wanted. The name **PARKER** is your guarantee of quality.

**PARKER PEN COMPANY**
182 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.
N. Y. Retail Store, Woolworth Bldg.




*In Dainty Gift Boxes*




No. 20, $2.50
No. 21, 3.50
No. 51, 3.50
No. 24, 4.00
No. 14, Sterling, 5.00
No. 14, Gold Plate, 6.00
*Parker Clips* 25c extra
Ink tablets in place of fluid ink for soldiers' use, box of 36 for 10 cents.
AT LEADING DEALERS





# CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

## Made Easy

INSTEAD of wandering hopelessly and tediously through the crowded stores, look through the advertising pages of ST. NICHOLAS. You will find definite suggestions for gifts for sons, daughters, nephews, nieces, cousins and all the other folks whose happiness is in your keeping. You can readily learn more about the advertised articles by writing to the manufacturers or by inquiring for them at the stores. If the stores do not have the advertised article, the maker will send it to you upon request. Every article advertised in ST. NICHOLAS has been investigated by the publishers. So shop at home in your easy chair this Christmas.

Also See Pages 63 and 64

# "AMERICAN FLYER"

## THE TRAIN WITH THE GUARANTEE



## Ask Dad for an "AMERICAN FLYER" for Xmas

This picture is the cover of our dandy new catalog. It shows the finest sets of mechanical trains you ever set eyes on.

The engines are the newest war type—long, low and rakish—full of speed and power. They are driven by the famous "AMERICAN FLYER" *Patented Steel Pinion Geared Motor*—fully guaranteed. They have piston rods, brakes and automatic brake stop, just like real engines.

Wind up the engine—push down the throttle and away she goes around the curves, tearing along with its steel cars, the finest train you ever saw. Block signals and semaphores, too.

"AMERICAN FLYER" trains are so much like real ones that the leading Signal School uses them to teach Signal Engineering.

FREE CATALOG—Get this beautiful illustrated book that tells all about "AMERICAN FLYER" Trains. It shows how to build your own railroad system, how to be a signal engineer, and gives you an interesting story of the life of one boy and how he invented the first locomotive. See your toy dealer today. Have him show you "AMERICAN FLYER" Trains. If he can't supply you, write us. Be sure you get an "AMERICAN FLYER" Train for Christmas and join the army of over 1,000,000 **happy owners of "AMERICAN FLYER" Trains.** Send for big free catalog No. 20 today.

**"AMERICAN FLYER" MFG. CO.** *2219-39 SOUTH HALSTED STREET CHICAGO, ILL.*

Long tongue with loop on end makes steering easy.




### THE SAFETY COASTER WAGON

Strongest built and finest finished coaster wagon on the market. Will carry 1500 lbs. It has—Drop Forged Auto Steering Knuckles, Steel Back Axle, Roller Bearing Wheels, Hardwood Removable Top, and Steel Brake. Size 16 x 36 inches.

**Price $8.00.**

If your dealer does not handle this wagon, in order to introduce it, we will send you one for $6.50.

### THE U. S. DISPATCH CAR

For the little tot. Steel axles and steering post. Steers like a real auto and is easy to run. A practical, durable play-car for indoor and out. Extreme length, 32 inches; height of seat, 10¾ inches. Distance from back of seat to foot-rests, 23 inches.

**Price $3.50**



"U. S. Dispatch"

# DAN PATCH

Remember the name Dan Patch. It is your guarantee of satisfaction. It means durability, the best materials and first class workmanship. We are proud of this name and we ask you to ask for it, and to send to us for these articles if they cannot be obtained at your stores.

**THE DAN PATCH CO., CONNERSVILLE, INDIANA, U. S. A.**

# "WHAT I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS"




To fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts, grandfathers, grandmothers, distant relatives, neighbors, Santa Claus, and **all** other good friends. I have written down below a list of the Christmas gifts that would make me happiest. Of course I won't be disappointed if I don't get them **all.** I just thought it would be easier for you if I told you what I should **like** to have.




Signed .....

First of All I Want ST. NICHOLAS
After that I Would Like

(Advertised on page....of the.....ST. NICHOLAS)

(Advertised on page....of the.....ST. NICHOLAS)

(Advertised on page....of the.....ST. NICHOLAS)

(Advertised on page....of the.....ST. NICHOLAS)

(Advertised on page....of the.....ST. NICHOLAS)

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Signed .....

First of All I Want ST. NICHOLAS
After that I Would Like

(Advertised on page....of the.....ST. NICHOLAS)

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## *What to do with this page*

To ST. NICHOLAS Boys and Girls—First look through your copies of ST. NICHOLAS and decide what things you would **most** like to find in your stocking on Christmas morning. Then write your name and copy your "wishes" in the spaces reserved above, putting in the exact page and issue of ST. NICHOLAS on which the gift is advertised so that "Santa Claus" will make no mistake. Then leave your ST. NICHOLAS in a conspicuous place with this page turned down at the corner or something to attract attention to it.




Boys and girls! Here's the fastest sled on the hill. You'll be the winner in every race with the new

# Flexible Flyer

***the famous steering sled with non-skid runners***

It's a real "snow-mobile." With its **grooved** runners of chrome nickel steel, it steers on ice and snow without skidding. Its new all-steel front acts as shock-absorber to keep the wooden seat and hand rails from splitting. It's the **strongest** sled made stronger. The **safest** sled made safer. The **easiest steering** sled made to steer still easier.

## Outlasts Three Ordinary Sleds

Tell mother and father that you don't have to drag your feet steering the Flexible Flyer, or get them wet and wear out shoes. It prevents colds and saves doctor's bills. Finest quality of construction—selected ash for the wood work. Tough steel for the front and runners. Handsomely decorated. Finished with three coats of high grade varnish. Keeps its beauty year after year. **Nine sizes, 3 to 8½ ft. Sold by hardware and department stores.**

## S. L. Allen & CO.

**BOX 1101V PHILADELPHIA**

**FREE OFFER** Send postal or letter for cardboard model showing how Flexible Flyer steers. Free.

FLEXIBLE FLYER

**Insist on the genuine. Unless it bears this trade-mark it isn't a Flexible Flyer.**




# WHAT FATHER AND MOTHER WANT FOR CHRISTMAS




In a good many homes Father and Mother are sort of forgotten at Christmas. But everybody knows it ought not to be so. This page has been set aside especially for them. They should write down what they think "some one" would get for them if "some one" only knew what would please them.

| | |
|---|---|
| Name ..... | Name ..... |
| (Advertised on page....of the.....St. Nicholas) | (Advertised on page....of the.....St. Nicholas) |
| (Advertised on page....of the.....St. Nicholas) | (Advertised on page....of the.....St. Nicholas) |
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| (Advertised on page....of the.....St. Nicholas) | (Advertised on page....of the.....St. Nicholas) |

Of course if Father and Mother want to share their page with any one older or younger, they may do so by drawing a heavy horizontal line in place of one of the dotted lines half-way down the Column. Then all above that line will be Father's or Mother's "wishes," and all below it Grandfather's or Grandmother's, or whoever else lives at your house.




# Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen FOR CHRISTMAS





# Mold With Your Own Hands The Stirring Scenes of War.

Bugles, flags, bayonets, soldiers, camps, trenches, airships, submarines, wartanks, maps—no end to the exciting things you can mold from Harbutt's Plasticine that will help you feel a part of the tremendous events History is now recording. Remember, the great victory at Vimy Ridge was possible because of the wonderful model made from Harbutt's Plasticine of the region, allowing the staff officers to study intensively every inch of the ground.

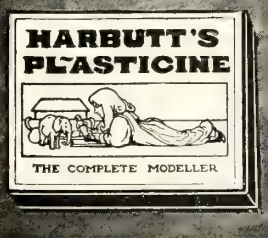
And while you are intent at your fascinating play, you will be training your hands, your eye, your mind. You will be able to observe more closely, to create, to carry out ideas better.

Harbutt's Plasticine is a *clean,* antiseptic, germproof modeling material that mother can't object to your using, for Harbutt's Plasticine is not mussy or crumbly like clay—no water needed.

## Lessons Not Necessary

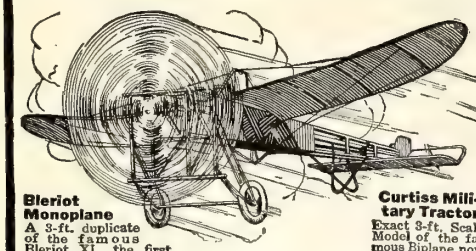
Lessons in modeling are not essential, for picture-instructions accompany each Home Use Outfit of Harbutt's Plasticine. For sale at popular prices (25c up) at toy dealers, department stores, stationer's. Write us if your dealer cannot supply you. Send for free booklet, "Toys That Teach."

**The Embossing Co., P. O. Box 598B, Albany, N. Y.**

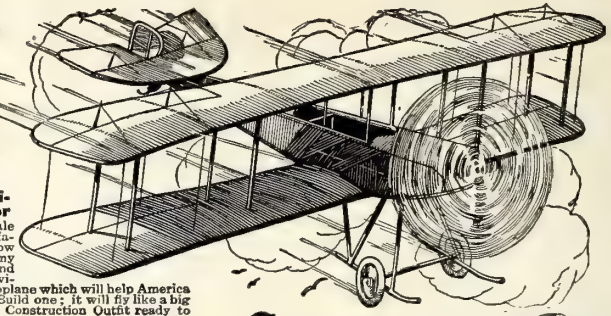



**HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE**


A Really Useful
GIFT
Here is something that will please daddy, mama, sister, brother, auntie or grandma, *because*,—it keeps the hands and face from chapping; it makes the skin soft and smooth; it's best to use after shaving; it soothes and heals baby's tender skin. Its name is
Hinds Honey and Almond Cream
Make a Pretty
Christmas Package
of one or more of these useful toilet articles, for each one is so good and necessary that you cannot make a mistake. Buy of your dealer or write Mr. Hinds for *Hinds* Honey and Almond *Cream*, Hinds Cold Cream, Hinds Cream Soap, Hinds Cre-mis Talcum.
A. S. HINDS, 242 West St., Portland, Me.
HINDS
HONEY AND ALMOND
CREAM
FACE HANDS SKIN
COLD CREAM
CREAM SOAP
CRE-MIS
TALCUM
POWDER

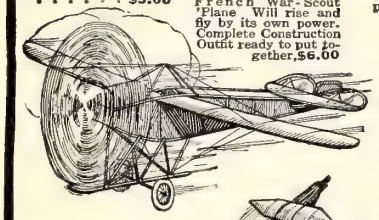


**Bleriot Monoplane**
A 3-ft. duplicate of the famous Bleriot XI, the first Aeroplane to fly across the English Channel. Will fly 100 ft. Complete Construction Outfit ready to put together . . . . . $5.00



**Curtiss Military Tractor**
Exact 3-ft. Scale Model of the famous Biplane now used by U.S. Army Aviation Corps and by the English aviators. The Aeroplane which will help America win the war! Build one; it will fly like a big one. Complete Construction Outfit ready to put together . . . . . $6.00

**Nieuport Monoplane**
Exact 3-ft. Model of the French War-Scout 'Plane. Will rise and fly by its own power. Complete Construction Outfit ready to put together, $6.00



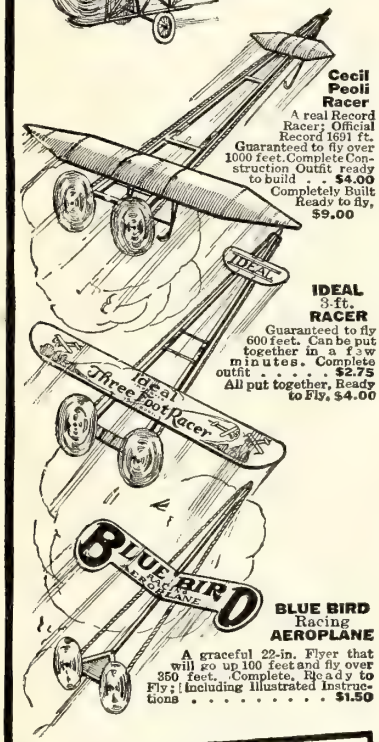
# Get an IDEAL Model Aeroplane for Christmas

It's great sport to build and fly Model Aeroplanes! You can study the wonderful Science of Aviation and learn how Aeroplanes are built and how they fly. It's the most fascinating fun you ever had, and a most useful and patriotic thing to do. It's easy to

## Build and Fly Your Own 3-ft. Models of Famous War Aeroplanes

that look exactly like big ones; that have rubber-tired disc wheels; adjustable planes and rudder; hand carved propeller; ball-bearing propeller shaft and other parts and fittings just like a *real* Aeroplane. These Model Aeroplanes fly like big ones; rise from the ground by their own power and fly 75 to 100 feet. It's easy to build them. Get an IDEAL Model Aeroplane Construction Outfit containing all the parts and full plans and instructions. All you have to do is put the parts together and build your own 3-ft. Model.

*Tell your folks you want an IDEAL Model Aeroplane for Christmas—pick out the one you want now!*




**Cecil Peoli Racer**
A real Record Racer; Official Record 1691 ft. Guaranteed to fly over 1000 feet. Complete Construction Outfit ready to build . . $4.00
Completely Built Ready to fly, $9.00

**IDEAL 3-ft. RACER**
Guaranteed to fly 600 feet. Can be put together in a few minutes. Complete outfit . . . . . $2.75
All put together, Ready to Fly, $4.00

**BLUE BIRD Racing AEROPLANE**
A graceful 22-in. Flyer that will go up 100 feet and fly over 350 feet. Complete, Ready to Fly; [including Illustrated Instructions . . . . . $1.50

## IDEAL Racing AEROPLANES and Flying Toys are Great Sport!

Racing Aeroplanes that go "sky-high"; fly far, fast and with, against or across the wind. Flying Toys that are just the thing for younger boys. Six different kinds. Three shown at the left. Here are four more; complete and ready to fly:—

| | |
|---|---|
| IDEAL Speed-O-Flyer (2-ft. Racer) . . . . . | $1.75 |
| IDEAL Speed-O-Plane (1-ft. Flyer) . . . . . | .75 |
| IDEAL Loop-the-Loop Glider—Fibre Planes . . | .30 |
| IDEAL Loop-the-Loop Glider—Wood Planes . | .50 |

## For 25 cts.

we will send you Accurate Scale Drawings, with Building and Flying Instructions, for any *one* of the Aeroplanes listed below. With these Plans and your own materials you can easily build a Model Aeroplane.

**Curtiss Military Tractor**
**Curtiss Hydroplane**
**Bleriot Monoplane**
**Nieuport Monoplane**
**Taube Monoplane**
**Curtiss Flying Boat**
**Cecil Peoli Racer**
**Wright Biplane**
**All 8 Plans for $1.75**

## How to Get These Aeroplanes

IDEAL Model Aeroplanes, Racing Aeroplanes and Flying Toys are sold by Leading Toy, Sporting Goods and Department Stores. Ask at **your** store for the ones you want. Ask for **"Those IDEAL Aeroplanes"!**

If not obtainable there, we will fill your order, delivery charges prepaid, upon receipt of price if you mention your store's name and address.

**IDEAL AEROPLANE & SUPPLY CO.**
**84-86 West Broadway, New York City**

## For 5 cts.

we will send you the IDEAL 48-page Aeroplane Book which tells all about Model Aeroplanes, and how they are built; about Racing Aeroplanes and Flying Toys; and lists all kinds of parts, supplies and materials for Amateur Aviators. If you want to know more about IDEAL Model Aeroplanes, send 5 cents in stamps and get this book. Tear off this corner and write your name and address in the margin. Do it now, so you won't forget.




Motor all winter in
California
Thousands of miles
of perfect motor roads
& no scene twice seen-
-on your Santa Fe way-
The Grand Canyon of
Arizona
-Fred Harvey dining service
-and a double track most
of the way
Booklets of trains and trip
upon request
W.J.Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr. AT&SF Ry
1072 Railway Exchange, Chicago
Hawaii afterwards
Santa Fe



# For Christmas Cheer Throughout the Year

Happy is the boy whose Christmas is gladdened by the gift of a bicycle.

Such a gift means more than a Merry Christmas—more than a Happy New Year. Yes, it means wholesome, happy hours for every day of the year.

And the gift is doubly welcome—the hours doubly happy if the wheel is equipped with a

## NEW DEPARTURE COASTER BRAKE

***"The Brake that Brought the Bike Back"***

The New Departure is the heart of the modern bicycle. Never fails to give perfect control of speed. At any season of the year, on any road, you glide along with the greatest ease and safety if your wheel is equipped with this wonderful device.

A Christmas Bicycle—a New Departure equipped bicycle brings Christmas Cheer Throughout the Year.

**The New Departure Manufacturing Co.**
**105 Main St., Bristol, Conn.**



# Raynster

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

GET under a Raynster and get out to play or off to school even though it's raining.

You don't have to stand with your nose mashed against the window *wishing* you were out—if you have a Raynster.

These storm-coats are sure protection in the severest rain.

Raynsters are boys' and girls' best friends, when clouds appear or raindrops fall. They ward off colds and scolds.

The rain can't get through a Raynster.

These storm-coats are made for all sizes of boys and girls. Also for mothers and fathers. They're strong and durable. Big and roomy.

Turn rainy days into jolly days. Ask your folks for a Raynster.

You can get a booklet showing pictures of many Raynsters, free. Send us a postal today asking for it.

*Look for this Label on your Coat*




*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off*

## United States Rubber Company

**Clothing Division, New York and Boston**



# Play-Time Now Brings No Regrets To Mothers

## Whose Boys and Girls Wear Holeproof Stockings

Once people thought that all hose were alike. Then Holeproof came and soon amazed the world.

By specialized methods and the superfine materials we proved that stockings can wear for months without mending.

Thousands of up-to-date stores are featuring Holeproof styles—in Pure Silk, Lisle, Artificial Silk and Cotton.

**Holeproof Hosiery**
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

**Children's, 35c a pair and upward.**
**Women's, 40c a pair and upward.**
**Men's, 30c a pair and upward.**

Children's Holeproofs are ribbed, elastic and extra reinforced.

Women's and Men's are fine textured, shapely and super-strong. When you go for the Children's stockings ask your dealer to show you the Newlastic Ribbed Top—a feature of Women's Holeproof which always fits snugly, but never binds the limb. Write today for illustrated Holeproof booklet and list of styles and prices.

**HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wis.**
**HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited, London, Canada**
**HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, 10 Church Alley, Liverpool, England**




**This trademark identifies the genuine.**

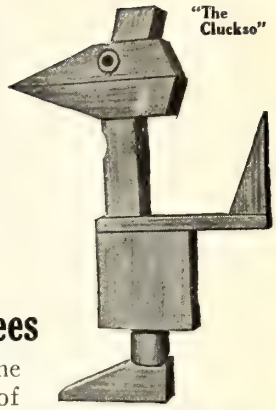



# WONDER BLOCKS

## *ARE*

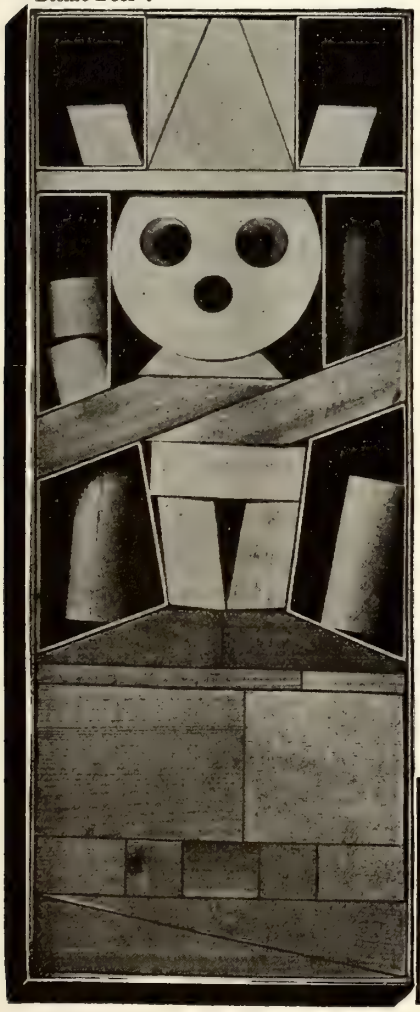
## *FOR BOYS AND GIRLS*

## *OF ALL AGES*

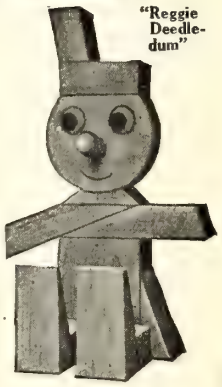



## Introducing the Deedle-Dums and Dickie-Dees

The picture you see below is a view of the inside of a box of WONDER BLOCKS. With the twenty-nine separate parts, you can make innumerable grotesque and amusing figures. You've seen a number of these merry creatures in your October and November St. Nicholas. Here are several more of the "Deedle-Dums" and "Dickie-Dees".



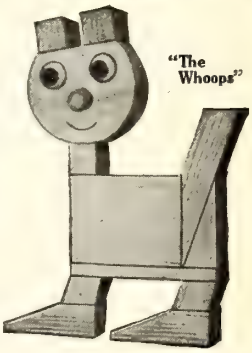
There is hardly any end to the new things you can think of making with WONDER BLOCKS. You'll be amused and interested every minute, for, you see, you have to use every bit of your imagination and originality. You'll feel as if every new character you make is your very own creation; and you'll give the family many a laugh at your efforts. In fact, I shouldn't be surprised if they all tried their hands at WONDER BLOCKS before long.




### PRICE $1.25 A SET

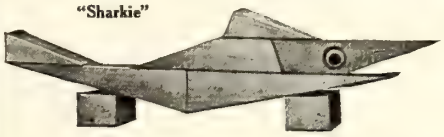
**Ask your dealer for them**

If your dealer doesn't have THE WONDER BLOCKS in his store, write to us, and we will send them directly to you for the price mentioned. Your whole family will be glad if you get them for Christmas!




**BAKER & BENNETT CO.**

**875 Broadway** **New York**




**To get a little book telling all about the Deedle-Dums and Dickie-Dees (made from Wonder-Blocks) send this coupon or a short note, mentioning St. Nicholas.**

**Baker & Bennett, 875 Broadway, New York**

Send me the free Deedle-Dum and Dickie-Dee Book advertised in St. Nicholas.

Name .....

Address .....

If you wish the Wonder Blocks sent to you, enclose $1.25 and put a cross in this square. ☐



# *"Oh Dad— How Did You Know?"*

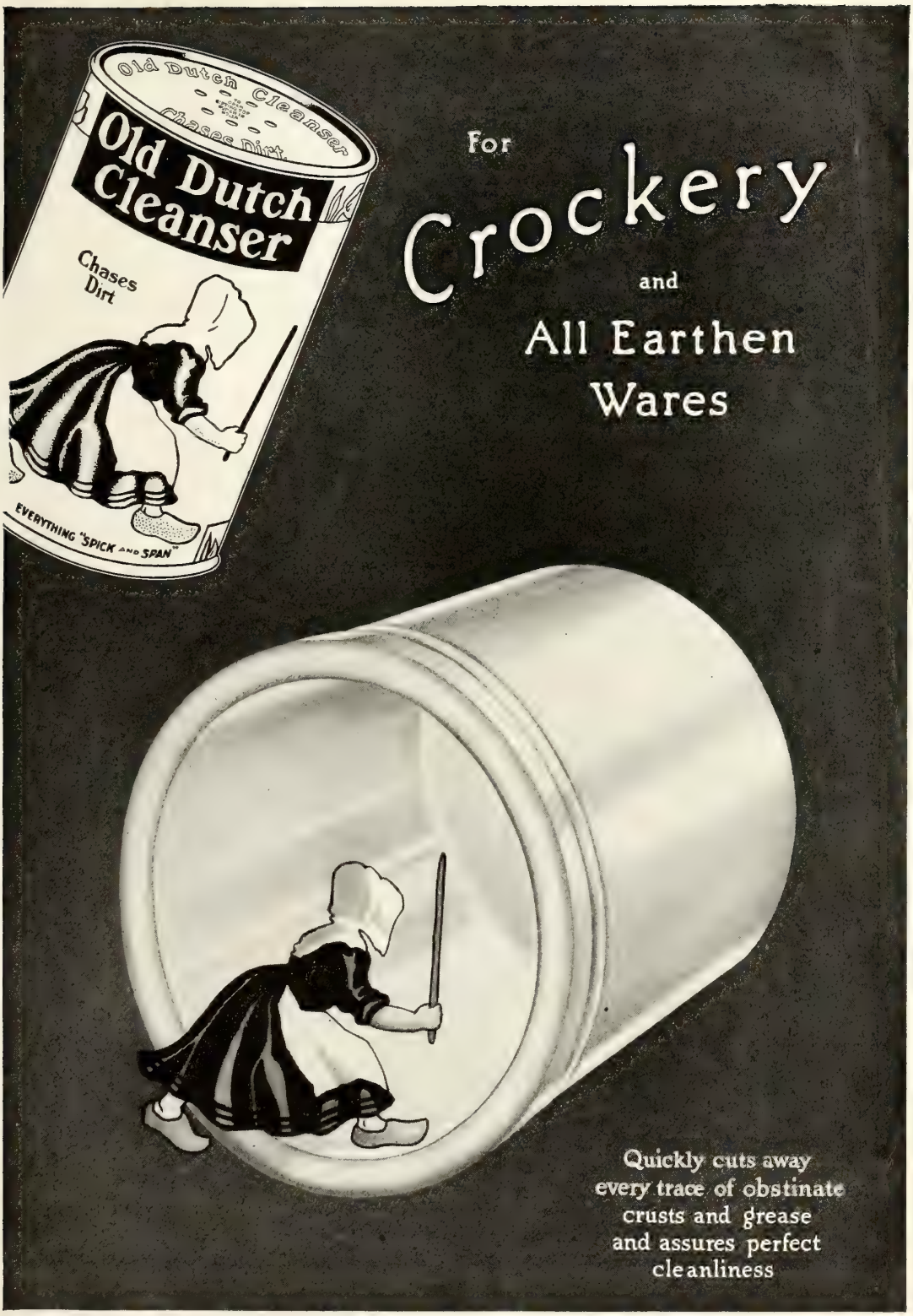
Of course he knew.

Fond parents, who keep young through their children, have a way of knowing—and besides, he was a bit selfish. He wanted her to have a Kodak; he knew that it and the pictures it would take would delight her and her boy and girl friends—and he knew, too, the wily old rascal, that she would send him loads of pictures from boarding school.

From the kindergarten days up, there's wholesome fun for the children, and lasting joy for all the family in the Kodak and Brownie pictures the children make—and Christmas day, with its home pictures, is an excellent time to start.

*Kodak catalog free at your dealer's or by mail.*

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N.Y., *The Kodak City*

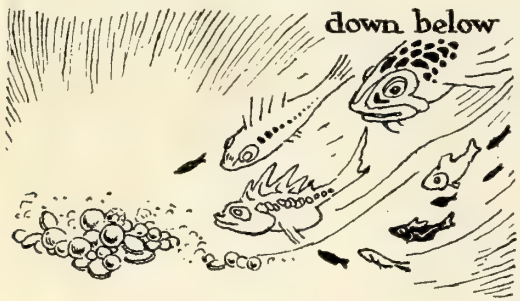

Old Dutch Cleanser
Chases Dirt
Old Dutch Cleanser
Chases Dirt
EVERYTHING "SPICK AND SPAN"
For
Crockery
and
All Earthen Wares
Quickly cuts away every trace of obstinate crusts and grease and assures perfect cleanliness

# THE CRUISE of the IVORY WHITE






GOOD Fishes of the tossing sea, fair creatures of the ocean," said Gnif, who very recently conceived his tuneful notion, "you've heard our song in which you joined; the way you kept your scales was *perfect* in its finished touch and worthy of your tails. You render song with tenderness, and may I add most gravely, you swim with fearless grace and skill, and DIVE indeed most bravely. *YOU DIVE*, ah this reminds me Sirs; a service you can do for us the heroes of the sea; for us the IVORY crew."




"Go on and ask the favor," cried the fish, as Mr. Whale said, "*Granted* even unto half of my most flap-up-tious tail!" "Well then," continued little Gnif, "you know that boys and girls, as well as royal kings and queens are very fond of *pearls*. So, please DIVE down and get us lots, for surely there must be a heap of them, and *gold* around the bottom of the sea!




*Splash*, went the fishes down below for diving was a pleasure, and in ten minutes *up* they came with loads and loads of treasure. Yes, they brought pearls and diamonds too and big doubloons of gold; the ransom of five hundred kings, most wondrous to behold. "Accept these gifts from us," said Whale, "for nothing less could be worthy of us, or you who rule the world with IVORY."

With thanks our heroes sailed for home. To many a land and clime they'd spread the fame of IVORY SOAP, but now 'twas Christmas time. At half past six they came in sight of their beloved shore, and there stood Mother waiting for her children at the door. *Oh*, such a welcome for all hands! Such gifts to give away [but *Mother* got the *biggest* pearls on Merry Christmas Day] Most happy was that IVORY crew, who settled down to rest, as Gnif said, "Ocean trips are nice but home, sweet home is best."




Reprinted by special permission of JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK (The Child's Magazine)

*There, little friends, our tale is done, but do not let it be*
*The end of your adventures with that pure SOAP, IVORY.*

IVORY SOAP




IT FLOATS

99 44/100% PURE



# ST NICHOLAS



JANUARY 1918


FAIRY
FAIRY SOAP
White, oval, floating—Fairy Soap combines purity and convenience with a fine cleansing quality that is most refreshing.
Its use adds real pleasure to toilet and bath.
THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
The oval, floating cake fits the hand.
"Have you a little Fairy in your home?"
FAIRY

# *How young Abe Lincoln's father "dried his shirt" for him—*

How would you like to see a motion picture of that?

* * *

*How Abe Beat Up Huck Carter*
Would you like to see that in a motion picture?

* * *

*How Abe Earned His First Dime*
Would you like to see that in a motion picture?

* * *

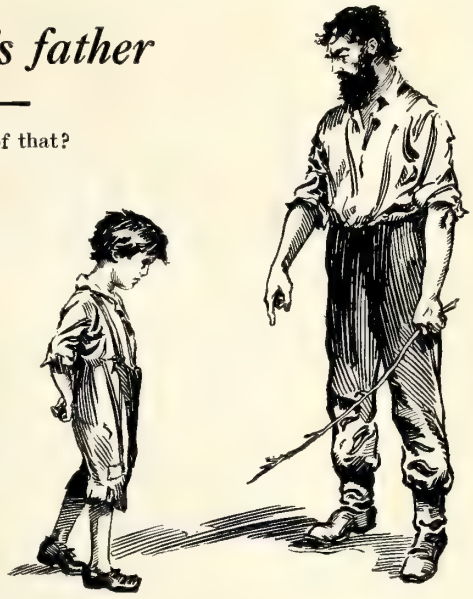
*How Abe Saved His Father's Farm*
Would you like to see that in a motion picture?

* * *

*How Abe "Stole" the Sickle*
Would you like to see that in a motion picture?

* * *

*And Everything Else That Happened to Him When He Was a Boy*
You can! It has been done! Show this page at the ticket office window!



## Benjamin Chapin in

# "Children of Democracy"

**A GREAT, THRILLING MOTION PICTURE**

In "Children of Democracy" Benjamin Chapin has made a wonderful series of motion pictures, depicting life in the great middle west in the early nineteenth century.

They would be wonderful pictures in their thrilling romance and picturesque humor and great human appeal were they merely the story of some every day John Smith. But, as it happens, they tell the gripping boyhood life of Abraham Lincoln, America's greatest son of democracy.

These absorbing motion pictures carry you back to those strenuous years around 1820, when our middle west was still a rugged, only partly conquered country. The story they tell is pure human drama, intense, vital, full of fun; taking the great emancipator through those hard years of boyhood that moulded the supreme character of the man. You meet face to face, the characters you have read about in history. You laugh with them, because they had a lot of fun in their bitter life; you look sober eyed at the drama of their struggles against poverty and trials, because their lives were filled with shadows. And through the scenes of "Children of Democracy" walks the figure of Abe Lincoln, the boy, "father of the man"—as a human, lovable youngster.

Up to now all we know about Abraham Lincoln has been read in books. But now we can *see* him and his father and his wonderful mother, Nancy Hanks, in their humble log cabin on the rock-ridden farm in Indiana. Now we can see "Abe" Lincoln, the boy, ragged, bare-legged American president in the making. See him with his cronies and pals and his rivals—watch him work and play and stand up under harder knocks and disappointments than any body has to face today.

Of course, you want to see this wonderful series of motion pictures. And you can. They will be shown in all the better motion picture theatres. Each week for ten weeks you can see a chapter of the wonderful picture. You can really know what kind of a boy Abe was. And every American boy—whether he is 10 or 15 or 50 is going to want to see "Children of Democracy" (yes, and every girl, too!). It is more than a motion picture. It is history, but *history* come to life.

**Show this page at the ticket-office window of the best motion picture theatre you know about, and ask "When is it coming?"**

*They're like as twins.*

*Mail this coupon for a free portrait of Chapin as Lincoln. Specify what theatre you would like to see this picture in.*

FAMOUS PLAYERS—LASKY CORPORATION
485 Fifth Avenue, New York City (S. P.)
Please send me, free, portrait of Chapin as Lincoln, and copy of Gettysburg address.

Name.....

Address.....

Name of Theatre.....

*Write on margin if not room in coupon*

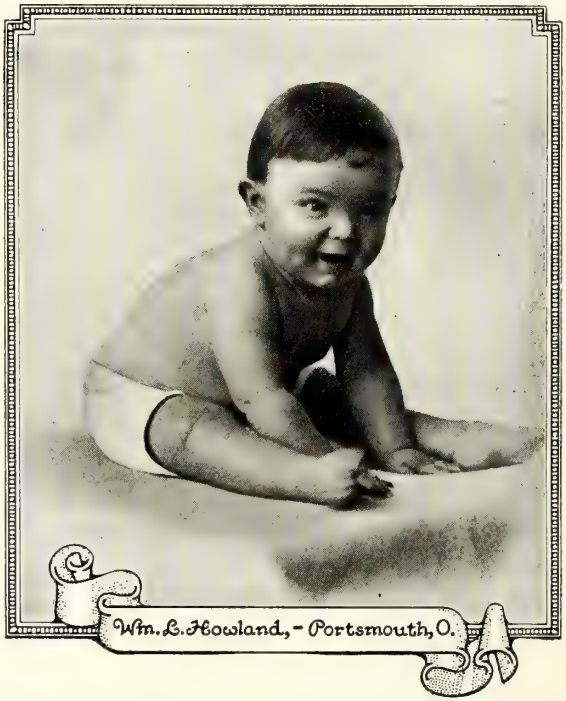
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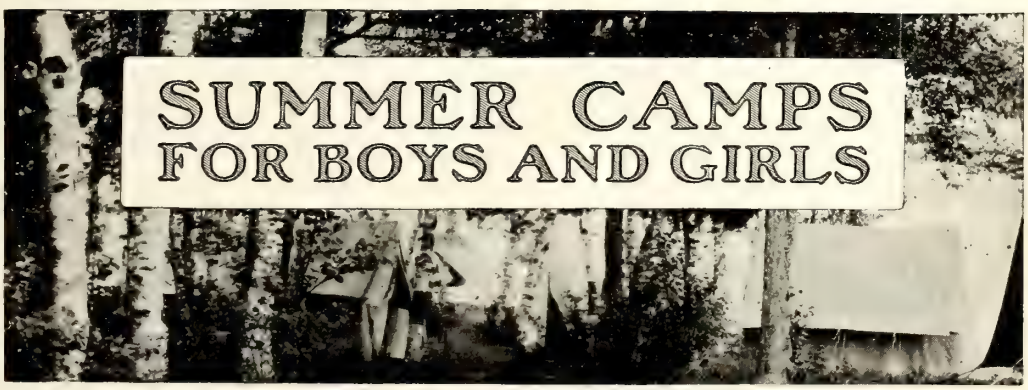
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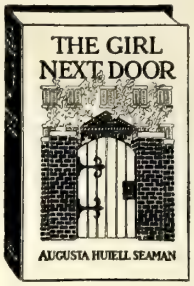
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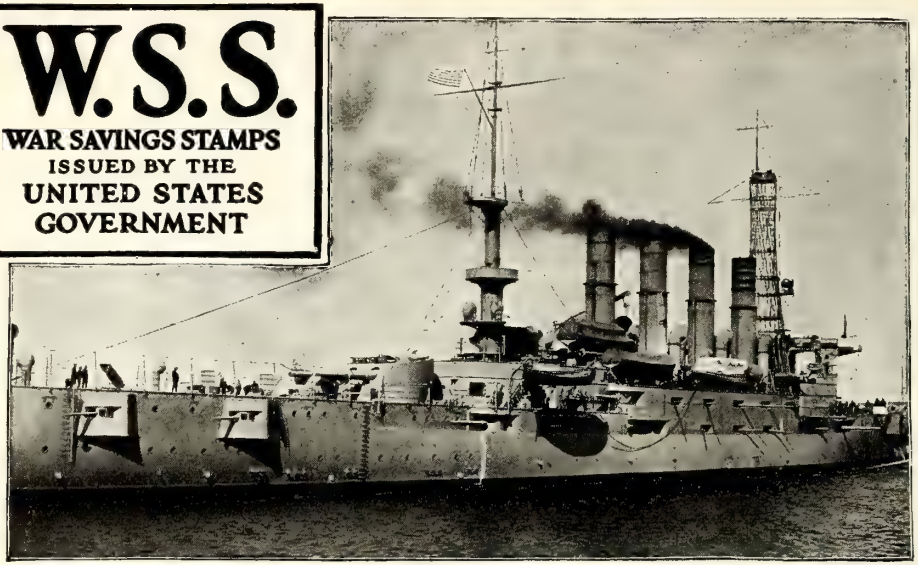
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# W.S.S.

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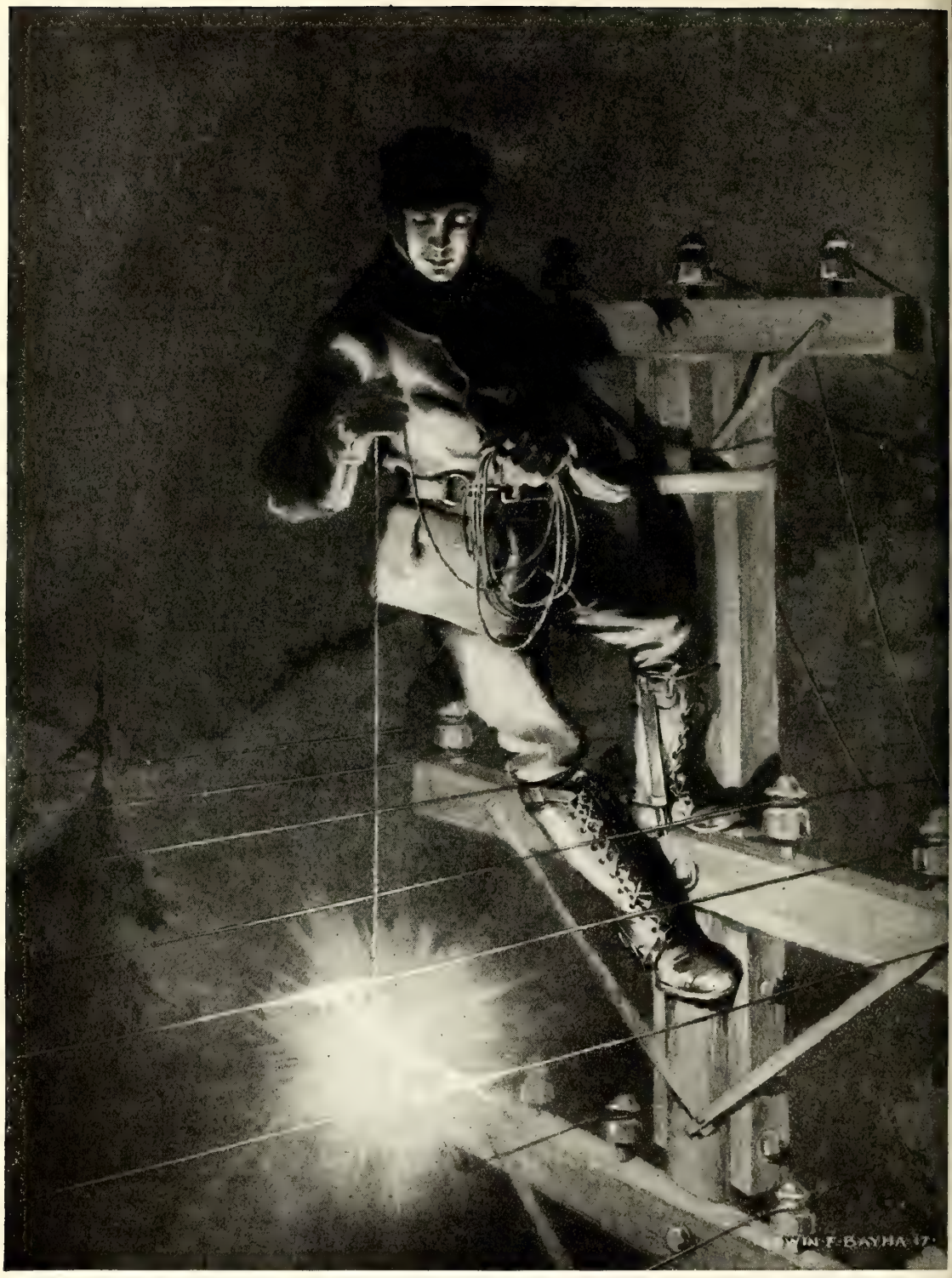

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Silversmiths and Goldsmiths

New York

WORKS - PROVIDENCE AND NEW YORK

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"THERE WAS A FLAME, A PUFF OF SMOKE." (SEE PAGE 197.)

# ST. NICHOLAS

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# "Please Get Off The Line"

BY CHARLES A. HOYT

UP in the north country, toward the northern end of Vermont, they have real winter. None of these winters that blow hot and cold at the same breath, but the genuine "old-fashioned" kind the old-timers tell about; snow and sleighing sometimes for six months in the year.

In a little notch of the Green Mountains, where the raging Lamoille breaks through, running over its boulder-strewn bed to Lake Champlain, lies the little village of Hartwick. Five miles below the village is the power-plant that furnishes lights to six of the surrounding towns: Hartwick, East Hartwick, and Hartwick Center on the river, and then, over beyond old Buffalo Mountain, Woolcott, West Woolcott, and North Woolcott.

"Old man" Bowers, as he is always called to distinguish him from Fred, his son, is in charge of the plant. Fred is the general factotum, the handy-man; and the six villages keep him busy. His duties are certainly varied. The six power-lines radiating over the mountain like a spider's web are strongly put up, as the sturdiest kind of construction sometimes fails to meet the test which the snow- and sleet-storms impose upon it.

Fred sometimes has a busy day, often twenty-four hours long, rebuilding and repairing. The summer storms are bad enough, with sheet-lightning playing around the shaggy crest of Old Buffalo and discharging through the lightning-arresters with a steady roar; but the winter troubles are the worst to contend with.

Last winter was very severe, one sleet-storm after another playing havoc with the lines. Fred was continually on the jump from daylight till dark, watching and repairing; then, when a cold snap set in, with no snow, the lines were soon fixed up. One afternoon he stamped into the power-house, sliding into a chair with a tired sigh.

"Just one more thing and then I take a day off!" he said. "Twenty-two days and no rest! I 've about broken the record this hitch."

His father cast his eye along the line of instruments on the switchboard as he asked:

"What 's the 'one thing more,' Fred? You certainly have had a run of work, and no mistake."

"I 've got to hitch in the new line to the sawmill. I put an extension on the junction-pole at the foot of Old Buffalo last Tuesday, but it got dark before I could hitch it up."

"Oh, that 's the way you got in on the pole!" remarked Bowers, Senior. "I wondered how on earth you 'd hitch there. Six circuits start there now."

"Sure, it was the only way. The lower set of wires are as low as the law allows, now. I had to splice the pole and put the new wires on top, or set a new one.

"Now, Dad," Fred was buckling on his climbers as he spoke, "it 's nearly three o'clock. I 've got a big stunt to wind that job up by dark. It 's number-four wire, and heavy, and I 've got to solder all the connections."

His father glanced out at the dun clouds that hung about the crest of Old Buffalo.

"It 'll be dark early. You must be sure to finish up so I can get power on the lines by five o'clock."

"That 'll be easy," and Fred stood up, stamping to loosen the straps around his legs. "An hour ought to be enough for it."

"Don't be too sure!" cautioned the older Bowers. "Give yourself time enough so you 'll be off that pole by five *sure*. How 'll you get word to me that you 're done?" said he, suddenly. "That pole is two miles away, and if you walk back here, it 'll take half an hour, easy; and then there 'll be a howl from six different directions."

Fred stopped to consider.

"That 's so. It might be six o'clock."

"Ten dollars an hour!" warned his father. "Ten dollars revenue—besides a hundred kicks."

Fred brightened up.

"I 'll tell you! I 'll take the field-telephone set and hitch in on the top circuit—that 's the North Woolcott line. You disconnect the 'phone here and tap the outgoing line. When I 'm done I 'll—"

"Telephone me!" finished his father.

"Dead easy!" Fred exulted, as he clawed the little set together. "There 's always a way."

"Now be sure!" warned his father. "Don't make any mistake, but telephone me when you 're done. I 'll wait ten minutes to give you plenty of time to get off the pole, and then plug in."

Fred bundled up to face the cold again.

"All right. I 'll get down just as soon as I 've 'phoned."

*"Be sure!"* were the last warning words of his father as Fred climbed out of the gorge where the power-house was built, and looked back at hi father standing in the door. Waving his han and nodding as a token that he heard, he sped on

It had been a cold morning and the day ha grown only a little warmer at noon. There was n wind, and the sun shone feebly through the vei of white frost in the air. The thermometer regis tered thirty degrees below zero, and it would cer tainly show no higher figure with the descendin sun.

Loaded as he was with the various tools an paraphernalia of the craft, Fred was warn enough when he reached the junction-pole an climbed up at once to complete his task. The jo was not a long one—half an hour in warn weather would have sufficed to accomplish it, fo Fred had merely to twist jumpers, or leaders o heavy copper wire, from the new line, leading t the portable sawmill half a mile out in the woods to the main line from the power-house.

But the half-hour it should have take stretched out to an hour; then to an hour and half. To begin with, he dropped his plumbers torch twice and had to climb down after it. The the solder followed; and to put the finishin touch on his series of troubles, he lost the solder ing-paste in the deep snow and could n't find it.

When, at last, the job was finished, he was s cold all over and his fingers were so numb that i was with great difficulty that he properly con nected the little telephone set. He rang the bel and placed the receiver at his ear. The respons was instant.

"All right, I—mum—I—" running off to a con fused jumble of noise.

"Hello! Hello!" he shouted, rattling the hoo of his instrument; "tighten up your connection!" He looked carefully at his own. They were correct "Hello!" he yelled again, but got no response. H stopped to consider. It was very clear that th connections were correct, for otherwise no wor could have come to him. All at once, plain an clear in the receiver, a woman's voice rang out:

"I tell you I can't possibly come till next Mon day; there 's no way I can fix it."

Fred knew at once what had happened. Th rural telephone-line had fallen or come in con tact with the power-wires somewhere, and if th power started, somebody was likely to get int trouble.

He cut in quickly.

"Will you please let me have the line a minute These are the power-wires and you 're liable t be killed if the power comes on. I—"

That 's a likely story!" the woman laughed "I 've heard of smart schemes to hold the line be fore, but this is a new one."

"But please listen a minute!" pleaded Fred, desperately. "You can have the line all night if you 'll only let me get word—"

"Nothing to it!" snapped the sharp voice. "Here, Central, do I get this line, or don't I? Who had it first, anyhow?"

Fred hung up the receiver a moment as it was very evident that the woman would finish her conversation long before he could argue out his reasons with her.

Settling back on the cross-arm he sunk his spurs deeply into the pole. His legs ached and he was cruelly cold. The darkness was settling fast. He knew his father would be listening anxiously for his message, but there was no help for it.

He hung the telephone on a wire and wearily shifted his position so he could stand on the upper cross-arm, thus easing the ache in his legs, and cling to the pole extension with one arm. He was beating the other cold hand on his thigh, when suddenly the little box burst into flame, falling to the snow below. The air was full of pungent smoke, where the wires, as they fell, struck in the labyrinth of wires below.

The power had been turned on! Between his feet were two wires energized with ten thousand volts! Running upright to the cross-arm to which he clung with one arm, they passed within six inches of his face and on into the dark woods! The energy of half the river was pent up in these little strings of copper! A single touch,—only to brush against two of them at the same time,—he would not know what had struck him! What could his father have been thinking of? Why had he done this thing?

Cautiously twisting his head, Fred looked to see what possibility there was of getting through the network. One look was enough. There were six banks of three wires each, so close together that it was impossible to worm his way through. His 'phone was burned up and gone! He wondered whether the sharp-tongued woman had been shocked!

Half smiling, he recalled the story of the man who, when he called up his home, was knocked across the room by the high-voltage power-wires crossing with the telephone circuit. "That 's my wife, all right!" the man remarked as soon as he recovered.

Fred did n't smile, however, as he reflected upon his present situation. His position was fast becoming unbearable, and it seemed impossible to change it in the slightest degree. As long as he stood where he was,—with feet on the cross-arm and his hands clinging to the pole extension,—he was safe. He was above the network, and the new wires were on the opposite side of the pole extension; but if he attempted any change of position, death, swift and sure, awaited him.

It was cold, bitterly cold; and while there was no wind, the cold seemed to pierce to his very marrow as he stood motionless, like a frozen thing, death waiting for him between his hands, between his feet, below, everywhere! He considered the possibility of jumping, and looked in the fast-fading light for a good place, a deep drift in the snow. But the outside wires were so far out and his footing so insecure that it was uncertain whether his leap could clear them.

Then, too, he might land on a rock just below the surface of the snow. There were plenty of them lying around, and the pole was fifty feet high! There was little prospect of help from any passer-by, as very few were abroad on such cold days; besides, the junction-pole stood a long way from the road. Clearly, he must help himself out of his own trouble. But how? He had a little hand-line at his belt, a roll of thin copper wire, and the various tools needed to work with. Hanging behind him was the heavy body-strap all linemen carry to strap themselves to the pole when using both hands. It was a poor and meager equipment to cope with the almost resistless power steadily pouring over the wires. After thinking until his head swam, he hit upon the only scheme possible to draw attention to his plight. If that failed, he would jump and take his chances with the wires first and the rocks afterward.

Carefully disengaging the body-strap, he passed it around the top of the pole and leaned back from the wires enough to beat the circulation into his stiffened hands. Then he cut a piece of the small copper wire from the coil, bent a hook on one end, turning a loop in the middle a little to one side of the center. The hand-line, a piece of stout clothes-line, was next tied to the loop and he was ready. Carefully lowering the hook until it caught on one of the power-wires, he let the other end down and cautiously tapped on the wire beside it. There was a flame, a puff of smoke and the little wire was promptly burned off. The hook end was welded to the heavy copper, but he wrenched it loose and tried another. He was safe because the rope he used was *perfectly dry*. Electricity will not flow over a dry rope. The body-strap allowed him to lean far out from the pole and the three live wires that led up to the top of the pole-extension and gave him room in which to work.

Down in the power-house his father was pacing back and forth in front of the switchboard,

vaguely worried about something. He had received the signal "All right" over the telephone. But when he came to think about it the message had seemed very abrupt.

Suddenly the hands on one of the dials in front of him swung clear around against the pin, the dynamo gave a groan, and the North Woolcott circuit-breaker flew out! North Woolcott was without light.

Quickly throwing the switch in again, and seeing that there was no further trouble, he noted on his report, "Short circuit at 5-26. No damage."

The dynamo spun off a few thousand revolutions, and then, with another groan, the Hartwick Center circuit was without power. "Short circuit 5-29. No damage."

He walked back and forth uneasily. Two short-circuits in three minutes were certainly peculiar.




"THE MAN FELL INTO A BROWN STUDY."

Leaping to the switchboard, he threw in the Hartwick switch, noting that only four minutes had elapsed since the last interruption.

He looked anxiously out of the window, but the darkness was complete. Then he dashed to the telephone.

"Is Fred home yet?" he asked his wife, excitedly. "He ought to be there pretty soon. Call me up as soon as he comes in."

While he was turning away from the telephone, another short-circuit, this time heavier, made the dynamo grunt as the Woolcott switch flew out with a bang. Throwing it in caused no disturbance.

Then the man fell into a brown study. There certainly was method in these strange happenings — this throwing-out first one and then another of the circuits in rotation; just as they occurred on the poles. He cast about for the places where such a thing could be done. There was only one—the junction-pole two miles below—the pole that Fred was working on!

Breaking into a cold sweat, he again ran to the telephone to call up Fred's mother.

"Not yet," was her reply. "Is anything wrong?"

Another short-circuit, this time on the Woolcott Center, brought him to the switchboard with a rush. This was no accidental affair! Some one was methodically putting the lines out of commission! There was a point down the road where he could see the junction-pole without being gone very long from the power-house; and with a single glance around he ran bareheaded out into the nipping cold—to watch.

If any one was tampering with the system, the flash could be seen against the dark woods be-

yond. Before he reached it he could see the glow in the sky from the lights at Woolcott Center fade away.

And when he had been at his vantage-point a few moments a blinding flash announced that another village was in darkness.

Sick with dread, he tore madly back and shut off the great turbine. Rushing to the telephone at its discordant jangle, and disregarding all appeals for lights, he called up the fire department.

"Go out to the junction-pole three miles from the village and see what you find! Make time! Make time!" He hung up the receiver, too much overcome to explain. Sinking down in a chair by the stove, he buried his face in his hands and waited in agonized silence, broken only by the rush of water past the building as it slipped over the dam.

An electrician on duty is like a soldier at his post; the good of the service is placed above everything else. He is expected to stay until relieved, no matter what happens.

What he passed through during the next half-hour, no one can know. The fire department was the only agency that could be depended upon for prompt action; and by an understanding with the electric-light plant it always responded to any hurry-calls for help.

Suddenly a noise was heard at the door! He sprang to his feet!

It opened, and Fred came in, dashed his climbers in the corner and spread his hands out by the stove.

His father seemed to have aged twenty years in an hour.

"Fred!" he gasped. "Fred! I—"

"I thought if I put 'em out of commission, you 'd catch on that something was up, and shut down. Better start in now to satisfy that gang that 's keeping the telephone hot."

"But the—did the hook-and-ladder men get there?" asked his father, grabbing him as if to make sure that he was truly in the flesh. "You *'phoned!* I heard you say 'All right' as plain as day!"

"The wires got crossed with the rubber-neck line," Fred replied, with characteristic boyish reluctance to exhibit emotion.

Suddenly he grinned.

"I 'll tell you one thing, Dad,—the next time anybody asks that woman to please get off the line, I bet you she does it!"

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"MY! SANTA CLAUS HAS PASSED THIS WAY"

# The Joyous Travelers.

## Verses by Emilie Poulsson and stories by Maud Lindsay.



### Introduction.

Once in the month of May when the cuckoo sang and the hawthorn bloomed, certain Joyous Travelers met at an inn by the King's highway.

And because their ways lay in the same direction and because they liked good company and merry they agreed to travel together.

A Squire there was and his Lady;
Their little son, and his good Nurse.
Two Sisters young and fair;
Their Aunt, and her Scotch Maid.
An Oxford Scholar on a holiday,
A Chapman with his pack upon his back.
A Farmer who had been to see the sights of London Town,
And with his Servant Lad, a sturdy fellow, a Young
Lord hastening to his manor.

And so it befell that when they stopped to rest at inn, or brook, or 'neath some greenwood tree, first one and then another right willingly told a tale to please the Squire's little son; nor, if the truth were known, were they less eager listeners than the child.

"A good tale is good fare for young and old," the Squire said.

And of the Joyous Travelers not one was missing when the tales went round.

And so they traveled pleasantly from meeting place to journey's end.

## The Squire's Little Son



Joyous Traveler was he,
The one child of the company.
Bright locks he had and eyes of blue,
And chubby cheeks of rosy hue,
And sturdy legs to romp and run.
Such was the Squire's Little Son.

Tho' strong and bold,—his father's lad,—
His mother's tender heart he had;
And, taught by her, would often find
Some childish way of being kind.
The love of all he quickly won.
Such was the Squire's Little Son.

In active sport, from morn to night,
And ventures bold he took delight,
Yet always from his frolics wild
A promised tale would win the child.
Scarce would he stir till it was done.
Such was the Squire's Little Son.

And so right glad was he, when they—
The Joyous Travelers on their way—
Told tales of hero, beast, or elf,
Of saints, of children like himself,
Or comic tales with jokes and fun;
All pleased the Squire's Little Son.

## The Nurse



In well-starched, towering cap of white
The nurse was an imposing sight;
Yet jollity was written in
Her chubby face and double chin.
Smile-wrinkles wreathed her mouth about,
Her cheeks like two red hills curved out.
Behind them—almost lost!—her eyes
Showed glints of fun, though keen and wise;
And when she laughed, it was as though
A jolly earthquake were let go—
So did her gurgling laughter make
Her roly-poly figure shake!
As some old hen with but one chick
Will round it cluck and scratch and pick,
The Nurse would bustle round the lad.
Full loath was she to think he had
His need of her at all outgrown!
And, certes, if the truth were known,
He still loved, as in earlier days,
Her "old wives' tales", her coddling ways;
And 't was his pleading did prevail
On her to tell them all a tale;
Thus was the round of tales begun
To please the Squire's Little Son.

# The Nurse's Tale.
## The Wishing-Well



ONCE upon a time, when the world was young as ye are, there was a wishing-well where a body might get all the fairy gold he wanted, if only he knew how to wish for it in the right way, and went to the well at the right time.

The right time to go to the wishing-well was on Midsummer's Eve, when the beasts and the birds talked, and the fairies danced, trip-it-light, all-the-night, up and down the dells. Never a one but agreed to that.

But how to wish for the fairy gold was another matter.

He who seeks the wishing-well
All alone must be;
Sit him down upon the brink,
Wish with wishes three.

Just as poor as when he came,
Home his way he 'll wend,
If he does not truly tell
How the gold he 'll spend:

An' he please not fairy folk,
Wish he what he may,
Never from the wishing-well,
Gold he'll take away.

This was all that the wisest ones in the land could tell about the wishing; and how to please the fairies a body had to find out for himself.

But nevertheless there were folks a-plenty who wanted to go to the wishing-well; and among these were two maids who were bonny alike, and blithe alike, and of the very same age.

Once they got in the way of thinking of the fairy gold, they could not get out of it; and when Midsummer's Eve came round, nothing would do but that go to the well they must. And so they did.

The first maid started so early that she had to take her supper, which was a fine slice of cake, in her hand. And as she was hurrying through the woods a little bird on a hazel-bush said to her, said he:

"If ye 'll share your cake with me, I am the one who will tell you all about the wishing at the wishing-well."

The maid did not care to share her cake, but, because she wanted to know what the bird had to tell, she broke off a wee corner of her slice, so wee that it was naught but a crumb, and gave it to him. Whereupon the bird said, said he:

"One wish for your best loved, one wish for the one who needs it most, one wish for yourself —three wishes all told will get for you the fairy gold."

The maid was none too well pleased with what she heard, and when she came to the well she said to herself, said she:

"I'll wish the wish for myself first, as is surely right, and then I 'll see."

So she sat down on the well's brink and wished for gold to buy a gown all covered with pearls and diamonds, and golden slippers to wear on her feet.

And—do ye believe it?—the wish had scarcely left the tip of her tongue when, *clink, clank,* down upon the well's brink came a bag filled with more gold than she had ever laid eyes on before.

She did not waste time looking at it, though, for no sooner had she taken one peep into the bag than she was at her wishing again.

"A wish for my best loved," said she; for, little as she liked it, she could not forget what the bird had said. And she thought of her mother, but she did not wish a wish for her.

"It 's no wish for herself, but one for me that my mother would want," said she. "And how could I walk about the street in a gown covered with pearls and diamonds? I must have something to ride in."

So she wished for gold to buy a coach and horses as fine as the King's own. And the wish had scarcely left her lips when, *clink, clank,* down upon the well's brink came another bag of gold, larger and heavier than the first.

"Now for the last wish," said the maid, as soon as she saw the second bag of gold. "A wish for the one who needs it most."

"Well, I am sure," said she, "I know of no one who needs it more than myself; for how can I live in a hut of a house with all my fine things?"

So she wished for gold to build a house as grand as the house where the King and Queen lived. And the words were scarcely spoken when, *clink, clank,* down came a third bag of gold, as large and heavy as the other two put together.

"The Prince himself may ask me to marry him

when he sees me in my bonny clothes, riding in my fine chariot, away from my grand house," said the maid; and she caught hold of the bags to run away home with them.

But the smallest of them was heavier than she could lift, though she tried with all the strength that was in her. And—do ye believe it?—as she was pulling and tugging and striving and toiling to carry them away, she pushed the bags over the brink! *Clink, clank,* they fell to the bottom of the well, and there they still lie, so it is said.

"It is all because of that wicked bird," said the maid, fairly crying with vexation; and she ran so heedless through the woods that she missed her way, and did not get home till break o' day.

Now the second maid started to the well a little later than the first, but still so early that she had to take her supper, which was a slice of fresh bread, in her hand. And as she was hurrying through the woods, a little bird on a hazel-bush said to her, said he:

"If ye 'll share your bread with me, I 'm the one that will tell you all about the wishing at the wishing-well."

The maid was glad to share her bread with him. "It 's little to pay to learn so much," said she. And she broke the bread and gave the larger part to the bird.

Whereupon the bird said, said he:

"One wish for your best loved, one wish for



"PICKING UP THE BAGS, THEY FLEW AWAY TO THE MAID'S HOME WITH THEM." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

the one who needs it most, one wish for yourself —three wishes all told—will get for you the fairy gold."

The maid was well pleased with what she heard, and when she came to the well she said to herself:

"A wish for my best loved. That 's Mother," she said, "and it 's new clothes she 's needing this very day."

So she sat on the well's brink and wished for gold to buy her mother new clothes from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet. "A bonnet, a shawl, a dress, and new shoes," said she. And—do ye believe it?—the wish had scarcely left the tip of her tongue when *clink, clank*, down upon the well's brink came a bag filled with more gold than she had ever laid eyes on before.

"Oh," said the maid, clapping her hands with delight at the sight of it, "it 's a proud woman my mother will be this night!" And she would have run away home with her good news if it had not been for the second wish—"A wish for the one that needs it most."

"And who could that be but the old shoemaker, poor body, with his feet so twisted with rheumatism that he cannot get to the church on a Sunday," said she. "He must have something to ride in."

So she wished for gold to buy the shoemaker a coach and horses as fine as the King's own.

And the wish had scarcely left her lips when, *clink, clank,* down came a bag of gold larger and heavier than the first.

"Oh," cried the maid, when she saw it, "my heart is jumping out of my body for joy!" And she was so eager to be off with her good news that she was near to forgetting the last wish—a wish for herself. "'T is a shame to ask for more," said she; but because of what the bird and the wise folks had told her, she wished again:

"A wee bit of gold to buy slippers to dance in at the Prince's wedding, when he gets himself a wife," said she, laughing so hard at the thought of it that her laughter rang in the bottom of the well. And she had not done laughing when, *clink, clank,* down came a third bag of gold larger and heavier than the other two put together.

It was a puzzle how to get them all home, for the smallest was too heavy for her to lift. But—do ye believe it?—before she had time to lay a finger to the bags, with a whisk-about whirl-about, all the fairy folk stood around her.

"By your leave," said they; and picking up the bags as if they were filled with nothing but feathers, they flew away to the maid's home with them.

"It 's all because of that bonny bird," said the maid, following after them with her cheeks as red as roses and her eyes as bright as the stars.

And on the way she met the Prince, who was so pleased with her happy looks that he asked her to marry him. And marry him she did, with slippers on her feet that were bought with fairy gold, so it is said.

(*To be continued*)



A CONVOY THROUGH THE DANGER-ZONE.




# THE JUNIOR RED CROSS TAKES HOLD

When President Wilson issued his proclamation to American youth urging enrolment in the Junior Red Cross, a certain boy living on a western homestead sat right down and wrote a letter to Dr. H. N. MacCracken, the director of the new organization.

The young patriot gave his age in this letter, his height, his weight, an estimate of his general health, and other facts about himself, including that of his experience in driving a motorcycle, closing his letter with these words:

"I feel that I ought to offer my services to the Junior Red Cross."

If he had been twenty years old, instead of fourteen, and was offering himself to the Army, perhaps to sacrifice his life, he could not have been more earnest in his devotion to the country.

This letter was but typical of hundreds of others sent to Red Cross Headquarters in Washington by patriotic American boys and girls soon after the formation of the Junior Red Cross was announced, and long before the Junior Red Cross organization was completed to a point where it could give adequate attention to such letters. Boys and girls urged that full instructions be sent to their teachers at once, that no time might be lost by their schools in enlisting under the Red Cross banner. Many teachers, too, were among the pioneer correspondents.

There was a heavy response to the first announcement from the smaller towns and from the rural districts. In most of the large cities the young folks in manual-training classes had already had opportunity to work for the Red Cross, but in the country districts such opportunities had been lacking.

The Red Cross authorities expected the Junior Red Cross to be well received by Young America, but they were not prepared for the wave of enthusiasm that the announcement created. Indeed, after a few weeks there was no doubt that the



AN AMERICAN RED CROSS WAREHOUSE IN PARIS, FRANCE.

twenty million public-school pupils of the United States had sorely needed just such an outlet for their practical patriotism.

Building an organization as large as the Junior Red Cross is no slight task. Amazingly swift as the progress already made has been, yet a year from to-day the Junior Red Cross will be operating more smoothly and efficiently than it now is, the large cities to bring its schools within the Junior Red Cross. Practical Junior Red Cross work is now being done by the schools of Boston, Buffalo, and Chicago, all of which are furnishing comforts and small luxuries to the men of military training-camps located near those cities. A call has come from the cantonments for tent-pegs, and several manual-training classes of



SOME RED CROSS SUPPLIES MADE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

when the confusion of organization is still upon it. Headquarters is following the plan originally adopted of having the local chapters assume the work of enlisting the schools. Thus all letters of inquiry sent to Washington are forwarded to the chapters concerned.

A number of schools that had been doing Red Cross work in the past organized informally for Junior Red Cross membership as soon as the announcement was made, and each set up the claim of having been the first in. For the sake of peace in the family the Junior Red Cross will not attempt to decide which school was the first Junior auxiliary.

Newark, New Jersey, was among the first of Junior Red Cross boys are turning out these implements at their work-benches.

The Lexington, Kentucky, schools were among the first to join the Junior Red Cross as a body. Lexington is proud of the Red Cross work of its school-children since war began. Last summer the Lexington high-school girls planted Red Cross gardens of one seventh of an acre each, and grew produce that took prizes. The Independent Kentucky Regiment was equipped with comfort-bags, one thousand of them, furnished by the Lexington schools.

One of the first tasks for the officials at headquarters was that of compiling a Junior Red Cross Manual. This volume is now being dis-



READY TO WORK FOR THE JUNIOR RED CROSS.

tributed by the Red Cross chapters. It contains working specifications for the manufacture of the various supplies needed by the Red Cross, not only for knitted goods and products of needlework, but specifications for making crutches, splints, tent-pegs, and the like.

An interesting portion of the Manual is devoted to garments for children refugees in France and elsewhere in Europe, patterns and full working directions being given.

The Manual also gives directions for holding exhibitions of fine Junior Red Cross work. The competitions, with suitable prizes, are one of the most admirable features of the new organization's plan.



A CLASS OF YOUNG KNITTERS.

It has been decided not to allow boys and girls below high-school age to make surgical dressings, particularly the more important bandages. So much harm can be wrought by bandages made carelessly or unskilfully that the military authorities will trust their manufacture only to high-school Juniors. The schools that make bandages will have work-rooms fitted out according to Red Cross standards. The workers in these rooms will wear uniforms, while each of the teachers in charge of such rooms must be the possessor of a

certificate of proficiency in the regular Red Cross surgical-dressings course of instruction.

A new line of Junior activity has been developed only within the last month. From time to time the soldiers in the training-camps find themselves needing articles not furnished by the Government. At all permanent camps the Red Cross maintains headquarters, with camp directors. These directors are now on the lookout for the special, unfilled needs of soldiers. As these needs are reported, the camp director sends lists of them to the nearest chapters, which, in turn, will largely rely upon the Junior Red Cross to furnish such supplies.

# "TURN OFF THE LIGHT!"

SOMEWHERE out in the broad Atlantic a periscope glinted for a few moments above the surface of a sunlit sea. Then the lookout on a lonely tramp steamer observed a serpent-like streamer of white bubbles darting straight and swiftly for the vessel's side. Almost before he could shout the warning, there was a mighty explosion and a heavy geyser of water shot upward amidships. The few members of the crew at once took to the life-boats; and a few minutes later the grimy old boat dived to her final resting-place on the wreck-strewn bottom of the ocean.

There was no loss of life. The tragedy did not even inspire the line or so in the newspapers that would have been the valedictory of a more important vessel, for this dusty old hulk was a collier, and the newspapers of to-day are too much occupied with the chronicles of human tragedies to mark the end of an uninteresting coal-carrier.

Yet this tramp steamer bore with her down to the ancient ooze of the Atlantic's bottom over seven thousand tons of American coal, enough to keep a fair-sized city warmed and comforted for several days or a factory in operation for several years. And down there in the green twilight of eternity she joined other shattered hulks which, too, held their cargoes that once gleamed dry and solid in the walls of American coal mines. The German submarines have been highly fatal to the slow-moving colliers. Thousands upon thousands of tons of the vital commodity have been lost forever in this way.

Coal, once so dull and stupid a subject to the average young person, so far removed from contact with the average young life, now that war is making us all see the grim realities, has proudly assumed its kingship in the scheme of war. Its insistence upon consideration has been somewhat distressing, but we can no longer blind ourselves to the truth that upon coal may depend the future happiness of ourselves and of our land.

It is even more important than food. So important is it that coal shall not fail, that the Government has created a Fuel Administration, under the direction of Dr. Harry A. Garfield, to do for coal what the Hoover Food Administration is doing for the food-supplies.

Now, coal will not fail us if we do our part. For that reason Dr. Garfield and his Fuel Administration have a message for ST. NICHOLAS readers. That message is:

"TURN OFF THE LIGHT!"

Every one of us can do his part in saving coal. You may never see or handle a lump of coal from one year's end to the other, yet you can help save it. And no patriotic service is more important or fundamental than this.

To the typical apartment-house dweller in the cities, coöperation with the Fuel Administration will mean turning off the electric light when it is not needed. The Food Administration is spreading the gospel of the empty plate. The Fuel Administration is telling us that the cool house is good patriotism this winter. The overheated house or apartment is wasting coal. And it is equally important that gas and electricity made from coal be not wasted.

The efforts of a single individual in the careful, stinting use of electricity and gas may seem to be infinitesimal; but multiply such efforts by millions, and the total is staggering. It is an economy directed squarely for the winning of the war.

In spite of an increased coal-production, amounting to more than fifty million tons last year, the United States still lacks fifty million tons for the power necessary to the successful carrying on of the war.

In the first place, it should be emphasized that it is impossible to provide this extra, much-needed fuel by increasing production from the mines. The mines themselves could turn out more, but the output is limited by the number of railroad cars to haul it. The modern mine dumps its coal directly into railroad-cars waiting under the tipple. For a variety of reasons it is impracticable to pile up stores of coal at the mouths of the mines. When there are no waiting cars the mine must shut down.

In the second place, it is relatively easy, by a more careful use of coal, to provide the excess needed. If every kitchen range were economically managed, the saving would be fifteen million tons in a year. If every home furnace were stoked without waste, an additional twenty-five million tons could be added to the supply needed by the war factories. Then if those who get light and heat by pressing a button or turning a valve were to practice economy, the whole problem would be solved without appealing to industrial economy at all.

The little sacrifices and savings will count here heavily, and that is why Dr. Garfield is appealing to the boys and girls of the country to aid his campaign. In a village in New York a patriotic citizen offered to pay one cent for each three pounds of coal picked up by the school-children along the roads and in ash heaps. In five days sixteen boys and girls brought in more than six-teen hundred pounds of waste coal. Not one of these workers was over ten years of age. All the children of the village, one hundred and twenty of them, earned enough in this manner to buy a hundred-dollar Liberty bond. This happened in the town of Tappan, New York.

Whenever you hear a freight-train whistle for a crossing, remember that if it is a typical train, half of its cars are coal-cars. The coal consumption of the nation amounts to six hundred million tons annually. This is half of the total freight traffic. The coal is shockingly wasted. If all out-of-date power-plants were remodeled and all waste eliminated, the railroads could use half of their coal-cars for other purposes.

But such drastic reform could not be accomplished soon enough to help in the war. So, while factories are economizing in coal, as best they can, the consumers in their homes, too, can help mightily. The Fuel Administration advises the use of fireless-cookers and oil-stoves. It issues instructions for the proper care of ranges and furnaces. Its slogan is: "It is everybody's business to save coal!"

## THE MOST FAMOUS CORN-FIELD

ALMOST in the heart of the city of Washington all last season stood a great field of corn that became without question the most famous corn-field the world ever knew.

It was planted, cultivated, and harvested by boys—the Boy Scouts of Washington. When war was declared the Government turned over to these boys one hundred acres of undeveloped land in Potomac Park, near the Washington monument. The boys, half a thousand of them, planted this land to corn; and never was a crop of any sort so watched from beginning to end and admired by so many of the eminent men and women of the earth.

The location of the field brought it its fame. The favorite automobile drive in Washington is through Potomac Park, alongside the broad, tidal river. War brought to Washington at some time or other during the year of 1917 most of the great men of the United States. Few of these but who saw and asked questions about the corn-field, for its conspicuous location in the center




THE FAMOUS CORN-FIELD IN POTOMAC PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C.

of a beautiful city park made it one of the sights of the capital. Even the sight-seeing automobiles began taking the tourists to the field when by midsummer the hundred acres were a waving sea of green, the stalks standing with level tops twelve to sixteen feet above the black soil, with never a thin or stunted spot in the whole tract.

When the war missions began to arrive from the foreign countries, the emissaries early in their visits observed the corn-field and stopped to admire it and to ask questions. Admiration in half a dozen languages has been poured out over the field. Balfour saw it, and so did Joffre and Viviani, and the members of the Italian mission, and the Russian, and the Belgian, and the Japanese. The temperamental French were moved almost to tears, for they saw in that field concrete evidence that the youth of America are heart and soul in the war.

And another famous man, perhaps to-day the most famous of all, watched that corn crop from beginning to end. The Potomac Park drive is a favorite one with President Wilson, and every now and then the President would order his chauffeur to stop while he asked the young farmers in uniform about their work. At such times the boys dropped their hoes and stood stiffly at salute, according to the best Scout practice.

Yet that field without the distinguished attention paid to it deserves fame in its own right. Its growth was like a romance, with right always striving to overcome evil. On that first planting day the boys marched to the field behind the band, while a speech from the Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Carl Vrooman, inaugurated the work. ST. NICHOLAS published a picture of that first parade in the last July number.



THE CORN-FIELD IN AUGUST, SHOWING THE STALK GROWTH.

The boys found virgin soil of the richest sort, black muck pumped by dredges out of the Potomac back-water, for that part of the park is a "made land." They found, too, a growth of weeds, of a height and rank profusion that reminded the Kipling readers of an Indian jungle.

The first task of the five hundred was to disperse these weeds. Then the plowing was done by hired help, and after that the seeding by machinery purchased by the local Boy Scout organization. Then Henry Ford of Detroit heard of

the field and made the boys a present of a tractor. Because of this gift the young farmers regard Mr. Ford as their chief benefactor, for very soon after the young corn showed its shoots it looked as if the whole effort might be lost. Incessant rain made it impossible to cultivate the rows. But the rich ground was filled with millions of weed seeds. These grew rankly and soon obliterated the rows of corn from view. When it seemed that the crop might be ruined, the rain stopped and the land dried out. Even then, without the rapid work of the tractor it might have been too late to save the corn.

After that, the boys were able to keep the weeds back. When visitors saw the enormous stalk growth in the summer they could scarcely believe that such corn was being grown by boys having no expert direction. In fact, except for friendly advice offered by experts of the Department of Agriculture, who frequently visited the field, the Scouts, both literally and figuratively, "hoed their own rows."

The harvest justified all the optimistic predictions made for the crop. Nearly 8500 bushels of cob-corn were harvested, or an average of about eighty-five bushels to the acre, not counting a considerable quantity stolen by thieves, both two-footed and four-footed. It was pronounced to be the finest field of corn in the whole section of the country of which Washington is the center, and the equal of the richest fields in the mid western corn belt.

The corn was all sold to a Washington miller, and its meal is now enabling Washington to save wheat. The price received by the Boy Scouts was more than a dollar a bushel for cob-corn. The large sum of money realized from the sale is now being devoted to various patriotic purposes.

# A LITTLE STORY AND A NEW YEAR'S GREETING

## CONTRIBUTED BY THE U. S. FOOD ADMINISTRATION

### THE STORY OF RAMA'S BRIDGE

THERE is an old Hindu story about Rama's bridge. Rama, the chief of the gods, was building a bridge, and the monkeys came to help in the work. They carried earth and stones and trees, and piled them up. They moved cliffs and mountains.

While the work was at its height the squirrel came to help. The squirrel could not carry much, but he rolled himself in the sand and scampered to the bridge and shook the sand from his coat and scampered back again.

The monkeys stopped and laughed at the squirrel. They said, "Ho! what does he think he is doing?" But Rama had watched the squirrel, and he reproved the monkeys, saying that according to his powers the squirrel was doing as much as any of them.

And this legend adds that Rama reached down and stroked the squirrel kindly, and from that day to this the squirrel has always borne upon his coat the stripes that are the marks of Rama's fingers.

This old tale has a food-saving point: We are all enlisted as volunteers to build a bridge from war to peace. Part of that bridge must be built of our surplus food materials. This great task enlists the whole nation. Some are able to accomplish more than others. But even the little child who saves a slice of bread is like the squirrel in the Hindu story, doing his or her utmost according to his or her powers.

### A GREETING FOR 1918

WE are glad to send this New-year's message to the boys and girls who have so loyally responded to the appeals of the Food Administration for the conservation of the staples that are needed to feed our soldiers and our allies. The past few months have shown that the food campaign nowhere meets more ready coöperation than from the alert, patriotic youth of America.

We are now at a new year, 1918, the year that may be the crucial one for us in the war. Our belief is still unchanged that food will win the war; that our boys will come home to us much sooner if we provide food for all the fighters.

This means personal sacrifice, but not a great measure of it compared with other sacrifices that are being made in the cause of humanity. To give up unessentials in order that courage on the battle-front may receive full support from the rear is the privilege of those of us who must remain at home.

In this coming year every bit of intelligence, ingenuity, and patriotism we have must be devoted to the problem of sending to Europe what our ships can best carry and of distributing at reasonable prices among our own people the abundance that remains. In that task every boy and girl can help by making it a New Year's resolution to line up with the Food Administration and follow conscientiously the advice of the scientists who are conducting its campaigns. Every one can help.

# MOTORING THROUGH THE GOLDEN AGE

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

Author of "The Boy's Life of Mark Twain"

## I—IN THE PROVENCE

As I write of it now, I seem to be recalling memories of some far-off dreamlit day, when, in fact, it is only a little more than four years ago that we landed with the car at Marseilles, and set out, through September vineyards and olive-groves, up the Rhone. The war has come since then! Was there ever a time when it had not come? I persuade myself that there was, and that there will be a day when it has gone—another sunlit season when one may loiter peacefully through France, lunching by happy roadsides, lodging at quaint inns where the rooms were immaculate, the food so delicious, the price so small—

But I drift—it is a habit. We had landed at Marseilles, as I have said—we being four, the two grown-up owners of the car and its two sub-owners, Narcissa, aged fifteen, and the Joy, who was eleven. We could not leave at once. Clearance papers for the car were required, and we put in a happy ten days of sight-seeing and exploring in the ancient port,—once the Greek Massilia,—then, one morning, drove away under the blue sky, through the hazy Provence, to Arles, with its Roman ruins, to Tarascon, with its memories of *Tartarin,* and to Avignon, ancient city of the popes, once the capital of Christendom. What a palace those popes had! It covers acres, and holds more history than could be put into several volumes of ST. NICHOLAS, so it will not be worth while to begin here. We saw it again from across the river, surmounting the cliffs, its assembly of walls and towers outlined against the sky. Then we drove away, through ancient Villeneuve, past Fort St. André, which Jean le Bon built about seven hundred years ago, and past the tower of Philippe le Bel.

We left this picturesque old tower behind us and followed slowly up the west bank of the Rhone, expecting, before long, to come to a certain village—one Beauchastel—not set down on any of our road-maps, but an important part of our travel program, as we shall see later.

What a good time we were having! It all sounds perfect, and it was. Nothing disturbed us—nothing of consequence. Our car behaved nobly, and my driving was only mildly criticized. I was not really a new driver. I had usually been able to keep the car in the roads of New England; and those of France were wide, and wonderful.

All would have been perfect—but for one thing. As we started up the Rhone, we saw that our car was smoking—not a little, but violently, disgracefully. One could not deny it. In New York City we should have been taken in charge at once. Narcissa and I began to feel guilty—I will tell you why.

Among the things I had done on the ship was to read the "Automobile Instruction Book." I had never done it before. I had left all technical matters to a man hired and trained for the business. Now I was going to a strange land, with a resolve to do all the things myself. So I read the book.

It was as fascinating as a novel, and more impressive. There never was a novel like it. When I came to the chapter, "Thirty-seven Reasons why the Motor may not Start," and feverishly read what one had better try in the circumstances, I could see that as a subject for an exciting story a human being could not compare with an automobile.

Then there was the oiling-diagram. A Connecticut road-map was nowhere beside it. It was a perfect maze of hair-lines and arrow-points, and looked as if it needed to be combed. There were places to be oiled daily, others to be oiled weekly, some to be oiled monthly, some every thousand miles. There were also places to be greased at all these periods, and some when you happened to think of it. You had to put on your glasses and follow one of the fine lines to the lubricating-point, then try to keep the point in your head until you could get under the car or into the car and find it. I could see that this was going to be interesting when the time came.

I did not consider that it had come at Marseilles. I said to the garage man there, in my terse French idiom, "Make it the oil and grease," and walked away. But at Avignon, we had decided that the new régime must begin. In a bright little, light little hotel garage Narcissa and I would set our car in order—Narcissa being of a practical turn. I would "make it the oil and grease," and Narcissa would wash and polish.

Narcissa had enjoyed her job. There was a hose in it, and a sponge and nice rubbing-rags and polish, and she went at it in her strenuous way and hosed me up one side and down the other, at times when I was tracing some blind lead and she was n't noticing carefully.

I said I would make a thorough job of it. I would oil and grease all the daily, weekly, and monthly, and even the once-in-awhile places. We would start fair from Avignon. I am a resolute person. I followed those tangled lines and labyrinthine ways into the vital places of our faithful vehicle. Some led to caps, big and little, which I filled with grease. Most of them were full already, but I gave them another dab for luck. Some of the lines led to tiny caps and holes into which I squirted oil. Some led to a dim uncertainty into which I squirted or dabbed something in a general way. Some led to mere blanks, and I greased those. It sounds rather easy, but it was a hot, messy, scratchy, grunting job. Those lines were mostly blind leads, and full of smudgy, even painful surprises. One hour, two, went by, and I was still consulting that chart and dabbing with the oil-can and grease-stick. The chart began to show wear; *it* would not need greasing again for years.

Meantime, Narcissa had finished her washing and polishing, and was putting dainty touches on the glass and metal features to kill time. I said at last that possibly I had missed some places, but I did n't think they could be important ones. Narcissa looked at me and then said that maybe I had missed places on the car, but that I had n't missed any on myself. She said I was a sight and probably never could be washed clean again. It is true that my hands were quite solidly black, and while I did not recall wiping them on my face, I must have done so. Then both of us remembered the crank-case and poured several quarts of oil into it and would have put in more, only our oil supply ran out and I was too tired and disfigured just then to go for more. When Narcissa asked how soon I was going to grease the car again, I said probably in about a thousand years. But that was petulance; I knew it would be sooner. Underneath all I really had a triumphant feeling, and Narcissa was justly proud of her work, too. We agreed that our car never looked handsomer and shinier since our first day of ownership. I said I was certain that it had never been so thoroughly greased.

Now, on the bank of the Rhone, however, we had a different feeling—something was wrong. Our car was smoking in a way that certainly was not right or natural. When the wind was with us, we traveled in a cloud, like prophets and deities of old, and the passengers grumbled. The Joy even suggested that we might blow up, and I had some such idea myself. I said quite calmly that perhaps we ought to fill up our gasolene-tank before we really got any farther up the Rhone, and presently backed around and drove slowly to the bridge—the new, usable bridge—again, our vast blue cloud getting more massive and solid every minute. Disaster seemed imminent. The passengers were inclined to get out and walk. We crossed back to Avignon and I headed for a garage I had noticed outside the walls. It was not far and the doors stood open. The men inside saw us coming, with our gorgeous white tail filling the landscape behind us, and got out of the way. Then they gathered cautiously to examine us.

"Too much oil," they said. In our enthusiasm we had overdone the thing. We had poured those quarts into the crank-case, where there was probably enough already. We had not been altogether to blame. Two little telltale cocks that were designed to drip when there was sufficient oil had failed to drip, because they were stopped with dust. Being new and green, I had not thought of that possibility. A workman poked a wire into those little cocks, and drew off the precious fuel we had been burning in that lavish way. So I had learned something, but it seemed a lot of smoke for such a small spark of experience. Still, it was a relief to know that it was nothing worse; and while the oil was dripping to its proper level, we went back through the gates of Avignon, and, lunching in a pretty garden, under some trees, made light of our troubles, as is our way.

Soon we were off again, and presently were among the gold-and-purple vineyards of the Rhone.

I believe there are no better vineyards in France than those between Avignon and Bagnols. The quality of the grapes is another matter; they are probably sour. All the way along, those luscious topaz and amethyst clusters had been disturbing, but my conscience had held firm, and I had passed them by. Sometimes I said, "There are tons of those grapes; no owner would care if I ate a few bunches." But Narcissa and the others said it would be stealing.

It is not likely that any reader of these chapters will stop overnight at Bagnols. We should hardly have rested there, but evening was coming on and the sky had a stormy look. Later we were glad, for we found ourselves in an inn where *D'Artagnan,* or his kind, lodged in the days when knights went riding. Travelers did not arrive in automobiles when that hostelry was built, and not frequently in carriages. They came on horseback, and clattered up to the open door and ordered refreshments, while their horses stretched their necks to survey the interior scenery. The old worn cobbles were at the door, and not much has changed within. Narcissa and the Joy ex-

plored the dim rambling passages and imagined curious history, though nothing, I think, more curious and exciting than the reality, if it could have made itself known.

How quaint it all was! In a niche at the lower landing stands a row of candles, and the traveler takes one of them and lights himself to bed. His room is an expanse, and his bed stands in a curtained alcove; the bedstead is an antique, the bed billowy, clean, and comfortable, as are all beds in France. And the dinner was good, with red and white flagons strewn all down the table—such a dinner as *D'Artagnan* and his wild comrades had, no doubt; and if prices have not changed, they paid five francs fifty, or $1.10 each for dinner, lodging, and *petit déjeuner* (coffee, rolls, and jam),—garage free. But *D'Artagnan* and his friends probably stabled their horses in the garage, and were charged half a franc more, for feed.

Bagnols is unimportant to the tourist, but it is old and quaint, and it has what may be found in many unimportant places in France, at least one beautiful work of art, a soldiers' monument, in this instance,—a female figure of Victory, full of vibrant life and inspiration,—a true work of art. France is full of such things as that—one finds them in the most unexpected places.

The valley of the Rhone grew more picturesque as we ascended. Now and again at our left rocky bluffs rose abruptly, some of them crowned with ruined towers and equally ruined villages, remains of feudalism and of the lord and his vassals who had fought and flourished there in that time when France was making the romantic material which writers ever since have been so busily remaking and adorning that those old originals would stare and gasp if they could examine some of it now.

Narcissa and the Joy were delighted. This was real story-book land. How fine and grand it was to picture the lord and his men, all bright and shining, riding out under the portcullis, on glossy prancing and armored horses, to engage some warlike and equally shining detachment of feudalism from the next hilltop. In the valley they meet, with ringing cries and the clash of steel. Foeman matches foeman; it is a series of splendid duels—combats to be recounted by the fireside for generations. Then, at the end, the knightly surrender of the conquered; the bended knee and acknowledgment of fealty; gracious speeches from the victor as to the bravery and prowess of the defeated; after which, the welcome of fair ladies and high wassail for all concerned. Everybody happy, everybody satisfied. Wounds, apparently, do not count—or interfere with festivities. The dead disappear in some magic way; I do not recall that they are ever buried. Narcissa and the Joy fought ever so many such battles as we drove along, and I confess to a few, myself.



"THE CHATEAU I DID N'T BUY."

Just above Rochemaure was one of the most imposing ruins. The castle that crowned the hilltop had been a fine structure in its day. The surrounding outer wall which inclosed its village extended downward to the foot of the hill and the road, and still inclosed a village, though the more ancient houses seemed tenantless. It was built for offense and defense, that was certain, and doubtless had been used for both. We did not stop to

look up the romance, though the thought was tempting. Not far away, by the roadside, stood what was apparently a Roman column—already old and battered, no doubt,—a mere fragment of a ruin,—when the hilltop castle and its village were brave and new.

You see, we are of a romantic turn, and it was beyond Rochemaure, I do not remember the exact point, that an opportunity came which very likely I shall never have again. On a bluff high above an ancient village, so old and curious that it did not belong to reality at all, there was a great château, not a ruin,—at least not a tumbled ruin, though time-beaten and gray,—but a good, complete château, and across its mossy lintel a stained and battered wooden sign with the legend, *"À Louer"*—that is, "To Let."

I stopped the car. This, I said, was our opportunity. Nothing could be better than that ancient and lofty perch overlooking the valley of the Rhone. The "To Let" sign had been there certainly a hundred years, so the price would be reasonable. We could get it for a song; we would inherit its traditions, its secret passages, its donjons, its ghosts, its—I paused a moment, expecting enthusiasm, even eagerness, on the part of a family that had been getting excited and building stories about every hilltop ruin. Strange as it may seem, there was n't a particle of either. I went over those things again, and added new and fascinating attractions. I said we would adopt the coat of arms of that old family, hyphenate its name with ours, and so in that cheap and easy fashion achieve a nobility which the original owner had probably shed blood to attain.

It was no use. The family, so full of romance only a little before, looked up the hill with an interest that was almost clammy. Narcissa asked, "How would you get the car up there?" The Joy said, "It would be a good place for bad dreams." The head of the expedition remarked, as if she were dismissing the most trivial item of the journey, that we 'd better be going on, or we should be late getting into Valence. So, after dreaming all my life of living in a castle, I had to give it up in that brief, incidental way.

### II—MARK TWAIN'S "LOST NAPOLEON"

Now it is just here that we reach the special reason which had kept us where we had a clear view of the eastward mountains, and particularly to the westward bank of the Rhone, where there was supposed to be a certain tiny village, one Beauchastel, which was to serve as an important identifying mark. The reason had its beginning exactly twenty-two years before; that is to say, in September, 1891. Mark Twain was in Europe that year, seeking health and literary material, and toward the end of the summer—being then at Ouchy, Switzerland—he decided to make a floating trip down the river Rhone. He found he could start from Lake Bourget in France, and, by paddling through a canal, reach the strong Rhone current, which would carry him seaward. Joseph Very, his favorite guide (mentioned in "A Tramp Abroad"), went over to Lake Bourget and bought a safe, flat-bottomed boat, retained its former owner as pilot, and with these accessories Mark Twain made one of the most peaceful and delightful excursions of his life. Indeed, he enjoyed it so much and so lazily that, after the first few days, he gave up making extended notes and surrendered himself entirely to the languorous fascination of drifting idly through the dreamland of southern France. On the whole, it was an eventless excursion, with one exception—a startling exception, as he believed.

One afternoon, when they had been drifting several days, he sighted a little village not far ahead, on the west bank, an ancient "jumble of houses," with a castle, one of the many along that shore. It looked interesting, and he suggested that they rest there for the night. Then, chancing to glance over his shoulder toward the eastward mountains, he received a sudden surprise—a "soul-stirring shock," as he termed it later. The big blue eastward mountain was no longer a mere mountain, but a gigantic portrait in stone of one of his heroes. Eagerly turning to Joseph Very and pointing to the huge effigy, he asked him to name it. The courier, said, "Napoleon." The boatman also said, "Napoleon." It seemed to them, indeed, almost uncanny, this lifelike, reclining figure of the conquerer, resting after battle, or, as Mark Twain put it, "dreaming of universal empire." They discussed it, almost in awed voices, as one of the natural wonders of the world, which perhaps they had been the first to discover. They landed at the village,—Beauchastel,—and next morning Mark Twain, up early, watched the sun rise from behind the great stone face of his discovery. He made a pencil sketch in his note-book, and recorded the fact that the figure was to be seen from Beauchastel. That morning, drifting farther down the Rhone, they watched it until the human outlines changed.

Mark Twain's Rhone trip was continued as far as Arles, where the current slackened. He said that some one would have to row if they went on, which would mean work, and that he was averse to work even when performed by another person. He gave the boat to its former owner, took Joseph, and rejoined the family in Switzerland.

Events thronged into Mark Twain's life—gay winters, summers of travel, heavy literary labor, business cares and failures, a trip around the world, bereavement. Amid such a tumult the brief and quiet Rhone trip was seldom even thought of.

But ten or eleven years later, when he had returned to America and was surrounded by quieter things, he happened to remember the majestic figure of the first Napoleon, discovered that September day while drifting down the Rhone. He recalled no more than that. His memory was always capricious—he had even forgotten that he made a sketch of the figure with notes identifying the locality. He could picture clearly enough the incident, the phenomenon, the surroundings, but the name of the village had escaped him, and he located it too far down, between Arles and Avignon.

All his old enthusiasm returned now. He declared if the presence of this great natural wonder was made known to the world, tourists would flock to the spot, hotels would spring up there, that all other natural curiosities would fall below it in rank. His listeners caught his enthusiasm. Theodore Stanton, the journalist, declared he would seek and find the "Lost Napoleon," as Mark Twain now called it because he was unable to identify the exact spot, though he assured Stanton that it would be perfectly easy to find, as he could take the steamer from Arles to Avignon, and, by keeping watch, he could not miss it. Stanton returned to Europe and began the search. I am not sure that he undertook the trip himself, but he made diligent inquiries of Rhone travelers and steamer captains, and a lengthy correspondence passed between him and Mark Twain on the subject. No one had seen the Lost Napoleon. Travelers passing between Avignon and Arles kept steady watch on the east range, but the apparition did not appear. Mark Twain eventually wrote an article, intending to publish it, in the hope that some one would report the mislaid emperor. However, he did not print the sketch, which was fortunate enough, for with its misleading directions it would have made him unpopular with disappointed travelers. The locality of his great discovery was still a mystery when Mark Twain died.

So it came about that our special reason for following the west bank of the Rhone—the Beauchastel side, in plain view of the eastern mountains—was to find the Lost Napoleon. An easy matter, it seemed in prospect, for we had what the others had lacked—that is to say, exact information as to its locality. The notes made twenty-two years before had come into my hands[1]—the pencil sketch, and memoranda stating that the vision was to be seen opposite the village of Beauchastel.

But now there developed what seemed to be another mystery. Not only our maps and our road-book, but patient inquiry as well failed to reveal any village or castle by the name of Beauchastel. It was a fine, romantic title, and we began to wonder if it might not be a combination of half-caught syllables, remembered at the moment of making the notes and converted by Mark Twain's imagination into this happy sequence of sounds.

So we must hunt and keep the inquiries going. We had begun to hunt as soon as we left Avignon, and the inquiries were made when there was opportunity. Then, presently, the plot thickened. The line of those eastward mountains began to assume many curious shapes. Something in their formation was unlike other mountains, and soon it became not difficult to imagine a face almost anywhere. Then, at one point, appeared a real face, no question this time as to the features, only it was not enough like the face of the sketch to make the identification sure. We discussed it anxiously and with some energy and watched it a long time, thinking possibly it would gradually melt into the right shape, and that Beauchastel or some similarly sounding village would develop along the river-bank.

But the likeness did not improve, and while there were plenty of villages, there was none with a name the sound of which even suggested Beauchastel. Altogether, we discovered as many as five faces that day. We became rather hysterical, at last, and called them our collection of Lost Napoleons, though among them was not one of which we could say with conviction, "Behold the Lost Napoleon!" This brought us to Bagnols and we had a fear now that we were past the viewpoint—that somehow our search, or our imagination, had been in vain.

But then came the great day. Up and up the Rhone, interested in so many things that at times we half forgot to watch the eastward hills, passing village after village, castle after castle, but never the "jumble of houses" and the castle that commanded the vision of the great chief lying asleep along the eastern horizon.

I have not mentioned, I think, that at the beginning of most French villages there is a signboard—the advertisement of a firm of auto-stockists—with the name of the town and a polite request to *"ralentir"*—that is, to "go slow." At the other end of the village is another such sign

[1] At Mark Twain's death his various literary effects passed into the hands of his biographer, the present writer

and on the reverse you read, as you pass out, *"Merci"*—which is to say, "Thanks"—for going slowly; so whichever way you come, you get information, advice, and politeness from these boards, a feature truly French.

Well, it was a little way above the château which I did not rent and we were driving along slowly, thinking of nothing at all, entering an unimportant-looking place, when Narcissa, who always sees everything, suddenly uttered the magical word, "Beauchastel!"

It was like an electrical shock—the soul-stirring shock which Mark Twain had received at the instant of his great discovery. Beauchastel! Not a figment, then, but a reality—the veritable jumble of houses we had been seeking, and had well-nigh given up as a myth. Just there the houses interfered with our view, but a hundred yards farther along a vista opened to the horizon, and there at last, in all its mightiness and dignity and grandeur, lay the Lost Napoleon! It is not likely that any other natural figure in stone ever gave two such sudden and splendid thrills of triumph: first to its discoverer, then, twenty-two years later, almost to the day, to those who had discovered it again. There was no question this time. The colossal sleeping figure, in its supreme repose, confuted every doubt, resting where it had rested for a million years, and would still rest for a million more.



"THERE AT LAST LAY THE LOST NAPOLEON!"

At first we spoke our joy eagerly, then fell into silence, looking and looking, loath to go for fear it would change. At every opening we halted to look again, and always with gratification, for it did not change, or so gradually that for miles it traveled with us, and still at evening, when we were nearing Valence, there remained a great stone face on the horizon.

*(To be continued)*




# A New-Year's Party for Doris

by Helen Ward Banks

DORIS sat humped down on the shabby old lounge, her elbows on her knees, her chin in her palms, and her brow afrown. Fair-haired Cousin Letitia under the lamp, marking the socks Mary had sent Ned for Christmas, glanced at Doris between stitches.

"Anything wrong, Dorry?" she asked.

Doris straightened, but the pucker on her forehead stayed.

"Lucy Pratt's going to have the January meeting of the Freshman Club because no one else will, but it is n't a bit good place; it 's so far out of town for this snowy weather. I know they all want me to have it."

"Well, why don't you?" asked Cousin Letitia, placidly, choosing another sock. "What night does it come?"

Doris swept the room with discontented eyes. "New-Year's eve. But I can't have it. I 'd be ashamed to ask them. Just look at this room!"

Brother Bob laid down his paper to look at it. "It seems a pretty happy room to me, honey," he smiled.

Doris made an impetuous rush to the arm of his chair and flung her arms around his neck. "It 's dear, Bob, in that way, but it *is* shabby."

"That's mild," said Isabel, succinctly, from her Christmas-thanking notes.

"I know what Doris means," interposed Julia. "There are some girls I would n't ask here for anything."

"Aristocratic Julia Marston or The Earl's Bride," jeered Ned. "You girls 'd better hide your heads in shame for despising a perfectly good home like this. Wait till you have to live in a coal-bin sometime."

"I 'm not despising it," defended Doris, stoutly. "It 's a lovely home. But we 're so used to it that we just see the lovely part and don't notice how shabby it has grown till something comes up like this. I 'm crazy to have the club here and I know they 'd have a jolly time—but I 'm just plain ashamed to ask them."

"If it 's good enough for us to live in,—and we do keep pretty happy here,—surely it 's good enough to ask our friends to," said Brother Bob.

"I know it," agreed Doris, resignedly, "but it 's got pretty bad even to live in. The wall-paper always was hideous and out of tone with everything else, and that big red fireboard in the chimney makes it worse. And look at the table-cover! Molly would never let that be there if she were home. And the cracked lamp-shade! The sofa is the best thing in the room, for it 's so faded it is n't any color; but the stuffed chairs are just ready to split across the edge of the seats, and some of the cushions in the wicker chairs really have holes, and the rug has worn so there 's nothing but threads. I came by Cummings' tonight, and he had his window full of the loveliest wall-paper. See this blue sample; is n't it sweet?"

"Very pretty," agreed Isabel, "but we can't afford to do anything to the room now, Dorry, just after Christmas."

"I know," Doris said hastily. "I 'm not asking. It was only thinking of the club that made me see how run down the room is."

"I wish I could do something for you, Dorry," said Brother Bob, rubbing the back of his head, "but I never seem to have any money. I did the foolishest thing to-day—"

Ned burst into a hoot of delight, but Cousin Letitia let her busy hands drop to her lap while she anxiously waited for Brother Bob's disclosure.

"What is it this time, Bob? Go on and tell us," urged Ned. "Is it an egg-beater that won't beat or a carpet-sweeper that won't sweep?"

Brother Bob fumbled sheepishly in his pocket. "Well, you see this poor young woman came into the office selling little trinkets to keep her children fed, and it made me feel sorter bad, you know, to send her out into the cold again as poor as she came. No one else would pay any attention to her, so I bought this little stud; there 's a little diamond in it, you see; and it only cost two dollars."

"Oh, Bob, you 're such an easy mark!" said Isabel.

"Never mind," interrupted Doris. "Brother Bob makes most of the money we spend, and he has a right to use it as he likes. It 's almost always to help somebody."

"It 's a very pretty stud," approved Julia.

Ned looked over her shoulder and hooted again. "Think of any Marston in a diamond stud!" Then, overcome by his feelings, he stood on his head on the old sofa and waved his long legs in the air.

"You are n't improving that sofa any, Ned," admonished Julia, and Ned, after a wave or two more, came back to his feet, leaving on the sofa a slowly spreading black pool.

"Gee whiz! Now I 've done it!" he exclaimed, and made a dash for his brother's newspaper. "It 's the ink-bottle you told me to carry upstairs. I forgot it was in my pocket. Hang that cork!"

"That 's one on you," said Brother Bob, good-naturedly, bringing his paper to the rescue.

Julia sprang for a duster, Isabel collectedly furnished blotting-paper, and Letitia lent a scrubbing hand. The flow of ink was stopped, but when the pool was dried, there lay a fantastic black stain as big as a dinner-plate right in the middle of the faded seat of the sofa.

"I 'm awful sorry!" said Ned, standing his hair up in contrition.

"But that does n't take the ink out," said Isabel, going back to her work.

"It settles the club definitely, anyhow," announced Doris. "Now I certainly can't ask them."

"I 'll sit on the spot all the evening if that will do any good," offered Ned, dejectedly.

"We might spread your great-grandmother's Paisley shawl over it," suggested Cousin Letitia. "It would add a touch of color."

"Imagine scarlet added to every other shade in this room!" murmured Julia. "It would be a thunderclap of color, Letitia dear."

"Your strong point is n't decoration, Letitia," laughed Isabel.

"I was always thought to have a pretty eye for my color-box," answered Cousin Letitia with a lift of her head.

"You do lovely things," comforted Doris, leading her back to her chair. "I love those pansies in my room. And never mind about the sofa. We can lay a cushion on it, and I just won't have the club. I don't mind—much."

"You 're a pretty good sport, Dor, do you know it?" proclaimed Ned. "Here, Bob, there 's one page of your paper still un-inked. Can that amuse you till bedtime?"

"Mary 'll be here to-morrow and I 'll ask her about the Paisley shawl," said Cousin Letitia with her gentle stubbornness, and all the girls laughed.

"Poor old Moll! She could n't get home for Christmas," chanted Ned. "That 's a rotten school to keep her teaching all day Monday, so that she had to spend Christmas with Aunt Ellen instead of here. But when she comes, she 'll side with the girls, Cousin Letitia; you 'll see."

Mary arrived the next morning, Thursday, and her family welcomed her vociferously.

"Who 's added to the beauty of the sofa?" she asked as she emerged from the last embrace.

"Me," confessed Ned. "I 'm a boob!"

"Doris wants her school club here Monday night," Cousin Letitia said, "but she 's ashamed of the home we live in."

"Now, Cousin Letitia!" flushed Doris.

Mary put an arm around her young sister. "All right, Dorry, I know. It 's a dear old home, but it *is* pretty shabby, when you look at it. If we 'd only thought in time, we could have given each other Christmas presents for it. But we 're all pretty well strapped now, I suppose."

"I say, the Paisley shawl over the sofa would brighten the whole room," proclaimed Cousin Letitia.

Artistic Mary shuddered. "Oh, Letitia, it would be an awful color to crash in on this medley!"

"Very well. You don't need to have it if you don't want it. But I hate to have Doris cheated of her fun."

"Never mind," declared Doris, quickly. "We can just as well go to Lucy's. Come on up, Molly. Your bed 's in my room."

The four sisters perched on the beds in Doris's room to share experiences. Ned went off to skate. Presently the front door opened and closed, and Julia, craning her neck to look out, saw Cousin Letitia going down the walk. She flung up the window.

"Hello, where are you going? Want me to do any errands for you?"

"No, thank you," said Letitia, and went on.

The girls chattered till it was time to get lunch. They had it ready when Letitia came back. She was in high spirits and as gay as any of them. Brother Bob came home to lunch, and smiled shamefacedly as Ned told Mary about the diamond stud.

"You 'll never get reformed, will you, Bob?" Ned ended. "I say, girls, will you all come skating this afternoon, the whole bunch? You never saw such ice in your life."

"My trunk is n't here," answered Mary, "but I have an old pair of skates somewhere. How about it, Letitia?"

"I 'm glad to have you go," answered Letitia so quickly that the words almost tripped each other. "I 'm going to be very busy this afternoon."

"I 'll bet you 're up to some high jinks all by yourself," proclaimed Ned, and Letitia smiled mysteriously.

It was dark when the gay young party came laughing home from the creek and poured into the living-room, where Cousin Letitia sat as usual by her lighted lamp. She kept on with her work without looking up, though a conscious smile was at the corner of her lips.

"I told you she was up to something!" cried Ned. "Catch on to that sofa!"

They looked, all of them. The sofa had been recovered since lunch-time with some heavy blue brocade, beautiful in texture and color, but utterly out of harmony with the room itself.

"Did you do that, Letitia? How you must have worked!" exclaimed Mary.

"It is n't finished yet. I 'll do the rest tomorrow," replied Cousin Letitia, happily.

"Where did you get that stuff?" demanded Isabel.

"Bought it."

"I bet you hocked something," said Ned.

"I bought it with some money I had saved."

"Oh, Letitia!" protested Julia. "It was n't your silk dress money?"

"What if it was?" she answered, with her gentle defiance. "I can get along perfectly well for a while longer. This was a wonderful bargain. It was a remnant just the right size and marked down to half price. It 's beautiful material, and I knew Doris liked blue. Now you can have your party, Doris."

Doris's impulsive arms were around Cousin Letitia's neck, tears of love and of bitter disappointment in her eyes. "Oh, you ought n't to deny yourself for me like that!" she said.

"It 's my pleasure to see you happy," answered Cousin Letitia, smoothing Doris's hair, her face flushed and glowing with pleasure. "Now it 's time to get ready for supper."

The five went upstairs together, and by one accord into Doris's room. She cast herself on her bed in tragic despair. Mary sat down beside her.

"Now I 've *got* to have the club!" moaned Doris. "Oh, is n't it awful!"

"It looks like a king in a beggar's hut," pronounced Julia, solemnly.

"And a king who has chosen his clothes to disagree with every beggar color," added Isabel. "I did n't think the room could be worse, but it is. I would n't have the club if I were you, Doris."

Doris sat up. "I 've got to, Isabel. Do you think I 'd hurt Cousin Letitia's feelings like that after she 's spent her money and time just so I could have the club? Of course, I 've got to have it!"

"Well, I 'll repeat," cut in Ned, "that I think you 're some sport, Doris Marston," and he went whistling off to wash.

"Why did n't we let her have the Paisley shawl!" murmured Julia. "We could have removed that on occasions."

"Dear Letitia!" laughed Mary, softly. "But you 're right, Doris. You 'll have to have the club now. We 'll all do our best to help you have a good time. And I agree with Ned—'you 're some sport!'"

"Purge from thy cheeks the stain of tears," declaimed Julia, "and let us descend to the humble repast that my appetite clamors for."

Downstairs, Brother Bob was inspecting the new sofa. "That 's fine!" he commended. "That 's fine, is n't it? Do you know, I did the foolishest thing to-day that I almost ever did."

At the familiar words the family looked at him in apprehension.

"Now Bob," reproved Ned, "two days' running is going the pace!"

"I know," agreed his big brother, deprecatingly. "I ought n't to have done it, but Smith was in a hole—and I thought of Dorry, too. You see, Smith went to a rug auction to get his wife a rug—a green one. He saw just what he wanted in a lot of three, and he bid up to twenty-seven dollars and got the lot. Then he found that, instead of twenty-seven dollars for the lot, it was twenty-seven for each rug, and he *was* flabber-

gasted, for he did n't have eighty dollars to spend. Jones said he 'd take the blue rug, and I took the other one. I did feel sorry for the poor chap, and, you see, the firm had just given me my New Year's present of twenty-five dollars, so really I 'm only two dollars out. And I 've got a bargain, for my rug 's the biggest of the three



"IT WAS DARK WHEN THE GAY PARTY CAME LAUGHING HOME."

and I think it 's pretty. I don't suppose I 'd have thought of it except for Dorry and for Letitia's telling me this noon that she was going to cover the sofa. But the deed is done, and you have a whole rug, Dorry, instead of a holey one. It made me sore to think we can't have a home we 're proud to bring our friends to."

"What color is the rug?" asked Isabel.

"Red. It 's a nice, cheerful color. I think it 's pretty. I 'll send it up to-morrow."

"A match for the Paisley!" Julia said under her breath as she waved the plate of toast toward Isabel.

Even Doris was hungry enough after skating to do justice to supper, but she ate with a lump in her throat. An incongruous patch of startling red thrown at the blotch of hard blue would only doubly emphasize the shabby inharmony of the room at large. Why had she ever mentioned it!

Cousin Letitia went to a meeting after supper, and Brother Bob to make a call.

"Now I 've got to tell Lucy I 'll have the club!" sighed Doris. "Do you suppose anything else can happen to the room between this and Monday?"

"Poor little Dorry,
I 'm terribly sorry!"

chanted Julia.

"Can't you just see brick-red added to that blue sofa," commented Isabel. "Do you have to have the club, Doris?"

"All the more," Doris answered, "for now Bob's feelings are added to Cousin Letitia's. Oh, if I 'd only never mentioned rugs and sofas and clubs!"

"I 'll take you to the next hockey-match," comforted Ned. "Sports to the sport."

Doris laughed as she went to the telephone.

"Lucy 's glad I 'm going to have the club," Doris said, turning to her family with the receiver

at her ear. "She wants me to go there to-morrow and stay over Sunday, but I 'd better not; there 'll be things to do here."

"Go, certainly!" said Mary, warmly. "We can do everything here and it will be a nice change for you." And "Yes, go!" urged the others.

"All right, Lucy; I 'll come over to-morrow," Doris said and hung up. "It 's dear of you to let me go," she added. "It seems just as if I *could n't* be here to-morrow to see that red thing unrolled!"

"I 'll make you a wonderful cake," promised Mary, "and it sha'n't have a bit of color in the icing."

"And I 'll freeze you some perfectly colorless vanilla ice-cream," added Ned. "Come on, now, let 's have a good rattling game of something!"

They were still at it when Cousin Letitia came in. She went directly to her sofa.

"I 've been planning this all the time Mrs. Dutton was talking about Washington," she said. "Yes, I can do it. See, I 've saved two good-sized bits from the piece I had for the sofa and there was a small remnant of the same material that the clerk wanted me to take, and I would n't. I 'll get that, and then I can make the three pieces do for the two stuffed chairs. We 'll be pretty gay by the time we get done, Dorry."

"Yes, won't we?" assented Doris, faintly.

When Doris went off with Lucy the next day, Cousin Letitia had secured her second remnant and was busily working at the two chairs. As Doris went out, the expressman came in. He had Mary's trunk and a long, rolled-up rug. Doris seized Lucy's hand and ran.

"Here 's the express," announced Ned, inside, "and there goes Dor, fleeing for her life. I 'll help the man up with your trunk, Molly. And then—the rug!"

"I 'll take my work into the laundry," mumbled Cousin Letitia, her mouth full of tacks, "and then I 'll be out of the way. I 'll see the rug after it 's down."

Ned moved Cousin Letitia's chairs, carried up the trunk, sent off the expressman, and then, with a dramatic flourish, brought in the rug.

"All you girls shut your eyes till I open it," he said. "When I get it spread down, I 'll speak."

"Just as well not to look till we have to," answered Isabel; and the three seated themselves in a row on the new sofa and closed their eyes.

"Now!" said Ned.

They peeped, and their curious, apprehensive look changed to sudden, pleased surprise. For a moment no one spoke.

"I may be a Hottentot and a heathen," commented Ned, "but it looks pretty good to me."

"Lovely!" breathed Mary.

"Red!" scoffed Isabel. "It 's no more red than I am. It 's the softest, most exquisite rose; and that pale, dead blue in the border is a wonder!"

"Get off!" commanded Julia, swinging a sister on each side of her to their feet. "How does it go with the sofa?"

"It is n't bad with it a bit!" said Mary. "Who ever would have thought of rose in this room! And, girls, I 've got upstairs in my trunk what I thought was a perfectly useless table-cover that some one gave me for Christmas. But it was made to go with this rug and the sofa!"

Julia fell into Isabel's arms. "And how about those new curtains you are making for your own room? Wilt sacrifice them on the family altar?"

Isabel nodded. "I have a piece of rose silk, too, just enough for a lamp-shade. It will make the lamp worthy to sit on Molly's table-cover."

"And I have two dollars," added Julia, "that I 'll spend for cretonne to do over the sofa-cushions and the cushions in the wicker chairs."

"How about Doris's sample of wall-paper?" asked Ned, holding it up against the wall.

"See how it brings the rug and sofa together," exclaimed Mary. "It makes a harmonious whole of the room right away. But we 're all dead-broke, are n't we?"

"Here 's where I come in," said Ned. "Frank Cummings is in my class in school. He 's working in his father's office this vacation, and he offered me a job—which I turned down. But I 'll do it for Dorry the Sport. I 'll hike round there now, and order the paper, and get Cummings to promise to get it on to-morrow, and I 'll work out the price next week; how 's that? And what 's more, I 'll go again at Easter vacation and earn Cousin Letitia's silk dress back."

"Good boy!" approved Mary. "We 'll all help give Cousin Letitia her silk dress at Easter now. I 'll telephone Lucy to keep Doris till Monday night and bring her over to the club. That will give us time to do everything."

"And give Dor the surprise of her young life," caroled Ned with a handspring across the new rug. "Don't look scared, Juliana; I 've broken myself of the habit of carrying ink in my pocket. Girls, what do you say to taking the fireboard out of the chimney and opening up the fireplace? I 'll jerk it out now. There, how do you like that?"

They all liked it wonderfully. Ned carried the andirons out to the laundry and joined a brass-polishing establishment to Cousin Letitia's upholstering industry. But that was after he had engaged Cummings to come the next day. Then how they worked! All that afternoon and all Saturday and all Monday they kept at it, papering

and cleaning and pounding and sewing and baking; not a moment was wasted.

And when Monday night came, though they worked till the last moment, everything was ready. Ned's ice-cream was stiff in the freezer, Mary's cakes light in their pans, the dining-room table shining with the best china, the living-room — well, that was magic.

"We could have done this any time in the last ten years if any one had thought of it," Ned said. "But I bet no one would have started it if I had 'nt doused the old sofa with ink!"

Doris was sure it could n't be anything but magic, when she saw it. She had come in with Lucy out of the nipping winter night, cheeks rosy, but eyes apprehensive of the clash of raw color they feared to meet. And she found a long, low room, papered in a soft trailing-patterned old blue, a rosy rug on the floor glowing at Cousin Letitia's handsome blue sofa and chairs, fresh, perky white curtains at the windows, new cushions everywhere, and a new table-cover under a new lamp-shade. And on one side of the room laughed the big fireplace, with the logs that Ned had split, burning on the andirons. And in the magic room stood her family in their best dress-up dresses, with their merry, loving faces welcoming her back to her new home, which was really the old one.



"'OH, BOB, DO SOMETHING QUICK TO MAKE ME LAUGH.'"

For an instant Doris had a lump in her throat too big to swallow. Then, not minding Lucy, beginning with Cousin Letitia, she flung herself on each of her family in turn, ending with her arms around her biggest brother's neck.

"Oh, Bob," she breathed, "you 're all so wonderful! Do something quick to make me laugh, for if you don't, *I* shall do the foolishest thing I ever did in *my* life—and cry at my own party!"

# A COPPER DOWN A CRACK: by Leroy F. Jackson

JINGLE, Jingle, Jack,
A copper down a crack.
Twenty men and all their wives,
With sticks, and picks, and pocket-knives,
Up and digging for their lives
To get the copper back.



# LOST ISLAND

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR AND H. P. HOLT

## Chapter V

### IN WHICH DAVE FINDS A FRIEND

When the boy opened his eyes again he was lying full length on the sand, some distance above the water's edge. A man was bending over him.

"Where am I?" Dave asked, still dazed.

"Here," the man replied, with a curious smile.

"Where 's here?"

"Where you 've no right to be, judging by the way you and your friends chose to come ashore. Really, you ought all to be drowned."

"I remember now," said Dave. "Are the others all right?"

"Four of them are fit to return to their jolly old families," the man replied. "Don't worry about the others till you feel a bit better. Can you stand up?"

Dave tried to get on his legs, but his knee hurt him considerably. He looked at his companion attentively for the first time. The man was shabbily clothed and did not appear to have shaved for days. His hair was crying aloud for the attention of a pair of scissors, and his shoes consisted chiefly of holes and cracks. There was something about his face, however, which, in spite of its unshaven condition, was not in keeping with his odd attire. His eyes were clear and intelligent, but they had a lazy look, as though care sat with difficulty on his shoulders. Humorous lines were drawn about the corners of his mouth, which was good-tempered but too easy-going. His tattered clothes were flapping in the wind, wet through.

"You fetched me out of the water?" Dave asked wearily.

"I took that liberty," was the reply. "I was n't doing anything else just then, and I kind of guessed you might prefer it that way."

"I 'm ever so grateful," the boy said. "Where are the others?"

"Gone up to the farm," the man replied, waving his arm airily in the direction of some trees. "You had better come along, too. You ought to have something hot to drink."

"Was MacTavish saved?" Dave asked.

"If you mean a Scottish gentleman with a fiery light in his eyes, an accent you can cut with a knife, and an infinite flow of language on the subject of some mysterious engines, yes."

"I guess that 's MacTavish," Dave said, unable to resist a smile. "I 'm glad the *Kingfisher* did n't drown him. My name is Hallard—David Hallard, of Brooklyn, New York."

"Glad to know you. I am pleased you called, though the method you adopted of coming ashore has its disadvantages. My name is Bruce Tempest."

Dave thought his companion's slight accent was familiar.

"Are you an American?" he asked.

"Well, I am in a way. I started out under the Stars and Stripes, but I have been a bit of a wanderer. Since we 've got to know one another so well, may I offer you such hospitality as I can in my shack? It 's nearer than the farm. Come along, or you 'll get cold."

A little way above the rim of the trees Tempest led Dave to a log hut.

"It 's my home for the present," he said, thrusting open the door and showing its bare interior. "I 'm sorry the piano has been taken away to be tuned, and both the cook and the parlor-maid are having the day off, but I 'll have a cup of hot coffee ready for you inside of two shakes. In the meanwhile, slip off those wet things, and, till they 're dry, I 'll allow you to wear my best trousers. There 's only one hole in them, and I mean to mend that some day."

While he continued to talk in a careless, half-bantering tone, he was busying himself with an oil-stove and "Billie" kettle; and soon a rough-and-ready meal had been prepared. Dave, now rapidly recovering from the effects of his immersion, was beginning to feel ravenous, for nobody on the *Kingfisher* had eaten anything since the previous day. Canned salmon, thick slices of bread and butter, and coffee, set out on an upturned box innocent of a table-cover, formed the repast, and Bruce Tempest played host politely.

"Do you live here all the time?" Dave asked, looking around at the shack. Besides the box which served as a table, it contained two chairs, one of which had a leg missing.

"Been here a month, resting," replied Tempest. "I don't think that game knee of yours will carry you very far just now, will it?"

"I must have bumped it pretty hard," said the boy. "It 's swelling."

"Well, this is n't exactly a first-class hotel," Tempest went on, "but I shall be glad to have you stay here till you get on your pins again. Your four companions will probably go on to Albany, and be fed like fighting-cocks by the

Mariners' Aid Society, or whatever it 's called. I 'm afraid there is n't much chance of rescuing your kit from the wreck. She 'll break up mighty soon with a sea like this running."

Dave arose and took the binoculars from a capacious pocket which he had torn while jamming them in.

"Glad I saved those," he said, handing them over for inspection. "Dad specially told me to take care of them."

"They certainly are too good to lose. Have you been at sea long?"

Dave recounted his adventures, which seemed to interest his companion, who asked several questions which showed that he had an intimate knowledge of ships.

"Have you been a sailor?" the boy asked.

"Sometimes," Tempest replied. "I 've knocked about the world a bit before the mast, though I 'm willing to admit it is more comfortable in the passengers' quarters. But funds don't always run to taking a passenger's ticket, and a spell of sailoring keeps one in good trim, besides providing the necessary cash for such things as tobacco and having one's trousers pressed. By the way, we ought to do something for your knee. Let 's have a squint at it."

Tempest made a careful examination of the damaged limb. The skin was scarcely broken, but the joint was puffed up and beginning to turn blue.

"I 'm no doctor," said Tempest, "but I reckon you 'll be fairly all right in a day or two if you rest it as much as possible. If not, there's a doctor lives about ten miles away."

"Doctor!" cried Dave. "If he 's ten miles away, that 'll be twenty for the round trip, and I hav n't got a red cent."

"That 's all right. He is a particular friend of mine," replied Tempest, "and he just loves to admire the scenery in this neighborhood."

He caught a questioning look in the boy's eyes.

"Well, he won't take us for a couple of bloated millionaires, anyway, if he has two eyes in his head," Tempest went on. "For the present you 've got to lie on a mattress outside in the sun and be as comfortable as possible. The weather is beautiful now. It 's so long since I entertained a guest that I 'm enjoying the novelty of it."

In spite of the sudden change in his circumstances and the exciting incidents which he had just passed through, Dave felt very peaceful lying there and listening to the easy chatter of his new friend, who had a wonderful fund of tales to tell about many lands. He had drifted almost all over the surface of the globe, picking up a living in various casual ways, from diamond-mining in Kimberley to salmon-fishing for the canneries. He spoke very modestly of what he had done, as though nothing was more natural than to wander off a few thousand miles and take up the threads of life there just as though he had always lived in that particular spot.

That night Dave slept for ten solid hours in Tempest's "guest chamber," awakening with a delightful sense of freedom. It was a sort of vacation for him, and he was not allowed to do any of the cooking or dish-washing. His knee, however, troubled him a good deal, and after breakfast Tempest went to summon the doctor. He walked all the way there, riding back with the man of medicine in his buggy.

"Nothing broken," was the doctor's verdict, "and if you keep it in a cold compress for a few days, you 'll have it all right again. How did it happen?"

Dave told him.

"Tush, lad, you 're evidently not born to be drowned," said the doctor cheerily as he departed. Tempest followed him outside.

"What do I owe you, Doc?" he asked. "It 's no use your sending the bill on afterward, as this is only our summer residence."

He produced a purse from a pocket, containing a sadly depleted store of coins. The doctor glanced at them.

"When I take money for patching up a shipwrecked kid," he said pleasantly, "I 'll change my profession. Good-by. Don't hesitate to call me again if it does n't go on all right."

Under the new treatment, however, Dave's knee rapidly began to grow well, and by the time he could walk comfortably he and Tempest had cemented a warm friendship. Altogether, they spent ten days in the log-cabin. At the end of a week the boy, although he was thoroughly happy, began to realize that it was about time for him to make for the nearest port and find a ship.

"Where are you bound for when you leave here?" Dave asked, when necessity demanded that something must be done.

"Albany, I guess, the same as you," replied Tempest. "One can nearly always get a job on a ship there. I vote we make a start in the morning and take to the road. My automobile is n't running satisfactorily at the moment."

So after breakfast they packed up a huge parcel of sandwiches, for it was extremely doubtful where their next meal was to come from, and then set off in quest of further adventure.

The two amateur tramps had a total of thirty miles to walk to reach Albany, and more than

half that distance had been covered by the time they decided to halt for the night. A barn containing plenty of dry hay stood temptingly near.

"What could one want better than that?" Tempest asked, after a brief inspection of the place. "There 's no electric light, but one must n't expect too much at the price, and there 's a full moon. Neither of us will need rocking to sleep to-night."

The sun was just peeping over the horizon when the two wanderers awoke; and before having breakfast they went down to the adjacent beach for a refreshing plunge into the sea. Afterward they pushed on, covering ten miles before the sun "was over the yard-arm," as Tempest put it, when they fell in with a party of road-menders taking their midday rest. With typical Australian hospitality, the road-menders invited Dave and his companion to join them in their noon meal.

It was evening when the two arrived in Albany, tired, hungry, and with the price of one scant meal in their possession.

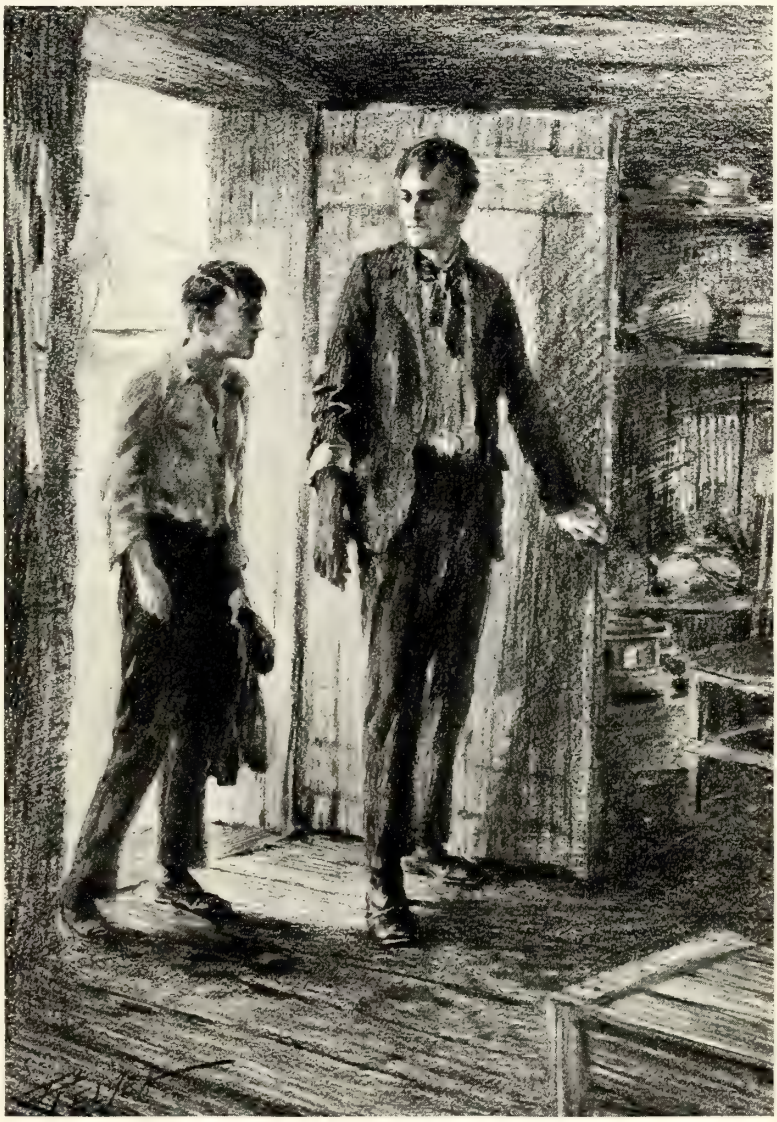
"It would be fun if we could both get fixed up on the same boat," Dave suggested. "You 're not particular which way you go, are you?"

"North, south, east, or west, they 're all the same to me," Tempest replied.

"Well, I 'd rather go east," Dave said, "if luck will let me. It is n't as though my dad had seen me off and all that sort of thing. I told him when I wrote that I should be back by now, and I guess he 's kind of expecting me. Goodness only knows when I shall get home again if I have to sign on some ship bound westward from here."

"Don't worry, sonny. Things nearly always pan out right by themselves, as I 've said before. So long as you live clean, pay your way, and can look every man straight in the eyes, there 's hardly a thing in the world that is worth a wrinkle. Besides, if you fuss over every blessed thing that comes along, you 've got no steam left in you when the time comes for you to make a big effort."

"Such as what?" asked Dave, wondering what manner of thing could give Bruce Tempest a wrinkle.



" 'IT'S MY HOME FOR THE PRESENT,' HE SAID."

"Oh, I don't know for the minute," the man said. "Just once or twice in everybody's life there comes a time that he thinks it worth while to forge ahead, whatever it costs. It does n't need to be something selfish. Some people keep themselves tuned up all the time. I don't. Per-

haps I 've got too slack," he added ruefully, glancing down at his tattered coat. He was wearing his "best" trousers, having left the other disreputable-looking garments behind when he sallied forth from the log-cabin. "I wonder whether I should have enough pep left in me to make a real effort now if I wanted to. Anyway, there 's a chance to get a move on to-night if we want a berth to sleep in."

There were several coastal boats tied up at the various wharves, and Dave and his companion began a systematic search for work. The third vessel they tried wanted hands, but she was bound up the west coast, farther away from America than ever; so they left her, undecided, pending a further search. At last fortune favored them. The *Neptune,* a rusty old tramp, was leaving the following day on a leisurely trip eastward, picking up cargo where she could for any port on the way to Sydney; and she could do with a couple more deck-hands.

The *Neptune* made slow headway, but she was a fairly good sea-boat, and Dave enjoyed this ambling trip more than he had being on either of the other vessels.

During their watch below, Tempest and Dave often had time for a yarn, and sometimes during the hot, moonlight nights they would spend hours on deck, chatting, under the wondrous spell of the Southern Cross.

"It is a mystery to me," Tempest said one evening while they were leaning over the rail and watching the antics of a shoal of flying-fish, "how people can spend their lives cooped up in cities and factories, working like slaves to pay big rents and getting mighty little pleasure out of it all, when a life like this is possible. Why did n't you wait till your father said you could come, Dave? What was it about the old sea that got you?"

"Don't know," replied Dave, reflectively. "It seemed to be growing on me gradually without my knowing it, though of course I always knew I should be a sailor sooner or later. I think what really set me off was talking to an old man who was painting the side of a ship. He yarned for about an hour, and after that I did n't feel like waiting much longer."

"Well, was it anything like what the old man said?" Tempest queried.

"I don't remember much of what he did say. One queer thing he told me, though. It was about a wreck they 'd found half buried in the sand on some island in the South Seas. I did n't forget the vessel's name, because it had been called after Cape Hatteras. When I got home I told Dad about it, and he said there was a boat called the *Hatteras* that had been lost years and years ago with a lot of platinum on board."

"Was it the same boat?" Tempest asked, lazily.

"Don't know," said Dave. "It sounded to me as though it might have been, but Dad did n't seem to think so."

"Then your old friend the sailor did n't get the treasure, eh?"

"He did n't know anything about it. You see, his ship was only sheltering off there, and they rowed ashore just to have a look at the wreck. Perhaps they would have been a bit keener if only somebody had remembered that there was a lost treasure-ship called the *Hatteras.*"

"Did the old man say exactly where it was?"

"No. He just mentioned that they were running between Christmas Island and some other island, when they had to take shelter."

"Well, there's many a syndicate taken a sporting chance on a thing like that and made a little fortune," Tempest commented. "Now, after your father told you there was a treasure-ship called the *Hatteras,* why did n't you go back and pump the old man to find out the exact bearings of the island?"

"In the first place, as I say, Dad did n't think it was any good after all that time; and in the second place the old man's ship had put to sea again."

"Where to?"

"Don't know. I did n't ask him."

"Heigh-o," Tempest laughed. "They say opportunity knocks at every man's door once in his life, and it seems to me, David Hallard, that you were n't listening when your turn came. You 've kind of lost that island, eh?"

"But you don't think the stuff would be there, do you?"

"Me? How do I know, laddie? Maybe—and maybe not. Anyway, it is n't any use shedding tears over it now, is it?"

"I never did shed any tears over it," Dave said. "I got excited about it at the time, naturally, not because I wanted the money for myself exactly, but—"

"But what?"

"Well, perhaps it was silly, but it struck me it would be great to find the treasure and fix up my Dad again as he was before he lost all he had in New York."

"The spirit is all right," commented Tempest, grinning, "if only you had n't gone and lost your island as soon as you' d found it! Old Man Opportunity does n't usually knock twice at the same man's door, but if ever he does come again, mind you listen with both ears, Dave."

Dave and Tempest had only signed on the tramp for the trip as far as Sydney, and the boy was sorry when the run was drawing to a finish, for the *Neptune* was a comfortable ship, as tramps go, and the weather had been almost perfect.

"I suppose you 'll join a vessel bound from Sydney to New York," Tempest said as they sat on the hatches, watching the coast of New South Wales slide past.

"I was thinking of it," Dave replied.

"What about a run in one of those trading vessels through the South Sea Islands?" Tempest suggested. "There 's nothing like it in the wide world. They poke about buying that dried cocoanut stuff they call copra, and other things from the natives, going from one island to the other till they get a full cargo. I know the skippers of two or three of the ships, and we could be almost certain of getting a berth. Like to come?"

"I 'd like to, of course," Dave said. The romance of the South Sea Islands had always appealed to him greatly. "About how long should we be away?"

"Between two and three months, I guess. It depends on what sort of luck the captain has in picking up a cargo."

"I might not get a chance again in years," Dave said thoughtfully. "Perhaps Dad would n't mind so much. I could be back in Brooklyn before Christmas, anyhow."

"Just as you say, sonny," Tempest observed. "I don't want to upset your plans, but there 's the chance staring you in the face, and there 's thousands of youngsters would give their ears for one like it."

"I 'll go," Dave agreed, unconsciously taking yet another step in the direction Fate was drawing him.

## Chapter VI

### Captain Grummitt Gets Wet

The gateway to Sydney, by water, is said to be the most beautiful natural harbor in the world, and Dave leaned over the taffrail spellbound as the dawn dyed the sea a deep red. The rusty old tramp was only one of a hundred vessels that were threading their way into or out from Australia's chief port. Birdlike sailing craft, crowded with canvas to catch the least puff of wind, drifted along in leisurely fashion; weather-beaten steamers from all parts of the world chugged toward their goal, sometimes ten thousand miles away; and a cloud of sea-birds, among them great fellows whose wing-tips seemed to stretch full five feet apart, crowded round the stern of the *Neptune*.

"Well, my boy, what do you think of Sydney harbor," said a voice at Dave's shoulder. It was Captain Phelps who spoke.

"It 's great, sir," the junior deck-hand replied.

Tempest and Dave had renewed their wardrobe from the slop-chest, and still had enough money to draw in wages to give them time to look about when they got ashore. The first thing they did was to make inquiries about the boat they expected to find running to the South Sea Islands, and here they faced a disappointment. The company had only three vessels engaged in the trade, and they usually left at intervals of about six weeks. Two days before the *Neptune* arrived at Sydney one of the three had sailed, and so Dave and his companion found they would have to spend forty or fifty days ashore waiting for the next one, called the *Manihiki*, to depart. Long before then they would be reduced to their last penny.

They had been in Sydney a week and Dave and Tempest were walking along the wharves when the boy happened to notice an extremely fat man attempting the somewhat perilous feat of walking across a very narrow gangway to a steam tug. The gangway consisted merely of a plank, which had never been intended for traffic. The wind was blowing in violent gusts, and the plank wobbled in alarming fashion when the fat man reached the middle of it. Suddenly either his foot slipped, the wobbling of the plank was too much for him, or a puff of wind upset his balance.

Waving his arms like a windmill, and emitting a hoarse cry of alarm, he toppled over, disappearing into the water.

The whole thing occurred in a few seconds, while Tempest was looking in another direction. With a shout, Dave leaped forward, and arrived at the side of the dock just as the fat man bobbed up to the surface like a very animated cork. He splashed furiously and bellowed, but Dave could see at a glance that the man was not able to swim a stroke.

Without pausing a second, he jumped off the pier, landing within a few feet of the drowning man.

"Heave a line," he shouted to Tempest; "then I can manage him all right!"

Dave knew better than to let the heavy man in the water clutch him. He took a couple of strokes forward and grabbed the back of the fat man's coat with one hand, keeping himself afloat with the other, while Tempest bounded across

the plank onto the tug. In less than half a minute the boy heard a shout from his friend and saw a rope shoot out. He grasped the end of it, and then, taking a firm hold of the fat man's arm, was drawn to the side of a dory.

"Jumping Cæsar!" spluttered the rescued man, when his paw had closed on the "gun'le." "Me, at my time of life, too! Now, young man, I 'll trouble you and your friend to heave on me a bit. I 'm not so thin as I was. That 's better. Phew!"

He sat on a seat in the dory and regarded his saturated figure with a quaint expression.

"Man and boy, I 've followed the sea all my life," he went on, "and that 's the very first time I 've been overboard. Wait till I climb on board the *Mary Ellen,* and I 'll fire every soul there is on her!"

Two or three faces had appeared over the rail of the tug, but the threat did not seem to create any dismay.

"You lubbers!" exclaimed the fat man, shaking his fist at the faces. "Are ye all fast asleep, or is it that ye don't care if your old skipper goes to Davy Jones' locker? I 'll have ye remember that besides being skipper I 'm part owner of this packet, and I 'll fire every man Jack of ye for leaving it to a baby in long clothes to pull me out."

"We did n't hear nothing, Cap'n. We was all down below," said a voice.

"Well, youngster," said the corpulent skipper amiably, having apparently forgotten his wrath, "I 've got an account to settle with you and your friend. Cap'n Grummitt is n't hauled out of a dock every day of his life. What can I do for ye, eh? Come on board, me hearties, and wait till I change, else my wife will be nursing a pneumonia patient. Ye 'd better slip them wet things off, too. There will be something on board for ye to wear till yours dry in the engine-room."

Tempest lit his pipe and smoked placidly while the two were changing.

"Now," said Captain Grummitt, emerging a few moments later in dry garments, "ye can't put thanks in the bank. What d' ye mean by hanging around my ship, anyway?"

Good humor was now shining in his rubicund countenance.

"Looking for work," Dave said quietly.

"And I don't know that ye deserve it," commented the skipper, "having just done my wife out of her insurance money. Are ye both sailors?"

"Yes."

"Well, if ye fancy the notion of knocking about on an old tug where there's nothing to do, as far as I can make out, but eat and draw your pay, along with the laziest crew that ever drew breath, why don't ye come with me?"

"Thank you very much," said Dave, by no means inclined to jest at the opportunity in spite of Captain Grummitt's tone.

In another few moments the question of wages had been disposed of, and the two wanderers found themselves installed as members of the *Mary Ellen's* crew, much to their own satisfaction.

The tug was one of a host of craft that spent most of their time prowling about the waters off Sydney looking for a ship that needed towing to a berth in the vast harbor, seldom being away more than four or five days at a time. There was little or no formality on board. The skipper was as amiable as he was fat, and he did not expect the crew to exert themselves unduly when they were afloat waiting about. Notwithstanding his bulk, however, he became like a live wire when there was a chance of a tow. He was known familiarly as Lightning Grummitt, and had earned the nickname. Not a tug captain in Sydney harbor could hold a candle to him at his business. He seemed to have an uncanny sixth sense which told him a ship in the distance wanted a tug. He had spent the best part of a lifetime running trading-boats in the Pacific, but for the last twenty years had done nothing but towing-work where he was now, and it was becoming second nature for him to know the requirements of different vessels.

The days passed pleasantly enough for Dave, and he found very little to do, as compared with life on tramps. Sometimes, after satisfying himself that the lookout was wide-awake, the skipper would join the rest of the crew in the cozy cabin, and join in telling yarns while smoking fearsome black cigars that seemed to Dave to have an odor of tarred rope.

One evening, when the tug was rolling gently in the ground-swell and various reminiscences had been exchanged, the conversation drifted toward pirates of other days and treasure-trove.

"That reminds me," Tempest said, "of a queer bit of news Dave here picked up some time ago in America. Do any of you remember hearing of a treasure-ship called the *Hatteras* being lost in the South Seas years ago?"

"The *Hatteras,*" Captain Grummitt repeated slowly, taking the cigar from his mouth and squinting at the swaying lamp overhead. "No, I don't seem to recall it for the minute. What did she have on board?"

"There was nothing special on board," re-

plied Tempest, "except a consignment of platinum, belonging to a passenger who had spent a couple of years or so mining it. He was taking the stuff to San Francisco from Sydney."

"Wait a minute," the skipper interrupted, unscrewing the cigar again, pensively. "I seem to have a hazy recollection of something of the sort, but it 's a good long while ago. What happened to the ship? Was n't she set on fire, or something?"

"Nobody knows. She just disappeared."

"Oh, yes, that was it! I was confusing her with another craft. The *Hatteras*—let me see—"

Captain Grummitt scratched his head vigorously, an action which always seemed to assist his memory.

"Blow me if that was n't the boat there was a reward offered for," he said at length, his mind leaping back over the years. "But I don't just recall if ever she was found."

"Never," said Tempest. "There is n't a man living to-day can say for a fact what happened to her or to any one on board, except perhaps Dave, and what he knows does n't amount to much, but it 's curious."

Several pairs of eyes were turned on the boy in surprise.

"Shiver my timbers!" said Captain Grummitt. "Have you found her, lad?"

Dave shook his head regretfully, with a smile.

"No such luck," he said, "though Tempest keeps joking with me about it."

"It's no joke, laddie," said Tempest. "It seems to me you got nearer to it than any one else ever did, only you did n't realize it at the time."



"'HERE IT IS—FANNING ISLAND,' DAVE ANNOUNCED." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"Well, out with it," urged Grummitt. "What happened?"

"As far as we know at present," Tempest explained, "there has only been one bark of that name lost in the South Seas. Dave happened to be talking to an old sailor on the quay at Brooklyn this year, and got wind of a bark called the *Hatteras* that was lying half buried in sand on some island."

"Where?" Captain Grummitt asked, his interest aroused.

"Goodness knows! But wait a minute. The old sailor does n't appear to have known, or remembered, that there was anything of value on the *Hatteras,* but as soon as Dave told his father

about it Captain Hallard remembered the story, though he did n't think there would be anything of value left on the wreck after all this time. Whether that is so or not, however, nobody can say, really, as nothing has ever been heard of any one finding the platinum."

"But did n't the sailor give any idea where he saw the wreck?" Captain Grummitt asked.

"Somewhere near Christmas Island," Dave put in.

"Now we 're getting on," said the skipper. "How near?"

"Some distance away, I guess," replied Dave. "They were running toward Christmas Island from another place when they came across it."

"Did he mention the name of the other place?"

"Yes, but I don't remember what it was now."

"Well, let 's see," observed the skipper, diving into a deep locker. "I 've got an old chart of the Pacific somewhere here. P'raps that will help you to remember. Ah, here it is!"

Captain Grummitt carefully spread the sheet on the cabin table, and with a pudgy forefinger indicated the position of Christmas Island.

"Now, you run your eye over that section," he said. " 'T won't take long. There 's precious few places there big enough to have a name."

"Here it is—Fanning Island," Dave announced.

"Umph!" said the skipper, re-scratching his pate. "That gives you your bearings, in a manner of speaking, but you know them two islands are n't quite as near to one another as they look on that chart. The next question is, how long had they passed Fanning before they hit the wreck?"

"I don't think he mentioned any definite time, but he said something about being a day's steaming off their course," said Dave, struggling to recall more of the ancient mariner's yarn.

"That helps in a way," the skipper commented. "But which direction did she drift—east or west?"

"I have no idea."

"Umph!" The captain was silent, thinking.

"Did he say anything particular about the island?" he asked at length.

"The wreck was in a lagoon," Dave said, "and there was a reef of rocks outside the lagoon, because they thought the ship must have struck those rocks and drifted over them afterward on a very high tide."

"We 're getting on," commented the skipper. "What else?"

"I only remember one other thing. There was a sort of hill on the island, and in the distance it seemed to be shaped like a camel's back."

"That's definite enough. Of course, there are lots of islands around those waters with lagoons, and a lagoon most generally has a bunch of rocks round it, but it 's long odds you would n't find two islands there with a lagoon and a hill like a camel on it. Then, if you *should* see a hill like a cow or a donkey, you 'll know it is n't that one."

"On the other hand," said Tempest, who had been listening with curious interest, "if you see the camel, it is worth making a mighty careful search in that neighborhood for the treasure-ship."

"You bet your sweet life it is!" said Captain Grummitt. "If I was twenty years younger and did n't have to spend my time dodging around Sydney Harbor looking for the price of the family's victuals and rent, hang me if I would n't put in a spell hunting for that old treasure-ship."

"Do you really think it might be worth while?" Tempest asked, his habitual manner of carelessness cast aside for the moment.

"Well, if you put it up to me that way," said the skipper, blowing rings of smoke between each few words, "it 's a hard question. You see, you can't get away from the fact that there is, or there was, a bark called the *Hatteras* there not very long ago, unless this old sailor invented it, and there 's no sensible reason for supposing he did that. Then again, if any one had ever found that treasure, the papers would have had a long yarn about it, and none of us ever heard of that happening. I could tell you a whole lot more of what I think about it if only I could get one peek at the wreck. Such a lot depends on what state she is in. Mebbe there 's nothing but her ribs left by now, in which case, good-by treasure. But if she 's pretty deep in the sand, and if she has n't broken in half, I don't see why there should n't be a fair chance of this stuff still being on board. You see, there 's a powerful difference between leaving it all these years in the main street of Sydney and leaving it stranded on a little island where nobody in their sane senses would think of poking their noses."

"I think some fine day we shall have to go treasure-hunting, Dave," Tempest said with a quiet smile.

"If ever we get the chance," agreed Dave.

"If ever you get the chance," said Captain Grummitt, nodding his head with each word, "don't you miss it! But how in thunder you 're to get the chance is more than I know, because there ain't no ferry-boats running to Christmas Island this summer, nor any other summer, and you can take it from me the walking from here to there is pretty bad. Yessir. Pretty bad!"

(*To be continued*)

# "GROWING UP" WITH THE "MOVIES"

BY JANE STANNARD JOHNSON

It is two years and more since I have had the privilege of talking with the boys and girls of St. Nicholas about motion-pictures, and what a wonderful two years it has been! Such changes have been made during that period, and such progress! A great many more pictures are produced now than were being made then, and much better ones—though not all of them are better than they "used to be."

There has been another change, too, and this a very, very sad one. When I last talked with you, our films were telling the story of peace, and that was the chief hope and topic of our nation.

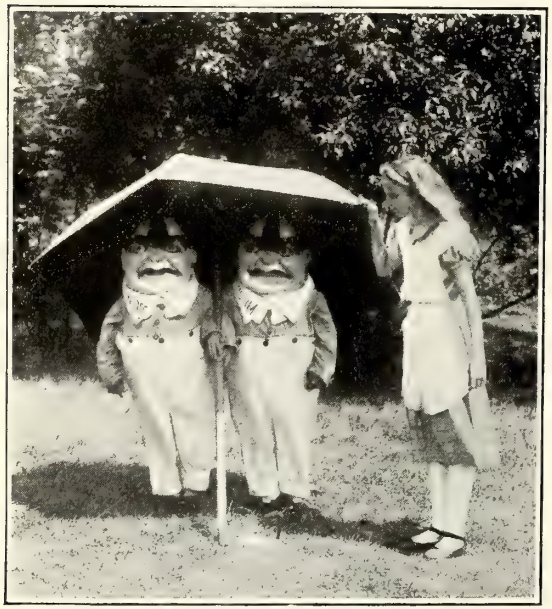


THE *WALRUS* AND THE *CARPENTER*, FROM "ALICE IN WONDERLAND."

But now, everywhere is war, and the motion-pictures are telling us about that. At virtually every theater we see reels and reels showing long columns of our splendid young men marching away to war, some of them never to return. The military uniform has replaced the citizen's dress for thousands upon thousands of our "boys" throughout the United States, and the pictures enable us to visit them at their camps east, south, and west, where they put in the days of training, working, and drilling. After that, we sometimes say good-by to them on boat or train, with much flying of flags and fluttering of handkerchiefs. They are leaving America. Even then it does not seem to us so very serious—people always have traveled about a lot on boat and train. But the very next film, maybe, shows us another detachment of our soldiers just arrived in England. The entire populace is out to greet them. King George and Queen Mary are there, and with a brass band in the lead, beating time, again we see lines of our uniformed men, far as the eye can reach. They are going to the trenches and have reached London on their way. They are given a tremendous ovation and greeted with great demonstrations of joy—our America is on its way to help save the world for a principle. No motive of money or selfish gain, no desire for territorial acquisition spurs them forward; but there they march, manly, proud and brave, your brothers and mine, to fight for humanity's freedom. The long columns go tramping past, this time to embark for France. As the last of them passes out of sight, we reach up in the darkness of the theater to wipe away the tears that would roll down, and swal-

low the lump in our throat that seemed almost to choke us.

Yes, our boys have gone, more are going every day; but the littler boys left at home, and the girls too, can help to win victory by each one being heart and soul and mind a loyal American, patriotically standing with and for and by our Government, each one watching word and thought to be very sure that he is all of that. None of us can view these pictures of our soldiers without a feeling deep down inside somewhere that we are going to be very good indeed, far better than we 've been before; and we can do that in no



*ALICE* WITH *TWEEDLEDUM* AND *TWEEDLEDEE.*

more effective way than by loyalty to our country and its ideals and to the principle of right for which we are fighting. I have mentioned the war first, because that is the most important thing in America to-day.

The motion-picture, primarily, is intended as an amusement, and all children, from the tiniest toddler to the "man who is a child grown up," love to be agreeably entertained. It is hardly too much to say that children now attend motion-picture shows in greater number than all other amusements combined. Therefore, the older boys and girls especially have the privilege and opportunity of choosing to see only high-grade, wholesome productions.

Quite a number of films are being made to-day that will please all ages of boys and girls, and I can almost describe the kind of picture you like above all others. First, you want a story about a girl of beautiful character and a brave, fine-looking man, and the end must be "they lived happy ever after." But in between the beginning and the ending there must be a meritorious story of dramatic interest that shall prove the loyalty and sincerity of both through trials and temptations, just as happens to people in real life, you know,—not namby-pamby, but a strong, stirring story with a purpose. The man must have the chance to prove that he is every inch a man, while the girl must remain loyally true blue.

Then you like to see the characters in beautiful homes and artistic surroundings, and certain pictures show homes as nearly perfect as knowledge, skill, and money can make them. I wonder if it ever has occurred to my readers that some of you, and legions of other boys and girls, are seeing to-day more lovely homes in motion-pictures than you ever have seen before perhaps? That is true. You admire and enjoy these homes as you watch the shadowy screen, and I wonder how many say to yourselves, "I want a home like that when I get big"? You think, too, as you admire the wonderful scenery, that some day you will take a train and ride away across the continent to see the real California, where many of these actual homes are located.

Another thing you like to have in a picture is a party. Everybody loves a party. There is all the flutter and suppressed excitement of getting dressed and having all in readiness; and when the people begin to arrive, the men look so handsome in their evening clothes and the ladies are so charming in their filmy frocks! The little folks back in the darkened theater watch in absorbed wonder as the men gallantly escort and wait upon the ladies. What courteous manners! And how thoughtful and attentive! These men of the screen do a thousand little things that add to the comfort and enjoyment of the ladies and make the evening pass happily that the big and little boys in the audience perhaps never would have thought of doing. The courtesy of the occasion impresses one deeply. For instance, every man of them rises whenever a lady comes in, and they remain standing until she is seated. That is a very little courtesy, of course, and most little boys are taught it in the home; but I venture the guess that some boys leave these pictures resolving to adopt as their own the manners of the men in the films, particularly the leading man.

Meanwhile, the little girls are adoring the leading lady, her dress, her smile, her sweet, womanly ways—all to be copied and practised at home, later. How do I know that little girls make ideals of the film stars? Well, I will tell you. Do you know Mary Pickford? In imagination I hear a

great chorus of delighted "Oh, yes!" answering as one voice. Well, I know Miss Pickford, too, and one day I went to call upon her at the studio where she makes the pictures, which you see later at the theaters. I found her in her dressing-room, and guess what she was doing—signing letters as fast as she could write, while a big pile was on the desk in front of her, and two stenographers typewriting as fast as their fingers could fly. I asked Miss Pickford the meaning of it all. She stopped, and, turning to me, said, "Do you see those letters?" I looked. Stacked around three sides of the room, to a depth of several feet, were unopened letters! I nodded, "Yes." "These come by the thousand," said Miss Pickford, "from girls in all parts of the world who have seen my photoplays and who write to tell me how much they enjoy them; and often mothers write that their daughters are trying to grow up to be like the characters I play, and thanking me for giving them clean, wholesome pictures." And she handed me several letters to read in confirmation. "I think a very great deal of the writers of these letters," she added; "I call them 'my girls,' and I personally answer and sign all of the letters I possibly can; but if I answered them all, there 'd be no time left to make pictures." Then, as I left, she signed a photograph for me.



*REBECCA* STARTING FOR HER AUNTS' HOME.



*REBECCA* AND HER CHUM SELLING SOAP.

Personally, I have no ulterior interest in Miss Pickford or her pictures, but I, too, fell a victim to her grace and charm. She is womanly, modest, gracious, and, best of all, has sweet, unselfish manners. She looks off the screen just as she does on, and truly, it is not surprising that girls are trying to be like her.

I wonder if "Little Mary," as she is popularly called, has visited your local theater in "Poor Little Rich Girl"? If so, you doubtless have seen it. If not, you have a delightful treat awaiting you when she does come. Another of her pictures I must not fail to tell you about is "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Of course you have read the story by Kate Douglas Wiggin, but after seeing the film your pleasure in it will be more than doubled.

Some of the pictures you will enjoy are those in which children play important rôles, though the fact that children appear in them does not necessarily mean that you will like the pictures. "Jack and the Beanstalk," for example, is played almost entirely by children, but the producer added to the fairy story, which you all know, new characters, some of them quite terrifying, and a new plot, with the result that the last half does not fulfil the promise of the first. And not all of the films in which little Marie Osborne appears are suited to young spectators.

There are other film fairy-tales, however, that you will like throughout. Have you ever seen "Alice in Wonderland" and "Snow White"? And I must not forget Mark Twain's beautiful story, "The Prince and the Pauper."

I wonder how many ST. NICHOLAS readers live in cities and towns where special performances have been given for children? Such performances were given in New York last year, and the children had such good times! As many as twelve hundred came to one theater many Saturdays, and I 'm going to let one of the girls who went tell you about it. She wrote a letter to her cousin, and here is the letter:



THE *PRINCE* AND THE *PAUPER*.



A SCENE FROM "HULDA OF HOLLAND."

For my letter this week I am going to tell you all about something so very amusing that I know you will like it.

Several women who seem to know all about children have organized a club to produce a series of moving pictures for them on Saturday mornings. Well, I have been there several times and they are just fine! They show lovely pictures of such interesting stories and fairy-tales, and some such funny ones, too. We had "The Prince and the Pauper," with Marguerite Clark, "Poor Little Peppina," with Mary Pickford, and "The Fairy and the Waif," with Mary Miles Minter. As you are a picture "fan" I am mentioning the stars. "Little Mary Sunshine" had Marie Osborne in it. Of course, you know that adorable five-year-old. Is n't she the sweetest little thing? Her dimples are so deep and cute, and she has such wavy hair, and oh, how that baby can act! In one part she walked nicely up to a big black bear (he is in reality her pet) and squirted a hose on him. She can laugh and cry to order, too. The play had other actors, of course, but she was the best. The plot was splendid, and I just love the whole play, from Baby Marie to the bear.

Films that the older boys will find of special interest are those dealing with the industries. Many of you are even now thinking about what vocation you will follow. One film, for instance, shows in detail the making of a book; another shows the manufacture of milk chocolate, from the placid Holstein cow to the finished package; another shows how shoes are made, from the raw hides to the fine foot-wear in the shop-window; still another shows the process by which the kid-skin becomes gloves for the dainty hands of my lady; a rural film shows harvesting methods, from the not-so-very long ago, when grain was cut with a scythe, to the present, when a huge modern machine operated by gasolene or electricity cuts the grain and gathers, threshes, and puts it into bags for market, all in one operation. Then there are films whose timeliness adds to their interest, such as those that show the making of munitions, and the conservation of fruits and vegetables by modern drying processes.

To-day motion-pictures are one of the interests in nearly every home. They offer a means of recreation and improvement to millions of young folk, boys and girls; and what they see on the screen becomes a part of their thinking, is reflected in their conduct, and may be an inspiration to worthy achievement.



THE SPECTATORS AT *REBECCA'S* CIRCUS.

Boys and girls now have some responsibility about what character of pictures they will see; that is, each can try to find out that a picture is worth while before going to see it. Certainly, none of the ST. NICHOLAS readers would care for trashy books, and it is reasonable to assume they would not care to see trashy stories on the screen. More than this, our nation is now at war, and that fact is bringing additional duties to each and every one of us, including the boys and girls. Let one of these be to realize in what direction the pictures you see in the films are influencing you. Cultivate a taste for the meritorious, the refined picture. This will help not only you, but your younger brothers and sisters, and your playmates. Each of you may immediately become a film committee of one, determined to see only the good pictures. Let 's do it now!



THE CIRCUS PARADE FROM "REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM."



After painting in the possession of W. H. Sage, Esq. Photograph by courtesy of Knoedler & Co.

"LITTLE MRS. GAMP." PAINTED BY SIR JOHN E. MILLAIS

# CINDERELLA'S GRANDDAUGHTER

BY BETH B. GILCHRIST

## Chapter IV

### GODMOTHER'S UNDERSTUDY

Gerald did not forget. That very evening, at Allison Burt's dance, Dorothea heard him speaking to Mrs. Wright when that lady, on her way home from a musicale, looked in at the Burts' to pick up Dorothea.

"Aunt Isabel will chaperon the girls from here," he was saying when Dorothea caught the drift of his words. "Marjorie is going over, and Norman has asked Allison—"

A queer little commotion stirred Dorothea. She was committed, whatever prudence might dictate. Keenly she watched Aunt Ida for any shadow of disapproval on that mobile face. But Mrs. Wright, so far as could be judged in the movements of the dance, was listening to Gerald with entire approbation. The girl saw them laughing together, saw Aunt Ida's gracious, emphatic little nod. In the motor on the way home, Dorothea drew close to her hostess. "And you really think it is all right for me to go to the frat house-warming?"

"I only wish I could go with you. He asked me, the young scamp! Invited me to help chaperon. I told him I should like nothing better. One of the merriest memories of my youth, Dorothea, is of a gathering in a college town. Did n't we girls have a good time! Go, by all means, my dear, and enjoy yourself. I shall not worry about you so long as you play with half a dozen boys at once."

Unaccountably Dorothea blushed. "That is one reason why I have such a good time here. The young folks all do things together—in bunches. Can't you go? It would make everything perfect."

"Thank you. The trouble is, I have invited a house-party and one or two of my guests will be staying through the date. It seemed to me rather jolly for you to have other young people in the house, and their fathers and mothers are friends I have not seen for years."

"Everything you do is jolly," said Dorothea.

"They are interesting people. You will find them stimulating to meet. And I count on you to help me play hostess, my dear."

The girl's eyes kindled. "I can't think of anything lovelier."

"There will be two girls and three boys, unless somebody fails me. Nita and Conrad Grace have had a rather amusing life, without much true satisfaction, I fancy. Their mother died when they were small, and they have lived with their father very nearly all over the globe. Yes, he is *the* Grace, the painter. Nita has managed somehow to remain a desperately shy little girl under a sophisticated appearance. People think her haughty, when she is just frightened. I doubt if she has ever had a thoroughly good time in a strange house in her life; and strange houses are, one might say, her daily bread, as they are constantly traveling. I want her to forget that this house is new to her. You can manage that for me."

"I shall love to try." Dorothea's voice was eager.

"You will succeed, for you will understand that her manner is not intended to rebuff. Conrad, her brother, is an odd boy. In him the family shyness takes the form of an insufferable inclination to show off. I suppose he thinks he is appearing at his ease. And their father is the most delightful man in the world! The other two boys are brothers, Billy and Bob Saunders. I knew them as little chaps in Rome when their father was there in the consular service. Their mother is quite the most beautiful woman I ever saw. Florence Lawton is simply a nice girl. She comes with her aunt, Inez Lawton, the writer. There is a woman as lovely in mind as she is in feature. The two, aunt and niece, are absolutely alone in the world, so far as I know, and inseparable. The child has no special ability. She is n't even pretty, nor particularly charming. But she is superlatively nice—a comfortable body to have about. She keeps house for her aunt in a quaint old New York mansion that business is besieging on all sides."

So the warm, mellow voice ran on, describing the coming guests. And Dorothea listened, curled in a deep wicker chair, in the prettiest of negligées, while the fire painted glowing pictures that warmed her hospitable young heart as happily as the birch logs toasted her toes. To help play the hostess in this beautiful house—could a kindly fate grant more?

"We will plan a bit to-morrow," Aunt Ida was saying. "I had thought of a luncheon dance for the young people. You might take the music-room, or the terrace if the day is fine, while I use the dining-room. The gardens have been crying out for a garden-party all this month. Then we must have two or three dinners, I think, and some night a bona-fide dance—shall

we call it a ball? That will be especially for you, my dear."

Dorothea went to sleep to dream deliciously of pumpkin coaches and silver slippers and fraternity house-parties and forlorn damsels to whom it was her joyous task to disclose all the beauties of Fairwood.

When she actually saw Nita Grace, however, she felt an inner grimace of self-amusement that never quivered a muscle of her face. That elegant, and reserved young figure drawled a languid "How d'y do?" and only consciousness of her own modish costume enabled Dorothea to find courage to address her. But she remembered Aunt Ida's revelation and chattered away, as persistently friendly as though the iceberg that answered to Nita's name were really a flesh-and-blood girl. It was hard work to keep up the illusion, for friendliness craves encouragement, and Nita's tall, slender young-ladyhood remained aloof and unbending. Dorothea almost inclined to doubt the exactitude of her hostess's information; but to discredit anything Aunt Ida said proved unthinkable, and she fell back again on persistence.

"Perhaps," the girl thought, "she really is feeling a little warmed up inside, but does n't know how to show it. 'Pike's Peak or bust,' as Jim says. I won't give up till she goes home."

It was a comfort to turn from Nita's icy remoteness to Florence Lawton. Dorothea could have hugged her for her responsiveness and for the unobtrusive way she settled into the social scheme. Where Nita sat on the edge of her chair, sipping tea like a Dresden-china shepherdess in metropolitan clothes, scorning the world with cold, level gray eyes, Florence Lawton quietly put out a hand to steady a tottering cup, exclaimed over the beauties of Fairwood with whomever happened to be her neighbor, lent a well-bred ear to Conrad Grace's boastfulness, and managed at the same time to give the impression that she was thoroughly enjoying herself. Yes, undeniably, Florence Lawton was "nice."

Billy and Bob Saunders were "nice," too, fine, well-turned-out college boys, with a refreshing unconsciousness of any special importance they might have in the universe. Beside Conrad Grace's bumptiousness the simple good manners of Billy and Bob stood out as superior virtue. For Conrad Grace was, as Aunt Ida had said, insufferable. His voice was too loud, his gestures were too violent, his very hair stood up aggressively. Dorothea wanted to get Billy and Bob off by themselves, with Florence Lawton, and talk with them. Instead, she linked her arm in Florence's and drew her over to Nita's chair, Billy and Bob followed, Conrad added himself and for the next half-hour Nita was at the hear of a group that, however its individual member might feel, gave a perfectly good imitation of si young people getting acquainted.

"Well done!" Aunt Ida found time to sa softly before Dorothea took the girls upstairs yet, whatever Aunt Ida might think, Dorothe felt certain, when she went to bed that night that the ice had not even been scratched.

"I 'll try her with the gardens in the morn ing," thought the young hostess, with some dis couragement. "Not that she will probably notic anything; though how anybody can help gettin a *little* enthusiastic over the gardens, I don't see."

But in the morning, when she tapped lightl on Nita's door, there was no response.

"I saw the young lady going downstairs, Mis Graham, five minutes ago," said a passing maid.

Dorothea thanked her and turned her own step toward the staircase. Outside, the earth was painted glory, a cup of gorgeous color, rimme with blue hills, and filled with a draft of sparklin October air. Dorothea drank it joyously. Afte all, the world was too beautiful, too wonderful to let little things like unresponsive guests bothe one. For ten minutes she would enjoy it all b herself in its morning freshness.

When, reluctantly, she pulled her thought again toward Nita Grace, her feet turned firs to the terrace. Red leaves littered its gray flags but there was no sign of any guest. A swift sur vey of the gardens revealed no figures, not eve a gardener's. Perhaps Nita was a person wh did not dare to explore for herself. Dorothe moved toward the lawn where, on the previou afternoon, they had had tea.

She was approaching swiftly through th shrubbery when voices caught her ear—a boy's dejected, mortified; a girl's, low, incisive, dis couraged.

"Hang it all, Nita, you know how it is wit me! I suppose I went the limit last night."

"Yes, you did."

"Talked at the top of my lungs and acted a though I owned the universe generally an wanted everybody to know it?"

"Just about that. I 've never seen you wors —except once or twice."

The boy groaned. "The decenter a place i the more I hate this eternal visiting. Say, Nita I 'm going to cut it."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. I 'm going to get out."

"You can't do that."

"Well, I can, all right. And I will, too. I 'm not going to stand being dragged around t



"THE EARTH WAS A PAINTED GLORY, A CUP OF GORGEOUS COLOR."

places where I behave like a clown. Don't you suppose I can see what people think of me?"

"You will have to stand it. We 'll both have to."

"I won't. That 's flat."

"You won't go off and leave me, Con. I 'm in as deep as you."

"You don't make such a confounded fool of yourself."

"I make a confounded snob of myself. I 'm a spoil-sport. Don't you suppose I know what people think, too?"

Noiselessly Dorothea drew back. She felt abashed at the thought that, however unintentionally, she had intruded on family confidences. But she could not help hearing what was said.

Dorothea had a moment of swift insight. She saw the two abnormally conscious of themselves, of every word and movement, of the blink of an eyelash and the indrawing of a breath. Her heart filled with an aching pity. "Oh, the poor things! If only they could stop thinking about themselves for even five minutes!"

She crept back through the shrubbery and, making a detour, crossed the lawn with a gay hail of recognition. Perhaps it would be kinder to let them alone, but she could not bear to be as kind as that. Under her eyes their faces stiffened to the masks they did not know how to doff, but such things could deceive Dorothea no longer. Not even Conrad's bumptiousness irritated now. She knew it for the defensive armor of a shivering spirit.

"Good morning," she called, enveloping the two in a radiant smile. "Is n't it a perfectly gorgeous morning? Have you seen the gardens?"

"No," said Nita, curtly. "Are there gardens?"

"Come and see them. They are wonderful this morning! Perhaps you knew gardens can be wonderful in October. I never did before."

At her elbow Conrad laughed harshly. "Know about gardens? Well, just a little bit! There are the Tuileries, you know, and Kew, and a few places like that. We 've seen them."

"Oh, yes, but I mean *home* gardens,—not exhibition places,—gardens to live in. Probably you have seen that kind, too, but I 'm sure, even if you have, that you will like these."

Chatting busily, an arm linked in Nita's, Doro-

thea led the way across the lawns. What she hoped for, she could not have told, nothing at best but a tepid interest; and she was prepared to forego even that temperate reward of her endeavors. She was not in the least ready for what happened.

Dorothea had planned artfully. They crossed the lawns behind a wind-break of hemlocks, traversed a winding path through the shrubbery and suddenly came out at the foot of the terrace.

Nita Grace gave a little jump, and the hand on Dorothea's arm grew tense. "Oh!" she cried; "oh!" breathless and excited. Then she drew her arm out of Dorothea's and, running forward, dropped on her knees before a great clump of white flowers and laid her cheek against them.

"Nita's daffy over flowers. Always was." The voice was that of the boy who had bewailed his shyness, but unblustering, natural, cleansed of shame. Dorothea saw his eyes shining strangely as they followed the masses of color. He moved forward, still with that intent, uplifted look.

"I 'll wager he 's a bit of an artist inside—something like his father," thought Dorothea.

Nita turned her head. "How can you ever bear to go into the house, to sleep or eat or do anything, when you might be looking at these?"

"We often lunch or breakfast on the terrace and look at them all the time," Dorothea said.

"Really?" The girl's face kindled. "I shall like that. I shall *like* it, but I shall forget to eat."

Her young hostess hardly knew whether to go or stay, but in the end she stayed. It seemed the least obtrusive thing to do. She soon found that her presence had ceased to fetter Nita's tongue. In her joy in the flowers the girl had forgotten herself. She flitted from bed to bed, now running forward to greet some new glory of color, now lingering, loath to leave old friends.

"Do you know what I 'd like to do?" she was saying. "I 'd like to own a farm somewhere; but I would n't raise hay or cabbages or any of those stupid things. I 'd paint it all over with flowers, acres and acres of them! I never had enough flowers—as many as I wanted, I mean. Perhaps I could n't ever get enough. I don't know. One winter in Paris father let me fuss with window-boxes. We had seventeen windows and I was almost happy. It always makes me happy to mess with dirt, too." She stooped and drew a bit of earth over the exposed tip of a root, patting it down with loving care.

For half an hour the three wandered, together or separately, as fancy drew them. Then Billy and Bob with Miss Lawton invaded the gardens, and, exert herself as she would, Dorothea saw the old stiffness and unloveliness begin to slip over her two companions. A blatant note buzzed in Conrad's voice. Nita's manner grew abrupt, her confidences ceased.

Dorothea liked to think that in both Nita and Conrad the ugly manner had softened, that they were never afterward quite so haughty and so boastful as they had been on the first day. Sometimes, when there were no strangers about, they almost forgot to be haughty and boastful at all. They quite forgot now and then in the gardens, alone with Dorothea. And though she often wanted to shake them and make them show their true selves to Marjorie and Norman and the rest, the girl wisely comforted herself with the reflection that a little is better than none.

It was the house-party more than any other happening of her magic month that gave Dorothea the sensation of living in a book. She had only to look at Aunt Ida's guests to feel herself between printed pages. She had only to open her ears to hear the beating wings of great events. The ex-ambassador, the painter, the author, all talked intimately of matters Dorothea had been wont to see confined within magazine covers on a library table. Through them she touched hands with art and history in the making. Mrs. Saunders's beautiful face swam before her ardent vision against a glittering background of courts and capitals. Best of all, the girl loved to see how Aunt Ida moved among them all, the queenly hostess, gracious, stimulating, inevitably ready with the fruitful word, the right suggestion, holding the threads of the house-party in such capable hands that only Dorothea, who was privileged to glance behind the scenes, dreamed that otherwise they might have tangled.

On the whole, it was fortunate that the girl's attention had such rich interests to absorb it, fortunate that the problem of Nita and Conrad drew out her constant energies, that the pleasure of playing hostess to her aunt's young guests won her to such joyous abandon. Otherwise it is possible that even Dorothea might have felt troubled. For Jerry Stanton was unaccountably different. In another boy, less sure of himself, she would have assigned his grumpiness to jealousy. But Jerry could n't be jealous. From all points of view the idea was unthinkable.

## CHAPTER V

### A FIGURE WITH THE PRINCE

THE notion, of course, was foolish, and Dorothea laughed at herself for thinking of it. Jerry jealous where she was concerned? In the first place, he was n't that kind of a boy. In the second place, it could n't matter to him who— But

why particularize an absurdity? She would feel conceited even to finish the sentence. The house-party had kept her very busy the two or three days before the boys left for college; Jerry had most likely been busy himself.

"Really, Dorothea Graham, if you are going to grow fanciful as you grow up," she scolded herself, "I don't know what I shall do with you."

A note from Jerry further reassured her. Norman was coming home for the week-end, and his cousin thought he might come with him, if Dorothea would have time to go over the Belgian dance they were all to do together at the fair.

An odd thing to ask, thought Dorothea, since she had always made time for rehearsals. She dispatched a note to Mr. Gerald Stanton, after which she found Florence Lawton, the two proceeded to find Billy and Bob Saunders, who were leaving for college in the morning, and the four engaged in an amusing and spirited interchange of balls on the tennis-court, while Nita and Conrad Grace hobnobbed with Mixner in the gardens. Conrad and Nita and Mixner got on surprisingly well, and Dorothea felt free to enjoy herself. She rather hated to see Billy and Bob go, for it meant the beginning of the end of the house-party; but they had promised to come back for her dance, and that was some alleviation. Moreover, to be able to say "my dance," ought, Dorothea considered, to keep anybody in good spirits. As Aunt Ida always referred to the function as "Dorothea's dance," that young person herself could not well say anything else.

"I 'll share it with you," she told Florence and Nita joyously. "It is going to be *our* dance, really."

"I never have a decent time at a dance," Nita confessed dubiously. "That 's why I hate them."

"All the more reason why you must like this one. I can't have anybody hate this dance, I love it so. You see, it is the very first dance anybody gave for me in all my life."

"Really?" Nita's gray eyes widened. "I thought you must have had dozens of dances given for you."

"Dear me, no! I don't have time to dance when I 'm home. It keeps me busy to run the house. That 's why I am having such a good time here. The twins and I have a joke about this month. I write them twice a week, regular story-letters, you know, and sign myself 'Cinderella's grand-daughter.' "

"Tell us about the twins," said Florence.

So, seeing that they were really interested, Dorothea told about the twins, and from the twins inevitably she branched out to Jim and Father and Elise.

"And I thought you had always lived in houses like this and just amused yourself," Nita said bluntly when Dorothea had finished, but it was a kindly bluntness.

Dorothea laughed. "You ought to see me at home, particularly about breakfast-time."

"I like those twins," said Nita. "Con would like them. May I tell him about them?"

"Why, surely. Though the twins need to be seen to be fully appreciated."

"Are n't you going to miss all this when you go back?" Florence's question was free of inquisitiveness.

"The luxury and the playing about?"

"Yes, with nothing to do, as Nita says, but amuse yourself."

"I have thought of that. I know I shall miss it, but I don't mean to be homesick for anything except Aunt Ida. I shall hate leaving her. Is n't she wonderful? It seems to me,"—Dorothea's tone indicated that she was thinking as she talked, —"I don't know very much about it, being only a girl, but it seems to me that how you feel about things depends a good deal on what you expect from them. And when I first came I made up my mind to think of this month as a kind of adventure, a thing that you do just once, and don't expect to have happen every day. I thought I would go in for it hard, just because it can't happen again. It will be Elise's turn next, you know. And anyway, I would n't want to leave home very often. A month of this will last me a long while."

"Are you sure?" Florence queried. "I wonder how things will seem when you get home."

"For instance, Bridget!" smiled Dorothea. "I shall long for John. But Bridget could n't buttle if she tried, and I don't mean to worry her into trying. There will be Father and Elise and Jim and the twins, too, you know."

"And a heap more fun than anything here," declared Nita.

"We certainly do have good times," said Dorothea. "I don't want to sound priggish, but I honestly should n't like to have nothing to do but amuse myself all the year round. I think that is why I love this so much, because I do have something else at home. That suits me best for bread and butter. This month is for spice."

Then Nita surprised the others, and none more than herself, by saying abruptly, "I wish you would ask me to visit you some day."

"I 'll do the asking right now if you will promise to come."

But Nita, blushing painfully at the realization of what she had said, withdrew into her shell and remained there the rest of the afternoon.

"Sometime I *will* ask her," Dorothea decided,

as she thought over the episode later. "Not now, she would only think I did it because she had asked me to. Oh, but this month was n't to have any consequences! If I ask Nita to visit us, it will be a good deal of a consequence. Would I have to ask Conrad, too? He and I get along fairly well when we are alone, but with strangers he is hopeless. I must consult Aunt Ida. Let me see, what shall I wear to-night?"

By the time Jerry's motor spun up the drive, Dorothea had quite forgotten that she had ever entertained any suspicions of his complete sensibleness. So it was out of a clear sky that the boy dropped his bomb.

In the bright-carpeted glade of the estate where the fair was to be held the last rehearsal of the Belgian village-dance had ended. The Belgian village youth, gay in the quaint garments of their old-time costumes, had lingered to watch Fay Warren depict the heroic spirit of France. Gerald Stanton, beside Dorothea, was unwontedly silent; but that, the girl thought, was because he was intent on the dance and felt its meaning. She felt it herself and grew a bit short of breath as she watched.

"Look here, I don't see you any more," he said suddenly.

"Why, yes, you do." Startled, Dorothea brought her eyes back from Fay's slender, helmeted figure.

"Just point out when, won't you?"

"Right now, for one time. And to-morrow night at your aunt's. And almost any day you like at Fairwood."

"What 's the use? A lot a fellow sees of you at Fairwood or anywhere else with the menagerie around."

"The— What did you say?"

Jerry had the grace to flush. "That Billy and Bob here still?"

"They left for college day before yesterday." The girl's voice was ominously quiet.

"Pretty late, I should say!"

"Everything opens late this year."

"The booster has n't gone, I suppose."

"I 'm afraid I don't understand."

"Self-advertising, patent applied for." Jerry hunched his body into a caricature of Conrad Grace's awkward carriage.

Dorothea's shoulders stiffened. She sat up very straight, and for a minute her lips closed tightly. The boy, glancing up, saw that her face was flushed.

"I beg your pardon," he said abruptly.

"I think you should," she answered gravely. "They are my friends."

"That 's just the trouble," he muttered sulkily.

Dorothea stared at him. The unthinkable had happened. The absurdity was a fact. Her gaze traveled deliberately up his long, supple length, over the broad shoulders, the handsome head. The longer she looked, the more exasperated she grew.

Her silence roused the boy's curiosity; her deliberate, appraising glance nettled him. "What 's the matter?"

"I did n't know you were that kind."

"What kind?"

"Jealous."

"If you call it jealous to want to see a girl once in a while—"

"I call it jealous for a boy to want a girl to do things with him all the time, and to say he won't play at all unless she plays with him every minute or if she plays with anybody else."

"Hold on. I did n't say I would n't play."

"You implied it. You know you did."

"All right. What if I did? What would you say if I went trotting around a lot with—Fay Warren?"

"I 'd say, go on, bless you! If I did n't like it, I 'd want you to go just the same."

"You sound a little mixed."

"I 'm not. I like bunches, the way it has been up here. It is silly and stupid to pair off."

Jerry ducked with a boyish gesture that became him far better than his sulks. Dorothea was so daintily exquisite, so pretty in her ruffled vehemence, her eyes were so big and brown and excited, her cheeks so pink, and Gerald Stanton was so unused to being scolded by any girl except his cousin, so totally unwonted to being told that his presence was not always and forever desirable, that the situation attracted him. Moreover, he was at heart, despite the handicap of his charm and good looks, a sensible boy.

He capitulated with an amused twinkle in his eye and a flush of real shame on his cheek.

"Don't take a fellow's head off. I 'll be good."

But Dorothea could not forgive him in a minute. She had been too sorely grieved.

He watched her with troubled eyes.

"You won't lay this up against me?"

"No. I 'm disappointed, though. I thought you were different."

"Every fellow has his off moments."

"I suppose he has."

"Got any brothers?"

"Two."

"How old are they?"

"Jim is about your age. Jack is five."

"Jim's disposition never get a shade off?"

"No. Jim is splendid."

"Never silly and stupid?"

Her rising color answered the observant boy. "I tell you," he reiterated, "every fellow has his off days."

"Perhaps so," said Dorothea; "but don't have any more, please, will you?"

"I 'll walk a chalk-line," he promised gaily.

Dorothea was still troubled. "Perhaps you won't want me now at the house-warming," she said. "You can take back the invitation, you know."

"Don't step on a fellow when he 's flat. That 's a kind I did n't take *you* for."

The red surged again into her cheeks. "I did n't want you to take it back. I thought perhaps I ought to give you the chance."

"Much obliged."

The two eyed the dance.

"Her motions are wonderful," ventured Dorothea at last. "And I like that straight, Greek sort of costume."

"Very good."

Dorothea began to laugh. She felt serious and sad and troubled, but she also felt amused.

"I 'm glad you see something funny."

"If I did n't— Please be amused, too."

"What 's the joke?"

"You and I. We 're so absurd."

"I don't see it."

"You will." Impulsively she put a hand on his arm. "We 're both being silly now. Let 's be sensible. Are you coming to my dance?"

"If you want me."

"I do."

"I 'll be there. May I have the first dance?"

"It's promised. But you may have the second."

"And how many others will you give me?"

"Two or three. No, four, because you 're so sensible. Would you like four?"

"Not counting extras. It 's the best I can do, I suppose. And supper."

"Supper will be one of the four."

"Anything you say, Your Majesty. Second dance, supper, three others—"

"Two," Dorothea corrected. "The second is one of the four."

"It is n't in the bond. All the extras I want."

"We 'll see."

"We will, young lady."

And Jerry, who was accustomed to being easily first and having his own way without serious opposition, was vastly amused, a little piqued, and considerably more interested than he ever remembered having been before in his life.

As a result of this conversation it was a chastened and exceedingly amiable Jerry who deposited himself and a carful of friends on the lawns at Fairwood the morning of fair day.



"IT WAS DIFFICULT TO SAY NO TO THE CAJOLING YOUNG FIGURE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Dorothea, who was not averse to lording it a little over the fallen, made the most of him. Even Nita Grace experienced a few thrills of genuine pleasure under his skilful attentions.

"She 'll freeze me," the boy objected when Dorothea had suggested that he begin by giving Nita a good time.

"No, she won't,—not if you forget she is freezing you and forget it hard enough to make her forget it."

"What 's that? Say it again."

"I could n't. Try it and see."

"*Morituri salutamus.* That 's Latin and means, 'Watch me this once; it never can happen again.' "

"Don't worry," she told him. "It won't to-day."

For Dorothea had had a better idea than Jerry for the amusement of Conrad and Nita at the fair.

"Would your mother object to two more clowns?" she had asked Marjorie Lake.

"She 'd love 'em!" said Marjorie, promptly. "There are two costumes in the sewing-room, discards. Most likely they won't fit, but they 're easily altered. Help yourself."

Dorothea had helped herself, and Marie had helped Dorothea, and between them they had produced two creditable clown outfits which Dorothea had persuaded Nita and Con to try on, and, having done so had, with difficulty, persuaded them again to take off.

"It is so much more fun being inside than outside of a thing like this fair," Dorothea had explained, "and the most fun of all is to be inside when nobody knows you are there! I 'd like to be a clown myself. I would n't take off my mask. I 'd keep people guessing, and never, never tell them, even afterward, who I was."

"Say, that would be great!" said Con.

"Would it be all right for me to be a clown, too?" Nita had asked doubtfully.

"Aunt Ida says so. The costume is as baggy as bloomers, you know."

"I 'll do it!" said Nita. "Oh, Con, we 'll cover ourselves all up and slip in somewhere between the entrances, after the thing is well under way. Nobody 'll ever dream we 're we!"

Nobody did, though a great many people speculated over the identity of the irresistibly funny Pierrot and Pierrette who contributed no insignificant share to the success of the big fair. Conrad had painted new masks that made you laugh just to look at them, so deliciously comical were their expressions. And behind the masks rollicked and pranced two care-free spirits who played jokes in six languages, and wherever their merry feet danced left mystery behind them.

"Would you ever dream it could happen?" Dorothea whispered to Aunt Ida.

"They were a trifle awkward at first," Aunt Ida confided in return. "I have watched them warm to the sense of their complete freedom from their every-day identity. Not even their father knows them. It is wonderful!"

"I could almost wish they wore masks every day—they are so happy in them!"

"Perhaps they may learn to, sometime, or how to slip off the unpleasant faces with which they now cover their natural kindliness. And what a beautiful time they are having to-day!"

Some one else was having a beautiful time. In the thrill and throb of the big fair, Dorothea expanded like a rose. The Belgian dance went like a charm and was enthusiastically encored. The peanuts and pop-corn sold themselves. It was difficult to say no to the cajoling young figure with its happy, infectious smile and its big, shining brown eyes. Besides, nobody wanted to refuse anybody anything. Purse-strings were open. People even put themselves in Dorothea's way for the sake of buying. Business was good, and she had n't a care in the world, since Conrad and Nita were happy and Jerry was himself once more. Mrs. Wright watched the girl and smiled very tenderly. For Dorothea was obviously in a dainty, demure, but thoroughly competent way, having the time of her life.

Larry Burt voiced the thoughts of many when he said, "You know how to have a good time, don't you!"

The Columbine, nibbling a sandwich from the plate a clown had handed her, nodded smilingly. "I hope so. But nobody could help having a good time here!"

"Guess you 're right there!" said Henry Gleason.

"The only trouble is," the Columbine confided to the clown on her right, "I have the queerest feeling to-night, when I stop to think about it,—which I don't do often,—that it can't last."

"What can't last—the fair?"

"This particular sort of a good time at Aunt Ida's."

"You mean you 've got to go home some day?"

"I don't know what I mean. I told you it was a feeling. Perhaps I am having too good a time."

"Nonsense!" announced Jerry. "That 's superstition."

"I hope so." Then she laughed. "It 's in the tradition not to last."

*(To be continued)*



SOME OF THE EGYPTIAN STUDENTS OF ASSIUT COLLEGE

# WHAT SOME EGYPTIAN BOYS DO

BY CAROLINE BIRD PARKER

I HAVE observed, while sight-seeing in many lands, that it is neither the very rich nor the very poor boy who is the most interesting and has the best time, but it is the middle-between-boy. So I should like to tell you about a few boys of this class whom I met in Egypt.

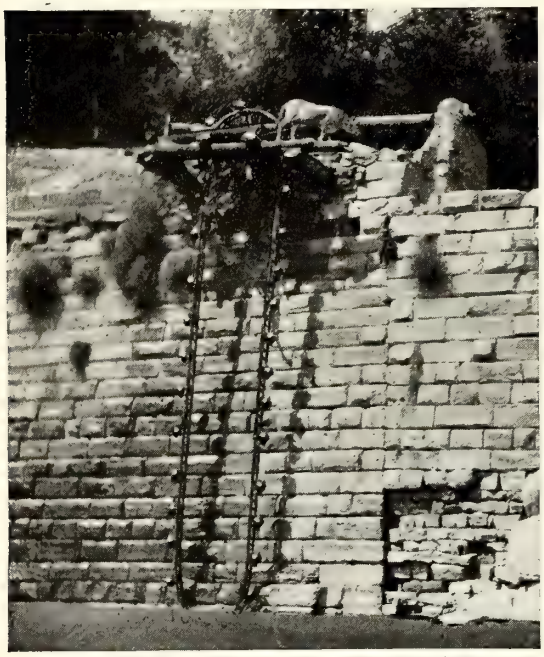
In dress the Egyptian certainly has a great advantage over the American boy. He does not have to worry about tearing his trousers for he does n't wear them. His mother thinks he is sufficiently well dressed if he puts on a shirt and a turban.

But in the matter of washing, the American boy has much the better chance of escape, for it is a part of the Egyptian boy's religion that he must wash his hands, and sometimes his mouth also, with soap and water before eating. He must be a very early riser, for it is his duty to be ready for his prayers at daybreak. And it is one of the most beautiful experiences of this land, where "To-day is here the same as yesterday, and to-morrow will be the same as it is to-day," to be wakened by the call to prayer, chanted by the muezzin—the crier who proclaims from the minaret of the mosque the hours of prayer in a clear, penetrating voice.

The Egyptians love music, and they chant at their work and at their play. The lessons in the native schools are studied by reciting or singsonging, and the boy is usually rocking his head or his body, as he thinks this aids his memory. If you come upon a school, and you will find one in almost every mosque and even in the open streets, you will find it difficult to take it seriously. The sheik, or teacher, sits on the ground, and around him is squatted a group of boys, all chanting and singing. You can imagine that the boys who study in the open street do not find school monotonous, for an endless procession of life passes. Very little is taught outside the Koran, which contains the religious and moral laws of the Mohammedans by which their lives are regulated.

Whether the earth is round or flat does not in the least concern either the pupils or the teacher.

When you meet three or four boys walking down the street, singing and having a jolly time,



A SAKIEH DRAWING WATER FROM THE NILE

they are not singing snatches from the latest opera, but bits of the Koran.

In the great Mosque el Azhar at Cairo, is the most famous university of the Mohammedan world, founded in the tenth century. It has three hundred professors and ten thousand students. The teaching has changed but little in the thousand years that the university has been in existence. Contrary to our custom, the boys are provided with board and lodging and many of them have money given them as alms. They stay from four to six years. There are one hundred and forty pillars in the mosque, and at every one you will find a professor and his class. The other one hundred and sixty professors take their classes where they can find room to sit. Furniture is not an essential for the Arab, who really prefers to sit on the floor. It is a strange sight—these thousands of men and boys sitting on the ground, swaying back and forth, all, apparently, in eager pursuit of knowledge. If a boy is tired or sleepy, he simply tumbles over and takes a nap, and no one pays the slightest attention to him. When he wakens he sits up and starts in again with his singsong study.

Very often only the teacher has a book. If the boys have anything, it is detached leaves. They write industriously on slates made from the tin of good American Standard-oil cans or of yellow wood.

The pens are whittled from reeds, and the ink is furnished by the teachers. It is rich, black, and thick, made from lampblack, vinegar, red ochre, yellow arsenic, and camphor, in mysterious proportions. A famous recipe for ink is a family secret and treasure.

When a boy has finished the reading of the whole of the Koran for the first time, he is graduated from the primary school, and is given a holiday in honor of the occasion. He is dressed in his best, perhaps mounted on horseback, visits the neighbors, receiving gifts and sweetmeats, and brings back to the school a handsome present to his tutor.

The mission schools however are bringing to these Eastern boys the opportunity for Western education, and the more progressive men are quick to realize the advantage to their children of this training. A notable example is the college at Assiut, which has a fine group of modern buildings, all well equipped. The teachers are able men and women and Arabic scholars. Between eight and nine hundred students are enrolled here. The Eastern boy quickly learns the games and sports of the Western world, although the native games are usually rather quiet and dignified.



"NEW YORK" AND HIS MASTER

The boys of the desert are taught very little from books, excepting the book of nature, but all



AN EGYPTIAN CAMEL-BOY

of their training is in the direction of strength and self-protection, so that they may meet fatigue and danger. One of the desert games is to run on the burning sands until quite exhausted and then to be roundly scolded by their elders for not continuing. They are not taught to be courteous to strangers, but to pelt them and drive them away. This is considered to be indicative of an enterprising spirit and a much-to-be-desired, warlike disposition. Of course, the desert boy must learn to be an expert in riding and shooting.

The boys of the poor have to go to work at a very early age, and when only five or six years old are sent to tend the flocks. We saw many of these boys in the fields, and nearly all were playing on musical instruments which they had made from reeds.

One of my most attractive acquaintances was a boy who spent the entire day working a shadoof, which is first cousin to our "old oaken bucket." He was happy, though I think he must sometimes have been very tired, for hour after hour he drew water from the Nile for the crops in the field just behind him.

The boy who drives the donkeys, or camels,



"EVERY AMERICAN BOY WOULD LIKE THE EGYPTIAN SAIL-BOATS"

or cows, or whatever happens to turn the wheel of the sakieh, which is usually a string of buckets on a chain, has a much easier time. He sits in the middle of the wheel, occasionally touching the animals with a whip if they slacken their pace in their monotonous round, chanting the song of the sakieh.



"THE GAILY 'GOTTEN UP' DONKEYS PRESENT QUITE A CONTRAST TO THE 'LADIES' WHOM THEY ARE TAKING FOR AN AIRING"

"Turn, O Sakieh, turn to the right and turn to the left.
The heron feeds by the waterside;
Shall I starve in my onion-field?
Shall the Lord of the World withhold His tears that water the land?
Turn, O Sakieh!"

The donkey-boys and the camel-boys of Egypt are a mixture of the old world and the new, and they are very shrewd. They come in contact with people from all parts of the earth, and are most entertaining. They are anxious to give you such a good time that you will want to return, and they always succeed. We do not mind that they seem to have acquired the art of guessing the exact amount contained in our purses and of using every possible means of wheedling us into giving them a large share. But if you are fairly stern and keep a little for future needs, they are just as attentive, and they are always amiable and anxious to wait on you. They trot along beside you all day, tell you much of interest, and will not, if you show a proper sporting spirit, allow you to be second at the goal. They have very keen minds, and many of them speak several languages. When the tourists have disappeared they go to school, if they can afford to do so.

My first donkey-boy friend gave me a searching look and then announced that my donkey's name was "New York." I thought this only a coincidence until I discovered that a gentleman from Chicago was riding a donkey named for that city.

The donkeys are very gaily "gotten up" and frequently present quite a contrast to the "ladies" whom they are taking for an airing. It is a neglected donkey that does not wear a string of blue beads around his neck, for this is supposed to protect him from all ills.

The market-boys are irresistible. They squat on the ground, spread their wares about them, and it is a very hard-headed person who can resist these fascinating young merchants. But money goes a long way here if one shops discreetly. You may buy anything, from a glass bead to a camel, and of course a camel is not a necessity. After riding one I decided that it was a means of punishment.

Every American boy would like the Egyptian sail-boats, which look at a distance like great birds. The Nile is usually very still, but it sometimes has fits of anger. Beginning the middle of March the hot wind known as the khamsin (from the Arabic word meaning fifty) prevails for fifty days. It starts in the heart of Africa, and sweeps across hundreds of miles of desert, gathering force as it travels. When this wind strikes the river it becomes dangerous for small boats, and even the larger ones are often beached.

These are only a few of the ways of the boy of Egypt; but I hope that, when the war is over, many of the readers of St. Nicholas may go to that fascinating land. Its veil of mystery will not be altogether lifted, but enough will be revealed to make you want to go back again and again.

# GETTING THE BEST OF THE SUBMARINE

BY A. RUSSELL BOND

Author of "With Men Who Do Things," "On the Battle-front of Engineering," etc.

When America declared war on Germany a wave of joy swept over our allies. They looked to us for new millions of men to pour into the battle-field and new billions of dollars to help pay the cost of this frightful war. And then there was a third thing that cannot be counted in dollars or measured in numbers, and that is Yankee genius. It was America that invented the submarine; why should not America find a way of stopping this dreadful machine of war?

In the city of Washington there is a group of patriots—keen business men, expert engineers, brilliant scientists, men whose services could not be bought for a fortune—who are giving their time for nothing, or for a nominal salary of one dollar per year, just to help the Government with the thousand-and-one perplexing problems that have arisen out of the war. This group of men, known as the Council of National Defense, has undertaken, as one of its many jobs, to find some way of conquering the U-boat. From all over the country suggestions and inventions pour into the council. These are carefully weighed and sifted out by a committee in the hope that some one will hit upon an idea that will settle the submarine once for all.

Some very clever suggestions have been sent in which we dare not publish here, lest we give a valuable hint to the enemy. But many of the plans are very foolish, because the men who proposed them have only the vaguest idea of what a submarine is. Of course, every St. Nicholas reader knows what a submarine looks like, but there may be several things about them that have never occurred to him.

### SOME PECULIARITIES OF THE SUBMARINE

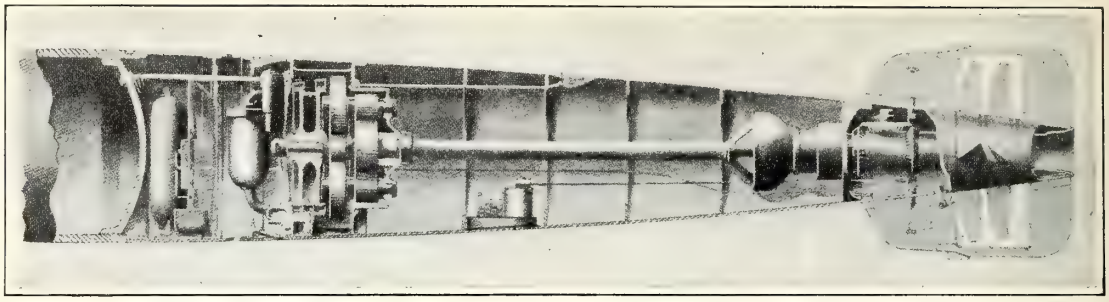
It is not always safe to judge a thing by its name; it is apt to lead to sad mistakes. Now, one would naturally suppose from its name that a submarine is a boat that lives under water, like a fish. But it is not a fish; it is an air-breathing animal that prefers to stay on the surface, only occasionally diving under to hide from danger or to steal upon its prey. Probably submarines do not average more than three hours per day completely submerged.

A U-boat cannot float under water without swimming; in other words, it must keep its propellers going to prevent it from either sinking to the bottom of the sea or bobbing up to the surface. To be sure, it can make itself heavier or lighter by letting water into or blowing water out of its ballast-tanks, but it is impossible to regulate the water ballast so delicately that the submarine will float submerged; and should the boat sink two hundred feet or so, the weight of water above it would be sufficient to crush in its hull.



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LARGE U-BOAT WITH CABLES STRETCHED OVER ALL TO PERMIT SLIDING UNDER NETS.



VIEW OF THE AFTER PART OF A TORPEDO, SHOWING THE ENGINE AND AUTOMATIC STEERING-GEAR.

And so it is a case of sink or swim. Seldom is enough ballast taken on to make a submarine heavier than the water it displaces, and therefore, to stay under, it must keep moving and tilt its horizontal rudders to hold itself down.

While a submarine is submerged, its oil-engines cannot be kept going because they need lots of air and they would soon suffocate for lack of it. Electricity is the only power that can be used under water; and as the storage-batteries can carry only a limited charge of current, the U-boat cannot stay under very long unless it rests on a sandy bottom in comparatively shallow water.

Now, a submarine cannot see anything under water. The commander cannot even see the bow of his own boat, and until he gets near enough to the surface to poke his periscope out of the water, he is absolutely blind and must feel his way about with the compass and depth-gauge. It is always an anxious moment for the U-boat commander, when coming up, until he can get his bearings through the periscope, and even that



THE "BLIMP" TYPE OF DIRIGIBLE.

is attended with considerable danger; for if he is traveling ahead, his periscope will show a wake which will betray his presence, and he runs a chance of being destroyed before he can dive again to a safe depth or before he can bring his deck guns to bear. Because of this danger, U-boats have of late been equipped with telescoping periscopes which can be shot up out of the sea for a momentary glimpse of the surroundings and then dropped out of sight again.

### SOME MISTAKEN NOTIONS ABOUT THE TORPEDO

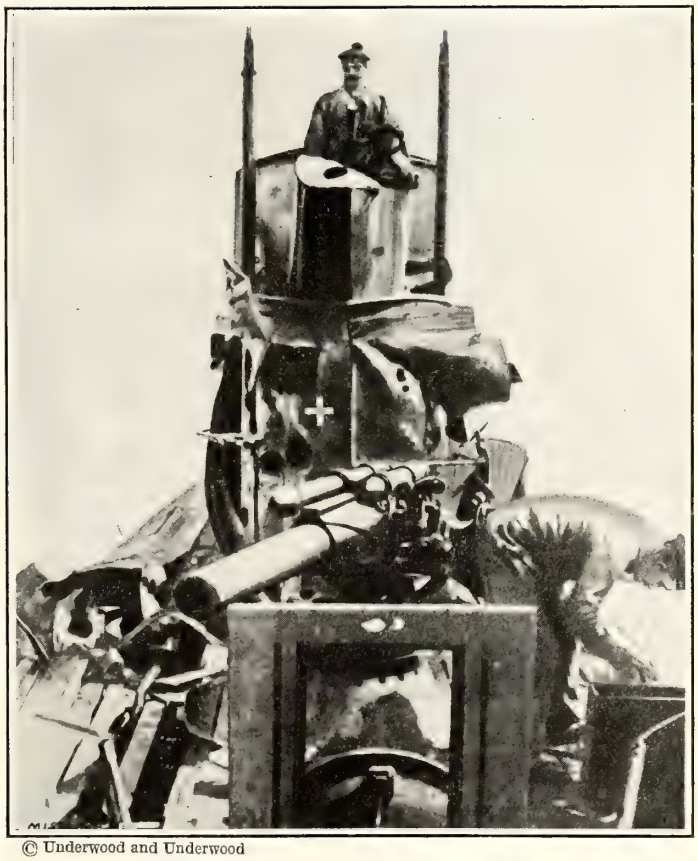
THE submarine torpedo is another thing about which inventors are apt to have some very curious ideas. They do not realize that a torpedo is not a bomb, but a motor-boat—a wonderfully constructed boat fitted with an engine of its own that is operated by compressed air and which drives the torpedo through the water at from thirty to forty miles per hour. This motor-boat is shaped like a cigar, and those used by the Germans are about sixteen feet long and twenty inches in diameter. Our Navy uses larger ones.

The torpedo is steered by a rudder which is controlled by a gyroscope, and it is kept at the proper depth under water by diving-rudders which are controlled by a very sensitive valve worked by the weight of the water above it. The deeper the water, the greater the weight or pressure, and the valve is so arranged that, should the torpedo run too far under, the pressure will cause the diving-rudders to tilt until the torpedo comes up again; then if the torpedo rises too high, the valve will feel the reduction of pressure and turn the rudders in the other direction.

The business end of a torpedo is a "war-head" packed with about four hundred pounds of a most powerful explosive, known as trinitrotoluol or T. N. T. At the nose of the torpedo is a firing-pin, with which the war-head is exploded. Ordinarily, the firing-pin does not project from the torpedo, but there is a little propeller at the forward end which is turned by the rush of water as the tor-

pedo is driven on its course. This draws out the firing-pin and gets everything ready for the T. N. T. to explode as soon as the firing-pin is struck.

When a projectile weighing a ton or so and running at the rate of thirty miles an hour strikes the side of a vessel, it is going to do some serious damage to the hull of the boat even though the war-head should not explode. That is something that many inventors overlook. Nor do they realize that you do not need to hit the torpedo on the nose to explode it. Many schemes have been proposed for stopping a torpedo without touching its firing-pin, but such inventions are worthless, because inside the torpedo there is a ball that rolls forward when the speed of the torpedo is checked, and this fires the explosive whether the firing-pin is struck or not.



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CAPTURED GIANT U-BOAT, SHOWING HEAVY GUN.

### PENNING IN THE U-BOAT

The foregoing does not claim to be a complete description of a submarine and its torpedo; not by any means. Only a few points have been touched upon that are important if we are to understand the different schemes that have been suggested for combating the submarine.

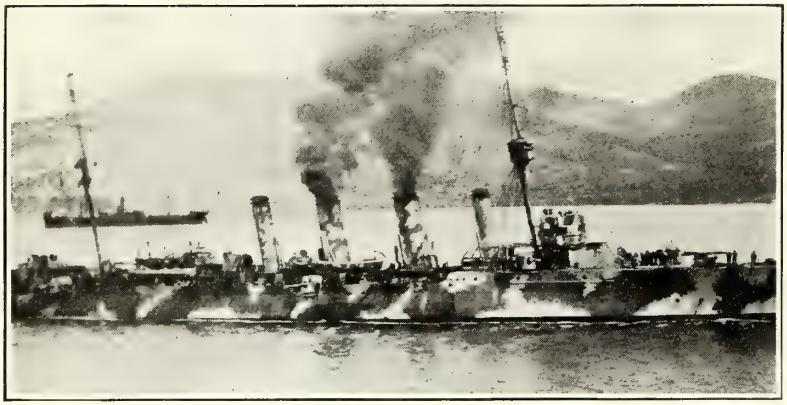
There are just three ways of dealing with the situation: the submarines may be penned in, so that they cannot get out of their bases into the high seas; they can be hunted down after they have got out to sea; or ships can be so carefully guarded and protected that the submarines will have no chance of injuring them.

Of course, if the first of these propositions could be carried out, it would settle the whole problem very nicely. Early in the War heavy steel nets were stretched across the English channel, and although it has been very difficult to keep them in place on account of storms and tides and the sweep of floating seaweed, yet they have kept the Germans out of the channel, and the British have been able to send troops and provisions over to France with no interruptions. Now, if a similar net could be stretched across the North Sea from Scotland to Norway, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles, the U-boat would be completely bottled in and would no longer give Atlantic shipping any anxiety. It may seem like a fantastic idea, but such a net has been designed and has been given serious consideration. It must hang down to a depth of at least two hundred feet, so that a submarine could not dive under it; and as it would be impossible to patrol the submerged part of the net, it must be built so that a submarine would not dare to touch it. By placing a bomb every twenty feet along the length and breadth of the net, there would be no chance for a submarine to cut its way through without exploding one of the bombs. A single bomb would be powerful enough to sink a submarine, but delayed-action fuses would be used, so that when one exploded it would not set off any of the others about it. The cost of this net and the bombs on it is estimated at fifty million dollars. A truly enormous sum, but it is no more than the cost of a single week of U-boat warfare in ships and cargoes destroyed.

### HUNTING SUBMARINES

In the early days of the war it was found that a small, fast motor-boat was the submarine's most dreaded enemy. Now a torpedo is usually set to

run at a depth of at least eight or nine feet, so that the waves will not disturb the valve that controls its horizontal rudder. But these motor-boats, or chasers, as they are called, are of such a shallow draft that a torpedo would pass harmlessly under them, and then they are so speedy that a submarine would have little chance of hitting them, anyway. It used to be that they carried a gun as powerful as that with which the submarine was equipped, and they were only too anxious to fight the U-boat if it came to the surface. Because a U-boat is blind under water it would have to come up now and then to get its bearings, particularly when operating in a harbor or near the coast, where it might run into a rock or a shoal. At that time submarines were rather fragile boats and their skin was liable to be punctured by a shell from the chaser, when, of course, they would not dare to dive under the sheltering waves. But now submarines are equipped with heavy guns of much greater range than any that can be carried on the deck of a chaser, and they are armored so that their hull cannot easily be punctured. Then, too, they are larger and can operate out in the ocean, too far from land for the chasers to follow them in safety.



ALLIED BATTLESHIP IN THE DARDANELLES, WITH PROTECTIVE *CAMOUFLAGE*.

The chaser has seen its day, and its place is now being taken by the destroyer, which is just as fast and yet is armed with guns that equal, if they do not outrange, those of the most powerful submarines.

### A LESSON FROM THE FISH-HAWK

PROBABLY the greatest danger to the submarine lies in the sky. From a considerable height above the water it is possible to see the dark outline of a submarine, as a fish-hawk sees its prey, even when it is lurking far under the surface. And so the sea is now patrolled by aëroplanes, which can swoop down upon the submerged boat and put it out of commission by dropping a bomb on it. Unfortunately, it is very hard to drop a bomb from a rapidly moving plane with any degree of accuracy, and so a new type of air-craft has been invented, known as a Blimp. This is a cross between an aëroplane and a cigar-shaped balloon. This queer craft can cruise around leisurely; it does not have to travel at a rate of fifty to a hundred miles per hour just to keep up in the air. When it discovers a submarine it can stop and hover over the spot, taking careful aim before dropping its bomb. It can stay up in the air much longer than an aëroplane, because it does not depend upon the engine to lift it, and with its engine running slowly it can run longer on the same fuel.

But there is another scheme that is now being used which makes the aëroplane more efficient. Sometimes fish are killed in large numbers by exploding dynamite under water. The fish do not have to be actually hit by the dynamite; they may be at a considerable distance from it, and yet they will be either killed outright or stunned by the pressure-wave that travels through the water. This very scheme is used in fighting submarines. A bomb has been invented which will explode when it has sunk to a certain depth in the sea. It carries enough explosive to crush in the side of a submarine that is within a hundred feet of it. If the hull of the boat is not actually smashed, its seams will be sprung so badly that it cannot keep afloat. This blunderbuss type of shooting makes it much easier for the aëroplane to destroy its prey. "Depth bombs," as they are called, are also used by destroyers and other war-vessels, which drop them where they suspect a U-boat may be lurking.

### WHY TORPEDO-NETS ARE NOT USED

WHEN submarines were first invented they were intended for use against battle-ships and cruisers. They were feared mainly at night when a fleet lay at anchor; for then a submarine might creep up and let fly its deadly missile. Hence, war vessels were provided with nets which they could hang over the side of the ship to catch the torpedo and keep it from striking. But the modern torpedo will go off even when stopped by a net, and to save a ship from the destructive pressure-

wave set up in the water, it must be netted at something like twenty feet from the boat. Now, if a merchant ship could protect itself with a petticoat of steel netting twenty feet from its hull, it would be safe from underwater attack. But to keep the netting there calls for cumbersome rigging that would be smashed in the first heavy sea. Besides, the drag of the net would slow down the vessel until it could only crawl along, and then there would be the difficulty, at the same time, of keeping the net from riding up to the surface.



Courtesy of "Scientific American"

THROWING SMOKE-BOXES OVERBOARD.

### LESSONS FROM NATURE

There are better means of protection; many of them we have learned from Mother Nature. The world is full of animals that live in constant fear of their lives because they have fierce, powerful enemies, but they manage to exist despite their enemies, some because they can run faster, some because they can dodge better, and some because they look so much like their surroundings that their enemies can scarcely see them. All the tricks by which Nature protects its weaker children have been tried out by merchant vessels.

Speed is one of the best protections. Most of the U-boat sinkings, so far, have been among the slower boats, those making under fifteen knots. A torpedo is an expensive missile and a bulky one too. Not many torpedoes can be carried by a submarine, and so, unless there is a very good chance of making a hit, the U-boat commander is not likely to shoot out such valuable ammunition, but will prefer to come to the surface and fight with his guns. The best submarine can only make eighteen knots on the surface, and if the merchant ship can do as well or better, its chances of escape are excellent, and besides it can return shot for shot from its own guns.

### ZIG-ZAGGING

One of the best tricks of the merchant ship is to keep dodging, not merely when it spies the wake of a torpedo, but all through the submarine zone. Instead of sailing a straight course, it proceeds first in one direction and then in another like a sail-boat tacking against the wind, but constantly



© Enrique Muller

DESTROYERS MAKING A PROTECTIVE SMOKE-SCREEN.

varying the angle and length of each tack. When a submarine sights a vessel it tries to get as near to its intended victim as possible without betraying its own presence. It notes the direction taken by the ship, and then proceeds at top speed under water to a point that will head off the vessel. It has to proceed blindly, by dead reckoning, only occasionally sticking up its periscope for a look. But it is rather disconcerting for Herr Commander to find that the ship which he saw sailing northeast five minutes ago has now turned southeast and is actually farther from him than it was before. The irregular dodging of the boat is really very baffling, and about all the submarine can do is to show itself and fight in the open like a man.

### HIDING IN BROAD DAYLIGHT

A GREAT advantage of the submarine lies in the fact that it is very inconspicuous. Even when running on the surface it projects but a few feet above water-level, while the ships it hunts have masts that tower high above them, and moreover, they usually pour out dense columns of smoke that blacken the sky to a great height. This smoke gives the U-boat commander his first hint that there is a ship about. He can see the smudge above the horizon when the boat that produces it is thirty miles or more away, down behind the curve of the earth. He can head for this smoke at top speed without fear of being seen. Presently he will see the masts of the vessel projecting above the horizon and then even the smokestack, while he himself will be absolutely invisible to the man on the bridge of the ship, because he will be below that man's horizon. So the U-boat commander will have plenty of time to size up the speed and general direction of the ship's course and make his plans to intercept the vessel, before the captain of that boat has the least inkling that there is a submarine about.

However, our merchantmen are now beginning to take precautions. They are beginning to use hard coal in the submarine-infested regions, so that a submarine must be within fifteen miles to see them. Some boats are even cutting down their masts and doing away with their funnels, to cut down their range of visibility still further.

### ARTISTS TO THE RESCUE

THERE is another trick that merchant vessels are now working, known as *"camouflage."* It is a scheme for fooling the U-boat by means of paint. It used to be that war vessels were painted a dark grey, so that they would be inconspicuous. We know now that such war-paint makes a vessel more conspicuous than ever. Under the direction of artists, vessels are now painted so that there are no sharp outlines, and from a distance it is hard to tell their shape or where they start or end. The parts usually in shadow are painted light, and the lighter parts, dark. Peculiar colors are used that will blend with the surroundings. Waves are painted on the hull of the vessel, and queer stripes and spots are put on. An object painted a solid color is more easily seen at a distance than one whose surface is broken up by a lot of different shades. The leopard has been given its spots and the zebra its stripes for this very reason, and it is this trick of nature that our ships are making good use of.

### HIDING BEHIND SMOKE

WHEN a merchant vessel cannot conceal itself by *camouflage* and its guns are not as powerful as those of its pursuer, there is still another defense that can be used. The very thing that would betray a ship's presence to a submarine at a distance of thirty miles can be used to hide it from a foe that is only a mile away. If the wind is right, the steamer may build up a screen of black smoke, behind which it can make its escape. The enemy may fire at the screen, but he will not know behind what part of the smoke-cloud the ship is hiding.

Instead of making smoke in the furnace-room, smoke-boxes are being used. These are small boxes filled with tar, or a smoky fuel, and some phosphorus. In the sides of the box there are slots which are covered with tire-tape. When the vessel is chased, this tape is ripped off and the box is thrown overboard. Water entering through the slots comes into contact with the phosphorus and sets it afire. Immediately, dense volumes of smoke are produced, and they are given off for a long time. A number of smoke-boxes thrown overboard as the ship zig-zags make a broad bank of smoke that will completely conceal the vessel from the view of the submarine and give it a chance to make its escape.

Unfortunately, the full story of what is being done to thwart the submarine cannot be told until after the war. Some of the most important inventions must be kept secret, and many others that look promising have yet to be tried. They are having their effect, however, for it is very evident that the U-boat sinkings are gradually growing less. Of course, America cannot claim the credit for this. We are new at the game, but we have contributed several very important ideas. Although we have not found, and maybe never will find, a complete answer to the submarine, we have already done enough to uphold our reputation as a nation of inventive genius.




# THE NEW NEW YEAR

## A PLAY FOR CHILDREN

BY ADA M. SKINNER

A. Wheelan

### CHARACTERS

*Old Year*
*New Year*
*The Twelve Months*
*Grandmother*
*Tom and Mary, her grandchildren*
*Peggy and Jack, friends*

COSTUMES.

*December, January, February:* White Cloaks
*March, April, May:* Green Cloaks
*June, July, August:* Yellow Cloaks
*September, October, November:* Purple Cloaks

(See page 262)

*Grandmother* and *children* in conventional dress.




JANUARY




FEBRUARY

### SCENE I.

*The business office of New Year. A large desk, ith many pigeonholes filled with papers, faces ont, a chair stands before it and a clock and rge calendar, bearing the word December, hang on e wall. Old Year busy getting things in order—neral confusion of papers as telephone rings.*

OLD YEAR. Hello! No, not New Year yet—I 'm ill here. Yes, just trying to get things in shape for m.—Oh, tell him when he comes; you know he kes my place. Yes (*looks up at clock*), in a few inutes.—Good-by and good luck to you. (*Sound sleigh-bells is heard outside—then a knock on the oor.*) Oh, there he is! Well, the little fellow's had cold journey. (*Old Year shuffles to the door and ens it.*) Come in!

NEW YEAR. Here I am (*clapping his cold hands warm them*). I did n't keep you waiting, did I? nuary *would n't* drive faster.

OLD YEAR. No, no! Sit down, Master New Year. ou 're here soon enough—too soon, I was going to y. I meant to have all things in readiness for you -such a busy year as it has been (*goes on with his sk*). There was plenty to do—not half time ough. But I must soon be off, so I 'd better tell u some things you ought to know. See (*lifting up roll of paper*), here are only a few of the things planned to do. Dear me, and none are finished! ut you 'll see to them.

NEW YEAR. Yes, yes, don't bother; I 'll see to *everything*. I mean to do great things while I 'm here. I shall be a real New Year—like nothing there has been before.

(*New Year walks up and down. Old Year stops his work a moment to look at him.*)

OLD YEAR. Humph! I thought so, too, when I was your age. But you won't be able to do much with the weather, youngster (*shaking his head*). You know you have *that* to attend to, don't you? No small matter, either. The months are a troublesome lot—the twelve of them—always treading on each other's toes. I had no end of work to keep March in his place. But I did very well indeed!

NEW YEAR. Yes, yes, I am sure you did.

OLD YEAR. It 's a task to please the people. They 're quite as troublesome as the months are—quite. (*New Year stops to listen.*) When it 's wet they want it dry, and when it 's cold they want it warm.

NEW YEAR. Dear me!

OLD YEAR. The children are a little easier to please. Still, once when I sent a warm spring day some little boys wanted to go nutting and were quite cross about it; and I heard a little boy (*lowering his voice*) not far from here wish, one fine summer day, that the ground was covered with snow so that he could take his sled out; and his little sister said she wished it was *Christmas every day*. There 's no

pleasing all of them. But I did my best to give them what they wanted (*looks at the clock*). Well, well, it 's nearly time for me to take myself off, and I have n't told you half enough. (*Old Year begins to put on his cloak and move toward the door.*)




NEW YEAR. Oh, I understand—I 'll give them exactly what they want. Good-by.

OLD YEAR. (*Turns back.*) That reminds me, I almost forgot about those new promises the people made when I came. I wrote them down carefully (*goes back to desk and seems to be hunting something*). Here they are—right in the same place (*takes them out and dusts them*). Don't see much change here. Well, good night. Oh, I declare! there 's my calendar still on the wall. (*Old Year goes to get it. New Year runs to take it down, but he can't reach it.*) Thank you just the same, my little fellow. There's a new one on the desk for you. (*Old Year bows. New Year walks toward desk and thumbs calendar-pad hurriedly.*) Give the months their proper time and all will be well.

NEW YEAR. (*Impatiently.*) Yes, yes, Old Year, I 'll give them their time—I 'll look after everything.

OLD YEAR. (*Starts—puts head back in door.*) Try to please the children—give them all the good weather you can. Don't bother much about the grown-ups. Good night, my little Master New Year; good night. Remember the children.

NEW YEAR. Yes, yes—good night—good night. This shall be the happiest New Year the children have ever had. (*Sound of sleigh-bells is heard as Old Year leaves. New Year sits thinking.*) "Try to please the children—" Of course I shall, but—dear me! One likes it hot and the other likes it cold; I never can please them all unless (*telephone rings*)—Hello! Yes, yes, I am New Year—good luck to you! Oh, new promises—yes—just tell them to me and I 'll remember them. Yes—people are *not* going to be *careless*, or *cross* this year—they *are not* going to *complain*—and the children are *not* going to break their toys—they 're going to school every day—and get their lessons—and they are never going to quarrel. That 's wonderful! Yes—oh, I 'll remember them all; good-by! (*New Year sits down.*) Dear me! All the world was waiting for me to come, and what a wonderful year this will be. The children are not going to break any rules this year, I 'm sure. They *deserve* to have all the good weather I can give them. They shall have the weather they like best. How can that be unless I give them all kinds of weather at the same time and let them choose for themselv (*Thinking.*) That 's the way! If each month co do his work now—instead of—I wonder how t have been doing it! Never mind—if all the mon could do their work together, the children co choose for themselves—they need n't w for their fun. It would be a whole y just the same—twelve times one is same as one times twelve, no matter l the months come; and they 'd far be be at work. That would be a diffe year—it would be a real New Y why, it would be a *new* New Y I 'll call January in and tell him plan. (*He goes to the door.*) Come January.

JANUARY. Good luck to you (*bow* Well, Old Year 's gone, is he, Ma New Year?

NEW YEAR. I am the new New Y January. I mean to make this the v happiest year for the children. They serve it. January, the children are going to be careless this year or cr they are not going to quarrel or break their t and—well, I can't think of half the things they s they were going to do and not going to do. Did ever hear of anything so wonderful, January?

JANUARY. Yes (*slowly*), I think I have he something that sounds much like that.

NEW YEAR. It 's wonderful! So I 've thou of a plan to please them. I 'm going to let all months do their work together—now, *at once*. Th each little boy and girl may choose the weather or she likes best.

JANUARY (*shaking his head*). Better not, b ter not—you know we 've never done that way fore.

NEW YEAR. Of course not! This is to be a *New Year.*

JANUARY. It is, indeed! But I don't mind change, I think I rather like it; provided, of cou that I may send all the snow and ice I wish and t I shall always be honored as the *first* month them all.

NEW YEAR. Quite right, January, that can easily managed. (*New Year starts toward the d and turns back.*) Oh, do tell me the names of other months, January.




JANUARY. I have n't the slightest idea. I kn I 'm always waiting for December to get out of way, and I hear people talking about February l

before I am gone. But I have little to do with the others.

NEW YEAR (*walking up and down*). Old Year spoke about March.

JANUARY. Oh, yes, I 've heard his name. Whenever I 've given a particularly good blow, people say I am as mad as a March day.

NEW YEAR. Be so kind as to call the ones you know, January.

JANUARY (*goes to the door*). December went down the road with Old Year. He may not be back yet. But I 'll call him, too. (*Calls*) February! March! December!

NEW YEAR (*repeating and counting on his fingers*). February, March, December, and January—that 's four; there are eight more! (*A bluster is heard, and the three months enter. December looks sleepy and tired.*) Oh, there you are! Come in, and greetings to you, my months.

FEBRUARY AND MARCH (*in one breath*). What does this mean? Am I late? Why am I called?

NEW YEAR. No, oh no! we are to have a new New Year. You see, I have thought of a plan to please all the children while I am here. They are to have exactly the weather they like best. You, February, and December and March, are to do your work now instead of coming—well, coming as you have always come before.

MARCH (*whirling around the room*). Ho! ho! That 's jolly!

DECEMBER (*waking up*). Nonsense! the children have just had their Christmas-trees. Some of them are still enjoying them. They won't want to see me so soon again, I 'm sure.

NEW YEAR. Oh, yes, they will, December! I heard about a little girl who said she wanted Christmas every day.

FEBRUARY. It 's all right if I am not hurried off. I have less time than any of the others.

NEW YEAR. Take as much time as you like, February. Old Year told me to give each month his time, and I shall!

MARCH. A jolly plan, say I again. But where are the others?

NEW YEAR. That 's exactly what I want to know. Can you tell me who they are?

MARCH (*skipping*). There are April, May, June, July, August, September, October and November. (*All watch March anxiously.*) Ho! Ho! You see I know them all.

NEW YEAR. So you do. It 's wonderful! How did you learn them, March?

MARCH. Oh, I go skipping about everywhere, so I have a blowing acquaintance with them all. You see, I 'm off for a madcap galloping chase—to make a commotion in every place. And there was a time when I was the first month (*bowing elaborately to January*) in every New Year. (*All look at January.*)

JANUARY (*indignantly*). It must have been long ago!

MARCH. All the other months will like to come. April will cry, perhaps, for being wakened so soon, and May and some of the others will shiver a little from the cold. But what of that! They 'll all like the sport.

NEW YEAR. Very well—call them in, March. (*March calls at the door. New Year tries to keep count of them on his fingers. December, January, and February stand together and talk. A murmur is heard and the months file in. April is crying, May, June, July, and August shiver. All look cheerful, but confused. They group themselves in seasons, but do not seem to know those out of their season.*) Greetings, my months! (*All bow.*) Now that we are all here together, I 'll tell you why I have called you. We are to have a new New Year. Each one of you is to do his work now,—at once,—for I want to give the children a chance to choose just the weather they like best. One likes it hot, you know, and another likes it cold. My new plan will let them choose what they wish—snow—flowers—nuts—birds—anything!

MARCH (*breaking in*). Hurrah! Hurrah! a jolly plan, say I again. (*All chatter among themselves.*)

JANUARY. Of course, I shall send plenty of snow and ice—all I wish.

MAY. But I can't get ready in time—I shall have to wear last year's dress.

NEW YEAR. That will do quite as well, April—quite as well.

MAY. I 'm May, if you please, sir. I was planning so much for the children—birds and buds and flowers. Dear me! But I 'll do my best.

OCTOBER. Ha! Ha! That reminds me of the nuttings I was planning for them. I once heard a little boy say, "Hurrah for nuts! October 's the month for me!"

NEW YEAR. Won't it be jolly! And now (*to November*) what can you do?



JUNE



JULY



AUGUST

NOVEMBER. Not much, I fear. You know what they say about November:

"No sun—no moon,
No morn—no noon,
No shade—no butterflies—no bees—
No—vember."

But if September will have the fruit ready—

NEW YEAR (*turning to September*). Yes, yes, September.

SEPTEMBER. Have the fruit ready! Never fear. Oh, yes, and the children may have their starting to school over again. How often I have heard them say: "Hurrah for September—school has begun!"

JUNE. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! You 'd never say that if you knew what I hear them say, "Hurrah for June—school 's out!" I 'll cover the trees with plenty of leaves, and give the children fine woods and meadows and fields to play in—and plenty of holidays.

NEW YEAR. Fine! Fine! But dear me, they promised to go to school every day this year—No matter. Perhaps I ought to have known more about your plans for the children this year, but the time is short—now go at once and begin your work. Remember, plenty of flowers and snow and birds and ice and nuts—and Christmas every day—whatever they wish!

ALL (*going out helter-skelter*). Good luck to our new New Year! Good night! Good night!

(*New Year sits alone, thinking.*)

## SCENE II.

*Time: a few days later. Room in a home. A Christmas-tree is in one corner. Tom is mending his sled.*

MARY (*running in*). Tom! Tom! It 's bright again out doors. You 'll have your sled mended in time for the coasting, won't you? Grandmother says she 's sure they can come now. It will be like having a Christmas party all over again, won't it?

TOM. It 's no Christmas party—we 're going to coast. Besides, this is January, and you don't have Christmas parties in January. You want Christmas every day, *you* do!

MARY. But we have n't taken down our tree yet, and it 's a Christmas party if you have a Christmas-tree—grandmother said so. (*Grandmother enters.*) Tom says it is n't like a Christmas party, Grandmother. He says you can't have a Christmas party in January.

GRANDMOTHER (*going toward the window*). Well, it looks to me as though the weather-man had mixed things up so badly these days that one can have almost anything he wishes and call it whatever he pleases. January seems to have a dozen minds at once (*looks out window*). There 's no telling, at times, whether it 's winter or summer, Christmas or May-day. But it looks clear now. I believe I see Peggy coming down the road.

MARY (*looking out*). Yes, it 's Peggy, and she has her new sled, Tom!

GRANDMOTHER. Run and open the door, Mary. (*Mary opens the door and Peggy enters.*)

MARY. Oh, Peggy! the hill is covered with snow and we may take our sleds out.

GRANDMOTHER. How do you do, Peggy? Come to the fire and warm yourself. You look perished.

PEGGY. Oh, I 'm shivering! It was so warm when I started. I did n't want to wear my coat. Mother made me take it. But I was glad I had it, for the wind began to blow bitterly in no time.

GRANDMOTHER. Dear me, I do hope you did n't take cold! Such weather! As soon as Tom finishes his sled you may all go coasting.

TOM. Jack is n't here yet.

MARY (*runs to the window*). Oh, here he comes, and with his sled, too! He 's running. Look, Peggy!

GRANDMOTHER. Then come, children, get ready. Now for coats and caps—don't forget your overshoes. There 's no telling any minute when the weather-man will change his mind. Mary, I 'll help Peggy while you find your wraps. Tom, let Jack in.

TOM (*opens door*). Come in, Jack.

JACK. Hurrah for the snow!

MARY. Oh, is it snowing? Good! Good!

GRANDMOTHER. Then hurry, children! you may get a sleigh-ride this time.

PEGGY (*who is ready, runs to the window*). Oh, dear, look out doors, Mary! It 's raining! Why, it 's raining hard—we can't go!

MARY (*running to the same window*). Can't go, Peggy!

JACK (*runs to opposite window*). Nothing of the sort—it 's snowing!

TOM (*joins Jack*). Ha! you girls don't know snow from rain.

MARY. It 's raining, pouring! Grandmother, come here and see if we are not right! Oh, dear! (*Grandmother rushes to Mary's window.*)

TOM. Come *here*, Grandmother, and see the *snow!* (*Grandmother rushes to Tom and Jack's window.*)

GRANDMOTHER. Dear, dear! I do declare, I can't tell what it *is* doing! But I am sure something 's coming down fearfully. No coasting to-day, children. I 'm afraid this will melt all the snow. Take off your wraps, for the sky looks ready to drench everything.

MARY. We can't go! (*cries*).

PEGGY. Mother said she did n't know what it would do next, but I wanted to come, anyway.

GRANDMOTHER (*helping them take off wraps*). It 's of no use. I thought it was as mild as a summer day a short time ago, but look at it now! (*Children look out again.*)

PEGGY. Why, there 's the sun, and out of doors it 's bright again!

MARY (*clapping her hands*). Oh, good! good!

GRANDMOTHER. Well, well, well! What a turn again! I wonder if it 's fooling us this time. To make sure, I 'll go right outdoors myself and see. (*Grandmother leaves the room. Children hurry into their wraps.*)

TOM. We 'll have our coasting yet, see if we don't!

GRANDMOTHER (*comes back*). Bless me, if it is n't like a summer day again. If I did n't think it sounded foolish, I 'd say there was a look of green on the trees and I thought I heard a bird sing. (*A gust of wind rattles the windows as the children are ready to start.*) Hark! That 's the wind, Tom, look out. (*Children rush to windows.*)

JACK. Look at that big black cloud!

MARY. And it 's *raining*—oh, dear, dear! (*cries.*)

GRANDMOTHER. There it is again! The wind 's getting up now.

TOM. It 's enough to blow you off your feet.

PEGGY. See those children run with their sleds!

GRANDMOTHER. It seems to me that all the months have gone mad together. (*Goes from window to*

*window.*) January was n't like this when I was a girl. We had snow, snow, snow—and no fooling about it. You must stay at home, children, so take



SEPTEMBER



OCTOBER



NOVEMBER

off your wraps again and have as much fun indoors as you can. There 's the Christmas-tree—play it 's a Christmas party.

PEGGY. I 've had my Christmas-tree.

MARY. I don't want a Christmas party.

TOM AND JACK. Neither do we, and we have n't had a sleigh-ride since Christmas.

GRANDMOTHER. Well, we must make the best of bad weather, I suppose. I 'll go round and see that all the windows are fastened. They rattle as if they were out of their wits. It sounds like a mad March day. (*Grandmother leaves the room. Mary cries—the other children stand looking out of the windows disgusted.*)

## SCENE III

*New Year's Office. New Year is walking up and down looking puzzled and worried. Telephone rings.*

NEW YEAR. Hello! Yes, November, any trouble? —Lots of grumbling!—Nothing to do! That 's strange—Did n't September get the fruit ready? (*Knock is heard.*) Wait a moment till I see who 's knocking. (*Lays down receiver; goes to door, January enters.*) Oh, it 's you, January. Come in, and good luck to you!

JANUARY (*crossly*). Good luck! Don't call this good luck, do you?

NEW YEAR. Why, what 's the trouble, January?

JANUARY. Trouble! It 's all a fearful mix-up.

NEW YEAR. Dear me! and November has just told me he has nothing to do. What am I to think?

JANUARY. Nothing to do? There's plenty to do if one got a chance to do anything. You can't tell who you are or what you 're doing these days. No matter how much snow I send, it 's soon melted. Why, the children have n't had one single sleigh-ride since I arrived.



DECEMBER

NEW YEAR. That's too bad!

JANUARY. And they 're all sneezing and coughing.

NEW YEAR. Why, that's really shocking! What do you mean to do about it, January?

JANUARY. What do I mean to do? It was n't my plan.

NEW YEAR. You said you would n't mind the change. You were quite willing.

JANUARY. But I told you we had never done that way before—that you 'd better not. You would n't let us go on in the old way.

NEW YEAR. The old way? I did n't know the old way. March said he liked it, too. Where is he?

JANUARY. Everywhere, as usual.

NEW YEAR. I 'll see if I can get him in. (*Calls. March comes in.*)

MARCH. Oh, ho, I've had a blustering good time! What 's up now?

NEW YEAR. Everything, March. There 's a good deal of grumbling, and January says things are so mixed up that no one knows who he is or what he is doing. We must do something. Perhaps you 'd better call them all in and see if we can find out what is the trouble.

MARCH. Oh, I 'll bring them in—never fear! (*March goes to the door, calls months—New Year steps up to calendar and thumbs pad interestedly. Months come in helter-skelter—cross and out of sorts.*)

NEW YEAR. Greetings, my months! (*All bow.*) You must tell me what is the trouble.

CHORUS OF MONTHS. Could n't send flowers—don't know what we 're doing—not a bud—or nut!

NEW YEAR. Silence, silence! Please.

JANUARY (*to months*). It 's all a mistake.

NEW YEAR. Yes, yes, of course it is! Please speak one at a time—that's alway's the best way.

MARCH. Jolly plan (*skipping*).

DECEMBER (*to March*). No one had even a bit of a chance with you blustering around.

NEW YEAR. Come, come! I see I must call on you by name and give each one of you his turn to speak. October, did you give the children a chance to go nutting?

OCTOBER. To go nutting? There was n't a nut on the trees to ripen. There were no leaves to color—in fact, there was n't even one leaf—the trees were bare.

NEW YEAR (*turning to June*). This is shocking. June, you were to attend to the leaves.

JUNE. No sooner had my leaves and grass begun to have a look of green than January's and February's snow nipped them. The children had no mea-

dows, no fields, no woods to play in. They might just as well have been in school.

SEPTEMBER. But they did n't go to school. They said they could n't tell whether it was vacation or not. And there was n't a bit of fruit to get ready. I had nothing whatever to do!

NOVEMBER. Nor did I!

NEW YEAR. But did n't April plant the seeds, and did n't May call out the buds on the trees and bring back the birds? Where 's April?

MAY. She 's crying again. She did try to do her part, but January's cold was too sharp for the seeds; and February scared away my buds and birds; and bits of December's Christmas-trees were scattered all over my gardens. No one ever had such a dreadful time before—I did n't even feel *welcome!*

NEW YEAR. December, what have you to say about that?

DECEMBER. It was all March's fault. There was no doing anything with him.

CHORUS OF MONTHS. He tore off the buds and branches—he scattered the seeds—

MARCH. Oh, I just caught the trees by the branches and shook them a rough, friendly greeting.

NEW YEAR. Well, well, we must get things back in the right order somehow! Advise me, January, you are the first month and know best.

JANUARY. Let the months take their turn, one at a time, as they have always done. I shall come first, of course. I 'm first on every calendar.

NEW YEAR (*looking at calendar closely*). *So you are,* January, but they are *all* here—*altogether!*

JANUARY. Of course they are (*thumbing the calendar*), but look—they 're *one at a time*—one *after* the other.

NEW YEAR (*turning the pages*). So this is the old way. Here 's January's name first. It says:

January, thirty-one days, snow and ice.
February, twenty-eight days, snow and ice.
March, thirty-one days, month of winds.

MARCH (*skipping*). And after me comes April and May.

NEW YEAR. Silence, March! I see we shall have to go back to the old order of things, that is the only way to set it all right. Yes, I have decided, my months, that you are to do your work *one at a time.* (*Aside*) I wonder I did n't think of that before. Hang up the calendar, January; I can't reach up—yet. (*January hangs up the calendar.*) Now call out the names in order, January, one at a time; and you, my months, take your places in line.

JANUARY (*turning calendar leaves*). February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, December.

NEW YEAR. Take your place first, January. Do your work now, *at once.* The others may go and wait their time. Be ready to come—*one at a time.* Good luck to you, and remember the children!

(*Months pass out calling "good-by" and "good luck." New Year stands watching them go, waving his hand. After they have left he sits thinking. Soon the sound of sleigh-bells is heard outside, then shouts of children's voices.*)

NEW YEAR (*starting up*). There are the children! (*Runs to window.*) Ha! ha! See the snow! Good for you, January! Now for a happy time, children—ice and skating and snow, snow everywhere, and a greeting to you all from a happy New Year!

(*Curtain*)

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THE *Twelve Months* may be played by boys or girls, or both, and if desired, the costumes may be elaborated as follows:

JANUARY. Toboggan-cap. Suit of white underwear, edged with swan's-down or cotton. Band of sleigh-bells. Inside of cloak decorated with cotton snowflakes. On border, "Good Resolutions." Sled on back, cotton snowball in hand.

FEBRUARY. Heart-shaped head-dress. White panel in front with large red heart on left. Cloak decoration, hearts, cherries, and hatchets. Border, St. Valentine, Lincoln, Washington.

MARCH. Wild red wig made of hair dusters. Close-fitting gray suit. Bellows at side. Cloak decoration, pussy-willows and shamrocks. Border, "In like a lion, out like a lamb." Kite on back.

APRIL. Kate Greenaway gown of sky-blue. Spangled effect of rain inside cloak. Border, "April showers bring May flowers." Carries fool's bauble or an umbrella.

MAY. Wreath of blossoms. Kate Greenaway gown of pink and white. Cloak decoration, blossoms. Border, "Queen of the May." Carries bird-cage and small May-pole.

JUNE. Wreath of roses. Gown of rose-patterned muslin. Cloak decoration, leaves. Border, "Summer is a-comin' in." Carries small tree and graduation certificate.

JULY. Boy Scout costume. Cloak decoration, wigwam and Indian figures. Border, "My country, 't is of thee." Carries flag and fire-crackers.

AUGUST. Bathing-suit. Cloak decoration, fishes and net. Border, "All work and no play makes Jill a dull girl." Carries parasol.

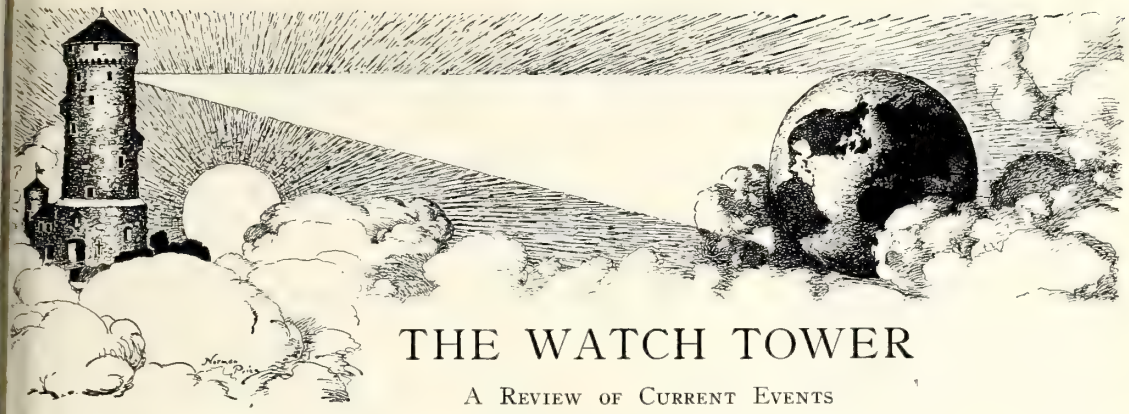
SEPTEMBER. Wreath of autumn leaves. School suit. Cloak decoration, fruit and autumn leaves. Border, "Thirty days hath September." Carries school-books.

OCTOBER. Jack o' Lantern on head. Close-fitting orange suit. Cloak decoration, squirrels and nuts. Border, "October's bright blue weather." Carries a basket of nuts.

NOVEMBER. Puritan costume. Cloak decoration, turkeys and pumpkins, Border, "Be ye thankful." Carries Thanksgiving basket.

DECEMBER. Santa Claus costume. Pack on back. Cloak decoration, toys. Border, "Merry Christmas." Carries small Christmas-tree.

The cloaks are fastened to the wrists with loops, so that, while allowing freedom of movement, they may, when desired, be easily extended to disclose the inside decorations.



# THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

BY EDWARD N. TEALL

## LABOR IS LOYAL

One of the notable events of this autumn was the convention of the American Federation of Labor held at Buffalo, November 12. President Wilson made a clear and forceful address to the delegates, in which he once more expressed candidly and completely the purposes of America, and, in his own inimitable style, urged the workingmen of America to stand fast. The response of the delegates was quick and most reassuring. They made it quite clear that American labor, while ready to fight for its democratic rights, has no intention of using the present national crisis to its own advantage, and is equally—or more—ready to fight in the common cause. Such an assurance is immeasurably important to this country at this time, when Americans must all stand together lest we all fall together.

When the United States went into the war there was to be overcome not only the natural inertia of so huge a mass (class in physics will please explain!), but also much direct, and more or less open, hostility. Not least among the forces of opposition was the possible discontent of our working-people.

There have been strikes, but, by the act of the convention at Buffalo, thousands of dissatisfied workers have been led to subordinate the settlement of their grievances, real or fancied, to the vitally necessary work of the nation in its conduct of the war. The rabid utterances and inflammatory acts of I. W. W. orators and agitators have not destroyed the splendid balance of this mighty nation. Revolutionary acts have been suppressed not only by police agencies, but by the restraining influence of the wholesome fear of that mass of enlightened public opinion which gathers force day by day.

President Wilson said in his Buffalo address: "While we are fighting for freedom we must see, among other things, that labor is free; and that means a number of interesting things. It means not only that we must do what we have declared our purpose to do,—see that the conditions of labor are not rendered more onerous by the war,—but also that we shall see to it that the instrumentalities by which the conditions of labor are improved are not blocked or checked.

"Now, to 'stand together' means that nobody must interrupt the processes of our energy if the interruption can possibly be avoided without the absolute invasion of freedom. To put it concretely, that means this: Nobody has the right to stop the processes of labor until all the methods of conciliation and settlement have been exhausted."

The convention of the American Federation of Labor at Buffalo was one of the signs of health in the American body politic for which the American people are proudly thankful, or thankfully proud, as you may choose to put it; it gave admonition to all to work for the well-being of all, now that we are engaged, with all our strength and with all our heart, in this wonderful crusade for the justice and righteousness without which there can be no true democracy in the world.

## CIVIL WAR IN RUSSIA

American faith in the power of democracy to prevail was severely tested by the reports from Russia all through November. But there is not even yet reason to abandon hope for Russia's future. The realization of those hopes may be long deferred and the way to it cruelly hard, but once a people starts on that road, the end seems sure, however distant.

In November the news from Russia was such

as to give joy to Germany and something like disgust to the Allies. The odds against Kerensky in his gallant struggle seemed too great to be overcome. But we can pin our faith to the fact that back of the turmoil and discord there is surely a huge, silent, but potentially powerful, mass of sentiment which is not represented by the agitators and the German propagandists.

The trouble in Russia is that the nation is confronted with the supreme test of democracy before it has learned what democracy really is. The Bolsheviki do not know; their idea of liberty is license; their accession to power can make for nothing but anarchy. Not only does liberty rightly used make a nation strong; but a nation, to use liberty rightly, must be made of stout stuff. Russia, so long tyrannized over by its brutal bureaucracy, has everything to learn. We have seen something in this country of those terrible disruptive forces which are sapping the strength of Russia and giving material aid and mental comfort to her foe. But our extreme pacifists, I. W. W.'s, and theorists have been held firmly in leash by our established, democratic government. The Russian element that Kerensky represents has to be organized before it can control. It is the struggle to effect that organization that has made the bewildering battle of conflicting elements in Petrograd so vividly appealing to us.



Press Illustrating Service

And for the rest of the world, as well as for the Russian people, the struggle is most important. Postponement of the inevitable triumph of order and free institutions in Russia sets back by just so much the sure final victory of the Allies.

But every gain for democracy is a definite loss to Germany, and the followers of Lenine and Trotzky cannot give Germany a free hand on the eastern front until their operations cease to be determinedly opposed by other Russians. During the winter, when the armies rest, Russia may settle her fate.

## POLAND IN THE WAR

If there are persons who do not enjoy the stud of history, perhaps the reason for their losing s much pleasure and profit is that they fail to s that the history of nations resembles that of i dividuals so closely that it might well be calle biography on a larger scale. A wise and virtuo nation is as likely to prosper, and a foolish c wicked one to fail and fall, as a wise or foolis man is to get along well or ill. The same goo qualities of industry, thrift, upright dealing, tha bring success to men will make nations comfort able and happy; and extravagance, arrogance and insincerity will cause the ruin of govern ments as of individuals.

Also, to complete the comparison, nations ar subject to accident and to the unpreventable con sequences of the acts of others, and may suffe where they are not at fault. But always th downfall of a nation has been due rather more t its own pride and folly than to outside forces The story of Poland is something of an exceptio to the general rule. Her history is like the lif record of a man of nervous temperament, prou and impetuous, whose misfortunes are due partl to his own mistakes and partly to the advantage taken of them by strong, unscrupulous neighbors

The Poles are descendants of tribes who, driven from the Danube region by the Romans, settled in the valley of the Vistula. As Polish nationality developed, it was prevented from realizing its full potential strength by rivalry between the kings and the nobles. In the thirteenth century the invading Mongols of Jenghiz Khan conquered Russia, but when Sweden, becoming powerful after the Middle Ages and at the opening of the modern era, reached eastward for empire, Russia, by 1709, had grown strong enough, under Peter the Great, to check the conquering armies of Charles XII. Then the Prussian power developed, and Poland felt the pressure of Prussia pushing eastward, while Russia was striving for westward expansion. Between these two forces she has been clamped in the jaws of a "nutcracker."

Had the Polish nation been unified in policy and action, it might have had a happier history; but, weakened by internal dissension, Poland could not withstand the crushing forces to whose action her geographical position exposed her. Austria, Prussia, and Russia each helped itself to a slice of Poland; or, in more dignified language, they "partitioned" her territory. Poland fought bitterly, but vainly. Of her brave, vain resistance to Russia, you may read (perhaps more romantically than accurately) in that queer, delightful old novel "Thaddeus of Warsaw."

What Austria and Prussia left of Poland became a Russian province, rudely ruled. From 1830 to 1863 Poland struggled. Then the Russian mastery became complete. Since then Poland has had no national history, though Poles have kept on dreaming of freedom.

In the early part of the Great War, Poland was frequently called "the Belgium of the East." Teuton and Russian fought over her lands; her cities were plundered, her fields laid waste, her people left without shelter or food. Yet in the war many Poles see their country's opportunity to regain national independence.

And so, to end this story with what should logically have been its beginning, there is something to stir even a dull imagination in this newspaper head-line, "Poland's Flag at the Front—the Silver Eagle soon to Fly with the Allies' Colors in France." The "new national flag," a silver eagle on a maroon field, is a flaming emblem, suitable to the pride and hopes of Poland's bravest sons. The definition of "national" has to be stretched to fit the case; but there is a wealth of stimulating suggestion in this independent little Polish army, composed of a few thousand exiles gathered from one place and another to fight in unison to relieve their beloved land from the burden of the oppressor's yoke.

What is to be Poland's place in the new Europe? The people of the United States, who once so warmly welcomed the exiled patriot Kosciusko, must watch with friendly interest the settlement of Poland's future and fate.

## NEARLY TWO MILLION NEW VOTERS FOR NEW YORK STATE

Woman suffrage took a long step forward when New York State voted it in by a plurality of not far from 100,000. One million women signed petitions asking for the right to vote. Possibly the exhibition of these impressive sheets of signatures, carried by women in a parade in New York City, was the prime factor in influencing the men to vote yes. Certainly it disposed of the argument, so often heard, that nobody knew how many women really wanted the right to vote. Probably, too, the message which President Wilson sent to the voters in New York in support of the campaign was almost as influential. Whatever the cause, the women won, and 1,750,000 new voters will take part in state elections hereafter.

This triumph of suffrage suggests several interesting questions for consideration. How are these new voters going to "line up"? It is not at all likely that any attempt to lead all or most of them into any one party can succeed. Possibly the women will vote more independently of party than the men do. But why should women's use of the ballot be different from that of the men? We cannot believe it will.

We do not hear so much, nowadays, about the home being neglected because women are actively interested in politics. It seems to be now an accepted fact that women can attend to their home duties, while intelligently "following" politics, just as well as their husbands, brothers, and sons



Times Photo Service.

SHEETS OF SIGNATURES OF WOULD-BE VOTERS CARRIED IN THE NEW YORK SUFFRAGE PARADE



International Film Service.

ARMY AMBULANCE MEN BIVOUAC IN BROAD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

take care of their business interests. As to its effect upon suffrage elsewhere, the victory in New York will serve to make women in non-suffrage States, even those who have been hitherto more or less indifferent, anxious to be placed upon the same footing as their enfranchised friends in New York, California, and Washington State.

The victory in New York will inevitably give great impetus to the fight for a suffrage amendment to the federal Constitution.

## THE GREAT WAR

As the last month of 1917 began, the British were still hammering at the von Hindenburg line, and steadily bending it back toward the breaking point. France, gallant as ever, was more than holding her own. In the north of Italy, the Teuton invasion seemed to have been checked. The Allies were scoring steady successes against the Kaiser's allies in the remotest part of the tremendously "far flung" battle line. The U-boat campaign of destruction had, clearly, reached the utmost limit of its effectiveness, and the ability of Allied commerce to supply the vital need of ocean transportation was proved. American soldiers were being moved to France in steady procession.

But, at the end of November, the fate of the Russian people was being tossed about like a shuttlecock between the battledores of Bolsheviki and Teuton negotiators for separate peace. Japan was showing signs of an intention to take a more active military part, for German conquest of Russia would be an ugly menace to her. Conditions on the east front were exposing Rumania to new dangers; President Wilson, speaking for this nation, assured the Rumanian Government that whatever America could possibly do for the preservation of Rumania's national integrity and independence would be done. The Scandinavian Powers and Holland were still enjoying the doubtful fruits of neutrality, and there was even a rumor that the neutrality of Switzerland was about to be violated.

The conference of the Allies at Paris was just

)ening as the last month of the year began. t last the Allies, convinced of the defect of their ilitary policy, which had led them, in effect, conduct several separate wars instead of work- g together on one strategic scheme, were about effect military unity of all their armies. Only achieving complete unity of purpose, organi- ıtion and programme could they crush the Ger- an monster. The fact that this was perceived ith sufficient clearness to lead to the calling of iis great conference, in which America was to ave so important a part, was the best possible uarantee of future successes and ultimate vic- )ry for the nations allied in the war for emocracy.

But in making these surveys of the progress f the war we must remember that easy confi- ence in the result is foolish and harmful. The ıore members an alliance has, the more oppor- unity is there for a single enemy, as crafty, nscrupulous, and powerful as Germany, to ivide her foes and conquer. All these years the ghting has been in other countries than Ger- ıany, but only because Germany, instead of be- ng attacked or invaded, itself invaded a friendly ountry. (What must German mothers think of war in which their sons die "defending" the atherland hundreds, or thousands, of miles be- yond its frontiers? And if they should reply, "Are not American soldiers now being sent much farther beyond their frontiers?" the answer is that they are not merely fighting to defend Amer- ica nor to restore the territory wantonly seized and despoiled by Germany in defiance of a treaty bearing her signature, but to defend democratic ideals in every country, or, as President Wilson has stated, to make the *world* safe for democ- racy.) It is a wonderful thing, the way the Allies, with their different and often conflicting interests, have stood together. But now the out- come of it all depends upon all the Americans.

As 1917 drew to its close, all events combined to drive home to the consciousness and the con- science of every American the need of clear vision, of perfect loyalty, of unhesitating sacri- fice of individual comfort to the common need. America is fighting now not for any beautiful belief in righteousness and justice among other nations, but for her life as a free nation. The Kaiser and his partners in the greatest crime in history still hope to conquer the world; and America, with her strength, her high ideals, her courage and her deathless devotion to the cause of liberty and international peace, is the last and greatest bulwark raised against the unholy con- spiracies of Prussian enemies of peace.

## THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

Portugal, it is said, has 100,000 men in arms, of whom 65,000 are fighting in France and 35,000 serving in Africa. Even if these figures were exaggerated by 25 per cent., we should be willing on the strength of them to join in three cheers for little Portugal!

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France has a commission to direct the rebuild- ing of her cities that have been ruined in the war. Much of the picturesque disorder of these old towns will be lost, but France will gain in the health and comfort of her people. The men of two or three centuries ago did not know the modern art of city planning.

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After visiting Camp Upton or Camp Dix or any other of the great cantonments for troops in training, remember that you have seen one-six- teenth of our wonderful new soldier-cities; and then you will know one thing to say to the fellow who growls: "Why are n't we *doing* some- thing?" What we have done since last April, in this and other matters, comes pretty near to being a world's record for eight months' work.

Fashions change fast in wartime. When it is all over, and we have time to look around, we shall be surprised to find how differently we do things. Of all the styles, the improvement in the way we wear our Americanism will be best. Uncle Sam and Old Glory mean more, to most of us, than they ever did before.

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Just now, when American boys and girls are hoping for snowy days, for coasting, the sled is being used by the British Red Cross—and, of all places, in the desert. In Palestine this has been found the easiest, most comfortable method of transportation for wounded soldiers.

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In October we had the Liberty Loan campaign, and in November, just by way of keeping "in form," we raised millions for the Y. M. C. A. work in the army and navy. Both times the country did better than it was called upon to do. The reason? Well, the boys and girls know some- thing about that!

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And so, to one and all, a Happy New Year!

# BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

## THE CRITICISM CONTEST—"KIM"

Once again I have been delighted with the excellence of the papers sent in to me by the boys and girls who have written of their impressions of Rudyard Kipling's "Kim." Delighted and troubled, too, for the work of selection is difficult. I hate to have to lay aside one good manuscript after the other, because, after all, another is just a trifle better and I must eliminate. But I have done it, and have gradually narrowed down to the three that seem to me the best and to a group that follows these three and deserves special mention above the rest.

But there was not a single criticism sent in that did not show thought and real appreciation of the book. One or two did fail to find the charm of "Kim," complaining that it was not like other books, a thing that is perhaps one of its greatest merits. And there were one or two carelessly written and badly spelled. Yet even these had their own point of view and interest and were worth reading. If the level of excellence had not been so high, these, which had to be cast aside first, might have had honorable mention. But the many good, carefully done, and original articles put the few that were faulty very far out of the running at once.

You will read the three prize-winners yourselves, and I know that you will like them. I put Dorothy F. Patton's first for several reasons. It is delightfully expressed, which is the case with the other two leaders as well. But it succeeds in relating the very peculiar charm of the book with a like quality in other books, different though they are in character and substance, and it recognizes in a word or two the fact that the very lack of ordinary plot-interest is part of the success in creating the Indian atmosphere, in interpreting the people.

A fascinating little paper is that to which I have given second place, the work of Grace Raffenberg. Her sense of the mystery and color of the book is particularly fine, and her concluding paragraph is beautiful.

Third comes the charming and spirited article by Miriam E. Simons, with its poetical beginning and its realization of the intense reality of the book. Those selected for Honorable Mention follow very closely after the three prize-winners.

It has been a surprise to see how my correspondents have felt the power of "Kim," and the love they show for him and the old priest, and for the horse-dealer, whose worth they see. They all of them recognize the immense reality of the book, most of them find its humor charming, and respond eagerly to the mischief and kindness shown by little *Kim*. A number praise it for its revelations of a land that, but for it, would be unknown and strange, and are glad to find that people are so much alike inside, for all their outward differences.

I want to end by saying that in future I shall read "Kim" with deeper understanding because of these different insights and appreciations of the book shown by the papers I have read with so much pleasure.

### "KIM"

BY DOROTHY F. PATTON (AGE 14)

*First Prize*

In "Kim," Kipling has written a heart story of India. The charm of the Orient pervades the book, casting a spell over the reader; yet the story is a true portrayal of the customs and habits of the people of that country. Kipling instils that indefinite something into his book which Victor Hugo imparts to his *"Les Misérables,"* Mary E. Wilkins to her New England tales, and Charles Dickens to his novels: the spirit of the country about which they write, and a sympathetic and deep understanding of human nature. In "Kim" is also the call of the out-of-doors: of the rain and wind, the green grass, singing birds, dancing waters, and smiling skies.

The plot is fascinating and unique. Few could devise one so truly suggestive of India. The story of the quixotic wanderings of the lama and his cheela in their search for "the river of the arrow" reads like a fairy-tale.

The desires and longings of all mankind for adventure are satisfied in this book. Who has not thrilled at the thought of wandering about in disguise? Who has not longed to sally forth some day to meet adventure? Who has not wished that he might have a chance to face danger and overcome it? In reading "Kim" we do all this, though to others we may seem to sit quietly at home by our hearth-fires.

Kipling has drawn three strong, distinctive characters in this book, all dissimilar, yet all thrown together by strange circumstances. First is the lama, simple and guileless, strong in his love for *Kim*, firm in his devotion to his religion, and unswerving in his search for his river. "Fanatic," people called him, but few persons can boast the sterling qualities combined in his character. In direct contrast is *Mahbub Ali*, the horse-dealer, a shrewd, crafty Afghan engaged in the secret service of the Indian government. Yet cold and undemonstrative as he was, he loved *Kim*, and through *Mahbub, Kim* learned all the tricks of the "great game." Then there is *Kim*. Like Mark Twain's famed boy-character *Tom Sawyer, Kim* becomes involved in many engrossing situations, from which he always comes forth

victorious. He is a white boy, cared for by a native woman since the death of his parents, and his candid good-nature, his ready wit, and his sense of Irish humor all combine to make this boy the well-loved hero of the novel.

In most of Kipling's short tales he depicts the tragic and lonely life of the people of India, but in this book he has shown us another phase—the gay, happy side of life. As we read the book we realize that its author is no chance writer, but a man who knows and loves India and who wants us to know and love her too.

## "KIM"

BY GRACE RAFFENBERG (AGE 14)

*Second Prize*

I BROUGHT it home one afternoon, just a plain, worn book with red covers, frayed corners, and soiled pages. It gave no promise of color and light; yet out of its dingy pages smiled vivid, changing India.

It was no marked character or detail, no particular part alone that held me; it was India herself; it was the spirit of her people who thronged her cities, traversed her plains, and climbed her mountains. They made the story a thing of life and movement; they made it as the breath of many men, of many nations, and many races, all swept together and mingled in one.

Hillsman, plainsman, foreigner—none alike, yet all of India, in that each personality was stamped with her mark. There was *Kim,* a foreigner with a white man's blood in his veins, yet with India always in his heart. *Kim,* who had learned the cunning of her people and the dangerous ways of her land, yet was brave and loving to serve his fellow-man, whatever his race or breed. *Kim,* the "Friend of all the World."

There was the old lama, gentle, even childlike, but yet with great wisdom in his heart and strength in his mind. Willing he was to leave the cold of his hills and mountains; ready to tread the dusty, unfamiliar roads of the plain when Faith pointed the way.

There, too, was the *Sahiba,* sharp of tongue and keen of wit, yet with love even for the wayfarer in her generous heart. And last, the horse-dealer, he of the flaming beard, well versed in worldly wisdom, dangerous to foe, but still loyal to friend.

Ever picturesque in manner and dress they are, these people that make the story even as they make India. All unlike, yet bound with a common tie—the spirit of India; a spirit mysterious, secretive—and colored with the customs and wisdom of past ages and with the intrigue which seems the under-current of Oriental life.

Thus, though both the plot and the characters are vital and alive, they do not appeal to me so much as that invisible "something" which I have called the spirit of India, the something which binds and blends the breath of her people, the smile of her plains, and the unconquerable heights of her mountains.

As I turn its pages there comes the soft echo of the East, the music of mystery, the silences of life and death, the endless stir and movement of India, in all her wealth of life and mystery. This is "Kim" as it is to me.

## "KIM"

BY MIRIAM E. SIMONS (AGE 16)

*Third Prize*

THE East is calling, incense-laden, rich
With strange, forbidden mysteries; the years
Pass in a silent line and fade away,
Inconsequential. Many gods arise,
And they, too, fade into a swarm of faiths;
And people, countless myriads, sweep along
The crowded streets and through the old bazaars,
And we seem young amid these wondrous scenes:
But youth, too, meets us here, and charms unknown
In other lands stretch out their hands to us
And hold us on our pilgrimage with him.

This charm of strange lands and scenes is one that is soul-compelling to all, but it speaks most strongly to youth, that age which is beginning to rebel against the staid workaday world, and, having lost the fairy-tales of younger days, feels a great need of something to take their place. To such, "Kim" is a treasure-house where one may forget "to-morrow" in a journey across the land of enchantment, in strange, wonderful adventures, with *Jat* and *Sikh,* lama and priest, Buddhist and Mussulman, or, perhaps, a government agent.

Who could fail to delight in the mischievous pranks *Kim* plays on friend and foe, or to love the old lama seeking for the river? The philosophy of the search may not be entirely clear to the younger reader, but the charm remains; and if by chance a little is learned, so much the better.

Only Kipling could have painted such a delightful character as *Kim,* the Irish boy, brought up in the Lahore bazaars by a half-caste woman, without regard to law or custom. And such adventures! Such unknown depths as they awaken in you and me as we read! Who knows but that we, too, may some day go to India and see such sights? If we should, we should not be like the stupid drummer's boy, but would possess a combination of the wisdom of *Creighton* and *Lurgen Sahibs.* We, too, should see those sights hidden from the average European, would travel with a caravan, and meet *Babu* and the hill princess. And like *Kim,* we would have a part in international intrigue, and fight and win for country and the service—we would be "sons of the charm" and go to "look for tarkeen."

And then, a summer in the hill country, with the Himalayas ever above, beckoning; we taking long strides on the great trail, on and on, glorying in our new-found power; then back to the plains, the bazaars, and the mysteries. It is the journey of a lifetime, through a new fairyland, more enchanting than the old, peopled by strange folk, who, after all, are much like us when we come to know them. And oh, how we should like to know them! An impossible journey, and yet a wonderfully possible one when we possess the password, which will open to us, in an afternoon, a lifetime of wonders. The East is calling to you and to me, and we cannot but answer; for he is waiting to take us with him and show us all—if we but know him —*Kim,* the "Little Friend of all the World."

## HONORABLE MENTION

Grace Becker (16), Gwynne Almon Abbot (17), Rosamond Coolidge (14), Arletta Phillips (16), Anne Fitz-Gerald (14), Oscar K. Rice (14), Marie Fuller (14), Josephine Fetter Royle (16), Delia Smith (12), Dorothy Davis (15), Louise Dickinson (14).

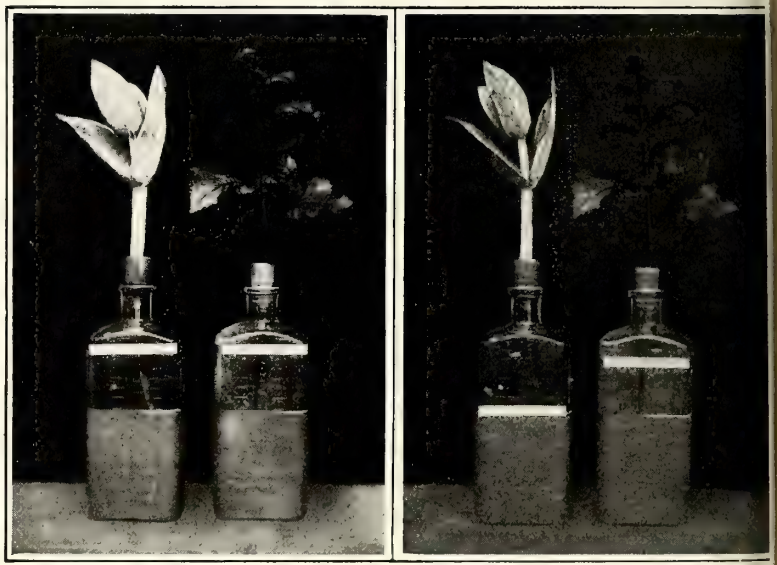


A EUCALYPTUS TREE ONLY THIRTY YEARS OLD.

### THE EUCALYPTUS AND MALARIA

Before it was known that the malarial poison was introduced into the blood by mosquitoes it was a common practice to plant eucalyptus, or blue-gum, trees in infected areas. Right up to the end of the nineteenth century the idea was commonly held that malaria was caused by the pestilential exhalations which arose from the marshy ground. As is well known, the eucalyptus tree produces enormous quantities of a volatile oil that has marked antiseptic properties. The disinfecting odors exhaled by the leaves were supposed to correct the harmful vapors of the marshes. This is now known to be a t tally wrong impression, yet the fact remains th the planting of eucalyptus trees *did* result in fre ing districts from the infection. Many cas might be mentioned, but one of the most striki is the instance of a district about twenty mil from Algiers. It was not possible for any o to reside in the locality without contracting m larial fever in an aggravated form. Thirte thousand eucalyptus trees were planted over t area in one year. Within a year, malarial fev was almost unknown in the district, the disea disappearing as soon as the trees were two three yards in height.

What is the connection between the eucalypt and the disappearance of the malarial trouble This has been only very recently explained. The is probably no tree having a greater avidity f water than the eucalyptus. Experiments wit seedlings grown in water have shown that a bal blue-gum will take up the liquid at an extreme rapid rate. Compare the two pictures showing a experiment with a eucalyptus and a plum tre As the blue-gums grow at a marvelous rate (o ten as much as ten or twelve feet is added to the height in a single season), the consumption moisture from the soil goes on at a rapidly i creasing rate. Now, it is well known that th malarial poison is introduced into the blood



1, SEEDLING EUCALYPTUS AND PLUM. 2, SHOWS AMOUNTS WATER TAKEN UP BY EACH

man through the agency of a certain variety of mosquito (Anopheles), and the dwelling-place of these insects, when in the larval stage, is to be found in pools of water. With the planting of the eucalyptus trees the pools disappear and the marshy land becomes comparatively dry. Thus the breeding-places of the mosquitoes are destroyed and the insects are no longer able to carry on their pernicious activities.

S. Leonard Bastin.

### A RAPID-FIRE SNOWBALL GUN

"Do you want to surprise the boys this winter?" said Uncle Mechanic. "I can show you how to give them the biggest surprise of their lives when you have your next snowball battle."

Harold and John looked up with awe at Uncle Mechanic, for he always had some scheme up his sleeve, which he disclosed when he felt in the mood to do so. They remembered the many other tricks which he had told them, and they waited for the new idea to be explained.

"Have you an old wheel?" Uncle Mechanic asked. "Two would be better—one small and the other large."

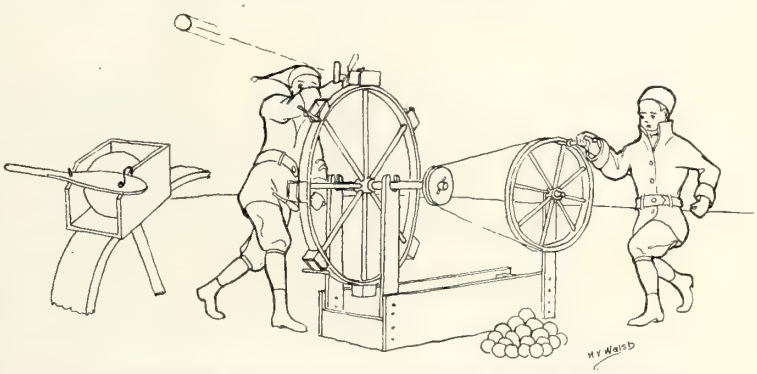
The boys thought for a moment, and remembered that there was an old cartwheel out in the shed and that a broken baby-carriage had one wheel left, which they had tucked under the porch, for they always found such left-overs useful some time or other.

"Just a minute, Uncle, and we 'll bring them to you, so that you can see whether they are what you want," they both said. One skipped off to the shed, the other disappeared under the porch, both soon to sally forth with the treasured wheels.

"Just what we want!" enthusiastically exclaimed Uncle Mechanic, as the gleam of a new idea began to lighten up his face. "Run into the house and bring out the tools, and a few old boards and boxes, and we 'll soon have this munition factory for snowball guns humming."

The boys by this time were warming up to this mysterious idea of a snowball gun, and they imagined all kinds of surprise attacks they would spring on the other fellows when the snows set in and the usual snow-forts were built. With the nimbleness of aroused enthusiasm, they ran off for the tools and lumber, to return shortly, puffing from their haste.

"Now, boys, come here, and I 'll show you what we are going to make. I always believe in showing my workmen all the ideas first, before they begin working, so that every one knows what the finished article is going to be like." And Uncle Mechanic began to sketch on a piece of paper a picture of a machine such as you see on this page. He showed the big wheel and the little wheel in place upon a frame. The big wheel was supported upon two uprights from the foundation-boards, and the smaller wheel was held up by one upright, set back from the big wheel, so that a rope could be run around it and also around a small drive-wheel upon the axle of the big one. When the small wheel was turned, the rope-drive turned the big wheel around rapidly. It was very similar to a bicycle, and, in fact, Uncle Mechanic said that if they had had an old bicycle-frame they could have made the same machine. Upon the big wheel, at the end of each spoke, he drew square boxes fastened on the rim and large enough to hold a good-sized snowball. The boxes were open on two sides, and the snowballs were held in place by means of paddles of wood which swung around upon pivots and were held over the snowballs by wire springs.



THE RAPID-FIRE SNOWBALL-GUN IN ACTION. AT THE LEFT, THE SNOWBALL BOX AND PADDLE, SHOWING CONSTRUCTION.

"Now, here 's the way she works, boys," said Uncle Mechanic. "You turn the little wheel, after you have filled up the boxes with snowballs, until the big wheel is spinning madly. Then the shooter stands by with a stick in his hand, and holds it near enough to the big wheel to trip the little paddles upon the snowball boxes. This releases the balls and they fly off rapidly because of the speed of the spinning wheel. These snowballs will shoot off from the machine at a tangent to the big wheel, so that the shooter must have great skill in tripping the paddles at the right time. He will find that the faster the machine spins, the higher up toward the top of the wheel will be the place to trip the releasers. Of course,

the machine will spin so rapidly that he will have to shoot all eight snowballs at once, for he cannot draw his tripping stick away quickly enough to do them one at a time. I 've tried out this little machine, and know it will work. However, a little common sense must be used in handling it. The only thing about it which will give difficulty is the releaser upon the box, which must be carefully made."

After the boys had been shown the whole working of this machine they set to work with saw and hammer to follow their uncle's directions. He sat by and ordered this board to be cut so many inches long, that box to be made stronger, and so on, until the machine began to take on form and was finally completed.

The boys could hardly wait for the first snowstorm. When it finally came, they lost no time in erecting their fort and organizing the other fellows for an early try-out in snowbattles. Their enthusiasm was so great that it was a wonder the others did not get an inkling of something being in the wind. Every morning, before others were around, Harold and John practised target-shooting with their new rapid-fire gun, and they soon became good shots. When the day finally came for the great contest, they let the rest of their army into the secret.

Were n't the other fellows surprised, though, when they charged that fort, to find themselves pummeled into retreat by tremendous showers of snowballs. They had to admit that they were beaten, but one of them suspected something and the secret was soon out. It was not long before the snowball rapid-fire gun was being reproduced all over that section of the country, and once in a while some unfortunate passer-by received a shower of snowballs, ill directed by a new operator at the machine.

HAROLD V. WALSH.

## BUFFALOES AS HORSES

THE buffalo has always been rated as untameable, and many scientists have regarded him as one of the most stupid beasts that ever existed. It has remained for "Major" Bob Yokum, of Pierre, South Dakota, after five years of effort, to accomplish the wonderful feat of training a pair of buffaloes to trot to wagon, and also to do many other remarkable stunts.



RACING BUFFALOES AGAINST HORSES IN SOUTH DAKOTA.

Major Yokum is a former United States marshal, and is known in the old ranching and cowboy life of the American West from Texas to Oregon. Some years ago, he conceived the whim of experimenting to determine what a buffalo really did know. His troubles and trials with the unwieldy bison were innumerable, but he finally succeeded in breaking them to harness and driving them.

One of their accomplishments is to race against horses, and it is amazing to see them distance their speedy competitors. They loathe the saddling process, and, when the rider mounts them, will "buck" in a way to shame a veteran bronco.

ROBERT H. MOULTON.

## THE POWER OF FREEZING WATER

THE study of the phenomena of freezing water is intensely interesting. In passing from the liquid to the solid state, water expands about one eighth of its bulk. This is the explanation of the floating of ice. Were it not for this principle, as fast as ice formed on lakes and rivers it would break away and fall to the bottom, being heavier than the unfrozen water. When the bottom was filled with ice the sun could not succeed in thawing it out in a whole summer, and all aquatic life in countries having freezing weather would be destroyed.

Try the experiment, in cold weather, of setting a strong glass bottle, filled with water, out of doors over night. In the morning it will be found broken and the ice bulging out at the broken part, if the cork be tightly fitted. Such is the marvelous force of freezing water.

You have heard of frost heaving stones out of the ground, doubtless, but few people can explain exactly how it is done. Boys in the colder climates of our country are familiar with the fact that, when all the stones on an acre of ground have been cleared away during the summer and there follows a hard winter, there will appear a crop of new stones to contend with on that same acre. This is how it happens: there are rocks just underground that the plow passes over without touching. Below some of these rocks there will be openings or little "pockets," perhaps dug there by some burrowing animal or formed by the water filtering down to some rocky stratum below, whence it flows along to join a spring on the hillside farther down. When the winter comes on, this hole will be filled with standing water which, as the cold increases, will turn to ice and increase in bulk one eighth. The power of the swelling ice is so great that it would lift the rock even though it weighed several tons. Suppose the rock is raised six inches, with the foot of earth above it. When the warmer days come, this earth above the rock gets washed off to some extent. The ice beneath the rock is the last ice to feel the melting rays of the sun, and thus the rain and melting ice above trickle down carrying the earth with them, which finally packs the hollow below the rock and takes the place of the disappearing ice, forming a new base that holds it up several inches above its original position.

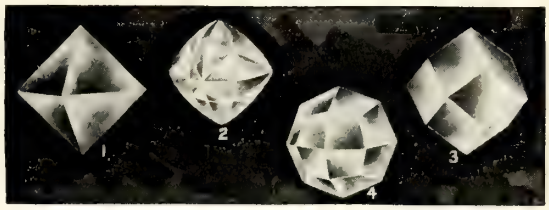
In this way new rocks are continually coming to the surface, and the soil, in being carried away in the rainy weather of summer, is very much changed in a single year. The expansion of freezing water may be ranked with the greatest forces of nature that operate to change the surface of the earth.

MAUDE LAWRENCE WESTCOTT.

## GEMS IN THEIR NATURAL SHAPES

THE eye has become so accustomed to the gem as it is seen mounted in jewelry, with its many little facets given it by the lapidary, that the fact is quite forgotten that practically every gem once possessed its own beautifully symmetrical shape when it left the hands of Nature.

These shapes are known as crystals, and are of the greatest importance, because by them the gem may be recognized; for the same gem will always appear in the same shapes, which are peculiar to itself alone, and quite different from the shapes of all other gems. For example, the diamond occurs in a crystal like that shown in Figure 1, which is like two four-sided pyramids with their bases set together; or, again, in a shape like that of Figure 2, where the faces of the crystal are slightly curved. The most characteristic shapes of the garnet crystals are seen in Figures 3 and 4, in twelve- and twenty-four-sided figures. This gem, particularly, occurs in well-defined and beautiful little crystals.



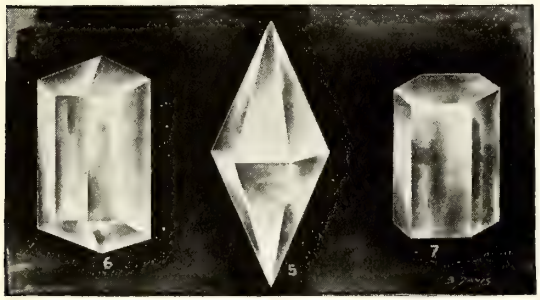

1, 2, DIAMOND CRYSTALS; 3, 4, GARNET CRYSTALS.

Again, we have crystals of ruby or sapphire occurring in a form like that shown in Figure 5, a six-sided double pyramid; but these crystals are apt to be rougher in outline, and without natural polish. The natural polish that many of the gem stones possess on their faces is finer than any that the skilled jeweler can produce.

Figure 6 shows a simple crystal of topaz. This stone is often very rich in crystal faces; frequently no fewer than thirty or forty may be counted on the top alone. A typical crystal of emerald is shown in Figure 7, a simple six-sided prism; and Figure 8 shows that of a rock-crystal. Rock-crystal was the first among all crystals to be written about, and an ancient historian described its shape as long as 2200 years ago. Both this stone and the emerald were made into necklaces in their natural crystal shapes by the Egyptians. Because rock-crystal is so clear and colorless, the ancients, for many hundreds of years, believed that it was only a form of ice so hardened that it could never melt.

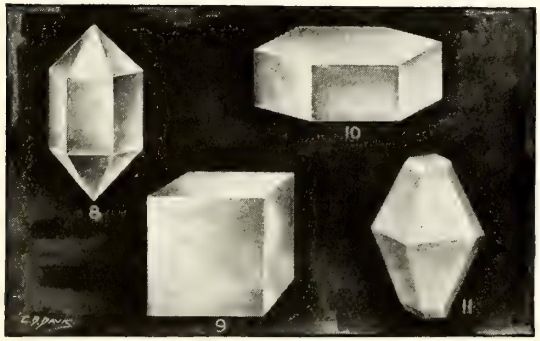
From what has been already said about gems and their natural shapes, it might be inferred that

every gem, as it comes from the mine, or river-bed, or from wherever it may have been discovered, is found in its exact crystal form. However, this is not always the case; sometimes it may lose its beautiful shape from being rolled and tumbled in river-beds and streams, or again it may be found in a very imperfect condition, perhaps only one half, or less, of the faces being present. But even when many of these are absent, or perhaps only traces of them left, the crystallographer will be able to recognize the gem.




5, RUBY OR SAPPHIRE; 6, TOPAZ; 7, EMERALD.

Now the shapes of the crystals of semi-precious or precious stones are particularly important, because some of their other properties are of little use to us in the recognition of the gem. Take, for example, color; it might be supposed that this would be of great help, but this has not always been found to be true, and, in fact, it is very often most misleading. Topaz (Figure 6) will illustrate this point. This stone is commonly yellow or brown, or a yellowish-brown color; but it is often found perfectly colorless, also pale blue and deep wine-color.




8, ROCK-CRYSTAL; 9, ROCK-SALT; 10, MICA; 11, SULPHUR.

Again, the garnet may be of every shade of red, of several very beautiful shades of green, also orange-color, brown, and even black. These differently colored varieties sometimes have different names, such as "Evening Emerald," for one of the green kinds, and "Cinnamon Stone," for the orange-colored stone; but they are all garnets, having their characteristic chemical composition and crystalline form. The giving of these different names to stones of the same family is most confusing, especially so in the case of the ruby and sapphire, for these two stones are only two varieties of the same mineral, corundum, the only difference being that of color. They are alike in all their important properties. The coloring matter in most gem stones is present in so small a quantity that it is often difficult to discover to what it may be due.

There is, however, another simple property that is of great service in determining a gem, that is, its hardness. Thus, diamond can always be recognized, as it is the hardest of all minerals, and will, therefore, scratch any of them. Next in order come the ruby and the sapphire, which may be scratched by the diamond, and in turn will scratch any of the other gems, such as the topaz, emerald, or garnet.

Each gem has its own particular degree of hardness, which is always the same.

A good deal has already been said about crystals of gem stones, and perhaps it should be added here that these are not the only kinds of crystals. Nearly all minerals (which include precious and semi-precious stones) occur in crystals, each one having a form peculiar to itself. Thus we have crystals of rock-salt in the form of simple cubes (see Figure 9); crystals of mica (Figure 10)—that shiny black or brownish mineral, occurring in little hexagonal-shaped plates, which split into the finest, thinnest leaves imaginable, and which is used for making lamp-chimneys, as well as for other commercial purposes; and crystals of sulphur (Figure 11). There are also sugar crystals, like those of rock-candy, and, perhaps most beautiful of all, snow crystals, which occur in an infinite number of lovely forms.

In conclusion, a few words must be said about the growth of a gem stone, or of crystals in general, because it is very interesting.

The growth of a crystal resembles, in a way, that of a living being, for it grows out of a solution as if it were alive; and if injured, it repairs itself, replacing any missing parts; or, if it is delayed in the course of its growth by some impediment, when this is removed, it will continue to grow as if there had been no interruption.

Finally, does it not seem a pity that these exquisite little objects often brilliant with faces of Nature's making, are never made use of in their natural forms? MARY WINEARLS PORTER.

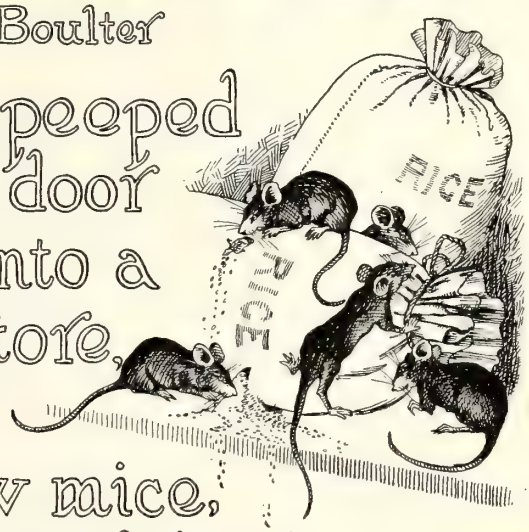


# THE MICE



By Louis J. Boulter

A little mouse peeped
through a door
Which led into a
grocery store,
Then squeaked
back to his fellow mice,
"Hurrah, I see such lots of rice!"




So they all scampered on the shelf,
And each gray mousie helped himself
Until the rice was all quite gone;
Then they crept homeward one by one.





FREDERICK BOWER




# TEN LITTLE HAPPIES

## Words & Music By MARY PINNEY

### A Motion Song

ILLUSTRATED by
Albertine
Randall
Wheelan










Willing hearts find willing hands to work for Love as

Love commands. so, little happies, go on your way, To-

day is happy day!

clap hands three times on "hap-py day"

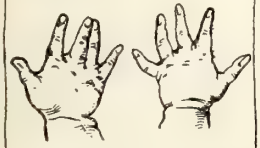
cross hands



hold both hands out with sweeping motion



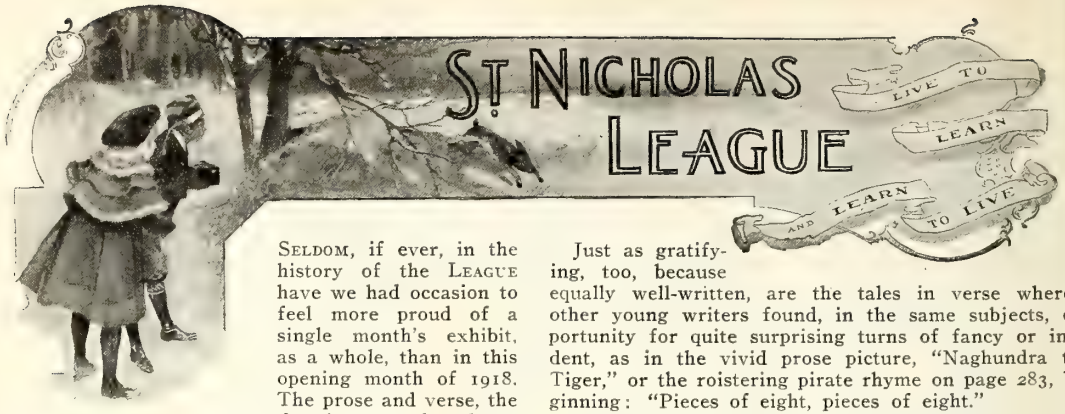
hold hands up with backs out, singing to them..



swing both hands back and forth at - "go on your way..."








Seldom, if ever, in the history of the League have we had occasion to feel more proud of a single month's exhibit, as a whole, than in this opening month of 1918. The prose and verse, the drawings and photographs, all average a higher excellence than usual. And another reason for congratulation is the fact that the patriotic subjects proved especially inspiring. Many of the little poems on "The Bugle-Call" and of the stories entitled "For Freedom's Sake" deserve to be treasured not only in the households from which they came, but all over the land, as showing how truly the young folk who wrote them apprehend the real issues of the great war and respond to the ideals of all liberty-loving nations.

Just as gratifying, too, because equally well-written, are the tales in verse wherein other young writers found, in the same subjects, opportunity for quite surprising turns of fancy or incident, as in the vivid prose picture, "Naghundra the Tiger," or the roistering pirate rhyme on page 283, beginning: "Pieces of eight, pieces of eight."

The winners of our gold and silver badges and our Honor Members have covered themselves with glory in a series of fine contributions, some of which well deserve to be printed in the body of the magazine; and even among those which lack of space has denied appearance in these League pages there were several that many a grown-up writer would be glad to have written. Wherefore, let us all take heart in this auspicious opening of the New Year, and rejoice in the prospect that the next twelve-month will advance both our record and our standards to still higher levels.

## PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 215.

In making awards, the contributors' ages are considered.

**PROSE.** Gold badges, **Elizabeth Gray** (age 14), Pennsylvania; **Victoria Sofia Sturge** (age 13), Pennsylvania; **Elizabeth Eleanor Clarke** (age 14), New York. Silver badges, **Guy Bryan Holt** (age 12), New York; **Bettina Linn** (age 12), Pennsylvania; **Marian Maclaren** (age 13), Washington.

**VERSE.** Silver badges, **Elizabeth Abell** (age 13), New Jersey; **Genevra Parker** (age 13), Wisconsin.

**DRAWINGS.** Gold badges, **Catherine L. Spencer** (age 13), New Jersey; **Roger Nelson Plum** (age 14), New Jersey. Silver badges, **Waldron O'Connor** (age 14), New York; **Ema H. Stoehr** (age 14), New York.

**PHOTOGRAPHS.** Gold badge, **Irene P. Walber** (age 15), New York. Silver badges, **Margaret Upshur,** (age 14), Virginia; **Marion Roads** (age 13), California; **Lucia K. Sherman** (age 16), California; **Julian Ellis Mack,** (age 14), Indiana; **William W. Cummins** (age 14), West Virginia; **John G. Walber, Jr.** (age 13), New York; **Florence Schweizer** (age 16), Wisconsin.

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Silver badges, **Alice Bickham,** (age 16), Pennsylvania; **Ruth Oviatt,** (age 15), Pennsylvania.

**PUZZLE ANSWERS.** Gold badges, **Florence Beekman,** (age 15), New York; **Donald B. Hatmaker,** (age 12), Illinois.



BY ISABELLA CHILDS, AGE 15.



BY LOIS H. BRYAN, AGE 14.

"TAKEN NEAR HOME"

## THE BUGLE-CALL OF WINTER

BY ELIZABETH ABELL (AGE 13)

*(Silver Badge)*

WINTER! Oh, that magic word!
Swift and keen as falcon-bird,
On thou comest silently
As the sea-gull skims the sea.
Winter! How my heart beats wild
When with cold, and snow high-piled,
Thou sendest thy weird bugle-call
Sounding o'er the mountains tall,
Wildly screeching through the trees,
Telling well the mysteries
Of the frost, and ice-bound streams
Where the baffled fish-hawk screams.
Winter! Then the frozen North
Sends her mighty warriors forth;
O'er the still and trackless snow
Howling winds and storm king go,
Summoned by thy bugle-call,
Moaning 'round the banquet hall,
While revelers stop, amid the cheer,
The music of the north to hear.
Winter! Oh thou warrior wild,
In whose path the drifts are piled,
Show to me that shining way
Where thy fairy buglers play.

## FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE

BY ELIZABETH GRAY (AGE 14)

*(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won July, 1916)*

THE brief furlough was over. The boy lieutenant—*our* boy lieutenant—would be with his regiment at a camp for a short time, and then,—we dared not think about it.

The night train would leave at eleven-thirty. At half past eight we sat in the library talking. Then Budd



"TAKEN NEAR HOME." BY MARGARET UPSHUR, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

went to say good-by to Katharine. A strange oppressiveness settled over us, as if some great Force were working out the destiny of the world in that very room. For some time we sat there in silence, thinking, thinking— Mother slipped away, and a few minutes later we heard a strangled sob. Father went upstairs to her. With a preliminary wheeze, the clock struck ten, slowly and mournfully.

Just before Budd came back mother and father reappeared. As Budd gave us an amusing account of the antics of Katharine's puppy, I watched him and wondered. He seemed so very young to be going off! How would he be when he came back? But would he—

There was the sound of an automobile stopping before the house, a chorus of gay voices and a piercing whistle.

"The bunch!" said Budd, rising. "They 've come to take me to the station. Well—"

I wondered how mother would bear up. She was perfectly calm, and, though her lips trembled, there was not a quiver in her voice as she said, "Good-by, my boy; write when you have time."



"TAKEN NEAR HOME." BY MARION ROADS, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

He kissed us all. We heard his friends welcome him; then the motor chug-chugged away, and there was silence again.

To us, Budd's going was everything; but in reality it was only one of the millions of sacrifices made here, in Canada, in Great Britain, in France, in Australia, for the freedom of humanity.

## FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE

BY GUY BRYAN HOLT (AGE 12)

*(Silver Badge)*

ONE bright day of July, 1904, in the American Legation at Pekin, China, a council of war was held. The news had just reached the legation that the American army, in alliance with a few Japanese, had reached the walls of the city, and that other foreign armies would be with them soon.

Already a messenger had been dispatched to the army on the outside of the walls to say that they were not to fire into the part of the city in which the American flag could be seen. And already a messenger had reached the legation, reporting that the order would be respected.

The question which now arose was how to raise the flag higher than the city walls, so that it could be seen by the American soldiers outside.

Of course, the first thing that was suggested was a flagpole. There was a tall cedar in the legation yard, but they had no rope, and who would risk the danger of climbing the tree to nail the flag to the top? The Boxers, just outside the legation walls, were waiting for such a target.

Now in this council was a young lieutenant of the army, lately graduated from West Point. He immediately volunteered for the task.

When the flag was ready he started climbing slowly up, paying no attention to the enemies' bullets falling around him. Finally, amid loud cheers from the spectators, he securely fastened the flag.

On the way down, however, he was shot through the head by an enemy's bullet. After the capture of Pekin he was buried with the flag he had honored.

## "THE BUGLE-CALL"

BY LUCIE C. HOLT (AGE 17)

*(Honor Member)*

*(To those whom their country calls)*

Not to the glory and spoils of battle;
Not to possession of unknown lands;
Not to fulfill the dreams of tyrants;
Not to put fetters on conquered hands;
Not to such things do they call you, call you,
Not to such things do the bugles call.

Above all the glamor of martial music,
Above all things that the world may see,
Higher than conquest and brighter than glory,
Greater than death is your victory.

Millions of millions—the gray battalions,
Marching before you into the night;
Millions the souls that have passed in darkness,
Sacrificed to the greater right.

You, who have died that a dream may conquer;
Died that a law might be fulfilled;
Who, with your lives, buy the freedom of others;
Die that the turmoil of ages be stilled—

The lips of millions unborn will praise you;
The legions of those who are to be,
Still to the end of time will cheer you,
Khaki-clad knights of humanity!
To this reward they are calling, calling;
Only for this do the bugles call.



"LEFT BEHIND." BY CATHERINE L. SPENCER, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON FEB., 1917.)

## FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE

BY VICTORIA SOFIA STURGE (AGE 13)

*(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won May, 1916)*

This is the story of a Serbian boy, whose mother gave him up "for freedom's sake." She told him to leave her, follow the army, and, when he was eighteen, to fight for Serbia's freedom.

Djordje followed the army with eighteen thousand companions. Everything he saw told that retreating soldiers had passed that way: dead horses, overturned wagons, and, alas! many dead men. The boys suffered from cold, hunger, and weariness. Many times a boy would lie down and never get up. The traveling was hard, the mountains were steep, and food soon gave out.

The boys begged food, but the soldiers could spare little. For three days Djordje had no food, but at last he found some crusts in a dead soldier's knapsack. As he was finishing the meal he looked up and saw a sorrowful, dignified, old man riding towards them.

"It is the king!" he exclaimed, saluting.

Three officers were with him. King Peter asked Djordje to lead his mule; and Djordje proudly performed the task, for not every boy has the chance to lead his king's steed. The king, bidding him farewell when they reached Albania, said:

"Remember, my boy, I believe in Serbia's liberty as in God. It was the dream of my youth; I fought for it in manhood; it has become the faith of my life's twilight. I shall live to see Serbia free!"

In Albania Djordje found a friend, an officer cousin. He fed and clothed Djordje, put him on an Italian ship bound for Marseilles, thence he went to Oxford, England, where he lives, cared for with one hundred and fifty of his companions, eagerly awaiting the day when he may fight for Serbia and freedom.

## FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE

BY JANET SCOTT (AGE 14)

*(Honor Member)*

The pages of history contain numerous examples of sacrifices for freedom's sake, but the noblest of all is that of the Pilgrims. They are not only great for what they did, but also for their spirit in doing it.

Leaving first Holland, where they had taken refuge, and then England, they set out on their tedious ocean voyage of nine weeks. Although they had planned to land in Virginia, they had lost their course, and first saw land at Cape Cod. They tried to go southward, but were prevented by shoals. For weeks they stayed on board, constantly sending out exploring parties.

It was late in December before they finally landed, to begin life anew in that vast wilderness, with no shelter in the coldest season. But they were not unlike this new land, rugged and stern, and therefore were well fitted for their chosen task as pioneers. During that first winter all lived in one large shack, for they could not build separate houses on account of sickness. Death called one half of their little band, and at one time there were only seven able to be up.



"LEFT BEHIND." BY ROGER N. PLUM, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JUNE, 1917.)

Nevertheless, despite the many hardships, including cold weather, scanty and unwholesome food, poor shelter, attacks by Indians, sickness, and death, not one returned on the *Mayflower* when it sailed for England in the spring. They had left their comfortable homes across the sea to seek freedom, and they would have it, dear as the price seemed to be. And it was through this indomitable courage and perseverance that they accomplished their task of establishing a colony where they could, first of all, worship God in their own way, and secondly, govern themselves. Truly they deserved in full their reward.



BY DORIS LENHART, AGE 13.



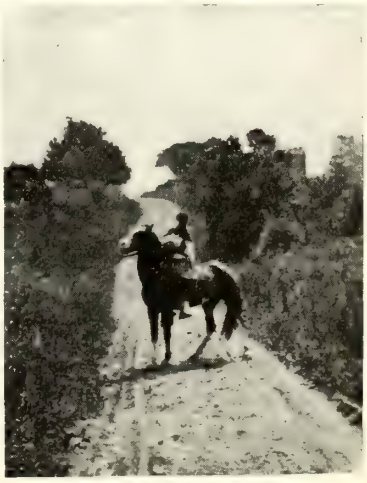
BY LUCIA K. SHERMAN, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)




BY JULIAN E. MACK, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY LORRAINE L. ARMSTRONG, AGE 15.



BY ANNE JESSOP, AGE 15.



BY MADELEINE WILLIAMS, AGE 14.



BY WILLIAM W. CUMMINS, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY WENDELL KEENEY, AGE 14.



BY HELEN W. STANFORD, AGE 12.

"TAKEN NEAR HOME."

## THE BUGLE SONG

BY GENEVRA PARKER (AGE 13)

*(Silver Badge)*

Blow, blow, blow—
To the murm'ring streamlets blow!
To the sparkling dew, and the roses, too,
And the echoes long and low;
To the birds among the forest trees,
To the clover-tops and the early bees;
Blow through the quiet lanes—
Sing to me of the silver sea
And the horseman on the plains.

Blow, blow, blow—
To the wand'ring breezes blow!
To the woodland glen, and the purple fen,
And the mountains capped with snow;
To the tall gray crags against the blue,
To the pink and gold of the morning new;
Blow to the rising sun—
Sing to me of the joys that be
In the day that 's just begun!

## FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE

BY ALICE WINCHESTER (AGE 10)

Mrs. Rogers dropped her head on her hands and gazed with unseeing eyes into the blazing fire. Her reverie was suddenly interrupted by a bell, and the old lady hurried to the door, soon returning with the mail.

There were a number of letters, but Mrs. Rogers read one on flag-stamped paper first, laying the others on a table, where they stayed unopened for some time.

Mrs. Rogers read the following, half aloud:

"Dear Mother:

"It is almost time for bed now. I cannot write much in the two minutes that I have.

"We shall sail for France as soon as boats can be provided. There is a rumor that that will be next week, but no one knows anything certain.

"Remember, though, mother, to bear up. We are going for dear freedom's sake, and whether we live or die, we will save the country—save the *world!*

"Your Own Roy."



"TAKEN NEAR HOME." BY IRENE P. WALBER, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JUNE, 1915.)

"For freedom's sake," echoed Mrs. Rogers. "Yes, I will bear up, and help the country all I can."

The old lady smiled, picked up her Red Cross sweater, and began knitting busily.

"For freedom's sake," she murmured softly; "for freedom's sake."

## FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE

BY ELIZABETH ELEANOR CLARKE (AGE 14)

*(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won January, 1917)*

Naghundra lay with his great head on his forepaws staring between the bars of his cage, with little, evil unblinking eyes. In fact, he lay so still, he looked like a huge statue of a tiger, done in colors. Any one of the admiring Indian natives outside the heavy iron bars of Naghundra's cage would have sworn he was lazy and docile to the last degree, but the natives could not see into Naghundra's brain. For Naghundra, the Maharaja of India's tiger was not docile—indeed not! Inside his brain something was saying over and over "The jungle! The jungle! The jungle! the great, cool dark jungle!" and Naghundra could n't get away from it. His thoughts *would* turn to his brothers. Now, at this time, they would be sleeping in their lairs. Oh, how he longed to be free! He rose and paced back and forth, at each turn growing more restless and savage.




"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY HELEN A. JOHNSON, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

It began to be dark, and all the people had gone. Suddenly Naghundra turned savagely, emitting a low growl; but it was only the native with a huge piece of meat. Usually, Naghundra would rush at it ravenously, but to-night he cared nothing for it. He crouched waiting in the corner of his prison until he heard the receding footsteps of the native die away in the darkness outside, and all was still.

About midnight one of the night watchmen heard a terrific crash and a wild blood-curdling shriek. When the man went running to the spot he saw a native lying sprawled upon the ground, face down, and the lock of Naghundra's cage lying shattered near by. There were the tracks of a tiger pointing toward the jungle.

Naghundra had made his fight for freedom, and won!

## THE BUGLE-CALL

BY GWYNNE ALMON ABBOTT (AGE 17)

*(Honor Member)*

We knew not whence it came; we only knew
That, through the silence we had felt so long,
In loud, compelling tones a bugle blew,
And our hearts woke in answer to its song.

That suddenly the veil fell from our eyes,
And from our limbs the shackles dropped away;
And, quickly starting up in glad surprise,
We saw our weary night give place to day.

Then turning quietly, without a word,
Yet in our splendid purpose grandly free,
Drew from its idle sheath the gleaming sword
And rose in might to meet our destiny.

## THE BUGLE-CALL

BY ELIZABETH M. DUKES (AGE 15)

(*Honor Member*)

Pieces of eight, pieces of eight, and bags of gold doubloons;
Spanish coins, or eaten with rust, or yellow as harvest moons;
A curving dagger with jeweled hilt where wintry diamonds flash;
A tattered coat once brave with gold, and a silver-broidered sash!

Deep, so deep in the hollow oak, far down in the sandy shore,
Under the rock on Dead Man's Head, and hundreds of places more;
High in the eaves of the haunted house with gruesome bones, rat-picked;
In the cupboard behind the fireplace where the painted tile is nicked;
Ten feet north o' the withered ash, then three times three in the ground—
These are the best, though there 's many a place where pirate treasure is found.
The damp of fog to the islander, to the sailor the wind of the sea,
The bugle call to the soldier lad, but pirate trove for me!

Pieces of eight, pieces of eight, and bags of gold doubloons;
Spanish coins, or eaten with rust, or yellow as harvest moons;
Rubies red as a pigeon's blood, jewels of old Amoy;
Say you only but "pirate trove" to rouse the heart of a boy!



"LEFT BEHIND." BY CHARLOTTE BECKER, AGE 16.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

## FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE

BY BETTINA LINN (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

He lay with his face upturned to the sky. His eyes were open and seemed to be gazing at something far away; the features expressed repose; his lips smiled slightly; while a soft breeze caressed him and gently blew the brown hair from his forehead. His tall figure lay in the long grass, and a few flowers around him moved in the breeze. From afar came the sound of cannonading, and near him lay the wreck of his aeroplane, the remains of a once intricate machine. The warm sun shone; the flowers blossomed; the wind moved the trees, sighing gently; the birds sang, and the bees hummed drowsily, while in the midst of all this eternal life lay death. But still the life went on and on, never ceasing in its course, for death laid no shadow in this field—nay, it could not. As it rested here it was a promise of peace after strife, an example



"TAKEN NEAR HOME." BY JOHN G. WALBER, JR., AGE 13.

of a glorious work aided by the gift of life itself. The battle was fought and won. And why was there no shadow of death here? Because he, who lay in the glory of his achievement, had died for freedom's sake.

## FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE

(*A true story*)

BY MARIAN MACLAREN (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

My great-great-great-grandfather first came to America as a British soldier in the Revolution. His sympathies, however, were secretly with the Colonies, as they were called then.

One morning it happened that he went to a river, a short distance from camp, after water. He carried a heavy wooden bucket. An autocratic officer rode up and ordered him back to camp. My grandfather hesitated, and the officer drew his sword and struck the private a cruel blow across the forehead, the scar of which my grandfather carried all his life.



"TAKEN NEAR HOME." BY FLORENCE SCHWEIZER, AGE 16.
(SILVER BADGE.)

Now, my grandfather was Scotch, and maybe he had red hair, but however that may be, the undeserved blow angered him. He sprang upon the officer, who raised his sword for another blow, but the private was too quick for him. He struck the officer over the head with the bucket, snatched his sword, and, holding it in his teeth, he swam across the river and went to Washington's camp.

A price was set upon his head as a deserter; but it was never collected, and he lived to be a brave soldier for the land which he afterward made his home.

He carried valuable information to Washington, and after the war Congress voted him the sword which he had won in a brave struggle for Freedom's sake.

### THE BUGLE-CALL

BY ERWART MATTHEWS (AGE 16)

(*Honor Member*)

In a cottage, which, snug in a vale's cool quiet,
Nestled amid the gay rose and the vine,
Afar from the heat and the din and the riot,
Sheltered alike by the oak and the pine;
There, where God in the sweet of the clover
Speaks to the soul which is tuned to reply,—
So happy, our hearts with joy bubbled over,—
Lived my love and I.

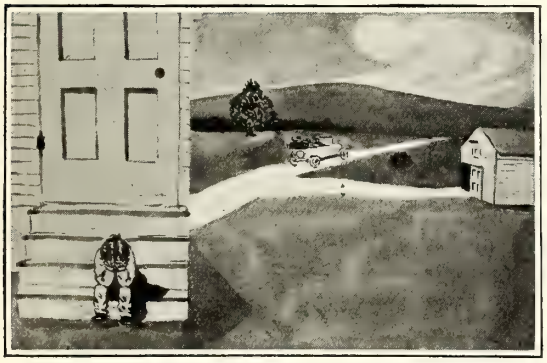
And thus for a year, with our joy still unbroken,
Singing we worked and working we sang;
No shadow marring, till War's first token,
When, shrill in command, the bugle-call rang.
Our king needed men to fight for his glory;
My love marched away with resolute tread;
And somewhere, unknown, on a battle-field gory
Now lies dead.

### THE BUGLE-CALL

BY MIRIAM E. SIMONS (AGE 16)

(*Honor Member*)

The golden sunset blends to purple night,
And twinkling lamps are shining, streaming light
Across the street in cones of fainting fire;
The stars came out; the moon is rising higher
Upon a land of peace and pure content,
Save for some petty spite or trouble sent
Reminding this lasts not and is but lent.



"LEFT BEHIND." BY WALDRON O'CONNOR, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

Untouched by strife in distant lands, it lies—
A spot that seems the chosen of the skies.
Harsh, distant sounds pass by, from far away
Wild rumors come, but vex not; and each day
Is like the next. Then sudden over all
The land a wonder and a fear did fall,
Which grew at last into a bugle-call:
"To arms! To arms! too long we 've calmly slept,
Blind, while without a stricken world has wept!
To arms! Your ancient honor now defend;
Accept the task; your youth and manhood send;
For tyranny its challenge now has hurled!
Forth to the fight, thy Stars and Stripes unfurled,
And battle for a better, freer world!"



"TAKEN NEAR HOME." BY ESTHER HOWLAND, AGE 11.

### THE BUGLE-CALL

BY JACK STEISS (AGE 11)

It wakes 'em up in the morning,
It puts 'em to bed at night;
It tells them when to go to mess,
And it tells them when to fight.

When the bugle with its lively note
The U. S. soldier calls,
He jumps right up with a lively air,
And into line he falls.

If the soldier is real sleepy,
And the bugle blows its blast,
First he winks, then he blinks,
And then he 'gets up at last.

## THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

PROSE

Helen Garrison
Margaret Donaldson
Julia Dietsch
Helen W. Sweeton
Hope Deming Warner
Sylvia A. Blascoer
Ruth B. Aikman
Katharine Wylie
Mary Coe Reeves
Eleanor Armstrong
Virginia Carroll
Lillian Brenton
Arletta Phillipps
Margaret Flower
Mary I. Cunningham
Florence Nightingale
Gertrude Nelson
Fred Floyd, Jr.
Maude D. French
Ophelia H. Perkins
Grace A. Raffenberg
Hugh L. Willson
Elizabeth Stamps
Gertrude M. Jerome
Geraldine B. Beach
Gwendolyn B. Randall
Mary I. Gardner
Mary McD. Price
Barbara Schieffelin
Billy Harriman
Jeanette K. Finnemore
Wellesley P. Davis
Isabel McCaughan
Mildred Natwich
Elizabeth Laffer
Ernestine Sullivan
Dorothy Bowen
Elizabeth Hawes
Edythe A. Parsons
Mabel C. Warren
Mary A. Walton
Dorothy H. Tisdale
Dorothy E. Reynolds
Marie Mirvis
Ruth Gardner
Katherine Conant
Gwenfread E. Allen
Jane Quackenbush
Milicent Kleinman
Dorothy M. Jones
Helen A. Koch
Ruth Turner
Catharine Bauer
Sylvia Staubsinger
Gertrude Nyland
Margaret B. Applebee



"LEFT BEHIND." BY EMA H. STOEHR, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

Maude O. Ross
Helen Hartzell
Ellen Shaffer
Carol Crowe
Rose Spiegel
Rebecca Schifter
Meyer Lisbanoff
Serena V. Cromley
Jeanette Arnzalak
Alice B. Haight



"LEFT BEHIND." BY LOUISE M. ROSS, AGE 11.

Star Wilson
Mary G. Billings
Mary L. Comfort
Margaret D. Gribbel
Betty Gribbel
Margaret Backus
Mareon D. Olcott
S. Kathryn Meck
Verdi E. B. Fuller
Madeleine Smith
Hyman Greenwald
Marion S. Neff
Fred Rotzoll
Ruth Dewberry
Miriam Bradley
Elsie Montag

### VERSE

Katharine Brooks
Francis W. Read
Marthedith Furnas
Catherine Parmenter
Amie H. Medary
Mary S. Benson
Clarabel Hord
Margaret Phelps
Vaneva Carter
Anna W. Barker, 3rd
Mildred Lull
Marie L. Luhrs
Beatrice C. Traub
Beatrice Henius
Martha Whitten
Alice Hanna
Marion W. Smith
Alice Moss
Marian L. Hopkins
Betty Thompson
Sarah M. Brown
John D. Abernathy
Louisa Butler
Margaret N. Warrin
Charles A. Jacobson, Jr.
Laurie E. Ford
Lawrene H. Cottman
Elease Weinss
Mabelle H. Emory
Ruth Ling
Betty Carnahan
Vera Stanton
Dorothy Chase
Helen Sargent
Kurtz Horton
Elizabeth G. Waxter
Mary Van Turner
Kathryn A. Lyon

### PHOTOGRAPHS

Talcott W. Seaver
Richard A. Cutler
Arthur B. Menken
David H. Thomas, Jr.
Elizabeth Booth
Ruth Porter Crawford
Katherine Hamilton
Amy Lee Lamborn
F. G. Laurence
Nancy Rhodes
Kathryn Ogilby
Christine Harwood
Landry Harwood, Jr.
Esther H. Read
Edith R. Pentz
Mary Van Turner
Catherine Briggs
Eleanor Foster
Alice C. Hulscher
Margaret L. Heckle
Elizabeth Bowen
Genevieve Mudes
Eleanor F. Bye
Ruby Merrill
Florence Nippert
Clare Lowenberg
Margaret J. Mossgrove
Joanna Eckstein
Evelyn Colgate
Clarke Atwater
Marjorie R. Edwards
Elizabeth Bettman
William McM. Lewis
Loraine Leeson
Eleanor F. Stone
Katherine B. Hyde
Martha F. Stiles
Louis H. Merritt
Lillian Holton
Annie Alinder
Maynard Stimson
Henrietta Rossiter
Alice B. Wornble
Eleanor C. Gibbons
Theodora Machadi
Ruth J. Spafford
Revere B. Gurley
Ethel S. Barr
Eleanor Pavenstedt
Chandler Osborn
Gibson Powell
Helen Furst
Alice L. Clarke
Gouverneur E. Smith, Jr.

### DRAWINGS

Louis S. Ferstadt
Edward W. Umansky
Frederica Pisek
Claire Richardson
James D. Havens
Dorothy F. Dehner
Elita M. Hyde
Elizabeth Judd
John W. Schmidt
Mildred Parnham
Sidney A. Morrill
Mary E. Moultrie
Fronie French
Isabel Hamilton
Elizabeth Southard
Elizabeth W. Merchant
Samuel Cherry
Harry S. Weinert
Frances Baskin



"TAKEN NEAR HOME." BY MARY CAMPBELL, AGE 16.

Margaret Olmsted
Marie L. Peck
Katharine Bruce
Harriet H. Moore
Elizabeth Beddow
Robert Smith, Jr.
Margery C. Stoner
Dorothy Lacock
Alfred C. Gelut
Irma Gaensslen
Selma Moskowitz
Elsa P. Smith
Elice Popham
Sally Ingalls
Margaret S. Hamp
Jeanne Rosenthal
Katharine Breck
Deborah C. Jones
Gertrude C. Moakley

### PUZZLES

Lillian Stark
John H. Sherburne, Jr.
A. Eugene Griffin, Jr.
Edmund Burke
Mabel Clark
Julia A. Calvert
Evelyn R. Richards
Henry L. Barclay
John T. Lyman
Marion Winters
Harriet A. Archer
Bernard Conley
Edmund Cohen
Maude Bailey
John K. Wheeler
Maurice Kohler

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 219

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

**Competition No. 219** will close **January 24** (for foreign members **January 30**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST NICHOLAS for **May.** Badges sent one month later.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Turn of the Tide."

**Prose.** Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "The Price of Liberty."

**Photograph.** Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue-prints or negatives. Subject, "On Pleasure Bent."

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Something Round," or a Heading for **May.**

**Puzzle.** Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

**Puzzle Answers.** Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of THE RIDDLE-BOX.

**Wild Creature Photography.** To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A,* a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B,* a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C,* a gold badge. *Prize, Class D,* a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a *few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope of the proper size to hold* the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

## RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must** bear the **name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

# THE LETTER-BOX

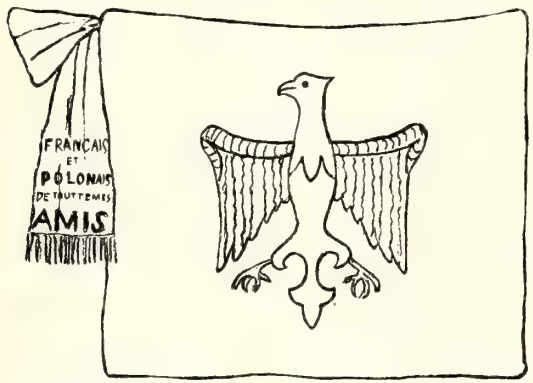
## THE FLAG OF THE POLISH VOLUNTEERS IN FRANCE

GUERNICA, BEYRIS-BAYONNE, B. P.
FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for three years, and find you are the nicest magazine I have ever had. I am English, but live in France. My mother is Polish, and when I told her I thought I would write to you about the benediction of the flag and about the flag itself for the Polish readers of this magazine, who, by the way, I suppose are many, she said, yes, and gave me a post-card illustrating the flag to make my drawing of it from. She also said it might interest some other readers as well. It is quite near my home, about four miles off, that the Poles fought the English in 1814. Curious to say, my great-grandfather on my father's side and my great-grandfather on my mother's side fought against each other then.

Yours sincerely,
EDMOND BELLAIRS (age 14).

NOT being able to fight the Germans in regiments that were completely Polish, a lot of the Poles that lived in France, in fact, all that were able to go into the French army, enlisted in the French ranks. They were all put together in the "—— *regiment étranger*." Among them were very rich men, men of the best and noblest Polish families. When they first enlisted they had to sleep out of doors, for they had no barracks. Their one wish was to have, like the others, such as the Czechs, a flag of their own country. But who was to give it to them? The rich men had had all their property destroyed at the outbreak of the war, and could n't have




paid for one. The question seemed unsolvable, when a draper, a man named Berrogain, who was always a friend of the Poles, decided to have one made. He asked the authorities if he could, and having received the permission to do so, he set to work. First of all he went to the Poles and asked for the designs for a Polish flag. One of them gave all the drawings necessary. Then Monsieur Berrogain said to his work-girls "If you will give a little time out of work hours to make a Polish flag, following these designs, I will furnish the stuff and the materials necessary." They all assented and set to work.

The flag must have been five feet by three feet four inches, approximately.

The eagle, embroidered in heavy silver on deep red satin, stood out on each side about an inch in the thickest part. The silver was in different shades for the shading. All around the flag was a silver cord, and on the staff hung a tricolor ribbon with the inscription in French, meaning "French and Poles, at all times friends," embroidered in gold letters on it.

The volunteers wanted this flag blessed, and asked the bishop to come and bless it. After many difficulties he consented, and on Sunday, October 11, the ceremony took place. I myself, then a child of ten, held that flag all the time excepting during the actual blessing. The reason for this was that my mother, a Pole herself, had also asked to let the flag be made, and went on asking till the authorities gave their permission. Also, the volunteers elected her godmother of the flag and me its godfather. The flag went off with the detachment and has been in many a fight. Now it hangs at the Invalides, because the detachment was so decimated in the end that they put them in different regiments. But it is going off soon with the Polish regiments now in formation.

Now I will tell the story of its first fight: On November 29, 1914, the Prussians attacked the trenches held by the Poles. To push them back, these jumped up and charged with their flag, borne by Ladislas de Szniski, at their head. The apparition of the white eagle of Poland rendered the Germans furious. The firing of Mausers and machine-guns redoubled; thirty-four bullets went through the flag and a thirty-fifth hit Szniski in the head; he was killed outright. His brave act attracted attention to the detachment, and the general and all the officers attended his funeral.

---

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think you 're the most interesting magazine ever published. My favorite stories were, "The Girl Next Door" and "The Golden Eagle."

I have just had you in partnership with my two brothers, Herbert and Percy, for nearly a year; and I am in great hopes that I will get you for Christmas. As Herbert is at camp in New Hampshire, and Percy at Fox Lake, Illinois, I have you all to myself.

As soon as you come, I sit down and read you little by little, until you 're all gone, from cover to cover.

And now I am waiting for the postman to bring you. Hurrah! here he comes! I must go and get you; so good-by.

Your devoted reader,
BEATRICE FORD (age 12).




## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER

CHARADE. Cat-a-combs.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials, True patriotism; third row, self-sacrifices. Cross-words: 1. Taste. 2. Reeds. 3. Uhlan. 4. Elfin. 5. Paste. 6. Agate. 7. Tacit. 8. Rural. 9. Ilium. 10. Offer. 11. Taint. 12. Incas. 13. Steal. 14. Misty.

GEOGRAPHICAL STORY. 1. Turkey. 2. Leghorn. 3. Bologna. 4. Salmon. 5. Three Sisters. 6. Helena. 7. Florence. 8. Virginia. 9. Coral. 10. Charles. 11. Henry. 12. Indian. 13. Victoria. 14. China. 15. Snow. 16. Austin. 17. Farewell.

CUBE. From 1 to 2, feast; 1 to 3, first; 2 to 4, tacit; 3 to 4, treat; 5 to 6, baron; 5 to 7, besom; 6 to 8, needy; 7 to 8, middy; 1 to 5, fib; 2 to 6, tan; 4 to 8, toy; 3 to 7, Tom.

PICTURED ANSWERS. 1. Bed. 2. Bell. 3. Ring. 4. Pin cushion.

DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A SQUARE. I. 1. R. 2. Ten 3. Renew. 4. Net. 5. W. II. 1. Cower. 2. Ochre. 3. Where. 4. Erred. 5. Reeds. III. 1. E. 2. Era. 3. Erect. 4. Act. 5. T.

DIVIDED WORDS. Christmas. 1. Tom-cod. 2. Wit-her. 3. Car-rot. 4. Not-ice. 5. Par-son. 6. Tom-tit. 7. Pen-man. 8. Son-ant. 9. Per-son.

METAMORPHOSES. 1. Ship, chip, chap, chat, coat, boat. 2. Mile, male, mare, bare, bard, yard. 3. Golf, gold, bold, boll, ball. 4. Call, hall, hale, hole, home, come. 5. Mice, rice, rite, rate, rats. 6. Shoe, sloe, slot, soot, hoot, host, hose.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Potash. 2. Oracle. 3. Tartar. 4. Active. 5. Slaves. 6. Heresy.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers *in full*, following the plan of the above-printed answers to puzzles.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 24, from Florence Beekman—Donald B. Hatmaker—Florence L. Carter.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 24, from Olive E. Gunn, 9—Florence Schweizer, 9—"Allil and Adi," 9—"Arliceth Cotiviar," 9—St. Gabriel's Chapter, 7—John H. Lewy, 7—Clark Simmons, 7—William G. Thwaits, Jr., 7—Henry H. Collins, 3d, 6—Helen H. McIver, 6—"S. Anna's Girls," 5—Helen McLellan, 4—May Reid, 4—Miriam J. Stewart, 4—Claire Nordyke, 3—Virginia Mason, 2—Suzette Gagan, 2—Arthur D. Lionberger, 2—Ruth Lyon, 1—Natica Nast, 1—Annabel Learned, 1—Helen Wylly, 1—Florence Shepherd, 1—Katherine Sheehan, 1—Elizabeth Aneshaensel, 1—Edgar W. Pangborn, 1.

### CHARADE

THROUGH roaring waves the frigate onward reeled;
Only the captain knew her fate was sealed.
My *first* was cast! The great Storm Fiend had sworn
My *second* he would see before the morn.
My *third* and *fourth* was on the ship as mate,
To help the king subdue his native state;
His love for things American was slim,
And all his former friends now hated him.
At last the vessel scraped upon a rock,
But all except the cook survived the shock.
The crew wished to assuage the widow's dole,
And finally they found her in my *whole*.

WILLIAM GILLESPIE.

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of thirty-one letters and form a quotation from Emerson.

My 15–27–19 is tiny. My 10–22–4 was a celebrated French marshal. My 18–9–28 is a lad. My 1–24–6–29–26 is to instruct. My 11–12–3–31–8–2 is to allay. My 5–16–30–21–7 is a series of connected rings. My 14–13–23–17–20–25 is an insurrection.

JACQUELINE APOLLONIO (age 11), *League Member*.

### DIAGONAL

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When these have been rightly guessed, and written one below another, the diagonal, beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter, will spell the name of a popular personage.

1. Prosperous. 2. The act of attending. 3. Failure to pay. 4. Wasteful. 5. To put together by joints. 6. A cemetery. 7. A building with a light to guide mariners. 8. Certain animals whose bodies are incased in small bony plates. 9. Affecting but one side. 10. Gives up, to accomplish a sacred purpose.

JANET SCOTT (age 14), *Honor Member*.

### BROKEN WORDS

THE names of twelve birds have been broken up into syllables. Properly grouped, the names will appear.

SNIPE, LIN, E, BLING, RA, DUN, SO, JACK, RY, CON, FRAN, MAR, BIT, TANT, LIN, A, FUL, BRAM, AD, NA, GRET, TERN, GYR, SO, WA, JAC, FAL, CO, JU, CAS.

J. HAWKES.

### PRIMAL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a national heroine who was born in January, many years ago.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A masculine name. 2. A fertile spot in a desert. 3. A narrow street. 4. Courage. 5. A tropical fruit. 6. On many breakfast tables. 7. A grown person. 8. A governor. 9. The oily part of milk.

HANNAH LEE SHERMAN (age 12), *League Member*.

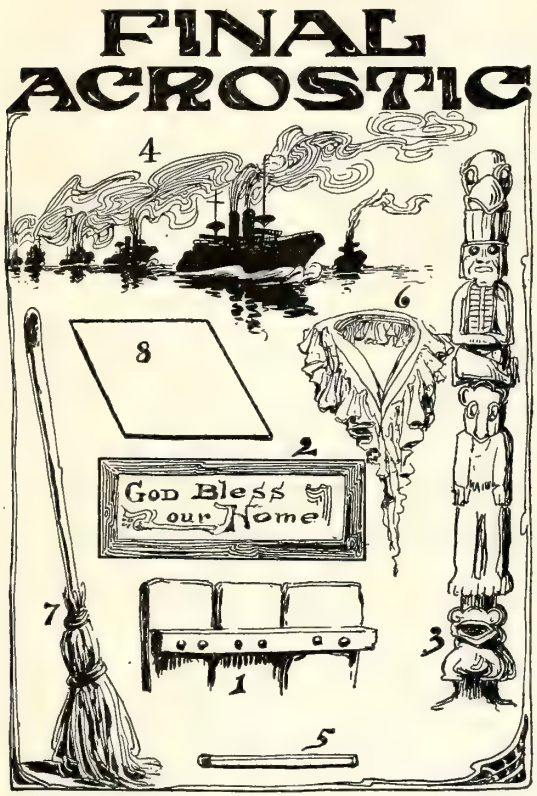
### DIAMONDS

I. 1. In spin. 2. A fondling. 3. A number. 4. A number. 5. In spin.

II. 1. In spin. 2. An animal. 3. A city. 4. A metal. 5. In spin.

GIACONDA AND VIRGINIA.

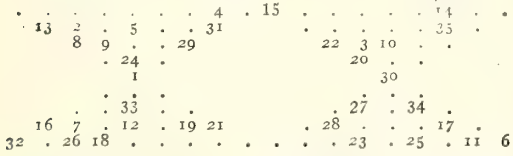
### FINAL ACROSTIC




In this puzzle the words are pictured instead of described. When the eight objects are rightly named, and placed one below another, the last row of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a well known man who was born in January, 1838. He has a small claim to long remembrance by his countrymen.

### MILITARY HOURGLASS

(*Silver Badge,* St. Nicholas League Competition)



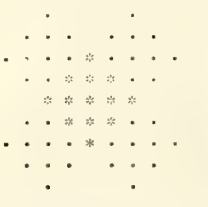
I. READING ACROSS: 1. A machine that navigates the air. 2. A shell that explodes on pressure. 3. A hollow projectile containing an explosive substance. 4. Bitter conflict. 5. In adjutant. 6. Deadly fumes. 7. A gun with a grooved barrel. 8. A body of troops consisting of two or more regiments, under the command of a brigadier general. 9. A simultaneous discharge of firearms.

II. 1. Military equipments. 2. A pointed instrument fitting on the muzzle of a rifle. 3. Naval equipment. 4. A weapon which propels a missile. 5. In adjutant. 6. A collection of articles needed by a soldier. 7. A maj 8. Troops that serve on horseback. 9. An undersea craf

When the above words have been rightly guessed, th letters represented by the figures from 1 to 12 name prominent American commander; from 13 to 22, th "Giant of Mons"; and from 23 to 35, a prominer French commander.

RUTH OVIATT (age 15).

### ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS



I. UPPER, LEFT-HAND DIAMOND 1. In stand. 2. To devour. Subdued. 4. A number. 5. I stand.

II. UPPER, RIGHT-HAND DIA MOND: 1. In stand. 2. Naughty 3. People of a certain Europea country. 4. A cave. 5. In stand

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. I stand. 2. To bow. 3. Barriers 4. Arid. 5. In stand.

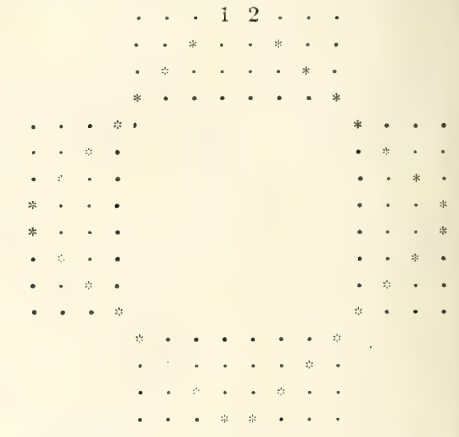
IV. LOWER, LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In stand. 2. hobby. 3. Presumes. 4. Moisture. 5. In stand.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND. 1. In stand. 2 An article of food. 3. Rescues. 4. Human beings. 5 In stand.

HELENA VAN DE CARR (age 15), *League Member.*

### CONNECTED BLOCKS

(*Silver Badge,* St. Nicholas League Competition)



I. UPPER BLOCK (eight-letter words): 1. Subtly. 2. Perishing in water. 3. Shaven crowns worn by priests. 4. A dealer in drugs.

II. LEFT-HAND BLOCK (four-letter words): 1. A common white metal. 2. To wander. 3. A feminine name. 4. A point of the compass. 5. Certain days in the Roman calendar. 6. To clip off. 7. An emmet. 8. A mark of punctuation.

III. RIGHT-HAND BLOCK: 1. Cozy. 2. An invasion by cavalry. 3. Maxims. 4. Conspiracy. 5. The wife of Jupiter. 6. A great volcano. 7. A witticism. 8. A nobleman.

IV. LOWER BLOCK: 1. A firing lengthwise of troops. 2. Certain long-winged birds. 3. Calm. 4. A broth made by boiling meal in water.

When the above words have been rightly guessed, the path represented by stars (beginning with 1 and ending with 2) will spell an important message.

ALICE BICKHAM (age 16).

THE CAREY PRINTING CO. INC.
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*all acclaim the good qualities of*

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# Somewhere in America

Laying submarine cable, hundreds of miles of it, to scores of isolated lighthouses is one of the telephone tasks made necessary by the war. The Bell System has also built lines connecting some two hundred coast guard stations.

It has built complete telephone systems for fifteen National Army cantonments and fifteen National Guard camps, each a city in size, and also at many naval, officer's reserve, mobilization and embarkation camps and at army and navy stations.

It has provided an enormous increase in long distance facilities throughout the country, that satisfactory service may be maintained between cantonments, training camps, guard outposts, military supply stations, war industries, the National Capital and other centers of Government activity.

The Government facilities at the National Capital have already been increased threefold and there has been a tremendous increase in local and toll facilities.

Fifteen thousand miles of telephone wire have been taken from other use for the exclusive service of the Government and some 20,000 miles of telegraph facilities also provided.

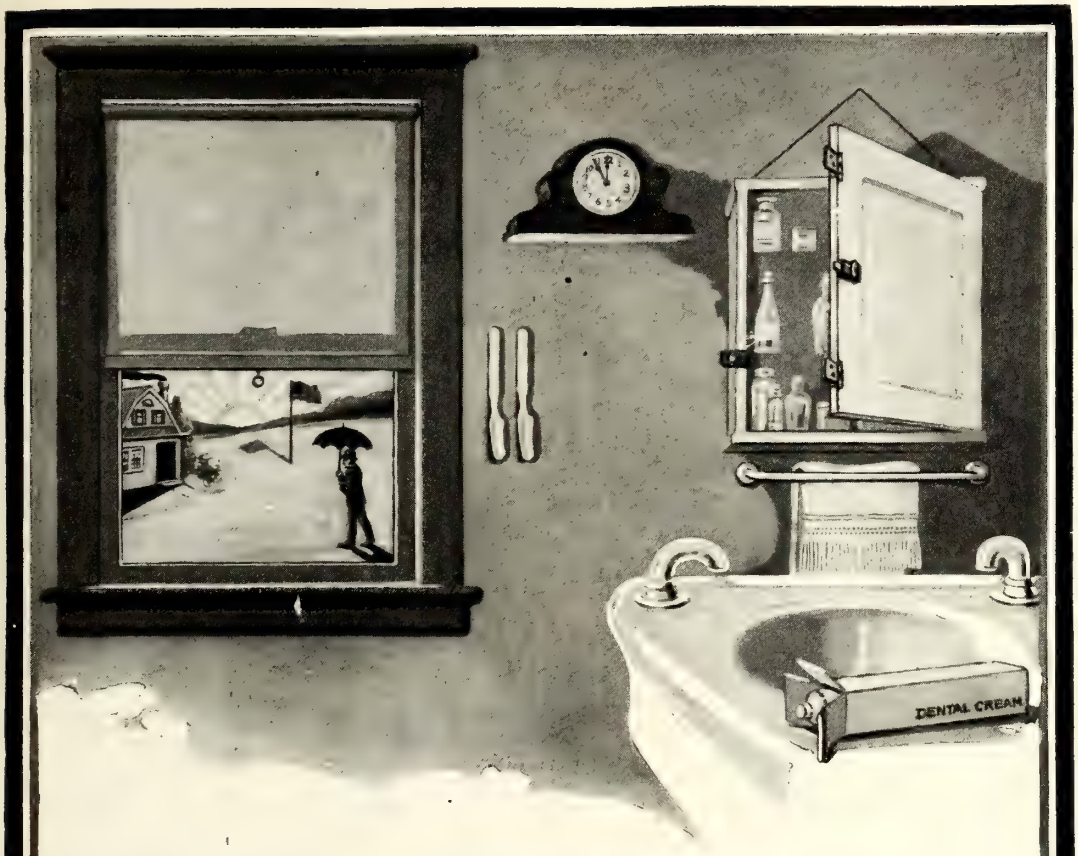
Meanwhile the Bell System has given generously of its man power, until over seven thousand men are in service or recruited for military duty.

Members of the Bell System whether they have already gone to France or whether they have stayed at their posts to help mobilize the country for victory, are equally in the service of the Nation.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

*One Policy* *One System* *Universal Service*




# *Here is a queer picture*

## There are a dozen or more things the matter with this drawing — see if you can find them!

Then write us a letter telling what they are, numbering the answers **1**, 2, 3, etc., as you write them down. Use one side of the writing paper only, and mail your letter before February 1.

If you write ten correctly, including the one big mistake, we will send you free, a trial size of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Or, send 6c in stamps for the trial tube if you do not care to work out the puzzle. Be sure your name and address are plainly written.

* * * *

The artist made mistakes in the picture, but boys and girls everywhere know they make no mistake in keeping their teeth clean with Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Use it when you get up in the morning and just before going to bed at night. It has a delicious flavor. Get a tube today and see how good it is — then send your answer to the puzzle to

**COLGATE & CO., Dept. 60, 199 Fulton Street, New York**

***Makers of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream***




## "Fancy" Shoes or Healthy Feet—Which?

WHICH for *your* children? That's the choice that you must make. Narrow, bone-bending, "fancy" shoes cause the corns, bunions, flat feet, ingrown nails that grown-ups have.

Get your children into Educators—sensible shoes made by specialists to "let the feet grow as they should." Try on a pair yourself. They'll do *you* good too. Educators are made for

***MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN***

When buying, look for EDUCATOR branded on the sole. There can be no protection stronger than this trademark, for it means that behind every part of the shoe stands a responsible manufacturer.

Shall we send you a free copy of "Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet," an unusual book?

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc., 17 High St., Boston, Mass.

RICE & HUTCHINS

**EDUCATOR SHOE** ®RH

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.




# THINGS TO EAT



ONE hears much talk about the high cost of living, but there is at least one commodity which cost nearly four times as much six hundred years ago as it costs to-day. In 1319 a London merchant paid forty-three cents a pound for sugar. This merchant purchased one hundred thousand pounds at that price in Venice which was then the sugar center of the world.

The first record of the production of sugar calls it a "luxury." This was in India early in the fifth century. For several hundred years after that sugar was used as a medicine. It was sold by apothecaries and could be purchased only upon a written prescription from a physician.

From India the cultivation of sugar-cane spread to Persia, Egypt, and Morocco, and finally reached Europe. It took a long time for it to get around to America, for the first sugar-cane that was grown in this country came from southern Europe to Louisiana in the early part of the eighteenth century. The United States and its possessions produced 1,343,196 tons of cane sugar in 1915.

Although sugar-cane is the oldest of the sugar producing plants, it is not the only one. The very early settlers in our United States, especially those who lived in the northern Atlantic and northern Central States, used maple sugar and maple syrup when they needed a "sweetening," and in 1747 it was discovered that there were beets which contained a great deal of sugar. From that discovery an enormous industry has been developed, both in Europe and America. In the western states of California, Colorado, Nebraska, Iowa, Idaho, Michigan, Ohio, Utah, and South Dakota large tracts of land are used to grow the sugar-beets. In 1915 these states produced 646,257 tons of beet sugar.

The sap from sugar maples last year furnished fourteen million pounds of maple sugar, and over four million gallons of maple syrup.

The total sugar production of the world last year was over twenty billion pounds, and of

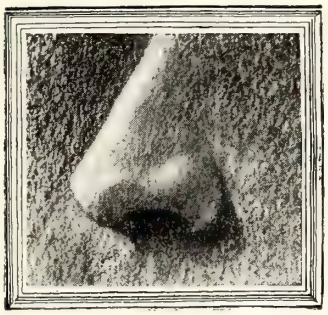
# Conspicuous nose pores

## *How to reduce them*

Complexions otherwise flawless are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores.

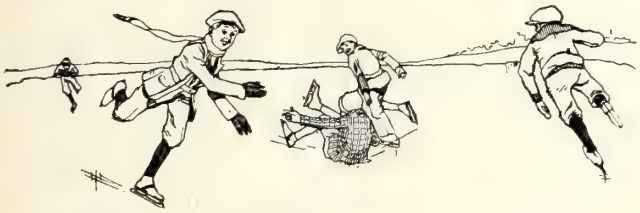
In such cases the small muscular fibres of the nose have become weakened and do not keep the pores closed as they should be. Instead these pores collect dirt, clog up and become enlarged.

To reduce these enlarged pores: Wring a cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive.* Finish by rubbing the nose for thirty seconds with a *lump of ice.*



Do not expect to change in a week a condition resulting from years of neglect. Use this treatment *persistently.* It will gradually reduce the enlarged pores until they are inconspicuous. For a month or six weeks of this Woodbury treatment, a 25c cake will be sufficient. The Woodbury booklet of skin treatments is wrapped around it. Get a cake today. It is for sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

***WRITE TODAY FOR SAMPLE***—*For 5c we will send you a sample cake large enough to last a week, together with the booklet, "A Skin You Love To Touch." For 12c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 2001 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.* ***In Canada,*** *address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2001 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.*



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# "What is Bread Without Beech-Nut Peanut Butter!"



TO MOTHER: Ask the boys and girls who have just come in from skating what is the best thing for that hunger they've brought in with them. See if they don't say "A Beech-Nut Peanut Butter sandwich!"

And you will know it is *good* for them. For Beech-Nut Peanut Butter contains higher food value than steak or eggs.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, NEW YORK




# Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

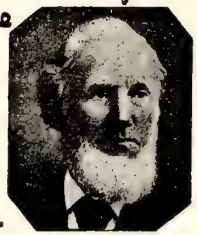


**BETTY'S LETTERS**

Betty writes about her Christmas visit upstate; tells how she bought "Dr. LYON'S" at the general store, and pasted a picture of Dr. Lyon on her grandmother's looking glass.

Dear Dr. Lyon & Co.

At Christmas we went to visit grandmother in a little bit of a town, away up state. I forgot to take my dentifrice but I bought some "Dr. Lyon's" at a general store. When I asked for it, the man said: "We sure do keep "Dr. Lyon's"; there's so much call for it we have to. Guess it must be pretty good. It's the best known and everybody seems to like it."



"I know it is good," I said. I found this picture of Dr. Lyon and am sending you, in the circular around the edge of "Dr. Lyon's". I pasted it on grandmother's looking glass and she said, "Oh, that's nothing new to me. I have used 'Dr. Lyon's' since 1867." You ought to see what good teeth she has.

Your friend,
Betty.

**Send this coupon or a short letter with 6c for sample package—enough to last nearly two weeks.**

**I. W. LYON & SONS, Inc., 533 W. 27th St., New York**

I do not use Dr. Lyon's For the Teeth so I am sending 6c for a trial package of the one I have checked below.

**Dr. Lyon's**
**For The Teeth**
**Powder ~ Cream**

Name .....

Street .....

Town ..... State .....


# THINGS TO EAT

(*Continued from page* 16)

this it is said that eight billion, five hundred million pounds was eaten by the American people. This is an average of about eighty-five pounds a person. In Spain they use only fifteen pounds a person each year, and in Italy each person averages only ten pounds a year. In time of need, we can make a very substantial showing of economy in our use of sugar, don't you think so?

* * *

Some of these crisp nights you will find this chowder tastes very good indeed, and it has so many nourishing things in it that it is a substantial meal all by itself.

### Clam Chowder

50 clams (soft or long ones are best).
6 medium sized potatoes.
1 can of tomatoes.
2 medium-sized onions.
½ pound salt pork.
6 Boston crackers.
2 quarts of water (cold).
2 tablespoons minced parsley.
1 tablespoon of flour.
2 tablespoons of butter substitute.
Salt and cayenne pepper to taste.

Cut the salt pork into small bits and fry it in the soup kettle; add the onion, which has been sliced, and cook until a delicate brown; put in the tomatoes and potatoes, sliced and parboiled, and cook for two hours over a moderate burner; chop the clams, split the biscuit, and soak the latter in a cupful of milk; at the end of two hours put the clams and biscuits into the pot; season, and boil half an hour; stir in the creamed butter and flour and bring to a quick boil. The chowder is ready to serve, and the sooner it is eaten the better.

* * *

### Left-over Fish

1 cupful of cold boiled fish.
2 cupfuls of mashed potatoes.
1 cupful of cream sauce.
3 eggs.
Salt and pepper.

Shred the fish into small pieces. Prepare the cream sauce. Beat the yolks of the eggs until very light, and add them to the mashed potatoes, then add the fish and the sauce. Beat the whites of the eggs until dry and fold them into the mixture. Brush a baking pan with a little butter, put the mixture in and bake in the oven until a light brown. It should be served as soon as it is taken from the oven.

** ** **

It is said that the American people do not eat enough fruit and vegetables. Both foods are good and both are nourishing, and they are among the things that are difficult to get to the soldier boys, so we must use them all



MEN'S OUTFIT

# SALE ICE SKATING OUTFITS $4.95

**For Men, Women or Children**



LADIES' OUTFIT

Delivery charges prepaid to any point within 100 miles. On all other orders include 35c for transportation.

We have the largest stock of skates and shoes in New York City. Our tremendous purchases at last year's low prices enable us to offer this wonderful value. As the supply is limited a prompt order is advised. All outfits rivetted free of charge and guaranteed exactly as represented.

Consists of good quality steel hockey skates and genuine leather skating shoes. The shoes are exceptionally well made, McKay sewed, welted seams and with ankle straps. Sizes 3 to 11.

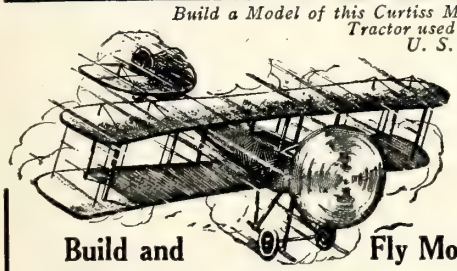
Same quality skates as in the Men's Outfit. The shoes are high cut, the popular design, and genuine leather throughout. Sizes 1½ to 8.

***Mail your order to-day. Every outfit sold with "Money-Back" Guarantee***

**I. DAVEGA, Jr., Inc. - 125 West 125th St., New York City**



*Build a Model of this Curtiss Military Tractor used in the U. S. Army*



**Build and Fly Model**

# War Aeroplanes

that are perfect copies of real, war-famous airships; that rise from the ground by their own power and fly 50 to 100 feet in the air. It's easy! We furnish "IDEAL" Accurate Scale Drawings and Building and Flying Instructions that show how to build a 3-foot Model Aeroplane that will fly. Send to-day for Plans and Instructions for the one you want to build—

**Curtiss Military Tractor**
**Bleriot Monoplane**
**Nieuport Monoplane**
**Taube Monoplane**

**25c EACH 8 for $1.75**

**Wright Biplane**
**Curtiss Hydroplane**
**Curtiss Flying Boat**
**Cecil Peoli Racer**

*"IDEAL" Aeroplane Construction Outfits, containing all parts and materials needed to build these Aeroplanes, are sold by leading Toy, Sporting Goods and Department Stores at $4.00 to $7.00. Ask your dealer for "IDEAL" Aeroplane Construction Outfits. Send for Free List of Stores Which Sell These Outfits.*

## Send 5c For This Aeroplane Catalogue

Tells about Model Aeroplanes and how they are built. About Racing Aeroplanes and Flying Toys. Lists all kinds of parts and supplies to build them with. 48 pages for five cents. Send for it today!




**IDEAL AEROPLANE & SUPPLY CO.**
**84-86 West Broadway New York**



# BOY-O WATER MOTOR

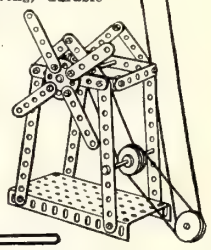


HERE it is at last! An inexpensive little motor that can be instantly attached to **any water faucet.** No costly electric batteries to buy from time to time. The Boy-O Water Motor will operate, with practically no cost, all of the mechanical and constructive toys such as Meccano, Erector, Modelit and many others. It is a valuable aid in operating models of all kinds and will run merrily on for years giving efficient, inexpensive service. Guaranteed to give more power than any other motor of similar size.

## MODEL POWER

Every boy will derive a lot of fun as well as an extensive knowledge of mechanics if he has one of these little motors to complete his mechanical and structural outfits as it will supply the needed motive power. To operate models the Boy-O Water Motor is just the thing. Can be run at much less cost than an electric motor and will last for years. **No delicate parts to wear out.** Runs without noise and at any speed desired.

The Boy-O Water Motor has a heavy white metal casing, nickel plated and highly polished. White metal turbine with bronze shafting. **All parts guaranteed not to rust.** Strong, durable and practical. Is furnished with driving belt and several pulleys for transmission of power in any direction.



## SPECIAL OFFER

For a limited time we will send this marvelous little Water Motor complete for $2.00 prepaid. $5.00 value for $2.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

**THE PRACTICAL SUPPLY CO.**
**Dept. 18, Binghamtom, N. Y.**



# ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION FOR HOOPING-COUGH OR CROUP

The celebrated effectual remedy without internal medicine. For 120 years this remedy has met with continued and growing popularity. Bronchitis, Lumbago, and Rhumatism are also quickly relieved by a few applications.

W. EDWARDS & SON
157 Queen Victoria Street, London, England

*All Druggists, or* E. FOUGERA & CO., Inc.
90-92 Beekman Street, New York



**"My Stockings Stay Up Now"**

Children enjoy the comfort and security afforded by the

*Velvet Grip*

**OBLONG RUBBER BUTTON**
**HOSE SUPPORTER**

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Child's sample pair (give age) 15c. postpaid. For Infants, the Baby Midget Velvet Grip Hose Supporter. Silk, 15c., Lisle, 10c.

**George Frost Co.** *Makers* **Boston**

3-IN-ONE REGISTERED TRADE-MARK

# THIS SIGN—BOYS

is for 3-in-One—the perfect bicycle oil. It oils the bearings exactly right and makes them run about 100 times easier. 3-in-One won't collect dirt, gum and hurt your wheels like inferior greasy oils. 3-in-One cleans and polishes all metal parts, and absolutely prevents rust.

Always use 3-in-One on every part of your gun, just like any sportsman. Every gunner will tell you it's the only oil on earth. Try 3-in-One also on your ice and roller skates, fishing reel, golf clubs, scroll saw, camera, printing press, magic lantern and every tool in your tool chest. A few drops of 3-in-One will preserve and keep pliable your catcher's gloves; also prevent rust on your mask.

**FREE**—Write this very day for a generous free sample and the helpful 3-in-One Dictionary. Both free to live boys. Get yours *now!*

3-in-One is sold at all drug, grocery and general stores, in 3-size bottles: 15c, 25c, 50.

**3-in-One Oil Co.**
**165QM. Broadway, New York City**

# THINGS TO EAT

(*Continued from page* 18)

we can here at home. Peas are among the vegetables listed by the Food Administration to be used in place of meat, and they can be used in a great variety of ways, for different courses, and form a splendid meal foundation.

Try some of these receipts on the meatless days.

### Peas in Ramakins

1 can peas.
1 cup of milk.
1 cup of water.
1 teaspoon of salt.
1 tablespoon of sugar.
A pinch of white pepper.
A few drops of onion juice.
3 eggs.

Pour the juice from the peas and save it for the sauce. Take out half a cupful of peas and set them aside. Rub the remainder through a sieve. Add them to the eggs, which should be well beaten, and the other ingredients. Mix well together and pour into buttered ramakins. Set the ramakins in a shallow pan of hot water and bake in a medium oven until firm. While they are baking make a sauce of the liquor that came from the peas, thickened with a little flour rubbed smooth in enough milk to moisten it well, and a little butter and pepper and salt to taste. Turn the peas that you reserved into the sauce, and serve in a separate bowl.

* * *

### Split Pea Soup

1 pint of split peas.
½ a good sized carrot.
1 onion.
⅛ pound salt pork.
1 sprig each of celery, thyme, parsley.
1 bay leaf.
3 cloves.

Wash the peas thoroughly in cold water and drain immediately. Slice the carrot, cut the onion in three pieces and stick a clove in each piece. Cut the salt pork in small pieces, and tie the other ingredients together. Put all together, cover with 2½ quarts of cold water, and set over a brisk fire. When it boils up set back on the stove and boil slowly until dissolved. Season with salt and pepper, and serve.

This will serve six persons.

* * *

### Pea Loaf

1 large cup of canned peas.
¾ of a cup of bread crumbs.
1 tablespoon of sugar.
½ a tablespoon of nut meats, ground fine.
1 egg.
¾ of a cup of milk.

Drain the peas quite dry, put them in a saucepan, cover them with cold water, and when they come to the boiling point, let them boil for three minutes. Drain off the water and put the peas through a coarse sieve. There should be half a cupful of the pulp. Beat the egg and put all the ingredients together. Put in a baking pan lined with greased paper and put in the oven for fifteen or twenty minutes.

ST. NICHOLAS **GIFTS** DEPARTMENT

This department is to help gift-givers decide what to give boys and girls.

It lists only worth-while things.

There are birthdays and promotion days and commencement days. There are other times when boys and girls do some difficult thing exceptionally well. Those are the times when one wants to give something. But it is tedious to hunt through the stores, so ST. NICHOLAS has undertaken to help.

All one need do is to send to the advertisers for a catalog, select at leisure and order the product through the dealer (by telephone, by letter or in person) or direct from the advertiser if the dealer hasn't the particular thing desired.

Everything mentioned here is made by thoroughly dependable firms.


LEARN how to shoot straight. It's a duty in these days. Target shooting is an instructive sport, and great fun for all boys over twelve.

REMINGTON UMC



Remington UMC

SINGLE SHOT RIFLE




You can't shoot straight unless you have a well-made rifle. This one is easy to handle because it's light and easy to carry because it's a take-down model. Shoots .22 cartridge. Write for booklet and mention *St. Nicholas.*

**The Remington Arms Union Metallic Cartridge Company, New York City**

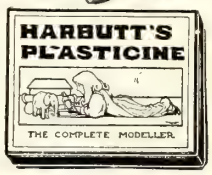
Boys and Girls never get tired of Harbutt's Plasticine, the modelling material, because they make something different each time. One day you model an elephant, next time a boat, next your house, anything and everything new and better. Fun for every one. Harbutt's Plasticine is clean, needs no water, makes no muss.



You surely want our famous book about this and other "Toys that Teach." Send for it. It is free.

MAKERS OF Toys that Teach

**The Embossing Co.**
**P. O. Box 598 B. Albany, N. Y.**





# *Advantages of Private School—V.*

(See pages 4 and 5.)

By FREDERIC L. BROWN

IT is an oft repeated commonplace that education is not expected to furnish the student with a mind, but only to train the mind with which he has been endowed by nature. But strictly speaking this is not true. Personality is not a kind of raw material out of which culture may be shaped by approved educational processes. Personality is itself the result of the discipline and training which the growing individual receives from countless agencies. Without doubt the most powerful of these agencies is the influence of parents and others by whom the child is surrounded in the social life of the home. After the home comes the school. The teacher then generally ranks next to the parents as a factor in the development of the personality of the boy or girl. While it is undoubtedly true that the educational process brings out powers with which the person has been endowed, yet it is also true that within certain limitations many of the finest endowments of the cultured man or woman are acquired; they are learned from others. Almost any one can teach the "tricks of the trade," but it takes the teacher with fine personality and high ideals to impart as well as to arouse in the pupil the ability to feel deeply, to admire the beautiful, to be loyal to truth and fairness.

The ideal relation between pupil and teacher is that of friendship. Other things being equal, it is natural and inevitable that the pupil who has the large share of the time and care of experienced teachers—of high character and broad ideals—is the pupil who will gain the most in the shortest time in this developing and tempering and graining of the personality which we call education. This is one of the principal advantages of the private school.


*St. Nicholas School Service Dept.,*
*353 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.*

*Name* .....

*Street* .....

*City* .....

*Age* .....*years*

*Type of School desired*.....

.....

*Location of desired School*.....

*Limit of Tuition, $*.....

*Parent's Signature* .....

# The Price of Pets

ONCE in a while some one writes to the Pet Man: "I would like to obtain a cheap pet as a companion for my boy or girl." Every *St. Nicholas* reader will be interested in his reply. "It is not wise to purchase a cheap pet. Buying a pet is a good deal like choosing any other companion for your boy or girl. You want one that is well behaved, even tempered, agreeable, friendly, intelligent, always ready for a good time. In other words, you want one of good breeding. Well bred animals cost more than common ones. They have to be of good pedigree, well trained and carefully brought up. All this costs money. Good pets are not necessarily expensive but they are never cheap. It pays to pay a fair price.

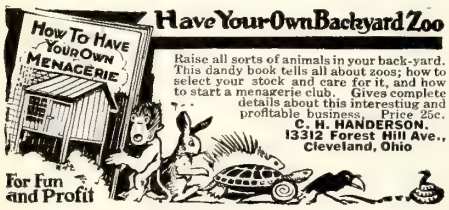
If you would like to know where to obtain a good pet write to St. Nicholas Pet Department or direct to these advertising friends of *St. Nicholas.*




## AIREDALE TERRIER PUPPIES

**THE Ideal Dog for Children (and grown ups)**

Most **intelligent, playful, affectionate** of all dogs. Magnificent **guardian.** Self-respecting, **clean-minded,** upstanding, thoroughbred. Trustworthy, **dependable.** No Vibert Airedale EVER INJURED A CHILD. Have saved children from injury. We have splendid, farm raised, **healthy,** roly poly, comical, playful, **laughing** puppies, and grown dogs, thoroughbred, pedigreed, eligible to registry. No care. HARDY. Simply feed the leavings from your table. Will mature into **matchless watchdogs. THE** GIFT FOR BIRTHDAY OR CHRISTMAS. Prompt shipment, safe delivery, YOUR satisfaction guaranteed. Interesting ILLUSTRATED booklet on request. VIBERT AIREDALE FARM, Box 25a, Weston, N. J. Phone Bound Brook 397.
(Most exclusive breeders of Airedales in the world.)

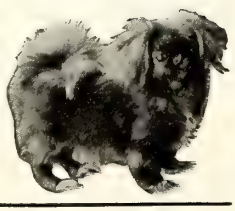






**THIS IS ME**

I may be little and soft and plump.
But my heart is big and true.
My mistress says now I'm quite big enough
To leave my dear mother—for you.
From $25 up for these wonderful little **PEKINGESE**
Mrs. H.A.Baxter, Telephone 418 Great Neck, L.I., or 489 Fifth Av. New York City (Tel. Vanderbilt 1236)



**REJECT IMITATIONS**

There are no Dog Foods as good as

**SPRATT'S**

*Write for samples and send stamp for Catalogue on Dog Feeding.*

SPRATT'S PATENT Ltd., NEWARK, N. J.

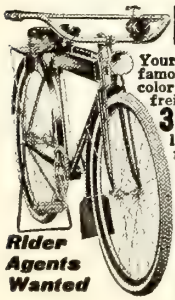



**Snow White Esquimo Puppies**

The smartest and cutest dogs on earth. Natural trick dogs and very comical. Just the thing for children, affectionate, playful and harmless as a kitten. Always full of "PEPP." My puppies are not raised in a city back yard or crowded kennels but on a Kansas farm. They are full of vigor and the picture of health. Will ship on approval to responsible parties. Safe delivery guaranteed. Terms reasonable. 5c. in stamps brings you a catalogue of these popular dogs.

BROCKWAY'S KENNELS Baldwin, Kansas





**Delivered TO YOU FREE**

Your choice of **44 styles,** colors and sizes in the famous line of **"RANGER"** bicycles, shown in full color in the big new Free Catalog. We pay all the freight charges from Chicago to your town.

**30 Days Free Trial** allowed on the bicycle you select, actual riding test in your own town for a full month. Do not buy until you get our *great new trial offer* and low Factory-Direct-To-Rider terms and prices.

**TIRES** LAMPS, HORNS, pedals, single wheels and repair parts for all makes of bicycles at half usual prices. No one else can offer you such values and such terms.

**SEND NO MONEY** but write today for the big new Catalog. **It's free.**

**MEAD CYCLE COMPANY** Dept. W.15 Chicago

**Rider Agents Wanted**

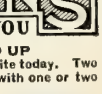
**CLASS PINS**
**MANUFACTURER TO YOU**

**MADE TO YOUR ORDER 15¢ AND UP**

Catalog free, showing hundreds of new designs. Write today. Two popular designs illustrated made with one or two colors best hard enamel. No. 3529 made with any 3 or 4 letters and 2 figures: Silver plate 15¢ each, $1.50 doz. Sterling silver, 30¢ each, $3.00 doz. No. 3399 made with any name on band not exceeding 8 letters, remainder of pin lettered G. S. or H. S. and date 18, 19, 20 or 21 only: Silver plate 20¢ each, $1.80 doz. Sterling silver 35¢ each, $3.60 doz.



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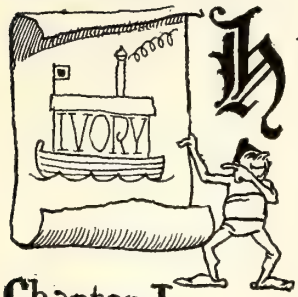


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BASTIAN BROS. CO. 413 Bastian Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

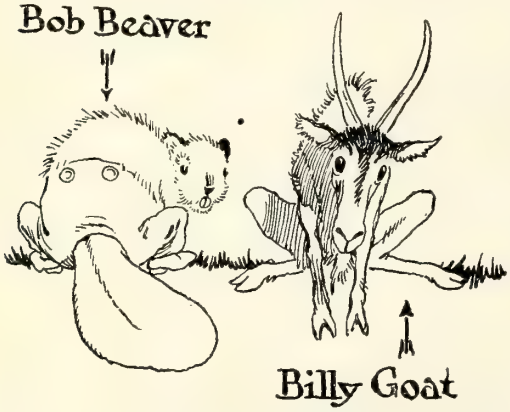

California
Resort hotels are world-famed
They are prepared for a big rush of winter travel
And the Santa Fe is prepared "as usual" to take you there
Go "Santa Fe all the way"-four trains daily to California and the Santa Fe de Luxe weekly in winter ◎ Visit Grand Canyon and Castle Hot Springs in Arizona ◎ Hawaii afterwards ◎ Fred Harvey meals
Booklets of trips and trains on request
W. J. Black, Pass. Traffic Mgr. A.T. & S.F.Ry.
1072 Railway Exchange, Chicago
Santa Fe

# MORE "AD" VENTURES of the IVORY HEROES




## Chapter I. The IVORY House Boat

HA, little Readers of this book, a glad New Year to you! Ho, for some more adventures of our hearty Ivory crew! You all know Gnif, that jolly gnome, whose wit and master hand directed all the daring deeds of our brave little band. You all know Bob, that fearless boy, and sister Betty who kept house upon our Ivory ship and mothered all the crew. As for old Yow, that daring cat,



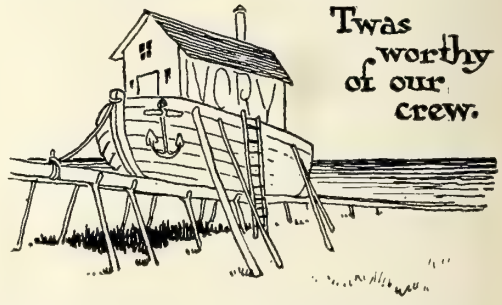

and his good dog friend, Snip, these two decided *not* to make another ocean trip.

"We're getting just a little old," said Yow-cat with a purr. "Your mother will be lonely, so we'll stay behind with her. But we will fill our places with two friends whose talents far exceed our own in every way—and here those wonders are: Bob Beaver with his spankious tail, and Billy-Goat, the butter, are aching just to make the hearts of unwashed villains flutter."

"A welcome to our band," cried Gnif. "Now let's to work for we must build a




house-boat worthy of the name of IVORY." So, with great skill and energy, they built a wondrous craft and loaded it with things to eat and manned it, fore and aft. It looked a little like a house with doors and windows in it and with conveniences it was equipped up to the minute. It had a mast and wireless and patent motor power quite capable of drawing it a hundred miles an hour; it had a disappearing *gun*, bathtubs and soda waters, a swimming pool, and slippy slides, and most luxurious quarters. 'Twas worthy of our noble crew from hull to lacey rope, and it was white as its fair name, which was the "IVORY SOAP." Our heroes smiled with joy and pride as Bill, that buttful goat, said, "I'll be glad to butt my best to help that beauty float."




Reprinted by special permission of JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK (The Child's Magazine)

*And how the "IVORY SOAP" was launched*
*By Bill, the Goat, you'll see*
*If you all wash and wait while you*
*Use your pure IVORY.*

IVORY SOAP
IT FLOATS
IVORY DESIGN PAT'D APR. 29, 1879
99 44/100% PURE





## "I'll tell you how to get that bike, son"

Father knows what the boy is dreaming of.

"Want that bike pretty badly, eh, son?" he says. "What kind is it?"

"I wish I had the one I saw today in the bicycle store. It had that dandy

# NEW DEPARTURE COASTER BRAKE

***"The Brake that Brought the Bike Back"***

"Right you are, my boy. That's the start to good business. Call things by their names, know values. And now here's my plan to help you get that bike:

"To every dollar you save, your mother and I will add three. Let's see how many ideas you can put into money."

That bike will be his just as sure as he is a real American boy. The first thing he will do in the morning will be to tell the bicycle dealer to put it aside for him—the wheel with the New Departure Coaster Brake that halves the pedaling and doubles the pleasure of the cycle ride.

**The New Departure Manufacturing Co.**
**105 Main Street**
**Bristol, Conn.**


Old Dutch Cleanser
Chases Dirt
MAKES EVERYTHING "SPICK AND SPAN"
Brings
Cleanliness
and
Good Cheer
A Merry Christmas
and
A Happy New Year
yours "Old Dutch"

to Reader: When you finish reading this magazine place a 1 cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any ... in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front. NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS. A. S. BURLESON, Postmaster General.

# ST. NICHOLAS

## FOR · BOYS · AND · GIRLS



FEBRUARY · 1918

# Libby's

**Cherries with the true flavor.** Are you serving cherries often enough? Do you realize what a delicacy you are denying your family? Serve Libby's California Cherries for dessert. Their wonderful flavor, their tree-ripened freshness will make your family plead to have this dessert again and again. A package will serve five people liberally.



# *Five foods patriotic families will enjoy*

CHERRIES even more delicious than those you used to climb the tree to eat!

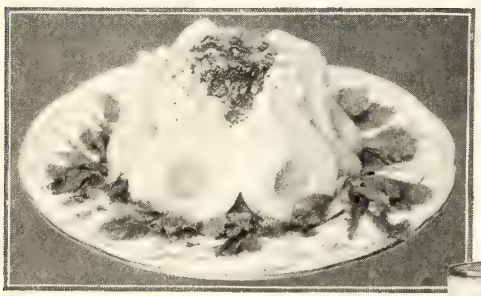
In the golden sunshine of the Pacific Coast are orchards where grow cherries more delicious than any you ever climbed the tree to eat! There the trees are *hung* with cherries, big and sweet and luscious!

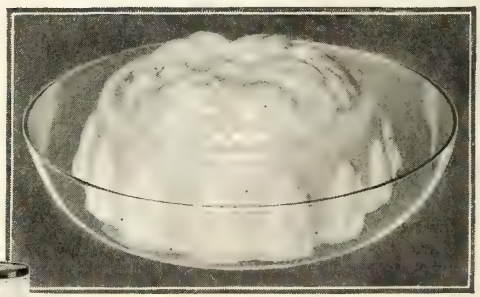
Right in these orchards, Libby has kitchens glistening with cleanliness. There, as soon as the cherries are picked, Libby seals tight all the fleeting flavor, all the goodness which makes cherries so dear to the hearts of both children and grown-ups.

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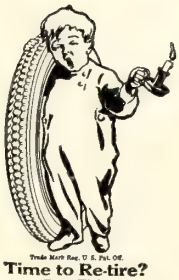

**Delicious custard.** Bring 1 cup Libby's Evaporated Milk and 1 cup cold water to a boil in a double boiler. Mix 3 tablespoonfuls cornstarch with cold water and stir into the milk. Add ½ cup sugar and grated rind of 1 orange. Cook 10 minutes. Mold and serve very cold, either with thin slices of orange, or with whipped cream. Will serve six people.


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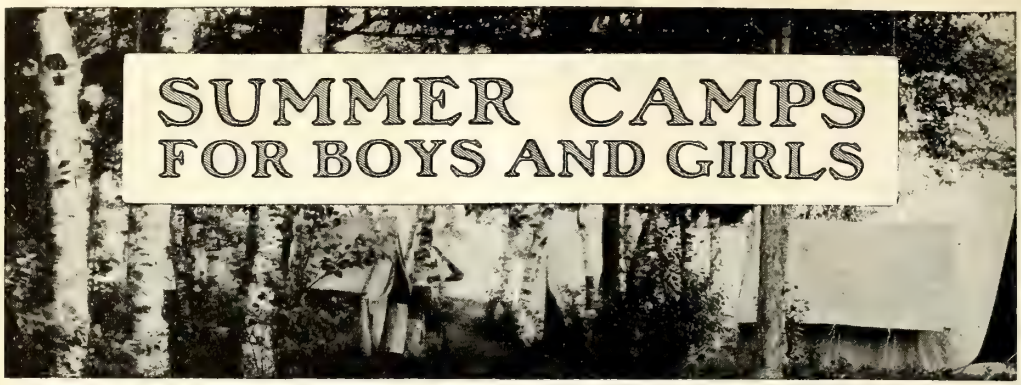


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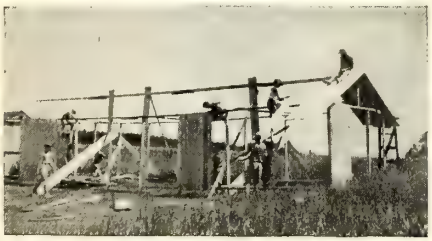
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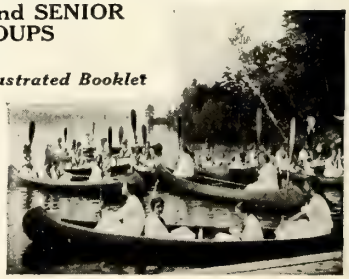
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# THE BOOK MAN

To all who love the outdoor game
Through Life's young April out the way;
Who make their bid for fun or fame,
And feel the ancient thrill of play.

To all the kids who've heard the call
Of field and stream—of track and spar—
Who've looked at life beyond the wall—
And that means all the kids there are!

No red-blooded boy can resist the appeal of "The Boys' Book of Sports," edited by Grantland Rice, the famous sporting expert of the New York *Tribune*, and just published by The Century Co. ($2.00). Here, gathered into a single volume, are up-to-the-minute articles on all branches of athletics, from football to the flying of model aeroplanes, every article written by a well-known authority in his special line.

Let me pick out from the table of contents a few of the most striking articles. Billy Evans, the famous umpire of the American League, contributes six, "The Art of Batting," "Speed and the Base-Runner," "Freak Plays and Superstitions," "The Unknown Recruit and the Foxy Manager," "Outguessing the Opposition," and "Playing the Infield." "How I Became a Big League Pitcher" is the subject of a chapter by Christy Mathewson, while Ralph Henry Barbour, Ralph D. Paine, Parke H. Davis, Leslie W. Quirk and Walter Johnson, all names that boys conjure with, are signed to several chapters on various aspects of football and baseball. The other chapters are not less authoritative. Regarding golf, Francis Ouimet writes of "The Game of Love," while J. Parmly Paret considers "Lawn Tennis for Boys" and Francis Arnold Collins contributes a chapter on "Boys and the Airship." The remaining features include: "Up-to-Date Methods for Success in Swimming," by L. DeB. Handley; "The Boys' Fishing Kit," by E. T. Keyser; "Aquaplane Riding," by E. G. Morris, M.D.; "Training for Interscholastic Athletics," by G. W. Orton; "A Famous Lacrosse Struggle," by George Hounsfield Ford; "The Swimming Event," by George C. Lane, and "Skeeter," by Oscar Lewis.

There is no normal boy in all the world who does n't thrill at the call of outdoor life; who does n't like to play football or baseball, golf or tennis; who does n't like to camp out, fly kites, have a camera, go fishing and swimming, shoot a rifle, jump, run or sail a boat, or dream of riding in an aeroplane that will take him far above the trees he climbs and the birds that have eluded his reach. And what boy does n't want to hear what the very people who have done all these things best have to say about them? That is the idea Grantland Rice had in mind when he edited "The Boys' Book of Sports." He says he wanted to confer upon the average normal boy—"which most of them are"—a double blessing: 1. A long period of entertainment and delight. 2. A full span of instruction and an inside view upon all the games that each boy plays, or would like to play, if he had the chance.

Boys are going into sport more and more each year. This is the age of sport and the youngster is taking his part in the long parade. It has suddenly come upon older men, who started certain games too late in life, what they missed by not molding their playing form when muscles responded in a far quicker way. These men are seeing to it that their boys are not making the same mistake and missing the great chance for later pleasure. And they don't have to drive the boys to their task. Boys may like one game better than another, but they want to know about them all. Given the chance, they would play baseball and football, golf and tennis, fly a kite, go swimming, and between sessions, camp out and have a motorcycle. They probably won't be able to do all of these things. But—what is at least next best—they will now have a chance to know all about them and to absorb the spirit of each game. It is for this latter purpose that the editor of "The Boys' Book of Sports" has included in the book, along with the informative articles, a number of stories of athletic young heroes which are not only intensely exciting in their appeal but are all written by the best writers of boy stories to be found. These stories, too, are instructive in their way, for they show how clean living, hard training, courage and patience are not to be beaten.

"The Boys' Book of Sports" is a treasury of instruction, entertainment and inspiration; it will rightfully take its place among the well-beloved treasures of the American boy, while the care with which it has been compiled and the authority of its authors make it a standard athletic classic of permanent value. In these pages, as Mr. Rice says, you can not only learn—you can learn with the pulse-leap of continued excitement and an abiding interest that the rush of the game does n't permit to lag.

The Book Man

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"'YOU LOOK PRETTY GOOD TO ME,' SAID BETSY, POLITELY." (See page 293)

# ST. NICHOLAS

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## JO-AN OF ARK

BY GEORGE MERRICK MULLETT

IN her room, popularly known as the Ark because of its vast array of battered animals handed down by the older Lane children, Betsy lay in "big comfy chair," reading:

"Once upon a time there lived a beautiful Queen whose every wish but one had been granted—for years she had longed and prayed for a little daughter. When, finally, a princess was born to her, her joy knew no bounds—" Betsy heaved a sigh of perfect understanding and turned adoring eyes on Josephine-Annabelle, who stood with outstretched arms on one of the white shelves which lined the walls. She understood perfectly how the Queen had felt—every pang of longing, every throb of satisfied motherhood. Had she not longed steadily for Josephine-Annabelle from the time when at the church bazaar there had been offered one of the new, jointed, wooden dolls that looked just like a "really child"? And could any one plumb the depths of her disappointment when, after choosing the most beautiful name in the world as the guess to which her twenty-five-cent ticket entitled her, she had failed to win the coveted prize? How hard she had tried to give up wishing for such an extravagance, because the "littlest" child of a government clerk whose salary has not been adjusted to meet the present-day high cost of living should never harbor such desires, especially when there are big brothers and sisters to educate! Unfortunately, the longing refused to listen to reasonable argument, and in spite of a most hopeless outlook, persisted in making a big place for itself in Betsy's "wishery." And then—would she ever forget last Christmas morning when the impossible had happened and she had found the twin sister to the bazaar doll awaiting her, Aunts Josephine and Annabelle having played Fairy Godmothers?

"Her joy knew no bounds"—Betsy started to read again, but a flood of maternal love made her rush to get Josephine-Annabelle snuggled in her arms before she could comfortably resume her story. Betsy was a born mother; tender-hearted Little Grandmother never had to hunt up half-clad dolls for Betsy and tuck them under small covers on chilly nights, as she had had to do for Betsy's big sisters. As for Josephine-Annabelle—never princess in a fairy-tale had more tender care than she.

Brought to a realization of the bond between the Queen Mother and herself, it was but a step farther for her, as she lay petting Josephine-Annabelle after the story was finished, to enter into the feelings of her own mother. She believed she knew exactly how Muddy Dear must be feeling in these war times. First Roger, a year out of college, had joyously offered his services and had been accepted in the Officers' Reserve Corps; then Mildred, making her last year in a nurses' training-school, had entered active service in the Red Cross. How brave Muddy Dear had been! She was a true patriot. Betsy decided that they were a patriotic family.

Daddy was trying to skimp out payments on a Liberty bond from his inadequate salary by walking the three miles to and from his office; Muddy Dear gave of her already work-filled moments to service in the Red Cross Aid; Eleanor, a high-school senior, was knitting a humpy-looking scarf for some soldier-boy; and even happy-go-lucky Jack had donated every cent made as a Boy-Scout peach-picker to the same cause. Betsy felt that here was a record of which to be proud. There remained only herself, a blot on an otherwise stainless escutcheon. To be sure, she had tried to knit wash-cloths, but even patient Little Grandmother had, in nervous tears, given up trying to train her limp hands for the task, hopelessly declaring that "the child seems to have no bones in her fingers."

Betsy had not minded much about the wash-cloths, although she had tried valiantly to make them, but what she really yearned to do was *something big*—something that involved a real sacrifice and would make her feel like a patriot; knitting the wash-cloths had n't seemed to give her that feeling.

Then had come the reading in school of the President's proclamation to the school-children of the United States, requesting them to join the Junior Red Cross which had just been arranged for, and she felt that here was the thing for which she wished to work. In the two days that had passed since then all of her thoughts that had not been devoted to her lessons and Josephine-Annabelle had been spent in trying to find the *something big* which she might do for this cause that seemed designed especially for her.

It was while fired by such thoughts that she began stripping Josephine-Annabelle for her latest and favorite "pretend," which had been suggested by Roger's teasing remark that she ought to shorten her child's name to Jo-An—"Jo-An of Ark, by George!" Betsy's vivid imagination had seized eagerly on the suggestion, and though, out of courtesy to the aunts, the doll remained Josephine-Annabelle to the public, in the secret recesses of the Ark she was more often Jo-An. Betsy slipped the disrobed Josephine-Annabelle into a suit of mail, fashioned with the aid of some scouring-rings borrowed from the kitchen, incased her head in a helmet made from part of a tin can, and presto, she became Jo-An! Astride a spirited charger (Bill, handed down by Jack), Betsy felt that her child did credit not only to the family but to the immortal maid whose name hers parodied.

Then, with the brilliancy of a sword swiftly drawn from its scabbard, flashed upon Betsy the idea which would enable her to do her part for her country—and like a sword it pierced. The game stopped right in the middle, while Betsy alternately hugged the plan in an ecstasy of unselfish, patriotic zeal and thrust it from her with outraged mother-love. For fully half an hour the patriot and the mother fought a hand-to-hand conflict; then Betsy, mother, kissed Josephine-Annabelle with passionate renunciation, and Betsy, patriot, unflinchingly dedicated Jo-An to her country's service.

The suit of mail was replaced by the doll's purple and fine linen—dainty, hand-sewn garments, crisp and fresh as when they were made—and the jaunty straw hat, with long black-velvet streamers, was tenderly placed on her fluffy red-gold hair. In a small grass suitcase Betsy lingeringly packed all of the doll's "other clothes"—the little crêpe nightie, with its crochet-lace yoke and pink-ribboned boudoir-cap to match, her gingham "everydays," and even the plaited serge skirt and middy blouse with tiny embroidered emblems.

To her own toilet Betsy gave no thought. Mechanically she swished a brush over her own fiery mop; mechanically she jammed a hat upon it; then with Jo-An hugged close with one arm, the suitcase in the other hand, she started off. There were no undeveloped parts to her plan. Betsy knew exactly what had to be done; and as Jo-An was her very own, she determined to do it without consulting any one—her heart was too full to talk it over even with Muddy Dear.

About three quarters of an hour later the secretary of Mr. Arthur Manley, with a face upon which were mixed equal portions of perplexity and amusement, announced Betsy's arrival in the offices of the National Trust Company.

"A small girl with a big doll and a suitcase wishes to speak with you."

Mr. Manley's face reflected the perplexity of his secretary's.

"With me? Are you sure?"

"She asked for you most earnestly; in fact, it seems very pressing," he motioned toward the open door. The banker turned and encountered the beseeching blue eyes of a small, red-haired maid who was standing expectantly in the anteroom. She looked very small and very appealing in the big office rooms.

"Come right in, Miss——," he hesitated.

"Betsy Lane," she murmured shakily, as she advanced to take his welcoming hand.

"What can I do for you, Miss Betsy Lane?" he smiled, motioning to a chair.

"I go to the same church as you," Betsy hardly knew how to begin, "and I took a chance on the bazaar doll."

"Oh, I see. So you are the lucky winner."

"No, I did n't guess the name a bit right; but Josephine-Annabelle is just like her, but all her hair. Aunt Josephine had her wig made specially for her out of mine that had been cut off."

"I noticed she had her mother's hair," he smiled.

"Well—I came to get you to choose a name for



"JO-AN OF ARK ASTRIDE HER SPIRITED CHARGER."

Josephine-Annabelle, a different one, and not tell any one what it is, just as you did for the bazaar doll. Then I will sell the tickets, and the one who guesses the name will get her."

Mr. Manley protested, "But, Miss Betsy, disposing of doll-babies is not my regular business, you know."

Betsy's face fell. "Oh, I thought sure you would do it! You know just how it was done before; and I knew if you would choose the name and put it in a sealed envelope, that every one would be sure it was all fair and buy my tickets."

Mr. Manley looked at her rather helplessly. "But she looks like a perfectly good doll-baby to me; I don't see why you want to get rid of her."

"I *don't* want to get rid of her!" flared Betsy, with tragic earnestness. "I would n't give her up for anything but my country. Every one in the family is doing something but me; I could n't even knit wash-cloths. It seemed as if there was n't anything in the world I could do; but Muddy Dear said there was something each person could do, and they must do it—no matter how hard it was."

"My sentiments exactly!" said Mr. Manley, with emphasis, thinking of the conversation he had just had with his only sister. "You must have a very nice mother."

"Oh, I have!" said Betsy, emphatically; "and Daddy, too," loyally.

"I'm sure of that, or such a nice mother would n't have had him. That is the reason I have never married—the nice ones would n't have me."

"You look pretty good to me," said Betsy, politely.

Mr. Manley threw back his head and laughed heartily. "Thank you, thank you!" he said; "you look pretty good to me, too, Miss Betsy. I shall have to get you to grow up for me."

"I'll be ten the twenty-eighth of November," said Betsy, encouragingly, rather attracted by the idea.

"That is fine!" He took out a small note-book, "Miss Betsy Lane, ten the twenty-eighth of November; and what is your address?"

"1999 R Street, N. W."

He wrote in the note-book: "Now, since you are my fiancé, I suppose I shall have to do whatever you ask. Let's hear all about this idea of yours."

"Well, after the President told about the Junior Red Cross, it seemed as if I just *must* do something, and all of a sudden, when I was playing with Josephine-Annabelle, I remembered about how the bazaar doll made twenty-five dollars. She did n't have 'really and truly' hair, and Josephine-Annabelle has lots more clothes, too." She squatted down beside the suitcase and spread diminutive garments upon the Oriental rug. "I 've had her ever since Christmas, but you can see for yourself that she has n't any scratches or anything on her," and she thrust the doll into his unaccustomed hands.

The banker held the doll gently, and looked with soft eyes on the child's eager face. "I would be delighted to give such an unselfish little girl some money for such a worthy object and let her keep her doll," he suggested, by way of compromise. "I 'm strong for all the branches of the Red Cross, myself."

Betsy's face flushed, "Oh, no, thank you, sir; but you see that would n't be doing it my very own self. The Junior Red Cross was made just special for children, and the President said it was so every pupil in the United States could have a chance to serve our country."

"Excuse me; you have the right idea; I see we shall have to do it your way. Let me think." He toyed with a paper-cutter on the desk beside him. "I have it," he said at last. "I'll get Mr. Corson to act with us—you know Corson's department store? I'll get Corson to put Josephine-Annabelle in one of his big windows and sell the tickets on the inside. He 'll be glad to do it, I know."

Betsy was so staggered with the magnificence in store for her beloved child that she could only give a startled "Oh!" then a lump came in her throat as she realized that now everything was ready for the final sacrifice.

"I think, in view of the 'really and truly' hair and her extensive trousseau, that the chances ought to sell for at least fifty cents apiece," he suggested hurriedly, seeing a shadow chase the joy from Betsy's face and guessing the cause; "don't you?" Betsy nodded.

"And there ought to be about a hundred tickets, there will be so many who will want to help this new movement. Can you figure that?"

Betsy wiggled a finger in the air, making imaginary numbers. "Fifty dollars?" she hazarded, her eyes big.

"Correct! A mighty fine donation for a slip of a kiddie, is n't it?"

Her eyes shone exultantly, and Mr. Manley looked at her thoughtfully as he pressed his chin between thumb and index-finger. "I want you to take Josephine-Annabelle up to my sister's house and leave her there, so I can get her to-night; I have the very name for the baby, and I'll see that Corson gets her in the window bright and early to-morrow. I want you to visit with Mrs. Stanton a little while and talk to her—tell her all about what you are doing and why. She 's home, I have just been talking to her over the 'phone, but I'll call her up and let her know you are coming. Now don't forget to tell her all about it; I 'm sure she will take a ticket."

Betsy stiffened with awe as she stopped before the great house which bore the address given her by Mr. Manley, but she marched valiantly to the door and made her request for Mrs. Stanton. When that lady appeared, however, she forgot both her awe and a sudden shyness, in rapt admiration of the charming woman who seemed to know so well how to put an embarrassed little girl at her ease. The story fairly unfolded itself under such sympathetic interest, and it was such a comfort to display Josephine-Annabelle's clothes to one who so thoroughly appreciated their manifold attractions.

"Josephine-Annabelle seems just like a really child to me," Betsy confided, "but, you see, she was the only thing I had to give, and Muddy Dear was so brave about letting Roger and Mildred go to war, I knew I ought to be willing to let Josephine-Annabelle do what she could for her country."

"Has your mother given up two children to this terrible war?"

Betsy nodded. "It almost is breaking her heart; but when Roger wanted to go, she said it would break it worse to have him stay at home and know that he was shirking a duty that some other boy would have to do for him."

Her listener started. "Muddy Dear said," continued Betsy, "that if she kept him home, every time she heard of a soldier-boy dying in battle she would feel that some other woman's son had given up his life that her boy might stay home safe."

Mrs. Stanton turned pale and put out a hand in quick protest. "I don't see how any woman who loves her son can let him go to those horrible trenches!" she said fiercely.

"Muddy Dear says a mother does n't love her son if she would keep him from being the finest thing he can be—a patriot."

Mrs. Stanton looked at Betsy earnestly for a moment. "Did my brother tell you to talk to me?" she asked suddenly.

"Oh, yes; he said to tell you all about it—he said it twice."

Mrs. Stanton nodded comprehendingly; her eyes were soft with mist, but her lips were set in a straight, defiant line. She realized that he had sent this small patriot with a purpose—he had seen through her request this morning, that he get Edwin a berth with the railroad in Panama, and knew it had been made because such a position would afford him exemption from the draft. Of course, he with his high ideals and clear vision would have read her purpose,—her lips tightened,—but she did not care whether he despised her cowardice or not if he would only save her boy for her.

Betsy watched Mrs. Stanton's face uneasily, and, not knowing what else to do, precipitated the moment she had been dreading—separation from Jo-An. "I must go now," she said, hugging the doll close to her for a moment; "I hope the one who gets her will care for her most as much as I do."

Mrs. Stanton came back to Betsy's problem with a start. "Must you go, my dear? You are

a brave and unselfish little maid to give up your baby for your country. I hope some one will give you another dolly just like her."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Betsy, her eyes tragic; "I shall never want another—no one could ever take her place! Good-by," she said abruptly, resolutely keeping her face turned away from the chair where she had put Jo-An.

"Good-by, dear," her woman's intuition making her see deep into the heart of her small caller. "Remember, I shall see that Josephine-Annabelle has the best of care."

Betsy made her way home blindly and went straight to the Ark. Plunging through the door, she threw herself on the bed, sobbing hysterically, until her pillow had a big damp hollow in its center and her lips tasted salty when she put her tongue against them. Finally she sat up and shook herself angrily. "I 'm ashamed of myself! Any one would think I did n't want to serve my country—and I do, I do! I must n't let any one else see how I miss Jo-An, though, 'cause they might n't understand. I must smile bravely even if I do feel bad on the inside." She went to the glass and scanned her face intently, trying on various expressions to find the one best fitted to present to the world. It was most absorbing, but when it had been decided on, it only served to remind her how many, many years she might have to wear it. She must find some way to fill in the dreary, Jo-Anless hours, and decided that she would do so by writing poems and becoming famous. Years later, when her fame had become world-wide, people would comment on her sad beauty and whisper that she had turned to writing for comfort after having given up her only child to her country.

With Betsy, action always trod upon the heels




"THE WINDOW HAS BEEN A SOURCE OF GREAT INTEREST TO THE SHOPPERS." (SEE PAGE 297.)

of thought. Going to a small desk that had belonged to every little Lane since Roger, she hunted up a stubby pencil, which she chewed diligently for inspiration, and evolved the following lines:

Jo-An of Ark went bravely forth
When she heard her country call;
And her mother wept, for she knew full well
That she'd never come back at all.

Betsy wept a little more, herself, and became so saturated with self-pity that she decided her grief would, no doubt, not allow her to live long after all, and she had a vividly clear picture of herself, still and cold upon her bed around which were clustered a grief-stricken family. The spirit of sadness proved so stimulating to her Muse that she was able to drip out a "farewell poem," which bore the further information, in wonderfully curly letters, that it was "Blank Verse." She read it over feelingly, in trembling tones:

"I am going o'er the river,
Do not mourn when I am gone.
I am going to my Father,
Who is Lord and God of all.
I can hear the ripple of the waters,
I can hear voices soft and clear,
I can see Him coming to see me,
A weary traveleer."

The dinner-bell rang while she was reading this over for the third time, so she put the poems away in a sandalwood box that held her treasures—a baby ring and a chewed gold locket,—and, assuming the expression of forced cheerfulness which she must wear before the world, she bent not entirely reluctant steps toward the enticing aroma of hot rolls.

When bedtime came there was no Jo-An to undress and tuck under the covers, there remained only her empty bed and a forlorn suit of mail that she had so lately and so spiritedly worn. Betsy swallowed hard and turned her back on them and fell asleep, feeling even more forlorn than she had felt on those long-ago nights when she had first stopped sucking her thumb.

It was not until the next evening that knowledge of Betsy's sacrifice became family property. Mrs. Lane looked up from the evening paper and smiled at Betsy, who seemed to her strangely distrait.

"This will interest you, little daughter; it is about the Junior Branch of the Red Cross in which you are so interested." She read:

"One little girl 'somewhere in Washington' has made a prompt response to the President's proclamation of Wednesday, which should prove inspiring to all children. In one of the big windows of Corson's store, surrounded by Red Cross emblems and American flags, stands a large doll with a mop of real, red curls and a wonderful assortment of clothes. A large card bears this announcement:

**GUESS MY NAME AND TAKE ME HOME!**

**"'I belong to a little girl who wants to raise some money of her "very own" to give to the Junior Red Cross. The person who guesses the name given to me by, and known only to, Mr. Arthur Manley, of the National Trust Company, who is acting as my guardian, will become my future owner. Guessing tickets may be bought inside at the jewelry counter at fifty cents a ticket.'**

"The window has been a source of great interest to the shoppers that throng F Street, and this afternoon the doll was honored by a visit from a no less exalted personage than the President himself, who looked the pleasure which had been given him by this action of an unselfish and patriotic child."

Betsy clasped her hands. "Jo-An!" she screamed excitedly.

"What?" exclaimed Mrs. Lane, in surprise.

"Jo-An," repeated Betsy, "my Jo-An! I gave her, Muddy Dear, but I never knew she 'd be so famous."

Mrs. Lane held out inviting arms. "Come and tell Mother every word about it."

Betsy snuggled into the dear shelter and told her story.

"I can't tell you how proud Mother is that her little daughter has had such a lovely thought; and I know just what it means to you, sweetheart, for I know just how dearly you loved Josephine-Annabelle. I will take you down to-morrow to see her in all of her glory."

Betsy shook her head violently. "No, Muddy Dear, I don't think I could stand it. Do you s'pose all the chances will be taken?"

"They 're certain to be. I suppose in a day or so the name of the prize-winner will be announced."

When in a few days Mr. Manley's check for fifty dollars arrived, Betsy could scarcely contain her rapture—it seemed impossible that she, Betsy Lane, should have such untold wealth at her disposal. She decided promptly that the money must be donated in the name of Jo-An of Ark, "Because you know, Muddy Dear, she is the one who really earned it." And so it was acknowledged in the first list of contributions published. Betsy clipped this list from the paper and put it, with the other article, beside her poems. When the want of Jo-An pressed too hard upon her,

Betsy obtained a great deal of painful pleasure in going over these mementos.

As the time for her birthday drew near, Betsy tried to shame away her longing for the absent one by sternly reminding herself that ten was too old for dolls. This assurance, however, seemed to lack conviction, so she tried to comfort herself with the thought that, even though she could not help missing her baby, at least she did it without a shadow of regret that she had made the sacrifice.

The birthday dawned a sparkling, perfect autumn day, and there flooded through her small person that wonderful feeling of delightfully unexpected things just about to happen that one can feel at ten, and thereabouts. Under her breakfast-plate were ten new dimes, and beside it the story of Joan of Arc, with Boutet de Monvel's illustrations in color, and two beautifully upstanding bows for her "scalp lock." She rushed home from school, happy in the prospect of birthday-cake and possible ice-cream. Skipping up to the Ark for her new book, she halted in amazement—she had had no idea of further presents, and yet there on the floor sat a big, "presenty"-looking parcel.

She looked inquiringly at Muddy Dear, who stood near with expectant face.

"No," laughed Mrs. Lane, "I have n't an idea what it is nor who has sent it. Do open it quickly, for it has been waiting here for you fully an hour, and I am perishing of unsatisfied curiosity."

Betsy tore at the strings excitedly and parted the paper wrappings. She turned pale with emotion—then a vivid red overspread her face, and with a shriek of joy she clasped Jo-An in her arms.

"Oh, Muddy Dear! Muddy Dear!" she cried, rocking back and forth on her knees, her face close to Jo-An's.

Among the wrappings lay the little grass suitcase, and on top of it a square envelop. Betsy stopped hugging her child long enough to open it.

"You read it, Muddy Dear; I can't read tall, sharp, grown-up writing."

"Dear Little Betsy," (read Mrs. Lane):

"When my brother sent you to see me, he did so hoping you would teach me a lesson I was needing—and you did. When I found that Josephine-Annabelle had been won by a young man in Mr. Corson's store, I had no difficulty in buying her from him, as he had only taken the chance because of his interest in the Red Cross. I kept her with me for a while so that, by keeping me constantly in mind of you and your mother, she could finish the work that you began. Last week I let my boy go to the front in the same spirit you and your mother gave up those dear to you. And now, on your birthday, I want to send her safely back to you as I hope my boy will be returned to me.

"Lovingly,

"Helen Stanton."

"Did you ever read anything so sweet?" beamed Betsy. Her face suddenly clouded. "Do you think I ought to keep her? You know I wanted to make a sacrifice."

"I 'm sure you made your sacrifice, dear, and without this hope of reward, and the fact that it was hard for you to make it only made it of greater value. It is all right for you to keep Jo-An now that she has been so kindly returned to you; for all of us mothers, however willingly we may let our babies go, want them back—we want them back!"

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# SNOWFLAKES

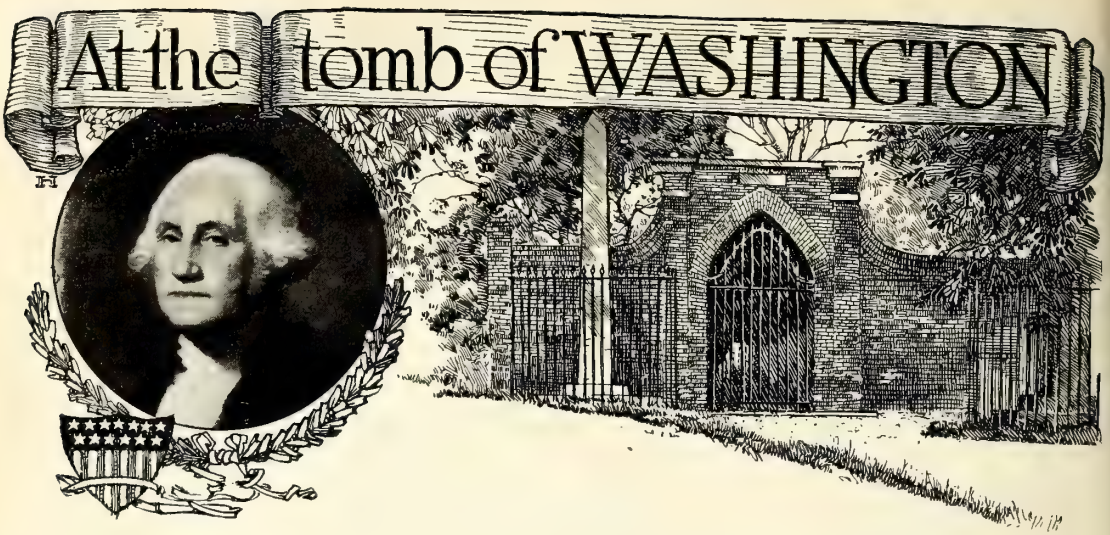
BY JESSICA NELSON NORTH

Ten flakes,
Twenty flakes,
Fifty flakes together!
Whirling through the crispy air
In the winter weather.

Fifty flakes,
A hundred flakes,
A thousand flakes together!
Mammy says, "Dey 's picking geese!
Honey catch a feather!"

A thousand flakes,
A million flakes,
All about us blowing.
I don't care what Mammy says.
*I* say it 's *snowing!*

# At the tomb of WASHINGTON



Our American boys and girls of the high-school age—and their parents and teachers as well—will not soon forget the thrill of patriotic pride with which they first read the inspired and glowing words uttered by M. René Viviani at Mount Vernon in April of last year. As the New York "Evening Post" said of them at the time: "Few Americans can fail to be moved by the eloquence of M. Viviani at the tomb of Washington. We are apt to be a little ashamed of our poverty when we think of the Westminster Abbeys, the Pantheons, of older nations, but our hearts may well beat faster at the proud consciousness that none of the Powers beside whom we are ranged, neither England nor France, Belgium nor Russia, is enriched with a shrine so precious to the world as that at which the representatives of the Old World paid homage yesterday. 'Washington' needs no translation into alien tongues. Like the music of the 'Marseillaise,' it is a universal clarion for 'liberty'."

Since the day when M. Viviani and Marshal Joffre, representing the French Republic, and Rt. Hon. Arthur James Balfour on behalf of the British Empire, spoke those memorable, heartfelt words beside the sacred vault on the Potomac shore, other famous envoys from other great nations, Italy, Russia, Japan, have made the same pilgrimage to that "world shrine" and for the same chivalric and exalted purpose. Their eloquence, equally sincere, is equally deserving of remembrance. And so, on this first anniversary of Washington's birthday since our country joined the Allies in the war for human liberty, St. Nicholas has garnered into one sheaf these remarkable expressions of the reverent homage which the whole world accords to the fame and memory of our great First President. For every one of these noble tributes to Washington from other lands than ours should be preserved and cherished by the youth of America.

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## ADDRESS OF M. RÉNE VIVIANI, APRIL 29, 1917

Gentlemen: We could not remain longer in Washington without accomplishing this pious pilgrimage. In this spot lies all that is mortal of a great hero. Close by this spot is the modest abode where Washington rested after the tremendous labor of achieving for a nation its emancipation. In this spot meet the admiration of the whole world and the veneration of the American people. In this spot rise before us the glorious memories left by the soldiers of France

led by Rochambeau and Lafayette; a descendant of the latter, my friend M. de Chambrun, accompanies us. And I esteem it a supreme honor as well as a satisfaction for my conscience to be entitled to render this homage to our ancestors in the presence of my colleague and friend, Mr. Balfour, who so nobly represents his great nation. By thus coming to lay here the respectful tribute of every English mind, he shows, in this historic moment of communion which France has willed, what nations that live for liberty can do. When we contemplate in the distant past the luminous presence of Washington, in nearer times the majestic figure of Abraham Lincoln, when we respectfully salute President Wilson, the worthy heir of these great memories, we at one glance measure the vast career of the American people. It is because the American people proclaimed and won for the nation the right to govern itself, it is because it proclaimed and won the equality of all men, that the free American people at the hour marked by fate has been enabled with commanding force to carry its action beyond the seas; it is because it was resolved to extend its action still further that Congress was enabled to obtain within the space of a few days the vote of conscription and to proclaim the necessity for a national army in the full splendor of civil peace. In the name of France I salute the young army which will share in our common glory.

While paying this supreme tribute to the memory of Washington I do not diminish the effect of my words when I turn my thoughts to the memory of so many unnamed heroes. I ask you before this tomb to bow in earnest meditation and all the fervor of piety before all the soldiers of the allied nations who for nearly three years have been fighting under different flags for the same ideal. I beg you to address the homage of your hearts and souls to all the heroes, born to live in happiness, in the tranquil pursuit of their labors, in the enjoyment of all human affections, who went into battle with virile cheerfulness and gave themselves up not to death alone but to the eternal silence that closes over those whose sacrifice remains unnamed, in the full knowledge that, save for those who loved them, their names would disappear with their bodies. Their monument is in our hearts. Not the living alone greet us here; the ranks of the dead themselves rise to surround the soldiers of liberty.

At this solemn hour in the history of the world, while saluting from this sacred mound the final victory of justice, I send to the Republic of the United States the greetings of the French Republic.



THE TRIBUTE OF MARSHAL JOSEPH JOFFRE, APRIL 29, 1917

In the French army all venerate the name and memory of Washington. I respectfully salute here the great soldier and lay upon his tomb the palm we offer our soldiers who have died for their country.

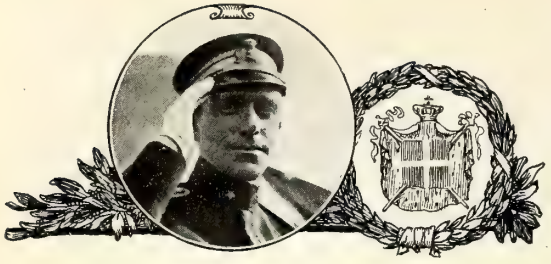


TRIBUTE OF THE RT. HON. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, APRIL 29, 1917

My friend and colleague, M. Viviani, in phrases burning with emotion and in eloquent language, not only has paid tribute to the hero who is buried here, but has brought our thoughts down to the present crisis, the greatest in the world's history. He has told us of the people of France, England, Belgium, Russia, Italy and Serbia, who have sacrificed their lives for what they believe to be the cause of liberty. No spot on the face of the earth where a speech in behalf of liberty might be made could be more appropriate than the tomb of Washington.

"I do not intend to make a speech," Mr. Balfour added, "as that has already been done by a master of speech," but a card, attached to a huge wreath of lilies placed beside the French palm, bore the following words in Mr. Balfour's handwriting:

Dedicated by the British Mission to the immortal memory of George Washington, soldier, statesman, patriot, who would have rejoiced to see the country of which he was by birth a citizen and the country his genius called into existence fighting side by side to save mankind from a military despotism.



## SPEECH OF H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF UDINE, LEADER OF THE ITALIAN MISSION, MAY 28, 1917

Gentlemen: We come to-day upon a devout pilgrimage to the tomb of your great national hero.

The Wreath, which we have come to lay upon it, and which we have brought from Rome, is such as used to be offered to Roman heroes; it represents the homage of the Italian nation to the man who symbolizes the purest traditions and the most noble aspirations of the American spirit.

We cannot avoid a feeling of sadness, gentlemen, when we behold all around us the most civilized nations on earth dragged by powerful oligarchies into this colossal war, than which there has never been a greater or one more abounding in sorrow.

But the fact that we have gathered here to-day bears witness to the purity of our sentiments and to the nobility of our sacrifices. It bears witness, moreover, to feelings deep enough to dominate events and to overcome grief.

As sailors on a stormy night look toward a far-shining light which they can only reach by painful and difficult efforts, so do we to-day turn our eyes toward our heroes.

So great a war and such deep sorrows should not be without the beneficial results for humanity. We feel that to establish a fuller human life, a nobler union of mankind, we should let ourselves be ruled, as regards all the nations and even as regards our enemies, by that sense of justice which inspired your hero.

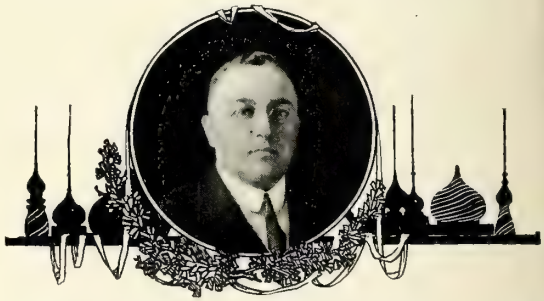
Therefore we come to his tomb to seek purification. His noble, austere figure tells us that we must dare everything in war, that we must be ever audacious, and that we must never shrink from any sacrifice. He conquered forces which seemed invincible; he did not hesitate in the face of any danger, nor was any obstacle great enough to arrest him. But after victory was obtained he willed the triumph of democracy and of justice.

Thus, too, did our national heroes work. Their names are as sacred to you as the names of your heroes are to us.

And to-day, at the tomb of George Washington, while we reaffirm our promise never to hesitate in war and to offer to our just cause our fortunes and our persons, we affirm solemnly that we look upon war as the necessary Via Dolorosa which leads to universal justice and peace.

I desire to make myself the interpreter of those sentiments from which the House of Savoy has always derived its strength and which to-day form its prestige. In the name of my august cousin, the King of Italy, and in the name of all the people of Italy, I wish solemnly to declare, in this place sacred to the American nation, that we shall never lay down our arms until our liberty, and the liberties of the peoples who are suffering with us, shall be rendered safe against all surprises and all violences, and, at the same time, I affirm once more that our victory must be that of progress and of justice.

May the spirit of George Washington watch over us and light us upon our way!



## SPEECH OF PROFESSOR BORIS BAKHMETEFF, LEADER OF THE RUSSIAN MISSION, JUNE 24, 1917

With a feeling of deepest veneration have we approached this sacred tomb. In the life of nations there happen to be times when the trivial every-day's existence, with all its common interests and petty strife, shallow feeling and routine activity, are replaced by epochs of blazing and impetuous development, unrestrained display of creative genius; epochs when customs, habits, institutions, states are swept away in the irresistible flow of events; periods when days count for ages; epochs of historical cataclysm, turning-points of history of mankind.

Such epochs carry the greatest calamities and the greatest of blessings. Bloodshed, slaughter, all the horrors of war and civil strife, all the miseries, sorrows, all the sufferings of expiatory sacrifice; but great is the burning idealism of individuals and nations, luminous the display of

human nature in its primordial beauty, splendid the stately progress of victorious humanity, majestic the sonorous footsteps of history.

Such epochs breed their own men, heroes, and symbols of grand feats. George Washington lived at such an epoch; he was the hero and spokesman of his time.

Fate has bestowed on us the blessing to be witnesses and partakers of such an epoch. From the smoking ruins of heroic Belgium and Poland, ruins soaked by blood of nameless martyrs, from the cries of sorrow and misery of innocent victims, there is rising the dawn of a new life, a life of peaceful prosperity, justice and humanity, growing out of the conquered and smashed remnants of militant autocracy.

To us Russians this epoch has brought emancipation, has set oppressed nations free, has abolished the injustice of racial prejudice. Nearly two hundred million human beings have got the blessing of freedom which more than one hundred years ago George Washington consecrated in this country.

With a feeling of solemn veneration and overwhelming emotion I bestow on this immortal tomb this wreath as a tribute to the hero, to the knight of liberty and democracy, from the messengers of Russia's freedom.

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## SPEECH OF VISCOUNT ISHII, LEADER OF THE JAPANESE WAR MISSION, AUGUST 26, 1917

In the name of my gracious sovereign, the Emperor of Japan, and representing all the liberty-loving people who own his sway, I stand to-day in this sacred presence, not to eulogize the name of Washington, for that were presumption, but to offer the simple tribute of a people's reverence and love.

Washington was an American; but America, great as she is, powerful as she is, certain as she is of her splendid destiny, can lay no exclusive claim to this immortal name. Washington is now a citizen of the world; to-day he belongs to all mankind. And so men come here from the ends of the earth to honor his memory and to reiterate their faith in the principles to which his great life was devoted.

Japan claims entrance to this holy circle. She yields to none in reverence and respect; nor is there any gulf too deep and wide for the hearts and the understandings of her people to cross.

It is fitting then that men who love liberty and justice better than they love life, that men who know what honor is, should seek this shrine and here, in the presence of these sacred ashes, rededicate themselves to the service of humanity.

It is a fitting place, at this time, when all the world is filled with turmoil and suffering, for comrades in a holy cause to gather here and renew their fealty to a righteous purpose, firm in the determination that the struggle must go on until the world is free from menace and aggression.

Japan is proud to place herself beside her noble allies in this high resolve, and here, in the presence of these deathless ashes, she reaffirms her devotion to the cause and the principle for which they wage battle, fully determined to do her whole part in securing for the world the blessings of liberty, justice, and lasting peace.

As the representative of my people, then, I place this wreath upon the tomb of Washington with reverent hands; and in so doing, it is my proud privilege to again pledge my country to those principles of right and justice which have given immortality to the name of Washington.



[Note: The addresses of Hon. Robert Lansing, Secretary of State, and Dr. Molenko Vesnitch, Chairman of the Serbian War Mission, delivered at Mount Vernon on January 6th, were published too late to be included in this number of St. Nicholas, but will appear in the March issue.—Editor.]

# TWO ANECDOTES OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

ONLY a few years ago this magazine had the privilege of publishing, as a year-long serial, the "Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln," by Helen Nicolay, which retold from authentic sources the familiar, marvelous story of this "plain man of the people," who, as Emerson said, "was hurried to the helm in a tornado"; who "for four years of battle-days stood a heroic figure in the center of a heroic epoch"; whose "courage, magnanimity, fertility of resource, and humanity were sorely tried and never found wanting"; who was, in fact, "the true history of the American people in his time." Every school-boy knows, too, that "his heart was as wide as the world, but there was no room in it to hide the memory of a wrong"; and to the countless anecdotes of his simple, good-humored kindliness are here added two incidents that, it is believed, have not before appeared in print. They are merely two more glimpses into the every-day life of this "Matterhorn of men," to whom, as to George Washington, all the world bows in imperishable recognition of his greatness and his deep humanity.

## HOW ABRAHAM LINCOLN HELPED A LITTLE GIRL TO EARN HER MISSIONARY MONEY

BY OLIVE VINCENT MARSH

ONCE upon a time, as all the good fairy-stories begin,—only I must warn you that the fairy in this story was a very big fairy indeed, and very real,—there lived a little girl in a little town in New York State. I know that she was a bright and happy and altogether delightful little girl, because now that she is growing old she is bright and happy and altogether delightful.

She lived with her father and her mother and her brothers in a real, old-fashioned, homey home, where guests liked to come. One of the guests who liked to come was the great Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States. The little girl was always very happy when he came, and she used to like to sit in his lap and talk to him. She called him "Uncle Abe," and he often called her "Sissy," though her real name was Julia.

One time when the President was visiting at Julia's home and the family were all gathered in the sitting-room in the evening, Julia was counting the money in her missionary box, at one end of the table. Mr. Lincoln watched her for a moment and then asked:

"What are you doing over there?"

"I 'm counting my missionary money, Uncle Abe," replied Julia.

Mr. Lincoln put his hand in his pocket and pulled out something and held it toward Julia. Julia drew back her box.

"Oh, no, I can't take that, Uncle Abe," she said earnestly; "I have to *earn* all the money I put in this box."

"That so?" said Mr. Lincoln, thoughtfully, and, making no further comment, he put his hand back into his pocket again.

The next day, when he was ready to start for the train, he said to Julia:

"I wonder if you could n't walk down to the depot with me, Julia?"

"Oh, yes, I 'd love to!" cried Julia, and she ran for her hat.

As they started down the street together, Abraham Lincoln shifted his valise to the other hand. It was an old-fashioned valise with two handles. He looked down from his great height at his little companion.

"Do you suppose," he said, "that you could help me carry my valise? It 's pretty heavy."

Julia was a little surprised, for Mr. Lincoln had never asked her to help him carry his valise before; but she took hold of one of the handles, and they carried it between them all the way to the depot, talking gaily as they went. At the depot the President took the valise and pulled a shining coin out of his pocket, holding it out to the little girl.

"There, Julia," he said, "now you 've earned your missionary money."

Julia was very much surprised, for she had not thought of such a thing as earning money while she was helping her friend carry his valise, but she saw that she really had earned it. Mr. Lincoln had found a way. Her face lighted up as she exclaimed joyfully:

"Oh, *thank* you, Uncle Abe!"

And then he went away on the train, and Julia ran home with the shining coin clutched tight in her hand. She thought it was the very brightest penny she had ever seen, and she hurried to put it into the missionary box, where it would be safe and sound.

The next Sunday at Sunday-school, when the missionary boxes were opened, Julia was called out into another room. There sat the superintendent, and there were her father and one of her brothers, and there on the table was her missionary box. Everybody looked very serious.

"How much money did you have in your missionary box, Julia?" asked the superintendent.

"Eighty-two cents," answered the little girl, without any hesitation.

"I knew it was a mistake. It 's not her box," said her father.

"Are you sure that was all you had? Where did this come from?" she was asked, and she saw the bright penny that the President had given her.

"Oh, that 's the money Uncle Abe gave me!" she answered eagerly. "I earned it helping him carry his valise."

The shining coin was a five-dollar gold-piece, and this is a true story of how Abraham Lincoln helped a little girl to earn her missionary money. I know that it is true because the little girl, who is a little girl no longer, told me the story herself.

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## WHEN THE PRESIDENT "DRAFTED" AN ENGINEER

BY E. W.

One bright morning in May, 1861, before the first advance over Long Bridge into Virginia, young Captain Church, of the Twelfth New York Regiment, was in his hut at Camp Anderson in Washington when a sentinel entered and presented a card reading, "Mr. Abraham Lincoln," with the request that Captain Church would speak with the caller.

Hastily slipping on his accoutrements, he hurried out and found the President sitting alone in his carriage, an open landau, with somber horses and colored coachman. With a kindly smile and outstretched hand, the President greeted him.

"Captain," he said, "two of your relatives who are on General Scott's staff, General Schuyler Hamilton and General Henry Van Rensselaer, tell me you are one of the engineers on the New York waterworks and that you probably know something about a particular kind of pump called the Worthington pump. It has been doing service at the White House. But latterly it has refused



"THEY CARRIED THE VALISE BETWEEN THEM."

to work. It has turned rebel. With no water running I fear sickness in the household.

"None of the plumbers in Washington seems to understand the mechanism. But since you are from New York, I am venturing to hope you may have the required knowledge and will be able to put us in the way of all needed information. Will you come and give us the benefit of your judgment?"

The captain replied that he would follow him at once to the White House, and do his utmost to relieve the situation.

"No, no!" said the President; "come with me in the carriage. Jump in, and we will drive over."

On the way he inquired earnestly concerning the regiment and the New York State military organization, and said that he had seen many of the evening parades of the regiment and considered it as efficient in drill as the regulars. Mr. Lincoln's geniality speedily relieved all natural embarrassment of the young officer, and before the end of the short drive he was wholly at ease and on friendly terms with the President.

They drove up to the rear of the executive mansion and went direct to the pump-room. The captain recognized the pump as one of the Worthington make, known as the reciprocating pump. Its mechanism was of the simplest form, but mysterious to those unacquainted with the principles on which it operated. The lugs of the valve-rod, thrown by an arm on the piston-rod, required nice adjustment. An examination showed that the rods of the bind-screws were worn, allowing them to get out of place.

The captain remarked that with two monkey-wrenches and some thin strips of lead he could himself put it in working order. The tools were brought, and Mr. Lincoln said:

"Take off your coat, Captain."

Wrenches in hand, the President, under the direction of the young officer, fell to work tinkering with the valve-rod and screws. The steam was put on and off for frequent trials until adjustment was finally secured. The President caught the idea readily and displayed considerable mechanical aptitude.

"A little forward on your side, Mr. President. There, there, gently—not too much!" Captain Church would say.

Mr. Lincoln was as sober and earnest as any young journeyman on his first trial, and displayed a corresponding degree of satisfaction when the strokes began to be regular, showing that the pump was beginning to do its work. The President watched it for a while critically, but when it steadily continued, showing that the difficulty had been overcome, he was like a boy who had made a good shot at marbles, and walked about delightedly, waving the monkey-wrench. Putting his hands on the captain's shoulders, he exclaimed:

"Well, we have done what no other two men in Washington could do! Now we have earned a recess. Come with me and we will have a little luncheon all by ourselves!"

The captain urged that his reward was in being of the slightest service to the President and that he must not consume more of his valuable time.

"No, no!" was the reply. "You must obey the commander-in-chief without question until relieved from duty. Come along!"

A pleasant luncheon followed, served in his private room, and gradually the sympathetic, kindly talk of Mr. Lincoln had elicited from the young man almost every incident of his life. It seemed to him, on recalling the incident, that it was not only of himself but of his family and relatives he had been led to speak. What seemed to impress Mr. Lincoln most was his being the grandson of Professor Benjamin Silliman, of Yale College. He knew all about the importance of Professor Silliman's work, of his having been the first strong influence in the country in popularizing science, through interesting the masses by his constant lecture-tours all over the United States.

"So you are the grandson of Professor Silliman—'Uncle Ben' they used to call him?" said Mr. Lincoln.

"Yes," replied the captain, delightedly, "they did."

The tender, thoughtful tone of Mr. Lincoln in uttering these few words completely won the young officer, who adored his grandfather, with whom he had lived from his tenth year to the beginning of his collegiate course.

The luncheon concluded, the captain felt that he must not further detain the President and turned to make his adieux and bow himself out, but Mr. Lincoln said, "Remain a little longer." Then followed another question.

Finally, an orderly announced the carriage. The President took his hat and they went out together. On reaching the front entrance the captain, believing that the President was going on some special business elsewhere, again endeavored to take leave, but Mr. Lincoln said:

"Stop! Stop! Get into the carriage. I must take you back to your quarters—not a word; not a word!"

They drove back to Camp Anderson on Franklin Square, and with renewed thanks and a warm shake of the hand the President was gone.




# SECRETARY McADOO'S THRIFT MESSAGE

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

TO YOUNG AMERICA:

Nations have their childhood and their days of hard lessons just as children do. One hundred and forty years ago, when the first American army marched to battle, our nation was younger among nations than you are among your fathers, your mothers, and their friends. Our army had drummer-boys in those days, real boys of ten and twelve, who marched as bravely and as proudly into cannon fire as General Washington himself. Our nation had little girls who laughed and cheered and loaded muskets for their fathers as they fired through loopholes in their cabin homes when the painted Indians charged to the very doors.

Where many school-houses stand to-day, American boys and girls may have helped to fight and to defeat the enemy when our nation, too, was young.

We are in the greatest war of the world's history, and we must win this war. We can and we shall win if the boys and girls of America say so, and mean it, and feel it, and live it, as the boys and girls of '76 lived and felt and helped.

The nation needs that sort of boys and girls to-day. Not to beat our drums nor to load our muskets, but to start a great work which must be done. It is now the part of boys and girls to give an example of self-denial and sacrifice, to teach fathers and mothers, to teach the grown people of the nation, that we still have in every young heart the spirit of '76, when boys led our soldiers into battle and girls fought beside their fathers at the cabin walls. The lesson is "Thrift"—saving to the point of sacrifice—self-denial of everything unnecessary.

If every boy and girl says at home to-night: "I will fight in this war; I will save every penny and lend it to my Government to help save the lives of the big brothers of America; I will try to teach every American I see to do the same," then twenty million homes, the homes of all America, will be filled with the spirit of '76, the spirit of the drummer-boys, of the brave girls of those days. America will win again, as it has always won, through the splendid strength, courage, and sacrifice in the hearts of youth, that will teach the nation the lesson of saving and serving which it must and will learn through the message which its school-children will carry home.



© Harris & Ewing
SECRETARY McADOO

Through saving your pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters, and buying thrift stamps and then war-savings certificates, you will help your country and its gallant armies to win the war. I know you will help.

W. G. McADOO,
Secretary of the Treasury.

# "W. S. S."—A CHALLENGE TO PATRIOTISM

On the third day of December, 1917, the Government issued to American boys and girls the most important call to patriotic service heard since the war began. On that date the secretary of the treasury placed on sale thrift-stamps and war-savings-certificate stamps to the value of two billion dollars. And upon the capable shoulders of patriotic Young America the Government has laid the major share of the responsibility for the success of that sale.

For those who have been awaiting the final word in patriotic home-service, this is it. Important as Red Cross activity is, participation in the war-savings campaign, both as a buyer and seller of stamps, is more important. Useful as it is to aid in the increase of food-production on farms and in gardens, it is more useful to buy war-savings stamps. Necessary as it is for all of us to save food, it is still more necessary that we save money to invest in these newest Government securities.

As this number of St. Nicholas appears, the war-savings campaign is just catching its full stride. February is the month selected for the great "drive" for war-savers in the public schools. Organization of thrift circles is going on; rewards are offered for conspicuous service in the campaign; special sales-spurts and sprints are being arranged; and in every way the Government is seeking to arouse enthusiasm and to make the campaign interesting to the young.

From such exceptional activity on the part of the Government, young people are apt to gain a wrong impression. They may erroneously infer that the Government is desperately in need of money.

The truth is that in this campaign the money is the Government's secondary consideration. If two billion dollars were the Government's only goal, the Treasury might have sold that many Liberty Bonds in three weeks' time. In selling its war-stamps the Government is avoiding the man who can write a check for one hundred dollars without feeling it. The Government is now asking definitely for the subscriptions of those who have to scrimp and sacrifice in order to get the money to pay for savings-stamps. Much as it needs the two billion, the Government needs the sacrifice more.

In this, as in many other war preparations, we are profiting by the lessons learned by the English in the school of hard experience. It took England eighteen months to learn that this war can be won only by sacrifice; we are encouraging sacrifice almost from the outset of our entry into the war.

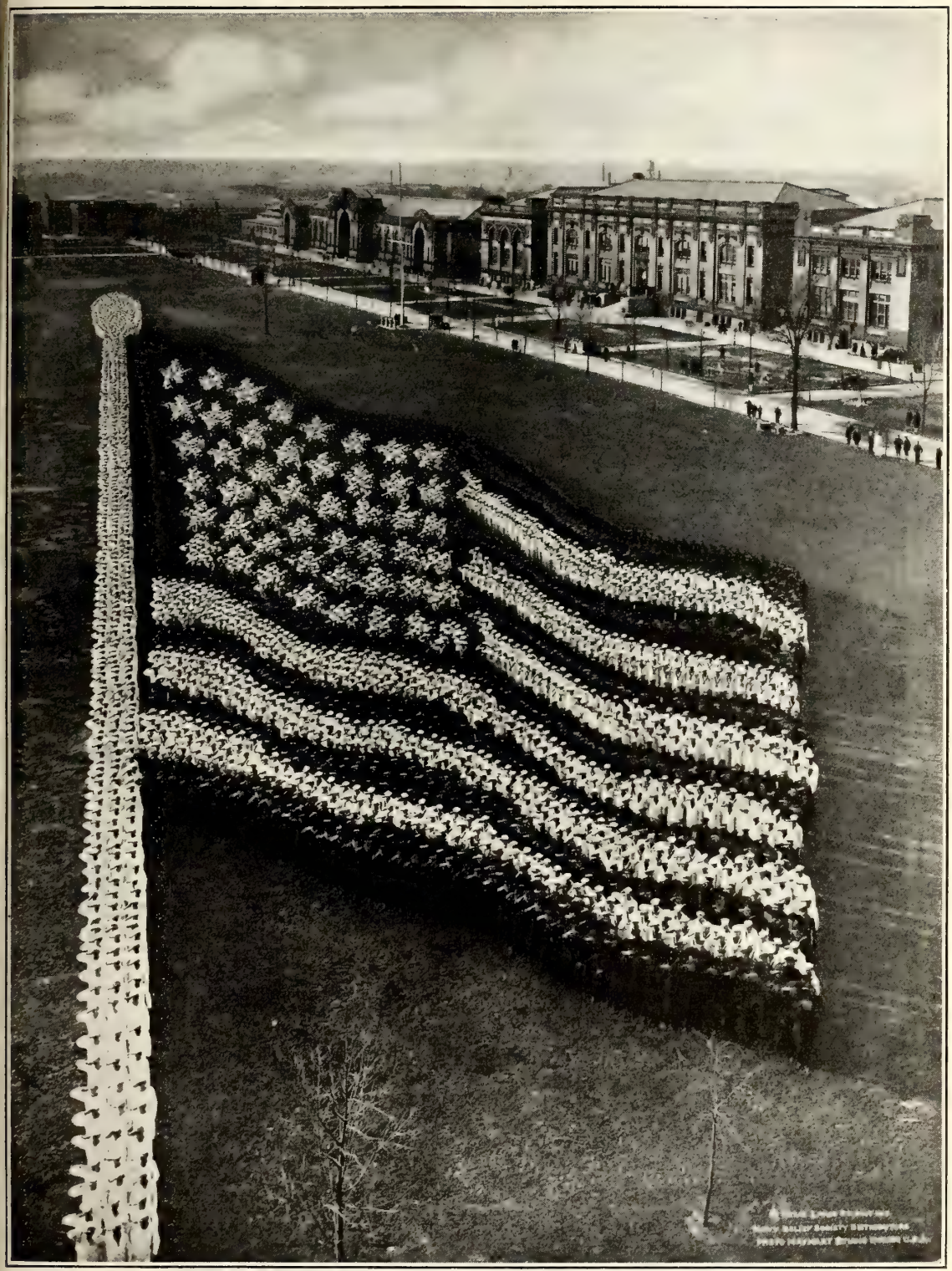
Some time ago the English sent over here a brilliant financier to talk to our bankers about war savings. On one occasion, he was asked how the nations of Europe would pay for the war; and he astonished his hearers by declaring that the war is being paid for as it goes along.

Then he explained: This thing that civilized people call money is after all only a collection of bright coins, tokens, of almost slight value compared with the total value of other things. A nation might have all the gold in the world and still be helpless in a war if it did not possess men and materials for raising armies and equipping them. It could not fortify its borders with gold nor make gold cannon that would stand the shock of firing. Wars are fought with materials and labor, or, as the British say, with "goods and services." These goods and services are being expended now at the rate of tens of millions of dollars of value daily. So the English say that so long as we provide these goods and services we pay for the war as we go along.

This phrase, "goods and services," has become almost as well known in England as "over the top," and "carry on," and other catchwords of the war. It took the English public a long time to realize that, while money and credit might be without limit, there is a definite limit to the quantity of goods in the country and to the services which a country can command.

This is particularly a problem for the United States. The English before the war manufactured vast quantities of goods for export. To meet her early war demands for materials she needed only to turn her export factories into munition factories; and not until later was it necessary for the people to deny themselves.

But here in the United States we have manufactured principally for our own use; that is, we have been using up about all that our factories and our laboring-men could produce. Now we are called upon to send to France for the use of our soldiers there enormous quantities of clothing, munitions, aëroplanes, and other supplies. The machines with which all these requirements must be met are limited in number, and so are the men to run the machines. Meanwhile, we are decreasing the number of these men



A LIVING STARS AND STRIPES MADE BY TEN THOUSAND OF OUR SAILOR-BOYS. (SEE PAGE 382)

by sending, possibly, millions of them to serve in our armies.

One of two results is, therefore, inevitable. Either we must give up many of our normal demands for comforts and luxuries, or we must fail in France—there is no middle ground. If we were a nation of millionaires, every one of us, the same frugalities would be demanded of us. The person who buys an extravagant thing to-day is directly competing with the Government for labor and materials which the Government must have.

In the battle of Jutland the crews of three great British cruisers, almost to a man, went down with their ships without leaving their posts, because of the British naval tradition that a ship should keep firing as long as there is a plank afloat. The last shot from a sinking vessel might turn the tide of battle and even of the war itself.

Such devotion can now be shown by every one. To have your worn shoes half-soled instead of buying new ones may not be so spectacular as it is to drown in a battleship's turret, but it might be just as effective. For the leather thus saved might become part of the harness on the horse that is destined to drag up the American gun for the decisive shot of the decisive battle of the war.

A high commander of the French army was recently describing to an American writer the perfection that is being attained in modern warfare. The perfect battle, which has not yet been fought, will be one in which the attacking force suffers no losses at all, and wins solely by artillery and airplanes. With airplanes directing the fire, the artillery barrage will move steadily forward, destroying everything ahead of it and allowing the invading divisions to advance in security.

"Send us from America a sufficient number of guns and a sufficient number of aëroplanes, and we can go to Berlin without losing a man," said this French officer.

And when the American writer inquired what a sufficient number would be, he was astonished to learn that in the case of both cannon and airplanes it is well within the limits of the building program that the United States has laid out for herself.

So when in the stamp campaign you hear the injunction, "Save money and you save life," you are not hearing a fine-sounding, but empty, sentence, but you are hearing the literal truth. The Government is straining every energy to build in the shortest possible space of time and to ship to Europe the guns and flying-machines that shall bring perfect security to the American soldiers there. Any person whose selfishness competes with the Government's demand for the metal to go into those cannon or the labor that must manufacture the airplanes retards the program just that much and helps to maintain the peril to the American soldiers in France.

"Extravagance costs blood—the blood of heroes," said Mr. Lloyd George in one of his speeches. If the boy who has saved his dimes to buy a new pair of skates sacrifices them this winter, he is adding just a little more to the supply of metal needed by the gun-foundries, and he is releasing from private demand a little more labor to make the gun-building go faster. Nor is this a hardship to the skate manufacturer, because the Government needs his factory, and if the demand for skates falls off, he will be able to manufacture munitions of war.

The war-savings plan has been devised by the Government primarily for the purpose of arousing the thrift spirit of the American public to the point where they will be willing to sacrifice their desires for the sake of saving money. Consequently, the saving plan embraces the most attractive, safe investment ever offered to the people. Where is the banking institution that will pay four per cent. interest on savings and compound that interest quarterly? Yet behind these certificates there is as security the whole wealth of the United States.

No need here to describe the war-savings stamps or the thrift-stamps—doubtless every reader of St. Nicholas is familiar with them. They are everywhere being designated by the initials, W.S.S. The price of a certificate stamp this month—February—is $4.13, and the price continues to increase one penny a month hereafter; but on January 1, 1923, the Government will redeem each stamp at five dollars.

The question, then, that each one will ask himself is, "How many of these stamps should I buy?" and there are some helpful indications along that line. If they are all taken up this year, it will mean striking an average price for the stamps, an average investment of $16.50 for each man, woman, and child in the United States. But all will not buy. The Treasury officials hope that thirty million of our hundred million people can be induced to invest in savings-stamps. That means that among the buyers the average purchase must be close to fifty-five dollars, or the value of thirteen certificate-stamps. The Government hopes to dispose of all of them by midsummer, and earlier if possible. If five million boys and girls will join the savers' movement, as the Government hopes, it will indicate success for the entire sale.

In the Liberty Bond sales the advertisements urged citizens to make their money do double service—earn interest and help the Government at the same time. But the money invested in war-savings stamps does more, for it renders a triple service : it creates an income for the investor; it is cash in the Government's hands for the purchase of war materials ; but most important of all, it represents sacrifice, without which the war cannot be won.

# THE JUNIOR RED CROSS



WORKING FOR THE RED CROSS AT A SCHOOL IN LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

"It is children like these of France just described that you in America can help. They need clothes and food terribly. Most of them have n't had a single new dress or piece of underclothing since the war began, and their old things are in rags. Their mothers patch together tiny pieces of cloth to make dresses, but when the cold weather comes they will suffer unless we help them out. . . .

"Are n't we going to help take care of them? There are twenty-two million school-children in the United States. If every one of these children —you are one of them—started to work for the hungry, ragged children of the countries where our battles are being fought, they need suffer no more. That is why the Junior Membership of the Red Cross was organized—to give you a chance to work for them. Our President Wilson, who is President of the Red Cross as well, has told you in his proclamation to you that this is your part in the war. We all want a part in the war —don't let your chance slip."—From "Story of the Red Cross," published by the Junior Red Cross.

With the first of the new year the Junior Red Cross began exerting a real force in the war life of the nation. Great quantities of supplies were being turned out in the school workrooms, and

the campaign for new junior members was booming. Junior members were doing valiant service, too, in the senior membership campaign.

In Chicago nearly two hundred and fifty school auxiliaries of the Red Cross had been organized. The Chicago Juniors had already made nearly twenty thousand garments for European refugee children and for war victims in Red Cross hospitals, and in addition they had made several hundred sweaters, scarfs, wristlets, socks, helmets, caps, wash-cloths, and bars of soap. The soap was made from fats that might have been wasted otherwise. Miss Justine Clark, the Chicago director of the Junior Red Cross, reported that all of this work was of a "standard beyond criticism."

Here are some other typical activities of Junior Red Cross members: Boys in an up-state school in New York are operating a school lunchroom, turning over the profits to the Red Cross. Three boys in Public School No. 33, New York City, conducted a food sale that took in $5.71 for the Red Cross.

The Massachusetts State Board of Education has endorsed the Junior Red Cross and urged its extension throughout that State, and three hundred schools, public and private, have brought in their complete enrollments. The entire school system of Plainfield, New Jersey, has come in, raising $1683.50 in membership fees to be spent in buying materials for the school workrooms. The Franklin School for Boys, New York, is giving the Red Cross forty-four dollars a month.

The Junior Red Cross Manual, telling exactly what supplies schools can make and how to make them, has now been issued, also an illustrated "Story of the Red Cross." Both are distributed free to junior members by any Red Cross chapter.



A REFUGEE FAMILY ARRIVING AT THE *SECOURS DE GUERRE*.

## SAVE FATS.

February is the month selected by the United States Food Administration for every patriotic citizen to learn the rules for saving fats.

More than most people are aware, the volunteer system of saving food is on trial. Since the last food articles were written for this Department, the world food situation has taken a more serious turn. The predictions made by Mr. Herbert Hoover last summer, after the preliminary survey, are now seen to have been too optimistic.

The harvests of the western Allies have proved to be smaller than we had expected. The full extent of the destruction wrought by the German submarines had not been reckoned in. The friendly neutral countries must have more food from us than we had counted upon giving them.

The result is that the voluntary self-denial of the great American appetite is all that stands between our comrades in Europe and starvation.

We have now exported the entire surplus of our 1917 wheat crop. Every peck of wheat and pound of flour that now departs from our shores is a subtraction from the quantity we usually eat. Every pound now represents self-denial. It is the supreme test for the volunteer short ration.

What is true of wheat is almost equally true of other important food products. In effect, it is true of fats. We are shipping large quantities of fats to the Allies, but their hunger, the actual need of the bodies of their citizens, is clamoring for twenty-five per cent. more fat than we are sending.

The only answer to that pitiful appeal is self-denial on the part of Americans; not an arduous sacrifice, for we Americans eat at least three times as much fat as we need for perfect health, but a curtailment that will work hardship to none yet will avert the miseries that result when a serious fat shortage falls upon a large population.

In those happier days, before the war began, before we realized that there are limits to those things that sustain life and bring it comfort, how many of us would have ranked fat as a major food? Fat seems to be such an incidental thing —the butter that goes on bread, the breakfast bacon appetizer, an invisible, but essential, element of pie crust.

Yet when the war came, the human family soon saw with its own eyes that it could not live without fats. The cruelest effects of famine are seen in regions where there are not enough fats. In Belgium it is said that more than half the children are now suffering from disorders due to under nourishment, and other thousands, their resistance lowered, succumb to fierce epidemics of diseases normally held in check. The lack of fats is primarily responsible for this suffering.

The eating of fat does not create excess fat in the human body, as most people suppose. Fat builds tissue and strength. It is fuel in the most compact form in which the body can receive it.

The shortage in fats in Europe occurred al-




A FOOD ADMINISTRATION POSTER.

most simultaneously with the outbreak of the war. Because of the lack of fodder and feeds, it became necessary for all the belligerent countries to slaughter their meat animals in large numbers. England found that it takes four acres of grain and fodder fed to meat animals to produce as much human food as one acre produces in




A POSTER FOR THE FAT-SAVING CAMPAIGN.

vegetables. So Europe chose the more efficient course, and relied upon importations for her fats. The burden of supplying those fats to the Allies fell largely upon the United States.

Now there is probably no shortage at all of fats in this country. As this is written a survey is being made to determine that point. At any rate, the Food Administration in urging us to save fats for the Allies is not asking us to carry sacrifice to the point of injury, for it is one of our first concerns to keep up the national vitality.

"Do not limit the supplies of milk and table butter," says the Food Administration, "but consume it all. Don't waste any."

These fats that we need come from two sources: from animals and from vegetables. The vegetable fats—olive-oil, peanut oil, cotton-seed oil, and the like—lack certain qualities necessary for growth, qualities that the animal fats—butter, cream, lard, bacon, and margarine—contain. So while we may substitute vegetable fats for animal in large part, we cannot do so altogether.

The German fat ration is now only a pound and a quarter a month. The English consumption of fat amounts to slightly more than two pounds a month for each person. We now eat nearly three and a half pounds of fat a month. We could easily cut this half a pound for each person, leaving plenty for ourselves and providing an abundance for Europe. The Food Administration is offering many suggestions for cutting down the individual use of fats, some of which follow:

Observe porkless day on Saturday in addition to meatless day Tuesday.

Broil, bake, or roast meat instead of frying.

Serve butter or oleomargarine on the table, with plenty of milk for young children.

Omit rich pastries and cakes. Substitute vegetable fats for animal fats in cooking. Save fats trimmed from meat and use them in cooking.

# The Joyous Travelers.

## Verses by Emilie Poulsson and stories by Maud Lindsay.

## The Squire's Lady.



THE Squire's Lady was a gentle dame,
Sweet-faced and quiet; but she soon became
Like mother to that motley company,
The Joyous Travelers.
Not seldom she
The pale-faced Scholar would persuade to eat,
By toothsome pasty, or choice bit of meat,
Because he studied overmuch, she feared.
That timid one, the Aunt, she often cheered.
The two Young Maidens, by her watchful care,
An added wrap in chill or damp would wear.
The Young Lord, who was wasteful with his gold,
Received her counsel wise.
To young and old
She ministered. Naught pleased her kind heart more
Than thus in deeds its kindness to outpour.
What marvel was it that, ere many days,
All gave the Squire's Lady love and praise?

So when her tale she told they drew a-near,
As eager as her Little Son to hear
What this loved Lady had a mind to tell.
No word of hers could fail to please them well.

## The Three Sons.

### The Story told by the Squire's Lady.

THERE was once upon a time a mother who had three sons; and which of them she loved best she could not have told you.

When she looked on the oldest she thought he was the bonniest lad the sun ever shone upon. When she looked on the youngest she declared that his like was not to be found in the Three Kingdoms. And as for the son who came between the oldest and the youngest, to see him was the delight of her eyes.

The three sons were as unlike as fire and earth and water. The oldest was a loud, merry fellow. When he was in the house it was like living with the North Wind; but when he was out of it the whole place was empty—so his mother said.

The youngest son made no more noise than a mouse. You would never have known that he was in the house; but if he were gone for an hour, his mother said, "How long he has been!"

And as for the one who came between the oldest and the youngest, he was neither noisy or quiet, but just the most companionable lad in the world, his mother said, and the handiest. Nothing went right on the place unless he was there.

These are the things the mother said about the sons when they were young and still about her knee; and she said the same things when they had grown to be old enough to seek their fortunes.

They went by very different roads, the three sons, though each of them desired to go to the same place, and that place the City of the Shining Treasure, where fortunes might be found in plenty, it was told.

The oldest son felt very sure that the only road on which to travel was the one that led over the

mountain-tops. "The way is steep, but who is afraid of a little climbing?" said he; and he cut himself a stout staff and tramped away.

There were few travelers on this mountain road, and he was oftener alone than in company. But he was never lonely, for the wind whistled through the trees like a merry comrade, and the sun was brighter on the mountain-top than in the valley, or so he thought; and at night the stars were close to him, so close that it almost seemed as if he could touch them.

And though there were yawning chasms and perilous precipices along the way, he won free of all, and in good time reached the City of the Shining Treasure, and went in at the gate.

The youngest son was certain that the woodland road was the one that led to the goal of his desire, and he went that way. Nor did he lack for company, for, though he saw few travelers, the woodland folk—foxes and deer and soft-eyed fawns—were his companions. And as for the wolves and bears that lurked in the shadows, he withstood them all and came out safely beyond the wood to the City of the Shining Treasure and entered in.

The son that came between the oldest and the youngest chose the valley road, which wound on and on, passing by pleasant little wayside cottages set in fair gardens and stately castles covered with ivy.

And he was never alone. Peddlers with packs, jongleurs with songs, farmers with wheat, mothers with babes, old men with staffs, urchins with goats, maidens with spindles, shepherds with sheep—all of them traveled that way; and he was a friend with every one.



"WHICH OF THEM SHE LOVED THE BEST SHE COULD NOT HAVE TOLD YOU."

And what with helping one with his pack and another with his lambs, he was a longer time upon the way than his brothers had been, as often happens to one who travels with a crowd. But by and by he, too, came to the end of the road, and found himself at the gate of the City of the Shining Treasure; for there are more roads than one to that wondrous place.

The three sons did not meet in the City, which was not so strange as it may seem, for each was there to seek and find the Treasure of which the City was said to be full. And just as they had come by different roads, so they went about in very different ways to gain their hearts' desire.



"THE SON WHO CAME BETWEEN WAS A FRIEND TO EVERY ONE."

The oldest son was no sooner in the City than every one knew he was there and why he had come; and presently the Lord Mayor sent for him.



"THE YOUNGEST SON, WITH SHOVEL AND PICK."

"On the topmost pinnacle of the City's towers is the nest of a hawk that harries our poultry and gives us no peace. And I have promised to fill the nest with treasure for him who brings it to me. But none have dared to climb so high," said he.

"Oh, I am used to climbing," said the oldest son; and he mounted to the pinnacle, rid the people of the pest, and won the treasure while others were talking about it.

And no sooner were his pockets full than he started for home. But before he went he bought a present for his mother; and the present was a jewel, as clear and as blue as a summer's sky, for her to wear in her hair.

The youngest son dug in the earth with shovel and pick for his treasure. He worked long hours, like other laborers, and his hands grew hard and his back bent with toil. But by and by he found the treasure, and then those things were of little matter.

"Now I shall go home with my pockets full," he thought. But before he went he bought a present for his mother; and his present was a pair of shoes, made of finest leather, for her little feet.

The son who came between the oldest and the youngest neither climbed nor dug for his treasure. He earned it little by little in the midst of the great city, where he was soon as busy and as helpful as he had been upon the road. It was scarcely so much as a pocket full that he got; but he was content, which is as good as having a fortune. And as he followed his homeward way he plucked a nosegay of early flowers to take to his mother.

Now, all the while the sons were seeking the treasure, the mother was at home thinking of them. There was nothing she could do—bake a pudding for Sunday dinner, feed the chickens in the barn-yard, or listen to the pigeons cooing on the roof—that did not remind her of them. And the more she thought of them, the more she wished they were home again.



"PRESENTLY THE LORD MAYOR SENT FOR HIM."

And one night, as she sat by the window watching the stars and thinking of the lads, there came a loud knock at the door. And when she opened it there stood the oldest son, brown with the wind and ruddy with the sun, with his fortune in his pockets and his present in his hand.

"My eyes have been aching for the sight of you since the day you were gone!" cried the mother. And as for the present, it was just what she wanted. If the fairies themselves had asked what she most desired, she said, she would have chosen a jewel for her hair; and nothing would do but that she must fasten it there.

While she was doing this there came at the door a soft little tap; and when she hastened to answer it there stood the youngest son in a workman's smock, with his fortune in his pockets and his present in his hand.

"There has never been a moment while you were away that I have not wished you back," said his mother. And as for the present, it was just what she wanted. Never were such shoes before!

"The elves must have stolen my shoe-last for the fitting!" said she; for nothing would do but that she must put the shoes on.

And while she was doing this the door opened and in walked the son who came between the oldest and the youngest.

"Now everything will go well with us!" cried his mother. "You must mend the latch the first thing in the morn, and look to the kitchen chimney before another day goes by."

"And what have you brought me?" said she.

"The flowers of the May to wear on your breast," said the son who came between the oldest and the youngest; and there was no need for her to tell him they were just what she wanted. He saw that for himself as he fastened them in her dress.

"You are bonny lads, the three of you!" said she, as they sat together on the door-stone to watch the stars.

But which of the three she loved the best she could not have told you.

# SKEETER

By

OSCAR LEWIS



It was nearing the end of the long summer twilight, and the basket-ball team at Fenton Park had been forced to call their practice game on account of darkness. Several of the boys still lingered behind on the turf court at one corner of the little playground for a few moments of field-goal practice before changing their clothes at the club-house and hastening home.

In the group was Tom Kane, captain of Fenton Park's team, who played center, and Harry Fuller, one of the forwards. Both the guards were present also, and several members of the second team.

And, of course, little "Skeeter" Hall was there, too. One could always depend upon finding "Skeet" on the basket-ball court as long as any one else remained. It had even been rumored that he sometimes stayed behind after all the others had left, practising free throws and field goals and dribbling rushes—particularly dribbling rushes; they were Skeeter's specialty. Sometimes it would be quite dark before he returned to the little club-house at the far end of the grounds, walking slowly and reluctantly and dribbling the ball before him as he came down the path. Skeeter liked the game, there could be no doubt about that.

It was a real misfortune that Skeeter was so outrageously small; every one of the boys at Fenton Park agreed to that, for they wanted him on the team. He was so serious, and so good-natured, and so vitally interested in everything. But the chief reason why they wanted him on the team was because he was such a whirlwind of a player,—"a regular untamed wildcat when he gets hold of the ball," Mr. Wirt, their young physical director and coach, had once said.

Fenton Park needed good players that season, too, which made them regret Skeeter's ridiculous size all the more. In the series of games for the championship trophy offered by the playground commission, little Fenton Park, the smallest and most recently established of the city's playgrounds, had battled itself into the semi-finals, winning the five preliminary games without a single reverse. But as the race had narrowed down and the less expert teams were eliminated, each succeeding victory had been harder won. The score at the end of each game became closer, and several times Fenton Park had managed to make their winning goal only in the last few minutes of play.

The Saturday before they had played the semi-final with the team from big Mosswood Park, in Piedmont. They had seemed hopelessly outclassed at the end of the first half, but had come back in the second, playing so desperately as to even the score. And then, in the last half-minute of play, Tom Kane had thrown a brilliant field-goal halfway across the court, which had won them the game and the right to compete a week later in the final test for the championship trophy.

They were discussing their chances of winning this deciding game as they stood there in the twilight that evening, ranged in a semicircle about one of the goals, each in turn tossing the ball through the iron circle above.

"Lakeside Park has a 'gym,' which gives their team an inside court to practise on," Mr. Wirt was saying, glancing at the same time about the flat, treeless little area of their own park, and at the bare factory walls that rose up on three sides. "That, of course, is an advantage to them. Then, too, their team practises a couple of hours each afternoon, whereas most of you fellows work till five o'clock, and we are lucky to get in an hour an evening before darkness comes along and shuts us off. All of which," added the coach, with a smile, "gives us one very marked advantage over them: we realize our limitations, and we won't go into the game over-confident."

"Small chance of over-confidence on our side," agreed Tom Kane. "All we have to do in order to cure ourselves of that is to remember those two guards on the Lakeside team. Just look at their record this season! Not a single team has scored more than six points on them. Lakeside claims to play a perfect defensive game, and I

guess they 're right. And—well, a team must score points in order to win!"

"Those Lakeside guards are wonders," admitted the coach. "Our forwards will have a hard time; that seems certain. Still, we 'll do the best we can; I 'm sure of that. And no team can do more."

The captain's gaze roved about the group and fell upon the deeply interested face of Skeeter Hall in the background. "Too bad we can't turn Skeet loose on those Lakeside guards," he said, regretfully.

Every one turned smilingly to the little "sub," who grinned good-naturedly and shifted his weight from one foot to the other.

"Why don't you weigh twenty-five pounds more, Skeet?" demanded Tom. "If you did, we would feel a lot more confident about next Saturday's game. But you're too light. Those guards would carry you around under one arm, and you would n't have a chance to get your hands on the ball.".

"I guess you 're right, Tom," said Skeeter, regretfully. His tone was exaggeratedly solemn as he spoke, and his face showed not a flicker of the amusement they all knew was behind it. Every one broke into a laugh.

"You 're all right, Skeet, even if there is so little of you," said some one. "You will be big enough next season, and then we 'll win the trophy sure."

"Better run in now, fellows, and have your shower," broke in the coach at this point. "You might catch cold standing out here."

The group started off at a run toward the club-house, and the coach followed more slowly, carrying the ball under his arm. He had not gone far when he heard some one at his side. He turned and saw that it was Sherman (or "Skeeter") Hall.

"What 's the matter, Sherman?" he asked. "Why don't you go in and dress?"

"May I have the ball for a while longer, Mr. Wirt? I 'll lock it up when I get through, so you won't have to wait. I 'd like to practise a little longer."

"But it 's almost dark."

"I know. But I 've an idea and I want to try it out, if you don't mind."

"Of course I don't mind, Sherman," returned the coach. "Here 's the ball; practise as long as you like."

But after Skeeter had thanked him and rushed back to the deserted court, the coach stood for several moments looking after him through the twilight. "Now, I wonder what he is up to this time?" he mused, as he turned finally and continued on his way to the club-house.

The coach had occasion to ask himself that question many times during the days that followed, and not he alone, but every one in the park, was puzzled to account for Skeeter's new and mysterious activity.

"It seems that Skeet just about lives on the basket-ball court these days," Harry Fuller said one afternoon toward the end of the week. "Wonder what he 's up to?"

"I happened to pass here this morning," put in another, "and Skeet was out on the court, so I stopped and watched. Do you know what he was practising? Dribbling rushes; nothing else at all. He just ran steadily up and down the court dribbling the ball before him, bouncing it up and down on the ground with his hand, you know. But he did n't run in a straight line; he was forever zigzagging back and forth and darting off suddenly in all sorts of unexpected directions. You all know how quick he is, like a flash. And always he wound up at the end of the court with a quick shoot for the goal. He made the goal, too, every time. Funny, was n't it?"

"Yes; he has something up his sleeve, sure."

But Skeeter himself seemed in no hurry to solve the mystery, for he always evaded their questions, dismissing the matter as of no consequence, and it was not until a few minutes before the start of the big game with Lakeside that he made known the plan upon which he had spent so many hours.

The game was to be played on the court at Lakeside's big "gym," and the Fenton Park team were in their dressing-room just off the crowded main floor, waiting to be called out for their preliminary practice, when Tom Kane felt a hand placed hesitatingly on his shoulder. He found the serious, excited face of Skeeter Hall looking up at him.

"What 's the matter, Skeet?" asked Tom.

"I—I," began the other, glancing about nervously. "Suppose we go over to that bench in the corner. I 've something to tell you, and it 's important."

"All right, Skeet, fire away," encouraged Tom, when they had reached the bench, wondering at the same time what had so excited the little "sub," for Skeeter was usually calm under all circumstances.

"It 's—it 's going to be a hard game, I suppose," he began, and then paused, hesitating.

"Yes, of course it 's going to be a hard game," agreed Tom. "But see here, Skeet, that 's not what you dragged me over here to say. You 've something on your mind; now out with it!"

Skeeter broke into an embarrassed grin. "Well, you admit that the game is going to be a hard one,

Tom," he began slowly. "And—well, the score may go against us, you know, and—and if it does I—I—well," he finished finally, "if we 're behind, I want you to let me play guard for the last five minutes."

Tom hesitated at this unexpected request, and Skeeter hurried on, his eyes fairly sparkling with excitement and earnestness.

"I have a scheme, Tom, and I think it will work against Lakeside. Anyhow, if we are losing, it can't make much difference if I go in for a few minutes at the end, can it? My plan may win the game. It 's a good idea, and I 've spent quite a lot of time trying to get it as perfect as I can, and—well, what do you say, Tom?"

At that moment the coach's head appeared in the door and his voice came across to them. "All right, fellows," he called, throwing open the door that led out upon the court. "It 's time to warm up now. The game starts in five minutes!"

Tom rose to his feet. "You 're mighty careful to keep this idea all to yourself," he laughed down at his companion as they started for the door. "And—and—" he hesitated, "well, all right, Skeet, I promise. If things are going against us toward the last, I 'll put you in."

The game was to be a hard-fought one, that was evident from the first toss-up. For a full ten minutes neither side scored. In spite of their widely different methods of play, the teams were very evenly matched. Fenton Park, lacking the thorough preliminary training of their opponents, played a more "ragged" game; their passing was less sure, and their combination plays often were broken up before they were well started. The Lakeside team, on the other hand, intent upon their cautious, scientific game, lost much of the spontaneous dash and enthusiasm that distinguished Fenton Park's play.

Although for some time neither side was able to score, the game was by no means lacking in thrills, and from the crowd about the side of the court and in the gallery overhead came continuous bursts of cheers and applause as the ball, hovering perilously about one or the other of the goals, was captured finally by the guards and sent flying back to the center of the court.

But as the game advanced, little Skeeter Hall, sitting on a bench at one end of the court with several other substitutes, saw that the play returned with increasing frequency to threaten Fenton Park's goal. A dozen times the vigilant guards sent it flying back down the court, only to have it return slowly but steadily after a moment. And then, suddenly, Lakeside scored twice; one after the other. Several minutes later their center threw a long field-goal, making the score 6 to 0, in their favor. And then, after a struggle lasting nearly five minutes during which the ball never left Fenton Park's territory, Lakeside scored yet again and the half ended, 8 to 0.

"It 's those guards," said Harry Fuller, Fenton Park's star forward, while the team was resting in the dressing-room between halves. "They seem to be on all sides of a fellow at once. You can't even pass the ball, let alone try for a goal!"

The second half continued much as had the first. Fenton Park, playing desperately, managed to prevent their opponents from increasing their lead, but not once were they able to score for themselves. Always when they threatened Lakeside's territory, the two opposing guards intervened and sent the ball snapping across from player to player down the court and out of danger. Fenton Park was awarded a free throw, when the game was three quarters over, for some minor breach of rules by their opponents. Tom Kane threw the goal from the foul-line and scored Fenton Park's lone point.

The game continued for five minutes more, desperately contested, but without further scoring, and then suddenly Fenton Park's captain called for time out to make a change in line-up.

"All right, Skeet," he called briefly across the hall; and with an eager bound the little "sub" had left the bench and sought his place.

The play went on without noticeable change. The ball at the moment was in the vicinity of Lakeside's goal, but Skeeter, waiting eagerly at the other end of the court, knew that it would remain there only a short time. He was not mistaken, for soon a passing rush got under way and the ball came sweeping down toward Fenton Park's goal. An instant more, and Skeet at last was in the midst of the play.

Not more than three seconds later an astonishing thing began to happen. There had been a series of short and rapid passes before Fenton Park's goal, and then suddenly a small and surprisingly active figure detached itself from the group. It was Skeeter Hall, and he was in possession of the ball, dribbling it along skilfully before him with one hand.

"All right, Skeet,—pass!" came Tom's voice near by, for it is not the business of the guard to advance the ball far from the goal that he is guarding. "Get the ball clear, and then pass it," is the standing order that guards are supposed to bear in mind.

But Skeeter, it was clear, intended obeying no such precedent. He made no attempt to pass the ball; instead, he continued his dribbling rush straight down the field. For an instant the opposing players were taken by surprise at these new

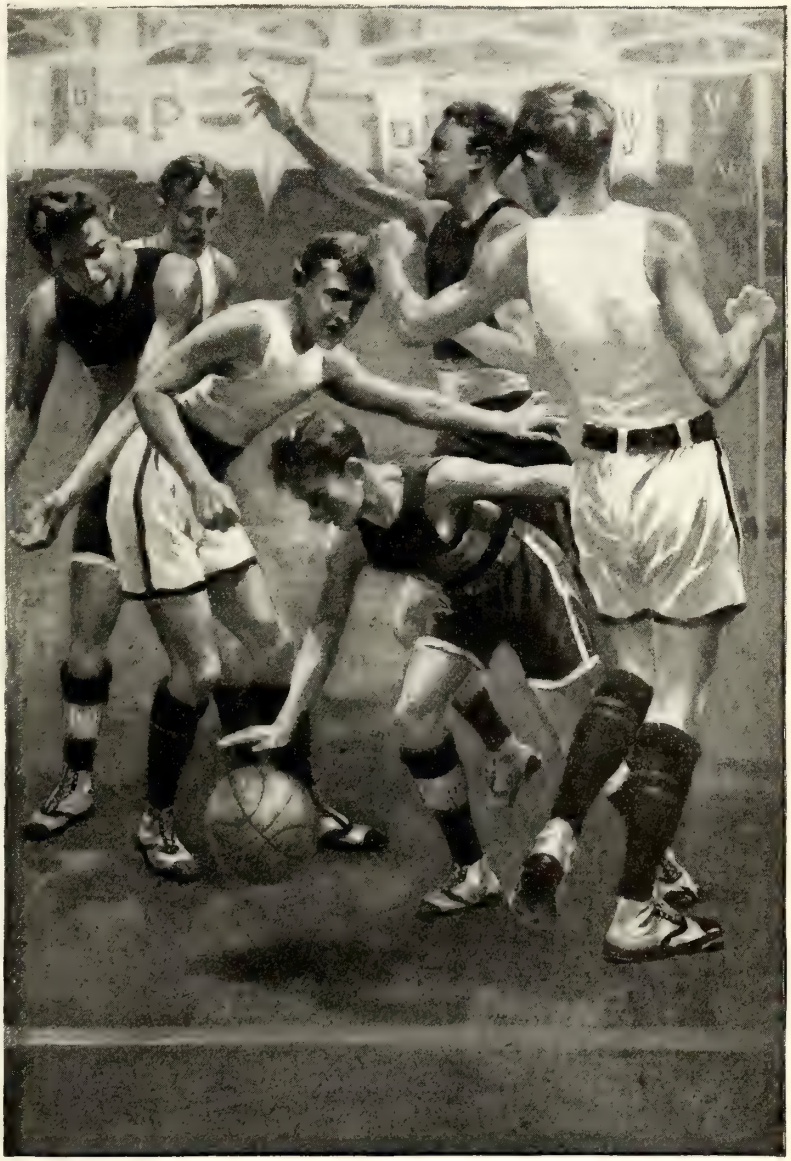
tactics, and then the Lakeside center shot across the court to intercept him. He reached the spot; extended his hands for the ball. But on the instant that his fingers were beginning to close upon it, Skeeter's palm descended sharply upon the leather surface and the ball bounded lightly to one side. Another quick sweep with his hand brought it back in its course again, and Skeeter, having made a neat and lightning detour around the astonished Lakeside player, continued swiftly down the length of the court.

A second player, one of the formidable Lakeside guards, shot across toward him. Skeeter advanced straight ahead until the other had reached his very side; then, at the last instant, unexpectedly shot the ball off at a right angle. With a lightning squirm he slid under the other's outstretched arm, and the next instant a roar of spontaneous applause shook the building as Skeet, balancing the ball on a high bound with his right hand, shot it aloft and directly through the basket.

"Great work!" said Tom, clapping Skeeter briefly on the shoulder as the teams reformed for the toss-up. "Play fast—only four minutes more!"

Skeeter played fast. Ten seconds later he again had the ball in his possession. Once more he darted forth upon his astonishing zigzag course down the hall, dribbling the ball before him with superlative speed and skill. Again he shot by the opposing players with his lightning dodges, and again the rush ended with a swift toss aloft and a perfect goal.

"Score eight to five; three and a half minutes to play," announced some one on the side-lines above the uproar, as the teams reformed on the court. But by this time Lakeside had readjusted its play to this unusual mode of attack. "Keep the ball away from him," was the word that passed among them. "Watch him, everybody; don't let him get near it! Watch him!"



"THE LITTLE GUARD WAS OFF, DRIBBLING THE BALL AHEAD OF HIM WITH ONE HAND."

Thereafter Lakeside kept the ball in the center of the court, and it was a full three minutes before one of the Fenton Park players managed to get possession of it. Instantly he shot it across to Skeeter, and like a flash the little guard was off down the court, dribbling the ball ahead of him with one hand, dodging, twisting and squirm-

ing. His wonderful natural speed, together with the sureness and ease in handling the ball that his long hours of practice had given him, enabled him to elude the desperate attempts that Lakeside made to stay his progress. Again the ball soared aloft before Lakeside's goal. It struck the wall behind the basket, bounced down upon the circular rim itself, wavered an instant, and then fell —inside!

"Seven to eight, favor of Lakeside!" shouted the scorer, as the teams hastily formed for the toss-up. On the bench beside him the timekeeper, eyes on his watch, drew a nickel-plated whistle from his pocket and held it ready.

The ball shot up between the opposing centers. Tom gave Skeeter the signal that he was going to attempt to knock the ball across into his hands. Skeeter nodded, and, as the ball descended, Tom jumped high in the air and shot it across into his team-mate's waiting hands. The play had succeeded, and Skeeter was off like a flash. But when he had advanced two thirds down the court, something caused him to glance hastily at the timekeeper on the side-lines across the hall, and he saw that the other was just about to raise the whistle to his lips.

There would be no time to finish his dribbling rush; Skeeter realized that instantly. Tom Kane at the moment was abreast of him, running in the same direction. Like a flash Skeeter chucked the ball across into his hands.

"Shoot!" he said, tensely.

The captain understood. He came to a sudden stop, poised the ball at arm's length for a second, and then, just as the opposing center bore down upon him, hurled it forward. The ball sped high over the players' heads, describing a long and graceful semicircle in the air.

The timekeeper's whistle blew sharp and shrilly, telling that the game was over. But the ball had ended its flight an instant before, falling directly into the center of the basket; a perfect field-goal!

"Nine to eight," announced the scorer, in the instant of silence that followed. "Fenton Park's game!"




"GOOD MORNING. PLEASE, HAS OUR ST. NICHOLAS COME YET?"

# CINDERELLA'S GRANDDAUGHTER

BY BETH B. GILCHRIST

## Chapter VI

### THE CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE

"I do think Elise might go a little more into detail," grumbled Dorothea, as she read her morning mail in bed. "The twins have n't had any adventures lately with Mrs. Sykes's cat, and Mrs. Jenkins has quite forgiven them for the ruin of her pet flower-bed. That 's all Lisa's letter amounts to. Oh, yes, she manages to keep busy, and Father and Jim are well. What *are* the twins doing? Not sitting still twirling their thumbs, *I* know. Elise's letters have been growing shorter and shorter for a week now, and this is positively, as Jim would say, the limit. If she thinks she can put me off that way," an elder-sisterly frown wrinkled Dorothea's forehead, "she will just have to find out I won't stand it. I'll write and give her a good scolding to-morrow."

The girl pushed her letters out of the way and lifted her arms in a long, luxurious stretch. To-morrow! How odd it felt to realize that when she should write the letter, the dance, *her* dance, would be over. Only one little round of twenty-four hours, and the Mecca of so many thoughts and hopes and dreams would be—a memory. It gave her for a minute a queer, discouraged, unhappy feeling to think of it. How busy people were getting things done, just done, that was all.

"But it is n't all," said Dorothea's common sense, waking up. "It is how you do things that matters. Oh, I have had the best time this month! I would n't change a minute of it, even to lengthen some of them out. It 's too perfect. But it would be rather fun if you could sometimes take a tuck in a day that you did n't especially like and put the fullness into one that you *did* like."

She thumped the pillow into more comfortable shape under her head and smiled to herself at the whimsicality of the idea.

"I 'd put a piece in to-night," she thought. "I 'd make the hours twice as long. They 'll just fly. That is the way they always do when I 'm having an especially good time. Never mind, I guess I 'd better not try to improve on the universe. Would n't time get in a mess if everybody ran a clock of his own!"

For a minute she amused herself picturing the tangle that would follow if people could lengthen and shorten their hours at will. Then her thoughts returned happily to the dance.

"I don't know myself which dress I am going to wear," she told the right-hand pineapple on the foot-board. "I probably sha'n't decide till I get ready to put it on. So how could I tell Marjorie? I wonder what she wanted to know for." Alone and unobserved, Dorothea blushed. "Jerry, probably. I expect he told Marje to find out what color I was to wear so he could send me flowers. I 'm not asleep, Marie. Just luxuriating. Is it fearfully late?"

"Indeed, no, Mees Dorothea. But a quarter before nine. Madame asks, before Mademoiselle slips on the dress, will she have the goodness to come to madame's room for a minute?"

"I 'll be there before the clock strikes."

"It is not to hurry, Mademoiselle. Madame said particularly it is not to hurry."

"How can I help it," thought the girl, "when Aunt Ida wants me? Even if my mind said, 'Be slow,' my fingers would hurry.

"Oh, it 's another lovely day," running to a window. "I was so afraid last night that it would rain. It did n't seem as though I could endure rain on the day of my dance."

Slipping through the hall in pink negligée and slippers, punctually to the minute of nine, Dorothea paused at the head of the big staircase. The house in all its immaculate morning cleanliness lay beneath her. To her happy imagination it seemed waiting, expectant of the evening's event. In a few hours, now, it would be in the hands of the decorators, putting on its gala dress. The girl slanted her head a bit, half shut her eyes, and pictured the roses climbing up the stairs. Pink roses, Aunt Ida had told the decorator, pink roses everywhere. It almost seemed a pity to go off on a picnic and leave the roses to take their stations unobserved. Her heart pounded a little as she opened Mrs. Wright's door.

"Good morning. Is n't it the most wonderful magic to have another such day? I am all out of breath with excitement."

"So I see." The beautiful warm hands cupped her face and lifted it for a kiss. "And the reason is—"

"Only my thoughts. Thoughts are almost the excitingest things that can happen sometimes."

"Quite the excitingest."

"Not in a magic month. What really happens is the most exciting then."

"Perhaps you are right—at your age. Marie and I want to see how this will fit."

Then Dorothea noticed on the low couch a box bearing a famous metropolitan name, a box overflowing with tissue-paper, and, among the tissue folds, glimpses of something lustrous and lacy and diaphanous.

"A dress?" she gasped. "Another dress? Not for me!"

"For the ball," reproved Aunt Ida. "Most certainly for you. What did you think you were going to wear?"

"My rose-pink or my white or the yellow or—"

"Not one of them is prettier than this." Mrs. Wright plucked the shimmering thing from its tissue retreat and held it up.

"Oh!" cried Dorothea. "Oh, the—*beauty!*"

"The test of that is in the trying-on. We will hope so. Ready, Marie." She tossed the gown into the maid's arms. "Come away from in front of that mirror, Dorothea."

Obediently the girl side-stepped. In a dream she dropped her negligée. In a dream she felt Marie's fingers hooking, buttoning, coaxing into place.

"It looks good enough to eat," she said.

"I would n't do that—not until after to-night," suggested her hostess. "A little more to the left, Marie. That 's right—no farther. Now the other side."

Marie on her knees snipped and pinned and patted. Dorothea revolved docilely. From her chair Mrs. Wright criticized and corrected.

"I think that will do," said Aunt Ida, at last. "Very good, it seems to me. See what you think, Dorothea."

The girl turned toward the big pier-glass. Though she had had many surprises in the past three weeks, each fresh one never failed to take her unaware. With a closet full of gowns, it had not occurred to her even to dream of a new one for her dance. Now she stood and gazed with ecstatic, dilated eyes.

"Oh, Aunt Ida! I never, *never* saw such a lovely dress in all my life!"

"*Parfait!*" Marie was murmuring in the background. "But, yes, of a perfectness absolute. With that skin, those eyes—"

Dorothea wheeled and, running to Mrs. Wright, stood on tiptoe and put both hands on her shoulders. "You wonderful, wonderful woman! You have n't forgotten exactly how it feels to be a girl."

"I hope not," said that lady, cheerfully. "I certainly hope not. And I 'll tell you why, my dear. It 's a secret, so listen close. Inside, I feel about eighteen this minute."

Dorothea laughed and hugged her, careless of the beautiful gown. "Oh, I knew that myself. It must be why I love you so much, because we are just the same age."

So the two stood for a moment, clinging together, the girl in boudoir-slippers and the simple exquisite gown, the tall, stately woman of the world in her morning white.

"Now run along, dear, and get ready for the picnic."

Dorothea ran, with a heart as light as thistledown.

"Aunt Ida is too good to me," she thought, as she buttoned herself into her skirt. "A regular fairy godmother, that 's what she is, only nicer than any fairy godmother that was ever imagined. Oh, what a story to tell the twins!"

Sentences began to shape themselves in her brain: "Then Cinderella's granddaughter went into the room and there lay—what do you think? The most beautiful dress that was ever imagined—you never saw such a dress, twinnies,—all ready for the ball! Instead of waving her wand, which is n't done now at all in the best fairy circles,—"

Instinctively her eyes went to the rosewood desk. But no, it would n't do to yield to the temptation of writing the twins now. Just as good sentences would come later, or, if they did n't, some that would serve. To-morrow she would write it all out, from beginning to end, the wonderful chapter of the ball. She smiled a little as she thought how the twins would look when Elise read it to them; how big and shining their eyes would grow as they listened. Now the picnic was in hand, and though the little girl in Dorothea rather wanted to stay at home and watch the decorators, the big girl realized with a thrill how magical it was going to be to leave a house and after a few hours come back to find Fairyland.

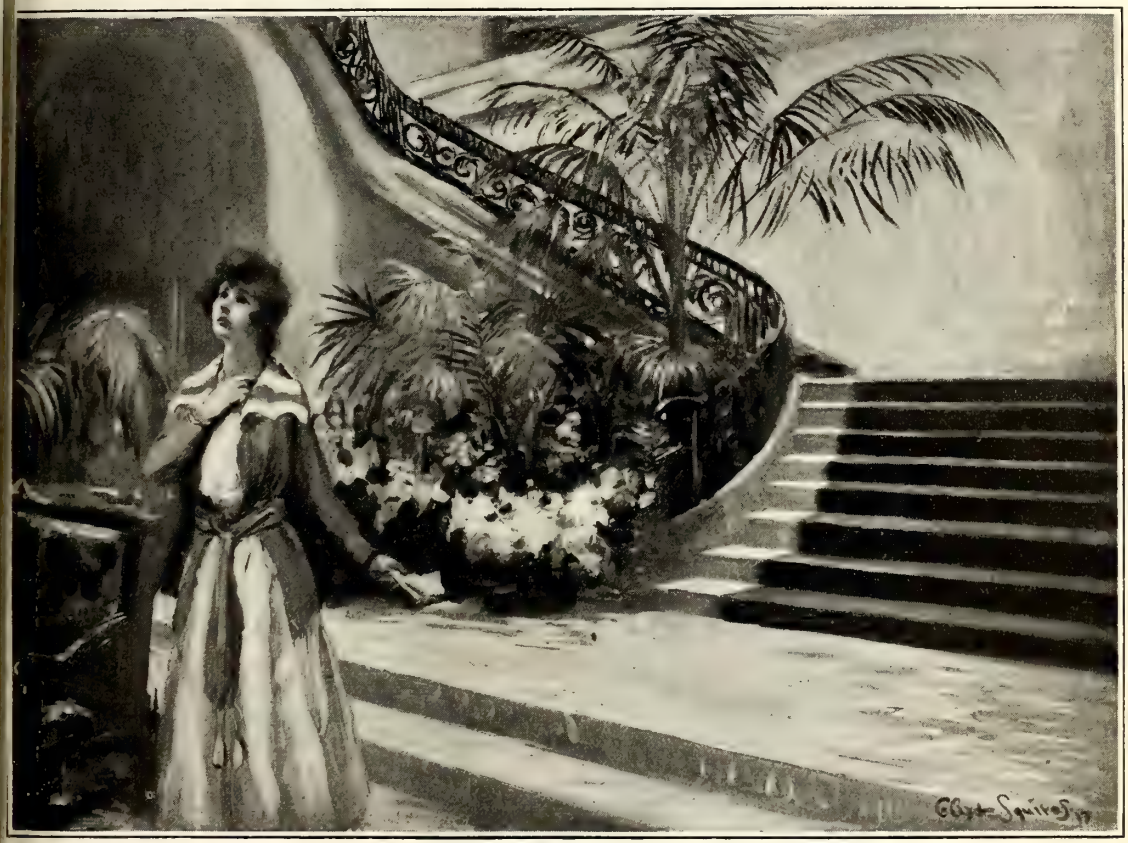
Marjorie and Allison and Fay were to be of the picnic party, but none of the boys, as neither Billy and Bob, nor Jerry, Norman, and the rest would arrive in time. The latter were to motor from their respective colleges. Billy and Bob were coming by train. It quickened Dorothea's pulse-beats to think how in a few hours they would be hurrying from all points of the compass toward her dance. Aunt Ida seemed to think that something besides boys would be converging on Fairwood. More than one smiling allusion had fallen from her lips. But would they all send flowers? Dorothea wondered. After all, it was her first dance, and she was learning. Anyway, she hoped that Nita would have enough.

Then she ran downstairs to see that there was plenty of steamer-rugs ready to put in the motor. Picnicking in October required precautions, par-

cularly when Fay Warren was to be of the arty. At the foot of the stairs she met Nita.

"This letter got into my mail by mistake. I ope it is n't important."

Dorothea glanced at the handwriting. "No. : 's from one of the girls at home." She had Kent devoted a whole sheet to that subject! The new high-school principal was boarding at— "I should think you would be scared to death. We hear that everything is being done that can be done, and the twins have always been such splendidly strong little things. That 's in their favor.



"FOR A MINUTE THE WORLD TURNED BLACK BEFORE DOROTHEA'S EYES."

an impulse to put the letter aside until after the dance. There were so many things to do to-day; the gossipy pages could wait. One finger slipped tentatively under the flap. "Oh well," she thought, "I 'll just run it through. I can really read it to-morrow."

Afterward she remembered how gay and peaceful and happy the world looked, seen from the big front door. Behind her lay the beautiful house with its subtle air of awaiting festivity; in front stretched the great lawns, laid with gold and crimson carpets. A caterer's cart was bowling up the service drive; the leafless branches of the screening trees allowed just a glimpse of it.

The girl's eye ran hurriedly down the closely written pages. May Seabury's party—Harry Sykes had gone to college— No wonder Laura Just the same, you must be fearfully worried, though I presume somebody writes every day. And you can always telegraph, of course."

For a minute the world turned black before Dorothea's eyes. The next, the letter clutched in her hand, she ran swiftly upstairs and along the hall to Aunt Ida's sitting-room.

"Why, Dorothea! My dear little girl, what is the matter?"

White-faced, Dorothea extended her letter.

"The twins!" Her voice sounded strained and odd in her own ears. "They 're sick, and nobody 's told me!"

With an arm around the tense figure, Mrs. Wright read the page Dorothea indicated.

"If they were seriously ill, your father would have sent for you."

"Unless he kept hoping they 'd be better. Elise would get him to put off sending, if he possibly could, until after to-night. Oh, Aunt Ida, is it too late for a train?"

"I think not, if you are sure you must take it."

"I could n't be happy not to!"

"We might telegraph. Perhaps they are quite out of danger."

"But if they are n't—and I missed my train—And if they are, how could I dance with the twins sick?"

Mrs. Wright pressed a button.

"I see you could n't, dear. Run and get ready. It is a quarter after ten now. Come in, Marie. Miss Dorothea has been called home. Telephone the station, please, and ask if the ten fifty-four to New York is on time. Then call the garage and tell Patrick to have the car ready to catch it."

Dorothea hesitated. "Must I—disturb everybody?"

"No, dear. We will slip away quietly, if you say so."

"Oh, thank you. And the picnic—that will go right on, won't it, and the dance, too? There are Nita and Florence—I called it 'our dance.' I 'd hate to have anything happen to it."

"I am afraid something will have happened to it with your going, but we will do the best we can."

A smile curved the girl's troubled lips. "I am so glad! It won't take me any time at all to get ready."

Alone in the blue-and-gold bedroom, Dorothea's fingers worked swiftly. Her heart was sick with fear, but her muscles responded to her will. Out from the drawer where she had put them carefully away came the familiar brown suit, the hat, the gloves, everything she had brought to Fairwood. She was free of blouse and skirt and pulling off her white walking-shoes when Marie tapped at the door.

"The train—it is late ten minutes, Mees Dorothea," said the maid, and went down on her knees with Dorothea's own little brown boots in her hand.

In five minutes the girl was dressed. Hatted, gloved, the brown bag in hand, precisely as she had stepped into Fairwood three weeks and a half before, Dorothea stood ready to step out. Had n't it been a dream? she wondered, as she looked about the beautiful room. Soon it was going to seem like a dream; already she could feel the sense of its reality slipping away.

"Is the car ready, Marie?"

"It will be here in two or three minutes, Mademoiselle."

With a quick impulse Dorothea ran to the rosewood desk. Stripping off her gloves, she pull out a sheet of the monogrammed paper.

Dear Jerry [she wrote]:

I have just heard the twins are sick, and I 'm goi home. Please make my dance as nice as you possib can, because, even if I 'm not here, it 's mine. I sh miss the frat house-party, too. I hope it is n't too la for you to invite another girl. It has been a love lovely month. Good-by.—DOROTHEA.

Quick fingers folded and addressed the not Swift feet carried the girl across the floor to closet. Her glance ranged over its conten caressingly, the daintinesses whose existence sl had, before this month, glimpsed only in picture the gowns in which she had had such happy time

"Ready, Dorothea?"

"Quite ready, Aunt Ida."

She blew a kiss into the closet and closed th door.

At a quiet side-entrance the motor was waitin

"Will you say good-by to them all and tell the how sorry I am to run away like this?"

"I certainly will."

"Especially to Nita and Marjorie. I like Ma jorie a lot. And Nita is beginning almost t thaw out."

"She is, dear, thanks to you."

"Not very much to me— Oh, are you comin too?"

"Indeed, I am coming too. What did you thin of me?"

"I thought—the picnic—"

"The picnic can wait. But we were not to star anyway, until eleven o'clock, you know."

"I forgot. It seems such hours since ten!"

For a minute the two sat silent while the ca raced through the mellow country.

Then Dorothea spoke softly. "I have had ne clothes and seen new people. I feel like a ne girl."

"Only the old girl made over, freshened a bi By the way, Marie shall pack up the contents c the closets and send them to you."

Dorothea hesitated. "Please—no."

"You would really rather not?"

The girl flushed. "I love them, but—they be long here. They 're part of the magic. Beside they go with everything here. They would b too fine for me at home, with Bridget wantin me any minute to step into the kitchen and th twins dashing in with cut fingers, to be tied up.

Slowly her eyes filled with tears. "Oh, yo don't suppose—"

"Not for a minute! The twins are going t have tied-up fingers a great many times more."

Dorothea caught the hand next hers and hel it closely. "I mean to think so. I can't thin

ything else. But even *Cinderella* did n't bring ything but one slipper away with her from the ll."

"One slipper!" Aunt Ida patted the hand in rs. "I must send something after you. Cinrella's granddaughter must be at least as well pplied with souvenirs as her grandmother."

rs. Wright leaned forward. "A little faster, atrick. I think I hear the train whistle."

The express and the motor made the station gether. Beside the Pullman Dorothea halted id lifted herself to her tiptoes. All the girl's eart was in her big brown eyes. "I have had a eautiful time!" she whispered. "It 's like money the bank—I shall live on it always."

The strong, tender hands pushed her up the eps. The train began to move slowly—less owly—faster; and out of Dorothea's sight assed the shingled station, the waiting motorars, and the face of the stately woman in gray.

## Chapter VII

### Home Again!

Father and Jim met her at the home station.

"Well, Sis, got in a hurry, did n't you?"

"Could n't you trust me, little daughter, to end for you if it was necessary?"

"I did n't want it to be necessary. Are they still doing well?"

"First rate, the doctor says. He has every encouragement for us."

"I got both your telegrams, Father, the Springfield one and the other, too."

"Good. I was afraid my message might be too late to catch you in Springfield, so I tried again."

"That was what I thought. But how did you know—did Aunt Ida—"

"She telegraphed the office this forenoon."

"She must have done it before she left the station this morning."

They were walking home now, the girl between father and brother. She squeezed an arm of each. "Oh, but I'm relieved! Aunt Ida is wonderful. How she thinks of things! I was getting so scared and blue, I did n't see how I was going to live through the hours till I could get here; and then the man came through the car calling my name, and I jumped up, more scared than ever, and got your message. I could have cried for joy!"

"But, I say, what put you next?" Jim demanded. "We thought we had the game working fine, Lisa writing moonshine and the rest of us helping her out every once in a while. We muzzled the town, too."

"Not the whole town."

"Who peeped?"

"I had a letter from Laura Kent."

"Laura Kent? Did n't know she ever wrote you."

"She does n't often."

"I 'll bet Elise never thought of her! She put everybody else wise, the sure-to-writes and the maybes."

"A little conspiracy of silence, daughter."

"I don't like it. Just wait till I get at Lisa!"

"Now hold on, hold on! We were all in it, were n't we, Jim?"

"Sure thing!"

"How long have the twins been sick?"

"A week."

"You *ought* to have written me!"

"We thought the first day or two that it would n't amount to anything. When it did, we held a council of war and decided you must finish your visit. The nurse is a very capable woman. There is n't much for any of us to do except to wait on the nurse."

"That makes plenty."

"So Elise seems to think. But she and Bridget manage very well."

"Elise was bound you should get in the dance," put in Jim. "We thought we could work the frat house-warming, too. I was n't so keen for that, though."

"I knew it was Elise!" interjected Dorothea. "Why not? Why were n't you keen?"

"Too much Gerald Stanton."

"What 's the matter with Gerald Stanton?"

"Nothing. Perfectly good fellow if you 're in that bunch. We 're not."

Dorothea laughed and patted his arm. "Looking out for Dotty, were n't you, Jim? Don't worry. Gerald Stanton went with the month at Aunt Ida's. I don't expect to know him here. Besides, he has n't an idea where I live."

"What 'll you bet?"

"I know he has n't."

"Mrs. Wright has a tongue."

"She knows that he does n't know."

"Some day when you walk down Main Street—"

"Marketing?"

"Marketing or anything else, and G. Stanton comes along, driving that high-powered car of his—"

"He 'll be going too fast to see me. And if he does see me, he will only think I look a little like a girl he knew once." Dorothea's tone was lighter than her heart.

"Go tell that to the marines!"

"You 're a boy, Jim. You have n't an idea how much difference clothes make."

"Huh!" said Jim. "If you 'd accepted *my* invitation to a frat splurge and then prepared to drop my acquaintance in the cold-blooded way you 're laying to do with Stanton, I 'd know what to think of *you!*"

"Oh no, you would n't!" Dorothea's conscience pricked a little,—was n't it quite square, after all?—but she patted Jim's arm soothingly. "I 'm only one girl in a haystack of 'em. He knows lots."

"You 're some girl, just the same." Jim was unwontedly complimentary. "Only play fair, Dot, play fair!"

"You brought me up to try to." A twinkle hid in Dorothea's voice. "Oh, there 's Lisa at the gate!" She dropped the arms she held and ran forward. "Lisa, you dear, naughty, blessed girl! It 's so *good* to see you!"

The arms that squeezed in return hugged hard, but the voice scolded. "Dorothea Graham, whatever in the world possessed you to come home? We were getting along perfectly well. There is n't a thing for you to do, and I was simply pining to hear all about to-night and that frat thing—but to-night, anyway. I 'd like to *shake* you!"

"Shake away! Can I see the twins?"

"You may just peek when they 're asleep. They asked for you this morning, and I told them this was the time you were to be *Cinderella* at the ball; and they 've remembered about it all day, or only just barely had to be reminded now and then. I 'm not going to waste all that energy by letting them see you when you 're supposed to be somewhere else. The doctor has just been here, Father, and he says everything is going well."

"Do they mind noises?" Dorothea lowered her voice as they entered the house.

"They 're in the ell. You can't hear much there, you know. Oh, we don't hoot and yell, but otherwise we act natural."

The traveler's glance ranged eagerly through the familiar rooms. A fire blazed cheerily on the hearth in the living-room; the lamp on the big table cast a mellow golden light over the pleasant litter of books and magazines and the comfortable, well-worn chairs.

"How fine it looks! Flowers on the mantel—lovely! Why, Lisa, you 're a splendid housekeeper."

"It does look nice, does n't it?"

"You stayed out of school to-day," Dorothea charged.

"I 've been out all the week."

"High time I came home. You *know* you *ought* to have sent for me!"

"I know I 'd like to throttle the person th *did* send. It *was n't* the doctor? *Dorothea!*"

"No, no!" reassuringly. "I heard just casua ly—a side reference in a letter this morning."

"Laura Kent," supplied Jim, grimacing.

"Laura Kent! I never thought of warning *he* What was Laura Kent writing to you for?"

"A friendly letter, I judged."

"Friendly? The horrid thing, upsetting all ou plans! Come upstairs and take your hat of Bridget has supper nearly ready with things yo especially like."

"Nice Bridget! Let me just run out an speak to her. Oh, it 's so good to be home!"

"It must be, when you 're missing—all you 'r missing."

A few minutes later the two girls mounted th stairs, arm in arm.

"Are n't you fearfully tired? You have n' anything to unpack—that 's a comfort, to-night Did you leave all those clothes?"

"In the closet. I'm not half as tired as you.'

Elise's eyes filled with tears. "I 'm a goose But I *am* tired. I 've been weeping little weep all day to think of your missing that dance."

Dorothea's arms were around her sister "With the twins sick, I 'd a thousand times rathe be here with you."

"But if you did n't know they were sick—"

"I 'd have known sometime. And, anyway I 've had a perfectly glorious time for three whole weeks and a half. Why, Lisa, I 've had fun enough for one girl!"

Elise hugged her. "I did n't know how I was going to get through another day without you," she confessed. "The doctor looked so sober yesterday, and I got so scared. And Bridget was doleful as dish-water. Father was scared, too; I know he was. But the doctor said not to send for you. He knew all about where you were. And now the twins are better to-day, and you might have stayed, after all, if it had n't been for Laura Kent's—meddling—but I 'm so glad you 're here, I could cry."

Which she proceeded to do, comfortably and contentedly in the warm, big-sisterly arms.

"For a little thing," Elise said at last, straightening up, and dabbing at her eyes with a wet ball of handkerchief, "for a little thing, Dot, you 're a big comfort."

Then they washed their faces and smoothed their hair and went down to supper, where Dorothea insisted on sitting in Elise's chair, just to see how it felt. Afterward the nurse gave her a peep at the twins, who spied her at once and clamored in dry, fevered little voices to know why she was n't at the ball.

"I had to run away," Dorothea told them quietly. "Don't you remember, twinnies, *Cinderella* always runs away? It 's past bedtime now. I 'll tell you all about it to-morrow."

"It 's always bedtime now," grumbled Jack, possessing himself of her right hand.

"You home to stay?" Janet wanted to know, fastening hot little fingers in her left.

"Yes, dears, I 'm home to stay. I 'm all through playing *Cinderella,* so go to sleep. You will find me here when you wake up."

Much to the nurse's surprise, they did go to sleep, each gripping a hand of Dorothea's. Even more to her surprise, they slept all night and, quite naturally, the doctor pronounced them much better in the morning.

"It looks like the beginning of the end of their needing me," he affirmed jocosely. "Pretty soon, if they keep on, they will be handing you your walking papers, Miss Peck. But not yet, not yet. We must n't let this girl lose those rosy cheeks," smiling at Dorothea, whom he had known all her life. "Well, well, so you ran away from a ball, did you, like a certain person I used to hear about? Best thing you could have done for these youngsters, as it turns out. Where 's that celebrated glass slipper, my young lady?"

"I ran so fast, I left them both behind."

"Both? Well, that 's a shame! How do you expect to establish your identity as Cinderella's granddaughter without a slipper?"

"I don't know. I 'm afraid I won't be able to establish it at all unless you can think of a way."

"Well, well, I 'll have to put on my thinking-cap! Can't see but you look pretty happy, after all. Turn around—turn around and let me look at you."

Dorothea revolved, while the doctor, spectacles on his nose, studied her intently.



"AND THE BOTTOM OF THE BOX WAS NOT IN SIGHT." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"Not a flake of ashes on you!" he pronounced. "Not even a cinder. Need n't tell me that story of a chimney-corner, young lady. You 're a fraud, or else you 've used a whisk-broom. I won't need to look in again till toward evening, Miss Peck." And the big, jolly doctor took himself off, with a pat on Dorothea's shoulder.

The doctor and the neighbors were not the only

people who found their way to the Grahams' door that morning. Before noon an expressman came up the path.

"It 's for you, Dorothea," Elise announced from the foot of the stairs. "And it 's as big as a small house. 'From I. M. Wright. Perishable. With care.' Come down this minute and get into it!"

"For me?" Dorothea surveyed the great brown box with amazement. Surely, Aunt Ida's "souvenir" could n't include as many clothes as a box like that would contain. Nor would she have been likely to have dispatched them so speedily.

"Here are scissors!" said Elise. "Have n't you an idea?"

"Not the slightest." Dorothea bent over the box, her fingers shaking a little in her excitement. Folds of green, waxed tissue lay under the cover. "Flowers!" she gasped. "Why, they 're flowers?"

"Flowers!" echoed Elise. "Do you mean to say, Dorothea Graham, that that whole box is full of flowers—just flowers?"

"I don't know yet. We shall have to see." Dorothea pounced on a white note in Aunt Ida's firm, clear handwriting.

Dear little girl [it said,]

The belle has run away from the ball, but I am sending her flowers after her. Nita and Florence have quantities besides, so Nita is happy. Only we miss you. You cannot realize quite how we miss you. The boys would like to be disconsolate, but we are all doing the best we can. Marjorie and Allison and the girls in the house send their love to you. Norman and Jerry and the other boys would join if they dared. Seeing that it is I who am writing this note, they do not quite dare. Even Fay Warren exclaimed, with genuine feeling in her voice, when she heard that you had gone home, 'Oh, I 'm so sorry!' And I—I miss you most of all. AUNT IDA.

Dorothea tucked the note in her dress, a lump in her throat, and delved quickly into the mysteries below. Elise must catch no glimpse of a tear; she might think Dorothea was weeping for the dance. Jerry's roses! There could have been no mistaking them, even without the card, such a shimmering marvelous armful of color! Tall American Beauties, violets, sweet as springtime, and flowers from the others, too,—lilies-of-the-valley, more roses, exquisitely toned and scented. And the bottom of the box was not in sight.

"Goodness!" Elise spoke in an awed whisper. "Was it all like this?"

"Dear me, no! if you mean did I have such flowers as these every day."

But Elise, her arms full of beauty, moved away a trifle soberly toward the dining-room, in search of vases.

A minute later she was back, outwardly the usual merry, high-handed Elise, though her sister noted, without quite understanding it, a subdued speculative look in her eyes.

"I 'll bet it *was* like this, every minute of it. Your letters, Dot,—I 'll have to confess, I read 'em with a grain of salt, just the merest pinch. I thought you were seeing things through a rosy glow. You often do, you know. Oh, I could n't help knowing it was nice, but—but—"

Dorothea laid down the roses she was arranging. "Elise," she said solemnly, "in all your life you never dreamed of such a place."

"Oh, I 've dreamed of 'em!" retorted her sister. "Maybe I did n't dream 'em exactly right, though."

Later in the day, when Elise had gone out for a walk, Dorothea moved through the familiar rooms, straightening a picture, changing the place of a book, enticing a flower into a position more to her liking.

"It is good to be home," she thought happily. "I had a wonderful time at Aunt Ida's, but it *is* good to be home. And oh, it is best of all to know how good it is!"

She drew one of Jerry's roses from its vase and slipped the stem through her belt, caressing the lustrous petals. Then she paused. Her magic month was stored away in remembrance, an abiding possession. The dance was gone indeed, *her* dance, but nothing could touch the rest of it. She had it safe. And there would be letters from Fairwood. Who could tell what might not come of joyful intercourse? Instinctively the girl understood that she and Aunt Ida could never lose touch with each other. But was it going to be altogether easy not to know Jerry any more?

(*To be concluded*)

# THE CODE SIGNAL

## BY GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH

Author of "Riding the Raft," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER I

#### MAKING THE BEST OF IT

CARROTS had a grudge against the world in general, that morning, and his own country in particular. He came nearer to feeling like the man without a country than at any previous time in his youthful career of work and study. And it was n't his fault either—for he had offered his services and his country did n't want him.

He glanced again at the letter in his hand. It was from Bud Pennington, who, though several years the senior of Carrots, was not one whit older in experience, in knowledge, in cunning, or in any of the ordinary or extraordinary attainments that mark mental maturity. But physically Bud was a prodigy, or near to it, and Carrots was —well, not quite a pygmy, but so far below the normal, he reflected bitterly now, that he might just as well be a dwarf and done with it.

Never before in his life had his under size seemed such a stupendous blunder of nature or a greater humiliation to him. In all those essentials which make for health and strength Carrots possessed his full share; he was agile, swift of foot, muscular, a trained runner, an excellent jumper, a marvel in swimming and diving, and second to none in catching and batting on the diamond. But his growth had been lateral instead of perpendicular. If he had not trained himself down to the minute, he might have grown fat and pudgy. Short and fat! That had always been his bête noire. He could not increase his height by an inch, but he could keep himself lean and fit.

"Well, Carrots," Bud wrote in his big, angular hand, "here I am at Plattsburg, waiting for the drill-master. Had a five-mile hike to-day in the rain and thought of you every minute. Too bad, old man, they refused your application. I 'm awfully sorry about it. It must have been on account of your age or size—"

Carrots crumpled the letter up in his hand. He knew the rest by heart, and it made him sick. But it was not altogether his disappointment in not getting in at Plattsburg—for there had been others who had failed; Billy Ames, for instance; who was a six-footer, and Lew Barton, who was n't exactly an infant in size; it was a more recent and poignant disappointment.

Carrots had volunteered his services in the regular army, and had been turned down. They would n't even let him enlist as a common soldier! He was so far below the army requirements in height that he was not wanted. His country had no use for him.

In the midst of his bitter reflections, Dora, a year younger and nearly a foot taller than her brother, entered the room, her usually serious little face all smiles and dimples. She carried a bundle of woolen garments in her arms, which she deposited on the table, exclaiming:

"Goodness knows, I 'll have my hands full making all those shirts! Twenty-five! and I told Mrs. Goodwin I 'd begin with a dozen. Well, I 'll have to cut out all play. Where 's your knife, Andy? Cut the string, won't you?"

In his home Carrots was known as Andy Blackall. Carrots was his college nickname, and it was never used outside that charmed circle. Dora thought the name horrid, and refused to apply it to him even in her moments of greatest provocation when Andy was teasing her to the point of distraction.

"What are they?" Carrots asked, indicating the bundle of clothes.

"Shirts for the soldiers. I 'm working for the Red Cross. Joined it yesterday, and Mrs. Goodwin immediately put me to work."

Carrots winced. Dora could apply for anything and get it. If she had volunteered to enlist as a Red Cross nurse, she would have found some way to break down all opposition. Everything came his sister's way!

Carrots glanced up at her enviously. She had all that he lacked—height! For a girl she was superbly developed and proportioned. Had nature been as generous to him, he would not be placed in his present humiliating position. A flash of resentment that Dora had inherited the family stature made him sullen and moody; it was almost as if he felt she had robbed him of his birthright.

"What 's the matter, Andy? What 's happened? You look as if you wanted to murder somebody," Dora laughed, dimpling her pretty face up into a grimace.

Carrots frowned and cut the string in silence. His feelings were too deep to be laughed at. Besides, a girl could n't understand. "Nothing," he murmured under his breath, finally.

Then, when he saw that his sister was regard-

ing him whimsically and half skeptically, he added, "I got a letter from Bud to-day."

"Oh, that 's it, is it?" breathed Dora, sympathetically. "Well," scoffingly, "I suppose Bud 's putting on airs. Think he 's a real soldier just because he got in at Plattsburg."

Out of the corners of her eyes she was watching Carrots, just to see how deeply his feelings were stirred. She suddenly lost interest in her Red Cross work, and came and stood by his side.

"Andy," she said slowly, looking into his face, "I should n't let that bother me. You 're in good company. They would n't take Billy Ames, and he 's worth two Bud Penningtons. And there 's Lew! He 'd make a better officer than Bud. You know that. Before this war is over he 'll be promoted way over Bud's head. See if he is n't! And you—"

Carrots stopped her with a look that Dora never forgot. There was mingled pain, disappointment, and humiliation in it.

"Yes," he broke out savagely, "Lew will win his way up through the ranks, and so will Billy! They 've both enlisted. But I—"

"And you will, too!" interrupted Dora, smiling confidently at him. "Of course you will! When did n't you win out in anything you began? You 'll come home a major-general or a brigadier-general. I don't know which is the highest, but you 'll get to the top."

Carrots turned pale. His sister's misplaced confidence made it harder for him to confess the truth.

"You don't understand, Dora," he whispered hoarsely. "They don't want me! They won't take me! I tried to enlist, but they refused me because—because—"

Dora understood in a flash; and although the truth made her wince, she smiled encouragingly. "Never mind," she soothed. "They 'll have to take you by conscription. They can't leave you out of that. And all you need is a chance. Is n't that it?"

Carrots nodded and walked away to the window. He gazed miserably out of it. Usually his spirits rose to any occasion, and he could take defeat with a smile on his face. But just now things looked pretty black. All of his college mates had either gone to Plattsburg or enlisted in the college corps. Only he was left out. The word slacker had a terrible meaning to him. Some would attribute his staying at home to a desire to evade military duty when his country needed him. It was this thought that hurt and depressed him.

"Yes, all I ask for is a chance," he murmured moodily. "But I can't get the chance, Dora, not even through conscription."

Dora gazed inquiringly at him.

"Selective conscription," he went on slowly, "means weeding out the unfit, the sick, the weak—and the undersized!"

He turned and faced her with a wry smile curling his lips. "So you see," he added, "how much chance I have! Even if I 'm drawn, they 'll turn me down upon examination."

"Oh, Andy!"

The words came out before she thought, and they made her brother wince again. But now that the worst was out, Carrots drew a sigh of relief. At least Dora understood and would not misjudge him.

"It 's hard, Dora," he continued slowly. "There 'll be some who 'll think I 'm a slacker, and—"

"They 'll not dare say it if I 'm around!" she interrupted hotly. "I 'll let them know what I think of them if—if they dare breathe such a thing. You a slacker! Why, Andy Blackall, nobody will dare whisper such a thing of you!"

"No, but they 'll *think* it!"

Dora bit her lip in silence. She was too honest to deny the possibility of this. Some people were mean enough to attribute unworthy purposes to any action. It galled her to think of some of their friends who, without doubt, would raise their eyebrows and ask, "Has n't Andy enlisted?"

Commiseration for her brother suddenly swept away all other feelings. Had she the choice, she would gladly part with a few inches of her height to bestow them upon Andy, so that he might come up to the military requirements. It was hard for a boy or man to be undersized under ordinary circumstances; but just now it carried a penalty with it that set the owner apart from his fellowmen.

"Why do they have such stupid laws!" she said, frowning. "Were n't some of our best generals undersized men? Napoleon was, I know, and I think Cæsar was, and—"

Carrots smiled at her weak attempt to soothe his feelings. "Yes, but they were the exceptions, and they won out in spite of their size. Well," sighing, "I suppose, if the war lasts long enough, they 'll have to take me when they run short of bigger men. But the long wait—"

He stopped and sighed again; then he recovered his mental poise by an effort. It was not like Carrots to be downhearted for any great length of time. He was too sunny and jovial by nature to look on the blue side of things for any protracted period. He laughed good-naturedly.

"I suppose the only thing left for me is to be a good potato patriot," he said. "I can raise potatoes to feed the soldiers. Bud will need a lot of them. Remember how he used to eat half a dozen potatoes at a time on our camping expeditions, jackets and all? Bud will prove expensive to the army if they give him all he wants."

Dora joined in the laugh a little uncertainly, for in her brother's expression she read his pain and disappointment. It was not that Andy had any ambition to go to the war to win honors. Serving as a private in the ranks would have satisfied him. It was the feeling that his country needed him in the great emergency, and he wanted to do his bit. Added to this enthusiasm was the fear that, if he stayed at home, he would be called a slacker.

"Oh, well, I 'll do my bit in the potato-field," he declared, with sudden resolution. "I 'll turn that old field down by the bay into the biggest potato-patch in the State. Whenever I think of Bud hiking it at Plattsburg or Billy Ames marching in the awkward squad, I 'll plant a few more potatoes. That will give me a chance to let off some steam. I 'll bet I can raise a hundred bushels to the acre in that field, perhaps even more. It' s mighty good soil, that I know, and if—"

Dora caught his hand and looked proudly at him.

"Andy, I think you 're—you 're just a brick!" she said; "and I 'll serve in the ranks with you—I mean the potato-brigade ranks. It is n't good for a soldier to work alone. I 've read that it 's the shoulder-to-shoulder feeling that keeps up the courage of the men, and only the few daring ones can stand and fight alone."

Carrots laughed outright at her clumsy attempt to twist a commonplace to fit his case.

"Then I 'm to understand," he mocked, "that, knowing me as well as you do, you don't think me one of the few choice spirits that can stand on the battle-field alone."

"You know I don't mean that," she reproved, frowning. "But it sometimes takes more courage to stay at home than to go with the army. The mothers and daughters know that. But you men can't understand it. You think it 's easy for us to stay home and do our simple duties while you 're away fighting. Oh, but it is n't! It is n't!" She clenched her little fist. "If I had my choice, I 'd go to the front—into the danger—and—and—"



" 'WELL, THE CIRCUS WILL BEGIN RIGHT AWAY,' HE RETORTED." (SEE PAGE 333.)

"I believe you would, Dora," Andy interrupted.

Dora flushed, and continued gently, under her breath: "But it 's harder for you to stay home, Andy. Yes, I know it is. And that's why I am so proud of you."

Brother and sister exchanged a glance of mutual understanding. They understood each other better than if they had been brothers. Carrots was as proud of his sister as she was of him.

The Blackalls dated their lineage back to Revolutionary days. There had never been a war that some of them had n't shouldered a gun and marched away to defend their country. Plain and simple people in times of peace, they patriotically responded to the call to arms when the precious

liberty they enjoyed was in danger. Theodore Blackall was a practising doctor in Merton, and Carrots after graduating from college intended to take up the study of medicine to follow in his father's footsteps.

The declaration of war with Germany and the call for volunteers to go to France had awakened once more in the blood of a Blackall the spirit of intense patriotism. Andy had first applied to go to Plattsburg, and, failing in this, he had sought to enlist in his college corps. All through the early spring he had drilled and trained on the campus with the others; but owing to his unusually short stature, he had been rejected by the medical examiners.

It seemed as if his country did n't want him. He was one of the unfit, who had to remain behind to help in whatever capacity he chose to select. He knew that in the selective conscription he had no better chance than in the volunteer service.

"It 's a *potat*riot for me or nothing," he mused grimly when, half a hour later, he sat on the bluff overlooking the bay. "It 's about all I can do. But it will be stupid work, hoeing potatoes, while Bud and Billy are fighting in the trenches."

He sighed and looked across the wide expanse of bay flecked with white caps. Beyond was the blue ocean on whose surface somewhere danced grimly the war-ships that were guarding the coast of his country.

"Even the jackies are having their chance," he soliloquized. "I wish I was with them."

## Chapter II

### THE MYSTERY OF THE BLUFF

There had never been a slacker in the Blackall family—not even indirectly. In the Revolutionary days Simeon Blackall had been unable to do his part on the battle-field because of physical defects; but he had enlisted in the home field. Through untiring efforts he had raised enough money to equip a regiment of soldiers, and at the end of the war he was as poor as the proverbial church-mouse.

Another Blackall had raised a regiment of Vermont sharp-shooters and won fame and glory in leading them to the front. At the outbreak of the Mexican War Jonathan Blackall had accompanied General Scott into the heart of the enemy's country and came home a colonel. And so through the whole line of Blackalls; they had responded to their country's call, and when peace came they dropped all pretentions to military fame and picked up the broken thread of their business life

Dr. Blackall, Andy's father, was too old to enlist, and the work of sustaining the reputation of the family for prompt response to their country's call devolved upon Carrots. His disappointment was, therefore, rendered keener and more poignant by memory of the past deeds of his ancestors.

But the real spirit of the patriot came out in him when, without wasting further vain regrets, he took up the only thing that he seemed fitted for. Dr. Blackall owned ten acres of rich land facing the bay. It was a narrow strip, but, owing to its fertility, it was valuable for farming, although in time it would become more important for development as a summer resort.

Carrots, not content to let others do the hard work, plowed and planted the ten acres himself. There was a certain grim satisfaction in wearing blisters on his hands as he followed the plow, working so long in the field that when night came he was dead tired.

"Bud won't have anything on me for hard work," he thought, as he grimly applied himself to his self-appointed task. "For every soldier he 'll shoot in France, I 'll feed ten."

At night-time, tired and exhausted with his work, he would fall asleep, dreaming of battle-fields and trenches. Sometimes he would awaken from a particularly vivid dream, in which he was no longer the undersized Carrots, but a tall. commanding general leading his men in a victorious charge, to find the reality so sharply different that he would toss about for hours, quite unable to control his emotions. But in the daytime, he smiled again, and grimly applied himself to his task.

When his potatoes first showed their green leaves, he received another letter from Bud, who referred to his farming in a light, airy way. "How are the spuds, Carrots?" he asked. "I suppose you 'll kill more potato-bugs in a week than we have men enlisted. What do you do with them? Line them up and shoot them with a six-inch gun or blow them up with a mine? If they get the best of you, telegraph me, and I'll ship a car-load of hand-grenades to exterminate them."

Carrots flinched at first on reading this, and then smiled good-humoredly. "I 'll bet he 'll wish he had a few of them to eat before the year's ended," he murmured.

Half a mile north of his potato-field was a high bluff which commanded a fine view of the ocean beyond. Carrots had frequently climbed to the summit of this high ground to enjoy the view and the cooling breezes. It was a lonely spot and rarely visited by any one. A small grove of trees crowned the summit.

One day Carrots knocked off work for a few

hours, and instead of going home took his lunch to eat on the top of the bluff. Half-way up there he was a little disappointed to see that his favorite resting-place was occupied. Two men were apparently taking advantage of the cool shade.

Carrots first decided he would forego his little picnic, and then, with the hot sun beating unmercifully down upon his head, he changed his mind. "There's room for another," he reflected, "and I suppose I have as good a right as anybody else to the shade."

He made his way to the summit, but when he reached it he found it deserted. The two men were hurrying down the opposite side, with their backs to him. Carrots caught a hasty glimpse of them before they disappeared. They were strangers to him, and if they had not been so well dressed, he would have concluded they were a couple of tramps.

"Well, I 'm glad they knew enough to leave before I got here," he said, smiling. He dropped down on the flat rock and spread out the lunch Dora had prepared for him. Campers and picnic-parties of the previous summer had left tokens of their feast around—an empty pickle-bottle in the bushes, a can that had originally contained sardines, another bottle with a label off, and a few stray cardboard boxes.

Carrots kicked these out of his way. In doing this he noticed in the bushes a larger can that had escaped his foot. The strong odor of kerosene oil coming from it made him pick it up.

"*That* is n't a last year's relic," he remarked, sniffing at the can. "It 's had oil in it recently."

It was empty, but a few drops trickled out when he turned it upside down. "Those men must have left it," he decided. "I wonder what they were doing with a can of oil up here."

There was no answer to this question, and Carrots flung the can into the bushes and began eating his lunch. Occasionally he glanced at the empty oil-can and recalled the two strangers; but the view was so exquisite, and the salt-laden air so refreshing after his hard work in the sun, that he soon forgot both the men and the can. He was more interested in scanning the horizon, hoping to pick up a boat in the distance. Somewhere off the coast a division of the American squadron was patrolling, and Carrots' greatest joy would have been to see one of the war-ships.

But he was denied even this pleasure. The ocean was deserted. Ships never came in close at this point. There was a series of rocky ledges and dangerous shoals off the mouth of the bay, extending for miles out, so that navigation for big ships was extremely dangerous.

"I don't suppose I'll get a sight of a war-ship off here all summer," he mused. "This must be the most deserted part of the coast, and the last place for the fleet to take any interest in."

Carrots returned to his potato-patch a couple of hours later, and spent the afternoon hoeing between the hills. It was nearly sundown when he decided to knock off work. To save himself the trouble of carrying his farming implements home every night he had rigged up a small shelter at one end of the field for them.

Carrots disappeared for a moment under this shelter made of fence-rails and green boughs. When he emerged from it again he was surprised to see two men crossing the other end of the field, hurrying toward the high bluff, in entire disregard of his precious potato-vines.

Carrots would have entered no protest if the strangers had picked their way carefully between the rows of vines, but to see his cultivated crops being rudely trampled down was more than he could endure.

"Get out of there!" he shouted. "Can't you see you 're trampling down my potatoes!"

The men were greatly startled by his challenge, for when they had started to cross the field no one was in sight. The sudden appearance of the owner of the voice caused them to change their course, and then to stop and laugh. At a distance, in the fading light, Carrots looked like a boy, and not a very large one at that.

"Are they really potatoes, my boy?" one of the men asked mockingly. "How dreadful! We thought they were army-bugs traveling to the circus."

It was n't the laugh which followed this reply nor the mocking words that aroused Carrots' wrath; it was calling him a boy. It touched him in a sore spot.

"Well, the circus will begin right away," he retorted, picking up a stone, "if you don't get out of here. And don't you come back!"

The stranger who had spoken opened his mouth for an obvious retort, but his companion hushed him up and pulled him away. Without another word they got out of the potato-field and changed their course to the west.

Carrots waited until they had disappeared. "They 're the couple I saw on the bluff," he mused. "I wonder what they 're doing around here."

He stood a moment in a brown study. They were not tramps. Occasionally summer visitors strayed along the coast and even camped at favorite spots. Carrots was about to dismiss the subject from his mind, when he recalled the empty oil-can he had discovered at the noon-hour. He frowned in a perplexed way.

"If they 're up to any mischief," he reasoned,

"I 'd like to know what it is. I 'll keep an eye open for them to-morrow, and if they 're around then, I 'll do some sleuthing on my own account."

Considering that he had settled the matter, he turned and made his way home; but the matter would not remain settled. It kept cropping up in his mind all the way across the fields and the empty meadows. While eating his dinner he found his mind unconsciously recalling the circumstances of the day.

He was not so tired as usual after his day's labor. He had grown more used to the hard work in the fields, and his two hours of rest on the top of the bluff had refreshed him. Instead of going to his own room soon after dinner, he decided to take a walk.

Merton was a small village two miles back from the water, but a good road ran down to the bay front, where a crazy fisherman's dock had been built. Carrots followed this road, once outside of the village, and before he realized it he was near the end of it.

The moon had been up when he started, making the roadway plainly visible, but it grew suddenly dark just as he caught a glimpse of the water. "Hello! I 'd better get back!" he exclaimed when he saw that he would no longer have the advantage of the moonlight.

He turned in his walk. He was too far from the village to see any of the lights. Nothing but intense blackness surrounded him. There was not the sign of a light on the bay or ocean, nor from any cottage or farm-house. It was about as lonely and desolate a place as one could imagine.

A whiff of salt air swept in from the bay, heavily laden with moisture—almost as dense as a fog. Carrots glanced up to see if it was merely mist of the salt meadows or the edge of a fog-bank coming in from the sea.

Suddenly a light twinkled out of the darkness, a tiny pin-point at first, and then clear and distinct as it flared up and burned steadily. It seemed to come from a distance high up in the air, as if suspended from a pole or in the upper story of a house. Carrots looked at it in astonishment. The light had n't been there a moment before, and he knew there was no house along the coast.

To add to his amazement, the light went out as suddenly as it had appeared. He gasped, and opened his mouth to utter an exclamation of surprise. But another strange thing happened before he could speak.

The light reappeared, but there were two this time instead of one—two lights separated from each other by an approximate distance of a couple of yards. If Carrots had doubted his senses before, he could not do so now. The two twinkling lights were clearly visible from where he stood.

But like the first one, the twin lights burned steadily a moment and then went out, leaving everything in total darkness. "Well, am I seeing things," murmured Carrots, "or was that—"

He never finished his sentence, for once more the lights flashed out; but this time there were three. Carrots was ready to doubt his own sanity as the three parallel lights appeared. He stood rooted to the spot, gazing queerly at them until they in turn disappeared.

"I suppose there 'll be four next," he murmured, waiting for their reappearance.

But the next was a single light, which in turn was followed by an intermission of total darkness and then a succession of two lights, three lights, and a single light again.

"What does it mean?" he queried, as he watched the succession of lights several times.

Then his eyes unconsciously drifted seaward. He got the start of his life, for there, far off in the distance, twinkled two faint pin-points of light. They wavered slightly, as if bobbing up and down on the deck of a boat riding at anchor.

"It 's a signal of some kind," he exclaimed aloud. He turned back to the shore and added: "They 're from the top of the bluff. I wonder, now, if—"

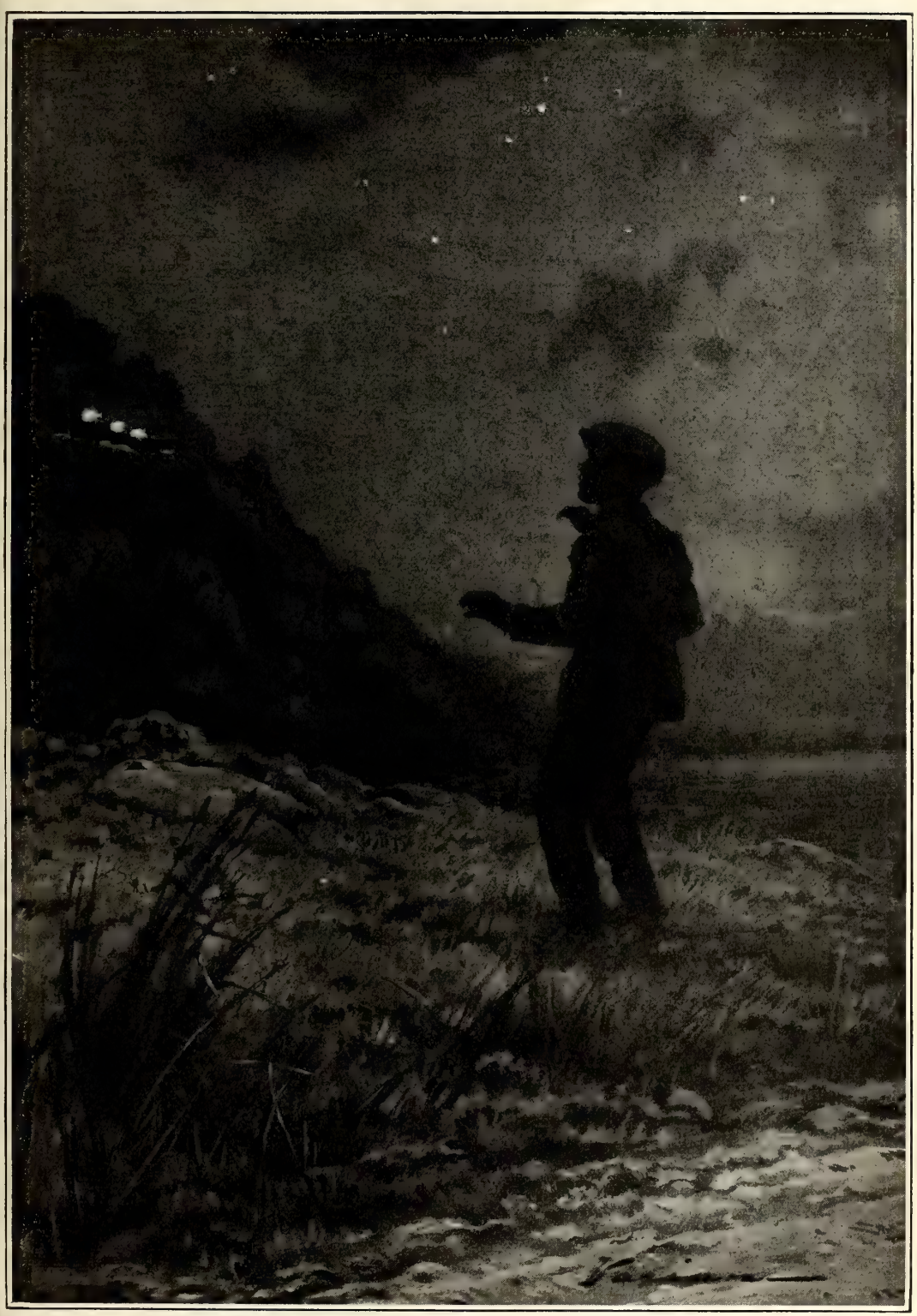
Carrots had a habit of breaking off in the middle of a sentence, for his thoughts often outran his speech. He recalled the appearance of the strangers on the bluff and the empty oil-can he had found among the bushes. His mind connected the two with the strange lights.

"There 's some queer business going on up there!" he exclaimed under his breath. "I 'm going to investigate!"

When his mind was once made up to do anything, Carrots never hesitated long to act. The words were scarcely out of his mouth, before he was running back up the road. In the darkness it was difficult to see anything, but Carrots was so familiar with the place that he followed the road to the path that led to his potato-patch and turned into it without making a misstep.

It is doubtful if the strangers that afternoon trampled down half as many potato-plants as Carrots did in his progress across the field; but he was so sure that some big mystery was waiting him ahead that he gave little heed to potatoes or anything else that he was trampling on. What did a few potatoes amount to when there was the possibility of mischief abroad that might prove of momentous importance to his country!

(*To be continued*)



"HE STOOD ROOTED TO THE SPOT, GAZING AT THEM."



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"AN OLD SONG," FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANCIS DAY

# LOST ISLAND

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR AND H. P. HOLT

## Chapter VII

### A BROKEN HAWSER

It was during his stay on the *Mary Ellen* that Dave first learned, under the personal supervision of Captain Grummitt, who spent most of his time on the bridge, the art of taking a trick at the wheel. And during those watches in the little, boxlike wheel-house the boy also learned many other things appertaining to the ways of ships, for Captain Grummitt took a great interest in the lad. The time was not far distant, moreover, when Dave was to be thankful for such lore as he gathered from the portly old sea-dog.

Finally, after they had been on the tug about a month, and when she was lying at her berth in Sydney, Tempest again made inquiries about the boat he and Dave were waiting for to take them into the South Seas. He discovered that the *Manihiki* was due to leave in fifteen days.

"Well, I don't blame ye," said Captain Grummitt, when he heard their plans. "I don't know a trip that I 'd enjoy much better myself. There 's something about the South Seas that gets you—a sort of mystery. By the way, Dave, I don't want you to think I 've forgotten that little thing you did for me when I toppled over into the dock." His hand went towards his pocketbook, where he always kept a roll of bills, but a look of dismay came into the boy's face.

"That was nothing. Anybody would have done it," Dave said.

"It may have meant nothing to you, my boy," Captain Grummitt replied with a grin, "but I still feel powerfully obliged, if it 's all the same to you, and I 'd like you to keep something of mine as a souvenir." Acting on a happy impulse, he drew from his pocket a plain silver watch and handed it to the boy. "It is n't the value of the thing I want you to remember, lad, so much as the idea of the thing. It 's a mark of an old sailor's gratitude."

The delicate spirit in which the gift was made pleased Dave even more than the watch.

"Thanks, Cap'n," he said. "I 'll always be proud of that watch."

"An' if ever you come back to Sydney and want a job," said the skipper, "don't forget to look up Lightning Grummitt. If I have n't got room on board for you, I 'll make room, see?"

The captain of the *Manihiki* was a middle-aged man named Peters, whom Tempest had met before, and neither Dave nor his friend had any difficulty in joining the ship. The *Manihiki* was no flier. She had been built for her own particular trade, and did not draw too much water, so that she could be navigated in places where the captain had to rely more on common sense and experience than charts, for those who engage in trading with the islands must pick their way gingerly between treacherous reefs, often gaging the depth of the water by its color only. Usually, the *Manihiki* jogged along at a comfortable ten or eleven miles an hour, with a slight reserve of speed in hand in case of an emergency.

From Sydney she had a run of nearly two thousand miles before reaching the neighborhood of Fiji, and then began the part of the journey which interested Dave most. From one wondrous beauty-spot to another they went, sometimes lying at anchor off an island and sending a dory ashore to do the trading, and sometimes poking their nose so close to the land that it was possible to tie up against a tree. In some places a white man had established himself and did a thriving, if lonely, business by accumulating copra and other native products and driving a hard bargain with Captain Peters.

On the whole, the cruise promised to be a very satisfactory one, and the *Manihiki* was favored with ideal weather week after week, running under azure skies on an ocean that looked as though it must have been painted.

"A penny for your thoughts," Tempest said early one morning when he came upon Dave leaning over the taffrail, staring out at the beautiful picture. The gray sky in the east was just becoming tinged with red, stained with the promise of the sun, and little wisps of mist floated in vague shapes, like scenes from Fairyland.

"It looks like—like a dream," Dave said.

"Does n't it!" Tempest agreed. "One of the queer things about these waters is that that mist, which looks so dreamy, can become a regular nightmare before you know where you are. One has to navigate with brains instead of charts hereabouts, and the skipper does n't take quite the same view of fog as you do. He 's been grumbling for two days about it. It was pretty bad while we were down below in our bunks last night, and he had the engines running at half speed for some hours."

"But there 's plenty of water where we are, is n't there?" Dave asked.

"Cap'n thinks so, evidently, because he 's pounding away at top speed, but it 's mighty tricky work, because the currents carry you a mile off your course in no time."

Usually the mist melted and disappeared soon after the sun peeped over the horizon, but this morning it hung obstinately and grew thicker, looking like a vast curtain of down spread over the water. Before midday the captain slowed the engines again, and crept forward for several hours. As near as he could reckon, they were within a mile or two of an island marked on the chart, which he wished to see so that he could make doubly sure of his bearings.

Dave was below, in his bunk, fast asleep, when a peculiar, grating noise startled him.

"What 's that?" he said, rubbing his eyes.

Again the grating, accompanied this time by a distinct bump.

"The old man's done it now!" a sailor exclaimed, jumping out of his berth and hastening into some clothes. "Bless my soul, if he ain't tryin' to scrape seaweed off 'n the rocks with the keel!"

Dave was on deck in less than sixty seconds. The engines were stationary, and the captain was barking out sharp orders. Instead of rising and falling gently, the *Manihiki* was firm as a rock at the bows and canting over slightly, while her stern hung a foot too low in the water.

"Some plates are stove in for'ard, sir," Dave heard a voice shout, "and the sea 's coming in through a big hole!"

Four or five gulls hung gracefully overhead, as though waiting for the pickings.

Dave saw Tempest coming toward him.

"Shall we be able to back off, do you think?" the boy asked.

"I hope not," said Tempest. "If she slips off that rock, she 'll sink in about three minutes."

Captain Peters went below to inspect the damage. His face looked troubled when he returned.

"She 's piled up on top of high water," he said, "and I 'm afraid she 'll stay there. It 's a lucky thing the sea is dead calm."

About an hour too late a gentle breeze sprang up, brushing away the veil of mist, and revealing their position to the *Manihiki's* crew.

The reef on which she had struck was submerged at all states of the tide, leaving nothing to disclose its existence but the dark color of the water, which the mist had hidden. Half a mile away on the starboard bow lay the island which the skipper had wanted to take his bearings from. Even at that distance it presented a beautiful sight, lying low like a vast, half-submerged emerald. At its highest point it did not seem to rise much more than fifty feet out of the water, and the slope down to the sea was covered with tropical growth.

As the tide went down, the slope on the steamer's deck became more apparent, and Captain Peters reluctantly ordered all hands ashore in the boats.

"Gather together anything you want particularly," he said. "You never know when a gale is coming along here, and she may slip off suddenly, but I guess we 'll have more time than we care about to take things ashore."

Two boats were lowered, and the men got into them with a strange collection of bundles and things. Among the articles Dave took were his binoculars.

The boats grounded on a silvery beach of sand which nestled in a little bay that looked more fairylike than anything Dave had seen in his travels through the South Seas. There were no tall trees near, but foliage of wonderful colors covered most of the ground. As the men stepped ashore, a flock of birds with gorgeous plumage flew up from the bushes, uttering strident calls of indignation at the intrusion.

"It 's quite clear there 's nobody at home on this island," Tempest said. "I don't expect those birds have ever seen a human being before. Well, Dave, we 're all going to play a little game of *Robinson Crusoe,* so cheer up. How would you like to spend the next ten years here?" It was characteristic of Bruce Tempest that he was not in the least perturbed by being marooned. Already he seemed perfectly at home, although he had not been on the island five minutes.

"Ten years!" Dave said, looking at his friend to see whether he was serious. A picture of the small house near the water in far-away Brooklyn flashed into his brain at that second. "How long do you think we might be stuck here?"

"Goodness knows," replied Tempest; "but do let me persuade you not to worry. That won't get us off a minute sooner. The worst of it is that we are just about as far off the track of vessels as we could well be, and the wireless station on this benighted place does n't seem to be in working order."

"Then you really think we are likely to be here for a long time?"

Tempest glanced at the boy and saw no fear in his grey eyes, but very natural concern.

"Some of us, yes," he said. "I heard the mate saying something about taking a chance in the long-boat, and I guess that is what will happen. But, as you know, the long-boat won't hold us all. It 's too early to think about that yet, though. You'll find we shall have a pretty busy time at

present getting all that 's wanted off the poor old *Manihiki*."

There was, indeed, a strenuous time ahead. Although the weather was so perfect, Captain Peters was reluctant to let a minute be wasted in the task of fetching ashore everything that could possibly be useful to them. Bedding and food were his first consideration, and before nightfall both boats had made several trips, returning to shore laden



"DAVE, TEMPEST, AND THE KANAKA STOOD WATCHING THE BOAT GLIDE AWAY." (SEE PAGE 341.)

down almost to the gunwale. The longest spar obtainable was rigged up on the highest point on the island, and a flag was sent up, fluttering in the breeze, while near by, a great pile of dry brushwood was gathered together, ready to send out a flaming signal in the very unlikely event of the lights of a passing ship being observed at night. When these operations had been concluded, Captain Peters realized that he had done all that could be done, for the time being, to attract attention. The shipwrecked crew established their quarters on a grassy stretch of ground a little distance from the shore, and slept, that first night, with the blue heaven for a roof, every man tired out.

Before dawn, however, they were up again, salving stores. The men needed no driving. It was only too obvious to them what would happen if they did not save enough provisions before the *Manihiki* broke up or sank. Barrels of biscuits, beef and flour, cases of canned goods, tobacco, clothes from the slop-chest, the carpenter's entire equipment, and the navigation instruments, being the most important articles, were first brought ashore, and then followed tackle of all sorts, canvas from the sail-locker, and, finally, quantities of coal. The chief engineer was desperately anxious to unship a donkey-engine and convey that to the island; but as nobody could think of the remotest possibility of using the thing, it was left behind, partly dismantled, to crumble into rust.

Just ten days were occupied in stripping the steamer of everything movable, including doors and glass which "Chips," the ship's carpenter, welcomed, as he was already busily engaged erecting shelters from the torrential downpours of rain which were to be expected in that latitude.

Tempest's first impression that the island was uninhabited proved correct. Nor was there any sign of a ship or natives having visited the place. The island was about a mile long and half a mile wide in the centre. A clear spring bubbled near the camping-ground, so, fortunately, no dread of

thirst faced the men. Snakes were conspicuous by their absence.

The twentieth day after the *Manihiki* ran on the rocks saw the end of her. One of those savage storms that come down so suddenly near the equator burst over the island. Black clouds appeared as if by magic, and long streamers of lightning lit up the boiling ocean. The air was filled with spindrift, which swept half-way over the land, and some of the half-finished huts were torn down by the wind. Night fell while the tempest was at its height, but before dawn it vanished as suddenly as it had come. Not even a wisp of mist rested on the sea, and, as soon as the sun rose, the sky was of the same brilliant blue as before.

Of the *Manihiki,* however, there was nothing to be seen. Lifted from her rocky bed by giant waves, she had slid off the reef and now lay many fathoms below the surface.

The men began to grow restless as time wore on. They did not face with calmness the prospect of being marooned indefinitely.

"It we 've got to die, we 'd rather do it putting up a fight to get somewhere in the long-boat than lying around here, Cap'n," said one of the men while the subject was being threshed out.

"I quite agree with you," said the skipper, "though I would n't give much for the chances of the boat if another tornado like the last one comes along and hits her. Still, it 's no use waiting here like rats in a trap when there is a run of only about four hundred miles to Suva in the Fijis."

"How long do you reckon it should take us to make Suva, sir?"

"That 's a problem," replied Captain Peters. "There is n't any wind to speak of most days, and, unless it happens to come from a favorable quarter, we might be beating about for a month or more. Still, if you 're all game, I 'm ready to start as soon as you like."

The project met with general approval. The only thing that remained to be settled was who should stay behind. Even by taxing the boat to its fullest capacity, consistent with safety, at least three of them would have to remain on the island. It was decided to settle that question by casting lots, and Captain Peters placed a number of slips of paper in a hat. On all but three of the slips there was a cross; the others were blank.

There was an air of anxiety about the crew as they clustered round the skipper to pick their chances. Although the long trip in the boat would be attended with much hardship and considerable danger, everybody there preferred that to remaining marooned. Hopeless though it had seemed with the whole crew there, the prospect of being left with only two companions was regarded as considerably worse.

Captain Peters took the first slip out of the hat and grunted with satisfaction. Although the men would have preferred to have him with them on the trip, he had shared in the casting of lots. Dave watched the men's faces with curious interest as each dipped a hand into the hat. Some did so with a jest; others grabbed a folded paper eagerly, opening it in a feverish fashion. The first one to draw a blank was the carpenter.

"Well," he said, forcing a smile, "I 'll get you to take a message for my wife and kids, sir."

Dave's fingers trembled a shade when his turn came. There was no cross on his paper.

The third blank was drawn by a stolid Kanaka fireman, who shrugged his shoulders, but said nothing. He was an islander by birth, and the idea of being marooned did not seem so very terrible to him.

Dave looked at the colored fireman and the carpenter, and wondered how long they were to be his companions on that lonely isle.

Once this ordeal was over, the men set to work enthusiastically, preparing the boat for its journey. She was not built for sailing, but a mast, jib-boom, and cleats were soon rigged. When ready she was taken for a short trial-trip, and Captain Peters reported that she was good for any distance in fair weather.

Provisions and water to last three weeks, with care, were placed on board, and the castaways clambered into the boat while a steady easterly breeze was blowing. The Kanaka sat on a rock, digging his bare toes into the silvery sand and looking utterly unmoved by these proceedings.

"Good-by, lads," said the skipper. "Don't get into mischief or spend all your money. You won't be here very long if we make Fiji all right. I 'll pass the word along to the first trading-boat bound this way, and they 'll pick you up. Come on, Tempest, get in."

"I 'm not going," said Tempest, lighting his pipe and squatting comfortably on the sand. "I 've taken rather a fancy to the scenery around here. You take the lad in my place."

"I 'm very much obliged to you, Tempest," Dave said, looking his friend squarely in the eyes, "but I can't do that. We all picked our slips fairly, and I was unlucky, that 's all."

"Then you 'd better go, Chips," Tempest said casually to the carpenter, with a wink.

"You 're certainly a white man," said the carpenter, who realized Tempest was making the sacrifice to stand by his friend. The two gripped hands for an instant, and then the boat was quickly pushed off the beach.

Dave, Tempest, and the Kanaka stood watching the boat glide away until it was only a speck in the distance.

"Well," said Tempest, at last, "we 're both *Robinson Crusoes* now, and we only have one Man Friday between us."

## Chapter VIII

### MAROONED!

Although those who had gone were naturally very much missed, the trio settled down to their lonely life a good deal more contentedly than they had anticipated. A more ideal camping-ground could not have been found, and, for the present, at least, they had all the necessities of life at their elbows. One of their chief recreations was fishing. The gear was primitive, Tempest fashioning hooks out of wire with the aid of a file, but the sport was excellent and provided a welcome change of diet.

The Kanaka was by no means an undesirable member of the party. He had intelligence of an unusual order for his kind and displayed great ingenuity on occasions. What his age was neither Dave nor Tempest could determine, and Jim certainly did not know. Probably he was in the neighborhood of forty. He was not particularly communicative, but piece by piece the other two extracted some of his history. His early boyhood had been spent in the Sandwich Islands; but being by nature a roamer, he left there and became stranded at Tahiti, far to the south of Honolulu. He did not remain there long, however, moving from one place to another, sometimes as a sailor, sometimes picking up a scant subsistence as a fisherman, and sometimes living a life which was more than half savage. His knowledge of the islands in the South Seas was extensive and peculiar; and like Tempest, he had the trick of making himself completely at home wherever fate happened to set him down.

"Have you ever been to Christmas Island?" Dave once asked him, wonderingly.

"Lived there two summers," Jim explained. "Nice place. Not many people."

"I should judge not," Temptest commented. "Did you ever get to Fanning Island?"

"Know um; not lived there," the Kanaka said.

"Ha! Ha! The plot thickens," said Tempest. "You know some of the other islands round about there perhaps, eh?"

"Some," said Jim. "Lived in Philippines since then. Lot of years ago."

"It seems to me that Jim would be a mighty useful man to take along with us if ever we go hunting for your treasure-ship, Dave," said Tempest. "He is n't a bad old sort, and he might be able to pilot us around a bit."

"That 's a good idea," the boy agreed. "I suppose we are n't so very far off the place now, are we?"

"No-o," replied Tempest, "if you don't reckon two or three thousand miles far, and add to that that we 're marooned on an island for an extremely indefinite period. Outside of that, you can fairly count on the treasure being ours and make a few inquiries as to to-day's market price of platinum to see how much you 're worth."

"You 're laughing now," Dave said, "but you won't laugh once you see me sitting on the deck of the good ship *Hatteras* counting up a fortune."

"She has n't any deck left. It 's all been washed away."

"How do you know? You have n't seen it. Jim, are you coming with us to Christmas Island?"

The Kanaka shrugged his shoulders. He thought it was some silly joke.

"I expect we 'll have to bribe him," Tempest said. "Jim, what would you like best of all in the world?"

The Kanaka was squatting with crossed legs on the sand, screwing his eyes into the sun to watch the graceful flight of a gull. He was wearing all that remained of just two garments—a shirt, the sleeves of which he had removed by main force, and a pair of cotton trousers rolled above his knees. Back on one of his beloved islands, where there was no coal to shovel into greedy furnaces and where time was a word that had almost ceased to have any meaning, he was fast reverting to nature. He looked like a person whose highest ambition would be to lie and bask in the sunshine for ever and ever.

As the gull seemed to disappear in the burning sun, Jim turned round slowly with a lazy smile.

"More than all the other things in the world, um?" he repeated, looking at Tempest, who nodded.

"One time," Jim said with quaint gravity, "I sailed on a big ship round Cape Horn to a place where all the ships come from, bigger 'n Manila, bigger 'n Iquique, called Hobroken."

"Hobroken?" Tempest queried, wrinkling his brows in perplexity. "Where in the name of fortune is that?"

"Great big place," declared Jim, extending his arms wide as though to indicate the size. "Hobroken up a river."

"You don't happen to mean Hoboken, by any chance, do you, Jim?" Dave asked.

"Hobroken—dat 's um, Hobroken," the Kanaka said, hugely pleased.

Dave rolled backward and roared with laughter.

"That 's almost a part of a place called New York City, Jim," he said at last. "Did n't you ever hear of New York?"

The Kanaka nodded, but looked puzzled. He saw no cause for mirth.

"New York somewhere near there," he said.

"Well, what about Hoboken, Jim?" Tempest asked.

"One time I 'd lika go to Hobroken again," was the reply, uttered impressively, "with two three dollars."

"Funny thing," said Tempest, blowing rings of smoke; "you 're not the first person I 've heard express the desire to go to New York with dollars, but 'two three' would n't carry you very far there, Jim."

The Kanaka, who had worked wonders on that sum in Manila, was coldly incredulous.

"What would you do when you got there?" Dave asked.

Again Jim smiled happily. The prospect was evidently one which he had treasured in his moments of leisure while basking on various islands in the South Seas.

"Wear clothes like um other peoples," he said, "and ride in um trolley-cars."

"And stop there always?" Tempest suggested.

The Kanaka shook his head slowly, now watching another gull skim the water.

"Just for a bit while," he said, "then p'raps come back here or some other place."

"He 's got the New York fever," Tempest laughed, "but it is the most comical case I ever heard of. I expect New York would soon cure him, especially when his two three dollars were gone, and then he 'd begin to pine for something really exciting again, like the fight he had with that twelve-pound fish yesterday."

"Never mind him, Jim," Dave said. "You come to Christmas Island with us, and after that I 'll take you to Hoboken, where you can ride about in trolley-cars in a tall silk hat with feathers in it if you like. Will you come?"

Jim shrugged his shoulders and extended his hands—a gesture with which he always expressed agreement.

As the days drifted on, and Dave and Tempest grew to know their island home better, they came to the conclusion that there were worse things than being shipwrecked under such conditions. As a rule the cooking was done by Dave, he being the accepted expert, but in the hunting and fishing they all three joined, and they obtained much excellent sport. Dave's greatest joy was a pig-hunt. The little wild animals were by no means easy to catch, but they formed a delicious dish which rewarded the hunters for their trouble.

On the morning following one of these hunts Tempest announced that, while the others were out fishing, he was off on a little exploration tour. Although the island was so small, there were many parts of it which they had not yet reached. In places it was difficult to get down to the beach, and at the northern end there were rugged peaks in a trackless district, where one had to climb laboriously.

Dave and the Kanaka returned to the shore soon after noon, and were surprised when Tempest did not arrive for the midday meal. Not until the swift setting of the sun, however, did Dave grow anxious, and then he began to realize that something untoward must have happened, for Tempest had taken no food with him and the boy could think of no reason why his friend should remain away until after dark.

He and Jim ascended the nearest hill and shouted continually, but no reply came from the silent jungle nor beyond.

"Come on, let 's get some lanterns," said the boy at length. "I 'm going to make a search."

Leaving a light burning at the camp, for there was no moon and the stars were almost obscured by clouds, they set out in the darkness, Dave feeling distinctly uneasy. He racked his brain to think of some plausible explanation of Tempest's failure to return. Until after midnight the two searched and called in vain. Then, with a heavy heart, the boy returned to the camp, to toss about uneasily, fully dressed, until dawn.

Tempest had disappeared, and Dave was alone now, but for the half-savage Kanaka. The boy, however, did not think of his own position. It was the thought of his friend which kept him awake.

There was still no sign of the missing man at the camp when the sun rose, and a fear that had haunted Dave began to become very real. He was now firmly convinced that his friend had gone for a swim and been drowned. In a very dismal mood he walked down to the bay where they usually took their dip, and searched, fearing to find what he was searching for.

"Jim," he said at last, "we 'll put up some lunch and spend the rest of the day going over every foot of this island. There 's always a chance."

Systematically they explored the southern and western extremities of the place, and the sun was already slanting westward when they came to the rugged territory in the north. Dave had very little hope left, when suddenly Jim gave a cry

of delight which brought the boy to his side at a run.

On one of the few patches of ground which did not consist of hard rock two or three foot-marks were distinctly visible.

"We get him yet," declared the Kanaka, now moving quickly from place to place like a hound eagerly picking up scent. A score of yards farther on he stooped over a broken twig and silently pointed to it. Under it was the faint imprint of a shoe heel.

Gradually they progressed almost to the northern shore, guided by one indistinct mark after another and shouting as loudly as possible every few minutes.

At length the Kanaka put his hand on Dave's shoulder suddenly, his head bent in a listening attitude.

A faint cry reached the boy's ears.

"Heaven be praised!" he said solemnly.

Five minutes later he was by Tempest's side.

"Hello, old top," said the latter, in a weak voice. "You don't happen to have a plate of ham and eggs about you, and a quart or so of coffee, do you? I 'm ravenous. I could n't find a restaurant open anywhere round here."

"Stop fooling!" said Dave. "Where are you hurt?"

"I guess I ought to be nearly all right by now," Tempest said with a grin. "I 've been doing nothing particular but nurse it for about thirty hours. I twisted my ankle a bit yesterday, and I must have bumped my head in falling, because I don't remember much about it."

"Well, cheer up," said Dave. "We 'll soon get you home now."

"Oh, I 've been cheered up for the best part of an hour," said Tempest. "I heard you and Jim yelling the top of your heads off, but the wind was in the wrong direction for you to hear me shouting back. I knew you 'd roll up sooner or later. Sorry to give you so much trouble. Jim, you 're as strong as a rhinoceros, if not so good-looking. If there is n't any sign of a taxi-cab, would you mind giving me a pickaback as far as our little dump, and I 'll promise never to call you an ugly old sinner again?"

Without a word the Kanaka stooped, and Tempest scrambled onto his back. He winced once or twice as they traveled over uneven ground, for, in spite of his cheerfulness, his ankle was very painful. Tireless as a horse, Jim carried him all the way, and deposited him gently at the camp, where Dave assumed the rôle of doctor. It was now his turn to apply a cold compress, but the sprain had been a severe one, and the swelling did not go down for three days.

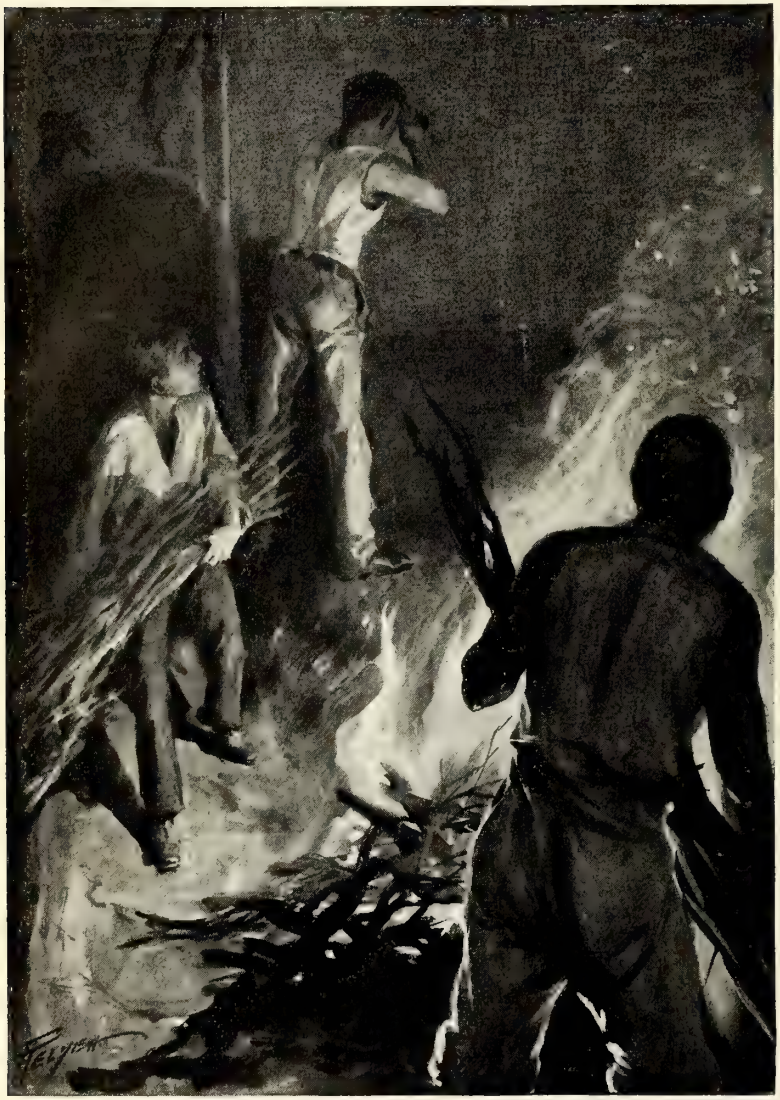
While the patient was lying resting his injury, he and Dave had a long talk on the possibility of their being picked up. Five weeks had elapsed since the crew of the ill-fated *Manihiki* set sail. It was only possible to speculate, of course, as to what had happened to the small craft. There had been no very rough weather on the island, but that was not much to go by, as a terrific storm might sweep by within fifty miles and never be noticed where they were.

"It is a little early to get impatient, yet," Tempest commented. "If they have all been sunk, we may be left here till we have beards down to our knees, and not a soul would be the wiser; but we can safely wait three months before making up our minds for that sort of thing."

Though neither Tempest nor Dave knew it, the day they had this conversation the crew of the *Manihiki* were being landed at Melbourne, their plans having gone somewhat astray. They had covered half the distance to Fiji laboriously by tacking against adverse winds most of the time, and had reduced their ration of water by half, as their supply of that precious liquid was getting perilously low, when a steamer nearly ran them down in the middle of the night, the only lamp on the long-boat having been broken. The helmsman on the steamer heard their cries just in time to swing aside, and the men from the *Manihiki* were only too thankful to accept the offer of a passage to the first port the vessel was bound for. There was no wireless on board, so until he reached Melbourne, Captain Peters was unable to notify his owners of the loss of their vessel and of the plight of those he had left on the island. A month was to elapse, moreover, before the next vessel was to leave Sydney for the scene of the shipwreck.

During all the time the trio were marooned they kept a fixed rule that every three hours during the day one of them was to ascend the hill where the flagpole stood and scan the horizon through the binoculars. As the weeks sped into months they became more hopeful, for the time was now nearing when the steamer sent by the crew of the *Manihiki* might put in an appearance. Whatever doubts Tempest may have had on that score, he said nothing about them. He knew well enough the grim possibilities that might overtake a small, crowded boat on a trip of four hundred miles, and there were times when he thanked his stars that neither Dave nor he had undertaken the trip. At the same time, it occurred to him there was a distinct chance that they might have to remain where they were for a year or more, and, rather than miss the opportunity of attracting some boat that might

pass in the night, he kept the bonfire of brushwood near the flagpole ready to light. Sometimes he and the boy would stroll up to the look-out post during the evening and yarn, while keeping a watch on the dark waters.



"THE FLAMES WERE LICKING THEIR WAY ABOVE THE PILE OF BRUSHWOOD."

One night—it was the night of their seventy-second day on the island—Dave, having dozed most of the afternoon, felt little inclination to sleep. His two companions were in the land of dreams. Stepping softly, to avoid waking them, he passed out of the hut, and strolled out into the night air. A thin crescent of the moon shed a pale light, and the stars glistened like a myriad of diamonds set in the sky. First he strolled slowly down the silvery beach and stood near the edge of the water, whose waves were lapping the sand gently. He stood there drinking in the tropic beauty of the scene, and then, to get a wider view, walked up the hill to the flagpole.

Scanning the horizon as a matter of habit, his eye rested for a second on something far away where the starlit sky seemed to dip down into the ocean. He stood still as a statue and tried to find it again. Surely it was imagination—or was it? He could have been positive that just for a fraction of a second a greenish light twinkled in the distance. Perhaps it was a star. At any rate he could not pick it out again with the naked eye, so he walked down for his binoculars. Five minutes later he was back on the hill, peering through the glasses.

Suddenly his heart gave a thump. That was no star. The greenish hue was unmistakable. Like a hare, he leaped down to the camp, shouting to awaken Tempest.

"Matches, quick!" he yelled excitedly, fumbling in Tempest's pocket. "There 's a ship away off, fifteen or twenty miles to the south-'ard."

"And I was just getting off to sleep so beautifully!" expostulated Tempest, who, however did not allow any grass to grow under his feet. He and Dave made a dead heat of it up to the flagpole, Jim lumbering up in the rear.

"Where away?" asked Tempest, while Dave put a light to the dry twigs.

"Right over there, in a line with my finger. Use the glasses, or else you can't see it." The boy's finger shook a trifle as he pointed.

"Thunder! You 're right, laddie!" Tempest said after a moment. "More brushwood, quick. Jim, you scalawag, I 'll skin you alive if you don't get busy. The fourth of July is n't in it with this for a bonfire. Get an ax, you Kanaka. Bushes—trees—forests if you can find 'em!"

Already the flames were licking their way above the pile of brushwood, and Dave and Tempest were wildly tearing at the branches near by. Soon the Kanaka, with gleaming eyes and mighty strokes, was tearing off more fuel, which was quickly flung to the top of the bonfire.

"That 's the style!" Tempest shouted as the fire threw their figures up in its glare. "If she 's going straight by there, we may only have a little while to attract her attention. Jiminy! We ought to have a fire they could see in Australia!"

Another half-hour showed unmistakably that the ship was heading direct for the beacon. The trio still kept the flames leaping until the vessel was about a mile off, and then they went down to the beach, where the steady thump of her propeller was distinctly audible. Soon the rattle of an anchor-chain was also heard, and the dark form of a dory came creeping over the lagoon.

Dave was wildly elated. Tempest, now that the suspense was over, almost seemed to be losing interest. It was beginning to dawn on him that he had been as happy on the island as he ever was anywhere. The Kanaka squatted on the sand with expressionless face, not even giving a grunt of satisfaction when the dory ran on the sand.

"Hello there!" said a voice. "Anybody at home?"

*(To be continued)*



"FRANCES." FROM A PORTRAIT BY WM. J. BAER.



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT, WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

# OUR GREATEST MONUMENT

BY MARY V. WORSTELL

When a nation learns of the death of one of its great men, its first thought is, how fittingly to honor him. Since the hero is no more, his memory must be cherished and his achievements commemorated as an inspiring example to others.

So it was with George Washington. When news of his death was received, his critics forgot their causes of difference and every one was eager to have his memory suitably honored.

Washington died in the last year of the eighteenth century, and Congress immediately decided to rear a splendid monument under which his body should lie.

But this was not to be. He lies in an unpretentious tomb in the grounds of the home at Mount Vernon that he loved so well, and hundreds of patriotic pilgrims visit this sacred spot every year.

The first wave of enthusiasm for a monument passed, with nothing accomplished, and the idea of a memorial to Washington at the national capital appears to have been almost lost sight of till 1816, when a member of Congress from South Carolina, inspired by veneration for the great man, revived the project.

It proved to be of slow growth,—discouragingly slow,—for while his countrymen revered the name of Washington, memorials were expensive and money was none too plentiful. For years the idea appears to have been virtually abandoned, though occasionally it came up for the languid consideration of Congress.

But by the year 1833 the idea was again fermenting, and an organization known as the Washington National Monument Society was formed. Its patriotic purpose was to raise money for erecting the long-deferred memorial.

This society entered upon its task with enthusiasm, with Chief Justice Marshall as its president, and any person who contributed one dollar or more was enrolled as a member. Before many months $250,000 had been subscribed.

Then the society offered a tempting prize for the best design for a monument, and many architects set to work, each hoping to win the coveted reward, which, in 1836, was given to Robert Mills, who had already won high commendation by his design for the Treasury Building.

Every visitor to Washington who views the lofty and impressive shaft of granite and marble which so fittingly symbolizes our foremost hero must be glad that the first design was abandoned, for this is what Robert Mills planned:

A great shaft 600 feet high was to be encircled by a colonnaded building 250 feet in diameter. Over the portico was to be placed a colossal statue of Washington in a chariot drawn by six horses and driven by a figure symbolizing Victory. The colonnade was to consist of thirty rather squat columns, for each was to be twelve feet in diameter and only thirty feet high. This was to be crowned by a sculptured band, or entablature, twenty feet high, and this, in turn, was to be topped by a balustrade fifteen feet high.

The whole structure was planned to inspire the most vivid patriotism. Thus, on the entablature were to be displayed the arms of all the States, surrounded by wreaths of bronze. There was to be an imposing portico supported by four marble columns and reached by an equally imposing flight of marble steps. Over the portico the arms of the United States were to be placed.

With all this splendor in outside ornament, a visitor might, perhaps, have hoped for something less striking within the structure. But such an expectation would have been disappointed, for it was proposed to have the interior contain fifty-six niches, to be filled by statues of the men who signed the Declaration of Independence.

And as if all this were not enough to raise the people's pride and loyalty to the boiling-point, above the statues were to be bas-reliefs of the principal battles of the Revolution. These were to be the main features. It needs no vivid imagination to fill in the details,—fasces and guns and cannon and plowshares and swords and ox-carts and messengers riding in hot haste—they all had a place in the proposed shrine.

Fortunately, artists and architects kept up a steady fire of criticism of the plan, claiming, with much justice, that a far simpler memorial would be more suitable. This was wisely decided on, so an obelisk, shorn of the encircling building, was finally substituted.

An interest attaches even to the location of the Washington Monument, for the spot chosen was almost identical with a spot selected by Washington himself for a monument to commemorate the happy outcome of the Revolutionary War. It stands directly south of the White House in a park known as the Mall.

After fourteen years of planning and replanning, enough money had been raised to warrant Congress in presenting the site, so that dignified assembly announced that on July 4, 1848, the corner-stone would be laid.

And what a huge corner-stone it was! It weighed no less than twelve tons, and the zinc-lined cavity in the stone contained, I believe, a more varied assortment of articles than any other similar receptacle in the world. It would take several ST. NICHOLAS pages to name them all, but if this our tallest monument were to topple over and reveal the contents of this particular corner-stone, there would be found a portrait of Washington copied from Gilbert Stuart's famous picture, a daguerreotype of Washington made from another portrait, his coat of arms, a copy of the Declaration of Independence and of the Constitution of the United States, a silk American flag, all the coins current in our country in 1848, a cent of 1783, specimens of Continental money, and a copy of the poems of Joseph Rodman Drake. Besides all these, there were charts, reports of various dignified assemblies, magazines, atlases, Presidential Messages, legal papers, astronomical observations, almanacs, masonic records, two "Guides to the City of Washington" (a vastly different city from the beautiful capital of to-day), and seventy-one newspapers.

In spite of all these valuable articles being thus left in such a public place there never has been a burglar-insurance taken out on this particular corner-stone!

But the laying of the corner-stone did not consist merely in assembling these many articles and then swinging the big stone into place. There was a gathering of famous men which included the President and Vice-President (James K. Polk and George M. Dallas), both houses of Congress, and other distinguished people, besides a vast concourse of persons who wished to be present on such a memorable occasion.

Of course, there had to be an oration, and the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, speaker of the House of Representatives, was chosen. Mr. Winthrop was a statesman of acknowledged ability. He had studied law (and evidently oratory as well) with no less a personage than Daniel Webster.

At that time Mr. Winthrop was not forty years old. His fine oration discloses so complete a knowledge of Washington's character that one paragraph must be here quoted:

Washington's incorruptible honesty, his uncompromising truth, his devout reliance on God, the purity of

his life, the scrupulousness of his conscience, the disinterestedness of his purposes, his humanity, generosity, and justice—these were the ingredients which, blending harmoniously with solid information and sound judgment and a valor only equaled by his modesty, made up a character to which the world may be fearlessly challenged for a parallel.

The elaborate ceremonies of the day were brought to a close by a fine display of fireworks in the evening.

Then work on the big shaft began in good earnest. It seems, however, that the sum in hand fell far short of the amount needed to carry the monument to the great height planned. Six years after the dedication it had climbed only 150 feet, when lack of money caused the work to come to a standstill. After a time work was resumed and a few more feet were added, but the prospect of an early completion was dark indeed for by that time the possibility of a conflict between North and South claimed more and more of men's thoughts, and by 1860 the Civil War, then imminent, absorbed the attention of the entire country. The slow-mounting obelisk was finally roofed over, to await more propitious days. Some one called it, at this stage of its erection, "a case of suspended gratitude."

Finally came 1876, our great centennial year, with war behind us and prosperity in prospect. Then all thoughts turned gratefully, and perhaps with deeper appreciation, to the Titan of the Revolution. Congress took the matter in hand, and soon work on the big monument was being pushed with vigor. It climbed into the air like Jack's bean-stalk! It was a big undertaking, but by 1885, when it had reached its present enormous height (a trifle over 555 feet), all was in readiness for the dedication.

If the laying of the corner-stone was a great occasion, the dedication ought to be even more impressive. And who so suitable to make the address of dedication as the man who delivered the oration at the previous ceremony thirty-seven years before! To be sure, that honored statesman was now nearly seventy-five years old, and he had stated that his address at the Yorktown Centennial would be his last. But when an orator was needed to announce to the nation that the patriotic task was at length completed, Mr. Winthrop was urged to reconsider his decision. Finally he consented. He had prepared the address, when he was stricken with a dangerous illness. His oration, however, was read by his friend, Hon. John Davis Long, of Massachusetts.

How Mr. Winthrop deplored the delay in completing the monument may be inferred from a single paragraph read by Mr. Long:

How shall I depict the sorry spectacle which those first one hundred and fifty-six feet, in their seemingly hopeless, helpless condition, with that dismal derrick still standing as in mockery upon their summit, presented to the eye of every comer to the capital for nearly a quarter of a century! No wonder the unsightly pile became the subject of pity or derision.

The foundation of the great shaft is eighty feet square and is set in solid rock eight feet below the surface of the earth. The interior is only twenty-five feet in diameter, while the exterior diameter is fifty-five feet. This shows the tremendous thickness of the walls, which are made of perfectly fitted stones. No wonder that this obelisk has been called "the best piece of masonry in the world."

Many nations, as well as many cities and States, wished to contribute to this great cenotaph, and as the visitor enters the monument and takes his place in the big elevator, he may see, as he slowly mounts, various interesting stones from all parts of the world. He may catch a glimpse of a stone from "Braddock's Field," one from the "Battle-field of Long Island," one from the Alexandrian Library in Egypt, one from the tomb of Napoleon at St. Helena, a mosaic block from the ruins of Carthage, lava from Vesuvius, and stones from Jerusalem and Mecca, besides blocks contributed by forty States, sixteen cities and towns, and forty-four societies. Ten foreign countries sent blocks of stone, suitably inscribed, to testify to their regard.

The translation of the stone sent by Turkey shows that her ruler took pride in coupling his name with that of Washington:

To strengthen the friendship between the two countries, Abdul Majid Khan has also had his name written on the monument to Washington.

Greece pays the following graceful tribute:

To George Washington, the hero, the citizen of the new and illustrious liberty, the land of Solon, Themistocles, and Pericles—the mother of ancient liberty—sends this ancient stone from the Parthenon as a testimony of honor and admiration.

All in all, the great obelisk is a fitting reminder of the man whom "Light Horse Harry" Lee declared to be "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." This was a tribute paid to Washington by a personal friend. As the years pass, Washington's character shines on with undimmed luster, for a biographer of to-day pays him this simple but beautiful tribute:

"Whatever Washington undertook he did well, whether it was the work of a farmer, or that of a general, or that of the President of the United States."



# BOUNCE & Miss GIBBS

BY ELEANOR STIMSON BROOKS

"SH-H-H!" said Peter; and then, in a loud, agitated whisper: "S h - h! Oh look, Mother, do look, quick—but don't move! There they are—those are my pet rabbits!"

The two were sitting together, eating breakfast, in the big, cheerful kitchen of their new Middle-western home, and the spring sunshine, slipping through the open window, fell full on Peter, his tow-colored head bobbing with excitement, his little eight-year-old figure nearly swallowed up by enveloping blue overalls, and on his mother, still flushed from her work over the stove. She turned cautiously and looked out where Peter's stubby finger pointed.

The little lawn about the home ended, here at the back, in a small kitchen-garden where young lettuce, turnips, cabbages and other vegetables showed temptingly through a screen of chicken-wire. To one side lay acres and acres of ploughed land, already green with the young wheat, and back of them stretched miles of open prairie, now lovely with new grass and the first spring wild-flowers. Close by the wire, their eager, sensitive little noses hunting over it for an opening, were two small, brown rabbits.

"How," whispered Mrs. Rawdon,—"how do you know they are your pets, dear? They look just like all the other wild rabbits to me."

"Why, can't you see?" protested Peter, indignantly; "Miss Gibbs is much bigger than any of the other rabbits,"—Miss Gibbs was so named as a compliment to the new primary teacher,—"and Bounce has lost the tip of his left ear. I think a dog must have nearly caught him once."

"Well, I must say," sighed Mrs. Rawdon, "I wish they and the other rabbits would let my garden alone. I take such pains with it, and then, just as something is ready for the table, they manage somehow to get under that wire and the next day there is nothing left but stalks."

Peter's little face took on a look of anxiety mingled with mortification, so his mother added hastily: "Will they take things out of your hands yet, honey-pot? They seem very wild for pets."

"They *almost* will," explained Peter, proudly. "You know, Mother, you said I could have a few of the biggest lettuce-leaves and some of the turnips and carrots. They are *very* fond of turnips. I 've been trying for weeks now, and yesterday Miss Gibbs really nibbled off the end of a turnip while I was holding it and while I kept quite still; but when I tried to pet her she ran away. Oh! Oh! look at them now!"

The little rabbits were standing on their hind legs, vainly trying to reach over the wire. Then, either giving up in despair or seized by some wild impulse, they suddenly dropped down and began frolicking like kittens. Such leaps and scurries! Such twinkling little feet, bobbing ears, sudden alarms! Peter was just thinking it the prettiest play in the world when his oatmeal spoon, which had stopped half-way to his mouth ten minutes before, slipped from his fingers and fell with a deafening clatter upon the table. There was a flash of white tails, and in a moment both of the bunnies were out of sight in the grass.

"There!" cried the little boy, disgustedly, "I frightened them away."

"Frightened off some wild rabbits?" asked Peter's father, appearing at that moment in the doorway. "Good for you! And that reminds me, Mother," he went on, "we are through with the heaviest of the spring work at last; to-night I 'll sit up with my gun and shoot every rabbit that dares show his whiskers about your garden."

If Peter's father had expected this news to be received with pleasure, he had made a mistake. Mrs. Rawdon threw an anxious glance at Peter, and as for Peter himself his lips quivered, his eyes filled, and he broke into a wail of protest. "Oh, Daddy," he begged, "please don't shoot the rabbits to-night. In the dark you can't tell what you hit, and two of them are my very particular friends. I am sure I could catch them and make pets of them if I had a trap. Please wait!"

Peter's father looked surprised, but sympathetic. "All right, son," he reassured him, "we 'll

put off the shooting until to-morrow, and I 'll help you make the trap."

It was lucky for Peter, and perhaps even more so for Bounce and Miss Gibbs, that the two little rabbits had developed a taste for turnips. The trap was baited with the tenderest ones the garden afforded, and before the afternoon was over both little animals, fat, frightened, and indignant, were caught and safely transferred to a new little rabbit-hutch which Peter himself had helped to make.

For the next ten days they were dreadfully wild. When any one appeared they would rush to the farthest, darkest corner of their runway and hide until the intruder was gone again. As for holding or even petting them it was out of the question. Peter learned, to his hurt astonishment, that rabbits have claws and a tremendous kick in their hind legs. But before long his devotion and the quantities of good things he gave them to eat began to take effect, and by the time the wheat was grown and was beginning to turn a beautiful golden yellow the two bunnies would follow him about like dogs. Whenever he appeared they would come hopping happily along the side of their runway to meet him, Miss Gibbs larger than ever, Bounce flapping his scarred ear.

Some people think a rabbit has no voice. Peter found his rabbits had; for whenever they were hungry they would scurry to his feet and make the funniest little sound, half a squeak, half a whimper, which said quite plainly, "Dinner, please, at once!" He patiently taught them several tricks, and they learned so quickly that every one considered them very clever rabbits. Indeed, big black Patience, who came to manage the cooking for the harvest hands, was almost afraid of them. One day she saw Miss Gibbs performing her most useful trick, that of thumping on a tin pan for Peter to bring her her dinner, since he was too far away to be "squeaked for," and ever after she insisted that "'t war n't natural for critters to be that knowing." Most of the time they were kept shut up in their runway, as they had never outgrown their fondness for the kitchen-garden.

The rabbits were an old story by the time the long, hot summer dragged itself to an end. For weeks there had been no rain, and the prairie stretched away a dreary, unbroken expanse of sun-baked grass. The flowers were all dead, the roads choked with dust. The only bits of green were a few carefully watered lawns and gardens and the banks of the little stream which in the spring ran so prettily through the town. The stream itself had dwindled to a mere trickle in the mud, except for one shallow pool under the willows. Then came a day so hot the very earth seemed to crack.

"You poor little bunnies," sighed Peter, "with such heavy fur coats! I 'm going to give you each a shower-bath." And he did, with his watering-can, to the astonishment and terror of the rabbits. "I don't believe you like water," he reflected, watching the results. "Perhaps I had better cut off your long hair instead."

But fortunately his mother came by as he was about to begin, and persuaded him that cutting the fur of a rabbit was really too dangerous.. They wriggled so you were likely to snip off an ear or a tail instead.

That night when he went to bed on the porch, which he shared with his father, Peter found it very hard to get to sleep. He lay for a long time looking at the stars and listening to the faint, dry rustle of the prairie-grass. It must have been long after midnight when he awoke with a great start. What had happened? He sat up in bed confused and sleepy, and it was a minute or two before he realized that there was a great commotion going on in the rabbit-hutch, from the midst of which came the *thumpity, thump, thump* of the rabbits on their tin pan. Why were they calling him? He stumbled out of bed and over to the edge of the porch, where he peered down into the dark garden. He could see nothing, but he had the curious feeling that hundreds of things were rushing past him—birds in the air, little animals in the grass,—and surely that big black shape which came crashing out of the currant bushes and dashed across the lawn was a cow!

The breeze which had rustled the grass so gently when he went to sleep had grown strong and hot, and as he stared over toward the rabbits he suddenly noticed a long red line, which stretched from edge to edge of the horizon, vivid against the dark sky.

"Daddy!" called Peter; "Daddy, come quick! what is it?"

"What 's what?" came the deep, startled voice of Peter's father out of the dark. "Don't shout like that, son——" All at once the voice changed and became cool, energetic, and matter-of-fact. "Get dressed at once, Peter," it said, "while I tell Mother. It 's a prairie fire and we must rouse the town."

Peter never forgot the night that followed. It seemed only a moment before he and his father were in the street, beating at doors and shouting the news up to the windows and porches. In a few minutes more the streets were full of frightened, half-dressed people, who gathered anxiously about the only lamp in the square to discuss

hurriedly what should be done. Had Peter but known it, the little town of Jonesville was in a truly desperate situation. Ten miles away lay the railroad, the nearest means of safety, but the wind was momentarily growing stronger and by its help the fire was advancing so rapidly that many doubted if the distance could be covered in time. Then there might not be a train. Besides, there were not horses enough for all, and, even if the people could escape, to run away meant to abandon the work of years, their homes, their farms—for many of them everything they owned in the world.



"IT SEEMED AS IF THE WHOLE WORLD WERE ON FIRE."

"There 's only one way!" cried a voice in the crowd. It was "Lucky Jake," an old pioneer who had seen the very beginnings of Jonesville. "We must make a ring of fire about the town and start it out to meet the one that 's coming. Then we shall have a lot of ground about us where there is nothing left to burn. If it 's wide enough, the fire can't jump it; it will have to go around. It 's mighty lucky for us that the harvest is about in and most of the fields bare, anyhow."

This was quickly decided upon as the wisest, as indeed the only, plan, and every man, woman and child in the little settlement came out to help. Starting the fire down the wind was easy enough, and it was easy also to prevent its burning back into the town. Half a dozen big boys could see to that. But to make it burn against the wind! That was a different matter! There was terrible danger of its getting beyond control at any moment and destroying the town at once. The men started it in lines, a little at a time, while right behind them stood the women and children with sticks, pails of water, wet brooms and cloths, beating back the flames where they turned toward the houses. They were ably helped by two young men on horseback, holding a dripping blanket stretched between them, who rode up and down the lines continually.

There was plenty of light for what they had to do. To Peter it seemed as if the whole world were on fire, and the bright flames, the leaping, fantastic shadows, the hurrying black figures seemed to belong to some fairy-tale. But although he was very hot and excited and his arms ached with beating, he was hardly frightened at all. He felt such confidence in Father, Jake and the other men.

After what seemed hours of desperately hard and dangerous work a broad belt of burned land lay all about them. Mrs. Rawdon had found Peter, and since there was nothing more they could do, they stood hand in hand watching the wall of flame sweep towards them. The wind had now grown very fierce and strong, the smoke denser and denser. Peter's eyes smarted dreadfully, and his throat ached with continual coughing and choking. The fire was almost upon them when Mr. Rawdon appeared and ordered all the women and children into the bed of the creek.

"Go down to the old swimming-pool," he urged them. "If it gets too hot, get right into the stream, and remember that the air is best close to the ground."

"You come, too!" begged Peter. But his father explained that he could not. Big sparks were beginning to fly across the town, and the men wanted to be ready if anything caught fire.

but that she could n't, could n't let him go out there.

"How do you s'pose they noticed the fire?" he asked a few moments later, between sobs. "Do you think they saw it?"

"No—no," hesitated Mrs. Rawdon, "you said you heard the little wild animals rushing across the garden. That must have awakened and



"'I DID N'T SAVE THE TOWN AT ALL,' HE EXPLAINED EARNESTLY."

Crouched down in the dark, in the wet mud of the creek, holding tight to his mother's hand, Peter heard the fire come roaring upon them. The air grew hotter and hotter, full of flying sparks and cinders, the smoke denser and denser.

All about them they could hear the crackling and spitting of the grass. Suddenly Peter gave a cry. "Oh, Mother! The rabbits! I forgot them when we started fighting the fire, and it was they that woke me. Please let me go and get them! Please! Please!" and he wept bitterly when his mother, trying to comfort him, explained that the rabbits would surely be all right, frightened them. Perhaps they smelled it also."

The minutes seemed very long, there in the heat and the smoke, but it was really barely half an hour before the heat waned, the smoke grew less dense and they could hear the men shouting that the fire had gone by. Overhead the first faint dawn was breaking, and as they came scrambling up from the bed of the creek, Peter could not help laughing at the queer appearance of his friends. In the grey light they looked more like hobgoblins than people, covered as they were with mud and water grasses, their faces streaked with cinders and still pale with anxiety.

Away off down the wind the fire was disappearing in the direction of the river which was at last to put an end to its career of destruction.

As soon as Peter and his mother had found his father and made sure he was safe, Peter slipped off by himself and ran as fast as his short legs would take him to the rabbit-hutch. How strange the garden looked in the grey dawn, trampled and disordered by the confusion of the past night! But there in one corner was the rabbit-hutch, and huddled together inside, frightened but safe, were Miss Gibbs and Bounce, just as his mother had said they would be. With cries of delight and relief Peter flung himself down to pet and caress them. Then he hurried indoors for a market-basket, and coming back he placed the rabbits carefully inside it. Suddenly it occurred to him that the dim, deserted garden was a very lonely spot for a little boy of eight, and he hurried back to the square.

Although it was growing lighter every moment, the lamp still flickered feebly, and once more the whole town seemed to be gathered around it. Over their tired, thankful faces Peter could see a man standing on a cart. He was speaking, and as the little boy hurried up he heard him say: "I think we will all agree that we are wonderfully lucky and ought to be very thankful people. Also, I 'm proud of the way we fought that fire. But all our efforts would have been useless if we had not had warning in time. So I want to give three cheers now for the boy who saw the fire while it was still far off and saved the town—Peter Rawdon!"

While the cheers rang our deafeningly, some one caught Peter and swung him up on to the cart, basket and all. It gave him a queer, dizzy feeling to be way up there looking down over all those laughing, friendly faces, but Peter was too concerned to be frightened or even embarrassed. A dreadful mistake had to be put right, and as soon as he could make himself heard he began to speak in an eager, excited little voice.

"I did n't save the town at all," he explained earnestly; "I was sound asleep. It was Miss Gibbs and Bounce who found out about the fire and thumped their pan until they woke me up. And then I forgot them and left them behind. But they were n't hurt after all. See, here they are!" And he lifted up the basket proudly.

For a moment there was an astonished silence; then the cheering broke out louder than ever. "I think," cried the same man above the laughter and applause, "that we ought to give three cheers for Miss Gibbs and Bounce, but I wish we could show our gratitude in some more solid way. What do you say, Peter—would they like a gold medal apiece or new collars? What would they like best?"

"I think," cried Peter, almost stammering in his excitement, "I think they would like best of all to be allowed to run about everywhere as they used to do, and I wish no one would ever shoot at them again, even if they do eat the young lettuce and turnips. Do you think they could?"

"Of course they shall!" cried the crowd, and Peter's mother, hugging him close a few moments later, whispered in his ear, "They may eat every vegetable I own, and I 'll never say another word."

That very day the bunnies were given their freedom, and before long were the two best known and most petted members of the town. They still wrought havoc in the vegetable gardens; but whenever any one felt inclined to be cross with them even for a moment, he remembered how many, many more vegetables would have been lost and how much else besides if it had not been for Bounce and Miss Gibbs.



# DRIVING THE ENEMY OUT OF THE AIR

BY A. RUSSELL BOND

Author of "With Men Who Do Things," "On the Battle-front of Engineering," etc.

We are a great peace-loving people, which is the very reason why we are at war. We must down the power that is disturbing the peace of the world. We do not believe in conquests, at least of the type that Germany is trying to force, and yet there are certain conquests that we do indulge in once in a while.

Fifteen years ago two young Americans made the greatest conquest that the world has ever seen. The Wright brothers sailed up into the heavens and gained the mastery of the air. They offered their conquest to the United States; but while we accepted their offering with enthusiasm at first, we did not know what to do with the new realm after we got it. There seemed to be no particular use in flying. It was just a bit too risky to be a pleasant sport, and about all we could see in it was an exhibition for the circus or the county fair.

Not so in Europe, however. Flying meant something over there—there where the frontiers have ever bristled with big guns and strong fortifications, and where huge military forces have slept on their arms, never knowing what dreadful war the morning would bring forth. The war-lovers hailed the airplane as a new instrument with which to terrorize their neighbors; the peace-lovers saw in it another fearful menace to their homes; it gave them a new frontier to defend. And so the military powers of Europe took up the airplane seriously and earnestly and developed it to a high degree of perfection.

Meanwhile we slept.

Then the Great War broke out, and the airplane proved to be a more important and formidable weapon than even the most enthusiastic aëronaut had dreamed it ever would be. A great struggle for mastery raged in the air—in this realm that peaceful America had given to the world. First one side would gain the upper hand, and then the other would launch a new type of machine and wrest control from its adversary, only to lose it again to a still better machine. And so the struggle has gone on, neither side holding the lead very long, but both sides learning more per week about flying than they could have learned in a year in time of peace.

All this time America dawdled far in the rear, with no thought of entering the race. To be sure, we built a large number of machines for the British, but they were not good enough to be sent to the front; they were used merely as practice machines in the British training-schools. We knew that we were hopelessly outclassed, and we did n't care very much. Then we entered the war.



"IT WOULD TAKE A HUNDRED HORSES TO SUPPLY THE POWER FOR A SMALL AIRPLANE."

"What can we do to help?" we asked our allies, and their answer gave us a shock.

"Airplanes!" they cried. "Build us airplanes—thousands of them—so that we can drive the enemy out of the air and blind his armies!"

It took us a while to recover from our surprise, and then we realized why we had been asked to build airplanes. America's reputation as a manufacturer of machinery has spread throughout the world. We love to take hold of a machine and turn it out in big quantities. Our allies were sure that we could turn out first-class airplanes, and lots of them, if we tried.



HOW ONE OF OUR NEW AIRPLANE FACTORIES WOULD LOOK SET DOWN IN MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

Congress made an appropriation of six hundred and forty million dollars for aëronautics, and then things began to hum.

### A BIRTHDAY PRESENT TO THE NATION

The heart of an airplane is its engine. We know a great deal about gasolene engines, especially automobile engines; but an airplane engine is a very different proposition. It must be tremendously powerful, and at the same time extremely light. Every ounce of unnecessary weight must be shaved off. It must be built with the precision of a watch, its vital parts must be true to a ten-thousandth part of an inch. It takes a very powerful horse to develop one horse-power for a considerable length of time. It would take a hundred horses to supply the power for even a small airplane, and they would weigh a hundred and twenty thousand pounds. An airplane motor of the same power would weigh less than three hundred pounds, which is a quarter of the weight of a single horse. It was this powerful, yet most delicate, machine that we were called upon to turn out by the thousand. There was no time to waste; a motor must be designed that could be built in the American way, without any tinkering or fussy hand-work.

Two of our best engineers met in a hotel in Washington on June 3, 1917, and worked for five days without once leaving their rooms. They had before them all the airplane knowledge of our allies. American engine-builders offered up their trade secrets. Everything was done to make this motor worthy of America's reputation. There was a race to have the motor finished by the Fourth of July. Sure enough, on Independence Day the finished motor was there in Washington —the "Liberty motor," a birthday present to the nation. It was a wonderful engine. Twelve different factories, from Connecticut to California, had helped to make it, yet so accurately had the parts been machined that they were assembled and put into a single motor without any special hand-fitting. The Liberty motor has stood up splendidly under every test. Big factories are now making the motor, and before this article is published the Liberty motor will be turned out by the thousand.

### A TWENTY-SIX-ACRE FACTORY

The bodies and wings of our air fleet are being turned out in other factories. One big plant, which was built in three months' time, covers twenty-six acres with a single building. It measures nine hundred feet one way and thirteen hundred feet the other way. To give some idea of its enormous size, let us imagine how it would look if placed in the heart of New York City. Suppose we pick out Madison Square as the site of the vast factory. We should have to push back a little the buildings on the north and south sides of the square to squeeze the factory in, and then we should have to tear down the buildings on the west side of the square nearly all the way to Sixth Avenue to make room for the enormous length of the structure. The factory

is an enormous mill into which canvas and spruce are being fed in at one end, while from the other end a steady stream of airplanes will be ground out, when everything is in good running order, at the rate of fifty machines per day, or one every nine and a half minutes of an eight-hour work-day.

### DIFFERENT TYPES OF AIRPLANES

America is going to play such an important part in aviation that every American boy, and certainly every boy who reads St. Nicholas, should keep posted on airplanes.



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CAPTAIN GUYNEMER IN A NIEUPORT ABOUT TO CROSS A CLOUD BARRIER AT 8,000 FEET.

We all know the difference between a monoplane and a biplane. No doubt most of us know the difference between a tractor and a pusher. In the tractor the propeller is at the front of the machine and pulls the airplane behind it. In the pusher type the propeller is at the rear of the machine and pushes the airplane ahead of it. There are certain advantages for each of these types, but most of the machines in use on the battle-front are tractor machines. Most of them, too, are biplanes, as these are steadier and can make a landing on rough ground better than a monoplane. Then there is the *hydro-aëroplane*, an airplane with a boat-shaped body and with floats on its wings so that it can sail on the water. Most boys would probably call this a *hydroplane*, which is not a flying-machine at all. But the war has now brought about other very important distinctions that every boy should know.

### THE EYES IN THE SKY

The first war use of airplanes was for spying upon the enemy. Mounted patrols used to do this work. They would try to gain some height from which they could look down upon the opposing army and size up its forces. But the airplane proved far superior to any other form of scouting, because it gave the scout an unobstructed view of the surrounding country for miles and he could see just what the enemy was doing. He could see whether large forces of men were collecting anywhere for a drive at some particular point. He could locate the artillery of the enemy and discover his weak spots. And so it came about that there was a complete change in warfare. The surprise movements that used to play such an important part in former days are a thing of the past. No general of to-day can expect to spring a surprise on the enemy as long as there are enemy eyes in the sky.

Modern long-range guns are placed far behind the battle-line. They may be as much as five or six miles behind their own lines, well concealed in some wood or back of a hill. The gunners cannot see what they are firing upon, but their aim is directed by a spotter in some observation post, such as a captive balloon or a tall tree. But the best observation post is one that can take wing and soar over the enemy during a bombardment. From such a post the spotter can see just what his own artillery are doing, and he can signal back when a shell goes beyond or falls short of the mark. Such airplanes are constantly prowling around in search of suspicious objects for the big guns to shoot at.

### FIGHTING AIRPLANES

The scouts and artillery spotters are comparatively peaceful machines. They do not fight except in self-defense, but there are two other types of machines whose principal business is to fight. Very early in the war the scouts of one side came into a clash with the scouts of the other side, and that meant a fight. But if scouts were to fight each other, they could not pay much attention to the business of scouting. This led to the building of special machines for fighting purposes only, which engage enemy airplanes and enable their own scouts to make observations.

A fourth type of machine was one which would fight the enemy on the ground beneath. At first the armies did not realize the danger of exposing themselves to attack from overhead. Long

convoys of trucks and masses of infantry moved freely over the roads back of the lines. Then the air fighters took a notion to engage the enemy on the ground as well as the enemy in the air. They began dropping bombs on the troops. The French invented a steel dart about the size of a pencil, and these were dropped by the hundred upon the enemy. Bombing airplanes drove the armies to cover, so that now the fliers have not the opportunities they used to have at the beginning of the war; but they are employed to attack important points behind the enemies' lines, such as railway stations, stores of munitions, and the like. Frequently they take long trips into the enemy country and drop powerful explosives on munition plants, while the German bombers have sown death among the people of London and other unfortified cities of England.

And so we have four uses for the airplane: Scouting, artillery spotting, battling, and bombing, each calling for its own type of machine.



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LOOPING THE LOOP OVER NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA.

### AIR SCOUTS AND THEIR DANGERS

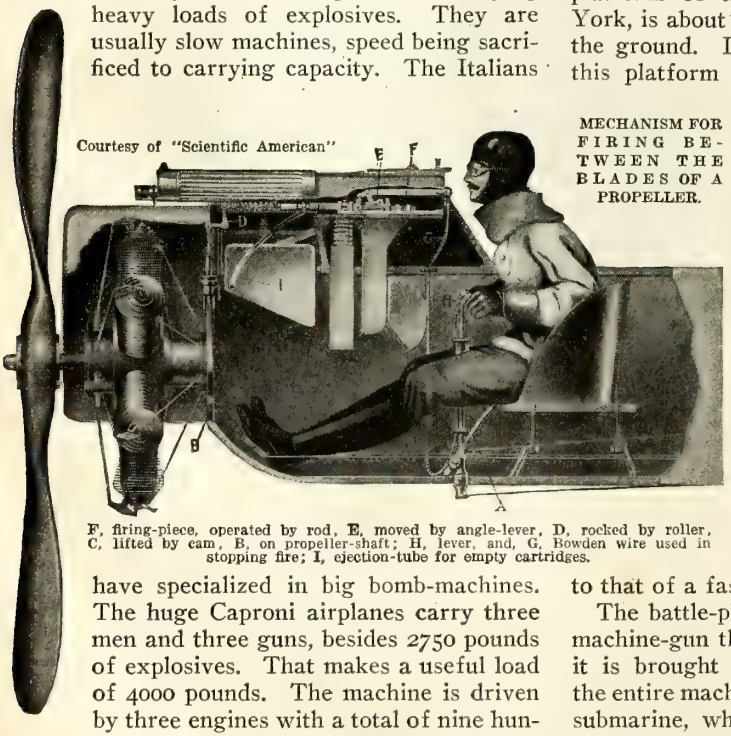
The scouting airplane usually carries two men, one to drive the machine and the other to take observations. The observer must carry a camera to take photographs of what is below, and he is usually equipped with a wireless outfit, with which he can send important information back to his own base. The camera is sometimes fitted with a stock like that of a gun, so that it can be aimed from the shoulder. Some small cameras are shaped so that they can be held in the hand like a pistol and aimed over the side of the fuselage, or body, of the airplane; but more recently large cameras have been used which are fitted with telescopic lenses, or "telephoto" lenses as they are called. These are built into the airplane, with the lens opening down through the bottom of the fuselage. Exposures are made at the touch of a button, while some cameras are arranged to make exposures automatically every so often. The scouting airplane carries a machine-gun, not for attack, but for defense. It must be a quick climber and a good dodger, so that it can escape from an attacking plane. Usually it does not have to go very far into the enemy country, and it is provided with a large wing-spread, so that if anything should happen to the engine, it can *vol-plane,* or glide back, to its own lines. As the scouting planes are large, they offer a big target to anti-aircraft guns, and so the work of the air scout is rather hazardous. A common procedure is to swoop down upon the enemy, when, of course, the machine will be traveling at high velocity, because it will have all the speed of falling added to that which its own propeller gives it. It is really a very difficult matter to hit a rapidly moving airplane; and even if it is hit, there are few spots in which it can be mortally wounded. Hundreds of shots could go through the wings of an airplane without impairing its flying in the least. The engine, too, can be pretty well peppered without being disabled. One of the few vulnerable spots is the gasolene tank. If that is punctured so that the fuel runs out, the airplane must come to the

ground. As for the men in the machine, they furnish small targets, and even they can be hit in many places without being put entirely out of business. And so the dangers of the air scout are not so great as might at first be supposed.

Machines with which artillery spotting is done are usually manned by a pilot and an observer, so that the latter can devote his entire attention to noting the fire of the guns and signaling ranges without being hampered by having to drive the machine. These machines are usually of the pusher type, so that the observer will have an unobstructed view. They do not have to be fast machines. It is really better for them to move slowly. If it were possible for them to stop altogether and hover over the spot that was being shelled, it would be a distinct advantage. That would give the observer a chance to note with better accuracy the fall of the shells. Like the scout the spotter must be a fast climber, so that it can get out of the way of enemy guns and run away from attacking planes.

## GIANTS OF THE SKY

The largest war-planes are the bomb-dropping machines. They must be capable of carrying heavy loads of explosives. They are usually slow machines, speed being sacrificed to carrying capacity. The Italians have specialized in big bomb-machines. The huge Caproni airplanes carry three men and three guns, besides 2750 pounds of explosives. That makes a useful load of 4000 pounds. The machine is driven by three engines with a total of nine hundred horsepower. Such enormous machines are rather exceptional, however. Bombing-machines are usually convoyed by fast fighting-planes, and do not have to defend themselves from attack in the air. Often bombing raids are made at night, and the big Italian machines are provided with "searchlight bombs" to enable them to locate important spots on the ground beneath. These are brilliant magnesium torches suspended from parachutes, so that they fall slowly and give a broad illumination, while the airplane itself is shielded from the light by the parachute.



Courtesy of "Scientific American"

MECHANISM FOR FIRING BETWEEN THE BLADES OF A PROPELLER.

F, firing-piece, operated by rod, E, moved by angle-lever, D, rocked by roller, C, lifted by cam, B, on propeller-shaft; H, lever, and, G, Bowden wire used in stopping fire; I, ejection-tube for empty cartridges.

## HOW FAST IS A HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILES PER HOUR?

In naval warfare the battle-ship is the biggest and heaviest ship of the fleet, but in the air such is not the case; the battle-planes are the lightest and the smallest of the lot. They are one-man machines, as a rule, little fellows, but enormously speedy. Speed is such an important factor in aërial warfare that there has been a continuous struggle between the two opposing forces to produce the faster machine. Airplanes have been constantly growing speedier, until now a speed of a hundred and fifty miles per hour is no uncommon rate of travel. It is hard to imagine such a speed as that, but we may gain some idea if we consider a falling object. The observation platform of the Woolworth Building, in New York, is about seven hundred and fifty feet above the ground. If you should drop an object from this platform you would start it on a journey that would grow increasingly speedy, particularly as it neared the ground. By the time it had dropped from the sixtieth story to the fifty-ninth it would have attained a speed of nearly twenty miles per hour. (We are not making any allowances for the resistance of the air and what it would do to check the speed.) As it passed the fiftieth story it would be traveling as fast as an express-train, or sixty miles per hour. At the thirty-fourth story it would be doing a little better than a hundred miles per hour. It would finally reach the ground with a speed equal to that of a fast battle-plane—150 miles per hour.

The battle-plane is usually fitted with a single machine-gun that is fixed to the airplane, so that it is brought to bear on the target by aiming the entire machine. In this it is something like the submarine, which must point its bow at its intended victim in order to aim its torpedo. The operator of the battle-plane simply drives his machine at the enemy and touches a button on his steering-lever to start his machine-gun going.

### SHOOTING THROUGH THE PROPELLER

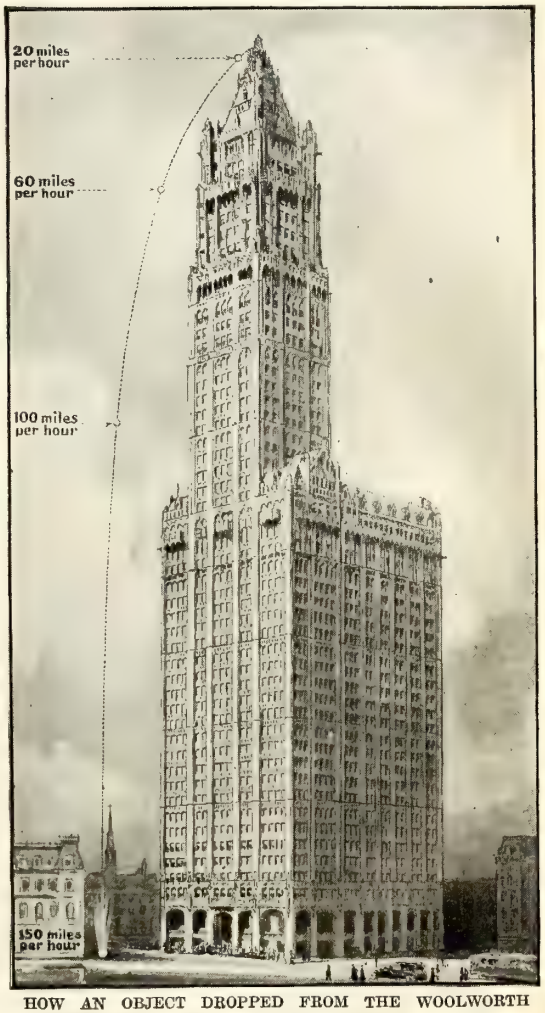
Now the fleetest machines and the most easily manœuvered are those of the tractor type, that is, the ones which have the propeller in front; but this has always been a handicap for a single-seater machine, because the gun has to be fired through the propeller and the bullets are sure to hit the propeller-blades.

It is a common practice to fire through the propeller regardless of whether the propeller-blades are hit ; but at the point where they come in line with the fire of the gun the blades are armored with steel, so that there is no danger of their being cut by the bullets. It has been mathematically calculated that not more than one bullet in eighteen strikes the propeller-blade and is deflected from its course, which is a very trifling loss; nevertheless, it is a loss, and on this account a mechanism has been devised which will time the operations of the machine-gun so that the shots will come only when the propeller-blades are clear of the line of fire.

A cam placed on the propeller-shaft works the trigger of the machine-gun. This does not slow up the fire of the machine-gun. Quite the contrary. We are apt to think of machine-gun fire as very rapid, but they usually fire only about five hundred rounds per minute, while an airplane propeller will make something like twelve hundred revolutions per minute. And so the mechanism is arranged to pull the trigger only once for every two revolutions of the propeller.

### FIGHTING AMONG THE CLOUDS

There is no service of the war that begins to compare with that of the sky fighter. He must climb to enormous heights. Air battles have taken place at elevations of twenty thousand feet. The higher the battle-plane can climb, the better, because the man above has a tremendous advantage. Clouds are both a haven and a menace to him. At any moment an enemy plane may burst out of the clouds upon him. He must be ready to go through all the thrilling tricks of a circus performer so as to dodge the other fellow and get a commanding position. If he is getting the worst of it, he may feign death and let his machine go tumbling and fluttering down for a thousand feet or so, only to recover his equilibrium suddenly and dart off when the enemy has been thrown off his guard. He may escape into some friendly cloud, but he dare not hide in it very long lest he get lost. It is a peculiar sensation that comes over an aviator when flying through a thick mass of clouds. He is cut off from the rest of the world. He can hear nothing but the terrific roar of his own motor and the hurricance rush of the wind against his ears. He can see nothing but the bluish fog of the clouds. He begins to lose all sense of direction. His compass appears to swing violently to and fro, when




HOW AN OBJECT DROPPED FROM THE WOOLWORTH TOWER WOULD INCREASE ITS SPEED IN FALLING.

really it is his machine that is zigzagging under his unsteady guidance. The more he tries to steady it, the worse becomes the swing of the compass. As he turns he banks his machine automatically, just as a bicyclist does when rounding a corner. He does this unconsciously, and he may get to spinning round and round, with his machine standing on its side. In some cases aviators have actually emerged from the clouds with their machines upside down. To be sure, this is not an alarming position for an experienced aviator; at the same time it is not altogether a safe one. The machine is sometimes

broken by the effort to right it suddenly. And so while the clouds make very handy shelters, they are not always very safe harbors.

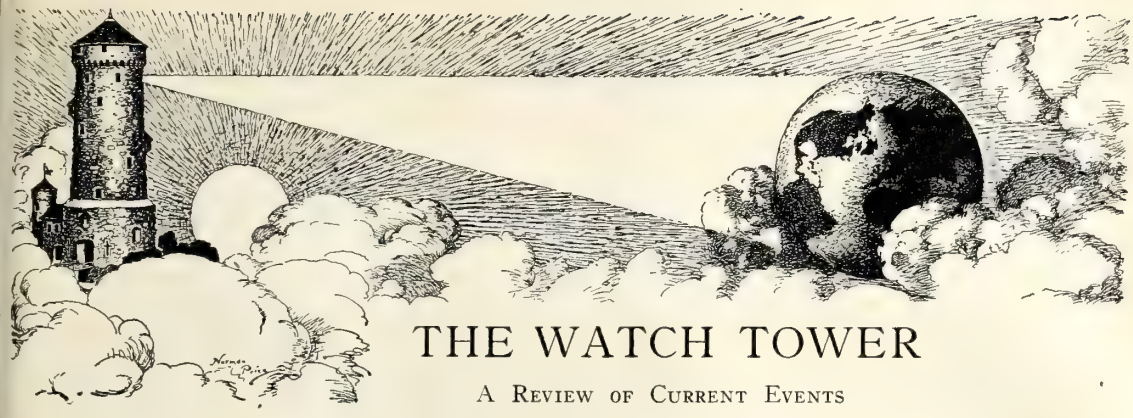
To the battle-plane falls the task of clearing the air of the enemy. If the enemy's battle-planes are disposed of, his bombing-planes, his spotters, and his scouts cannot operate, and he will be blind. This is the task that America has set out to accomplish. This spring we may expect to see big fleets of battle-planes fighting for the mastery of the air. We are pinning our faith on the Liberty motor and our liberty-loving aviators to carry America once more into the lead in the realm of the air.

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Photograph by Henry Dixon & Son, London, England

"THE TOY CAT," PAINTED BY THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.



# THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

BY EDWARD N. TEALL

## UNCLE SAM, RAILROAD MAN

At noon of Friday, December 28, in accordance with the President's proclamation issued two days before, the United States Government took over the administration of the railroad systems of the country. William G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, was named by the President as Director-General of Railroads.

The act of the President and the selection of Mr. McAdoo as administrative head of the new system were apparently approved at once by the public and the railroad managers. The President issued a statement in which he said that he had acted only for the present and imperative emergency needs of the nation at war, and Director-General McAdoo told the nation that "Victory will depend upon our speed and efficiency. We can get neither unless the railroads are equal to the demands." He besought "the coöperation of every citizen in this great work."

This is a most momentous event. It does not commit the American people or Government to any permanent policy of government ownership or control, but such a step once taken, even for temporary purposes, makes it doubly difficult to go back to the old footing. It has been taken now not because our railroad men are incapable, but because central control is now necessary, and the one quick and sure way to get it is through the Federal Government.

Shipments will be directed from Washington in much the same way that the movement of the mails is directed. The most direct routes will be used, and many delays due to trans-shipment will be avoided. The Government has arranged to safeguard the earnings of the roads and the returns to investors. As to the Congress now in session, it seemed, when the proclamation was issued, entirely satisfied to leave the task and the responsibility in the hands of the Chief Executive.

The working out of this tremendous problem, so boldly attacked, will be of extreme interest to the American people—and also to the Governments of Europe, those who are our associates in arms as well as those who are our enemies.

## DECEMBER ON THE BATTLE-LINE

The last month of 1917 brought no new development in the war situation comparable in interest and importance to the apparent defection of Russia from the cause of the Allies. We call it "apparent," for even in the darkest days of December it did not seem possible that the Russian nation was being rightly represented by the Bolsheviki Government.

That Government, recognized only by Germany, seemed to have added to its practical difficulties the humiliation of being the dupe of Germany. The armistice, arranged for the discussion of terms of "separate" peace, gave Germany time to recuperate, and opportunity to move many divisions of troops to the Flanders front.

The German terms of peace with Russia were reported to include these conditions: Germany to retain possession of all conquered territory in the east; Germany to control Russia's wheat crops for fifteen years; German goods to have special privileges in the Russian market. There was a pill for the Bolsheviki to swallow—and not a sugar-coated one!

Meanwhile, revolt against the Government of Lenine and Trotzky spread fast and gathered form and force. It began to seem as if Germany had again overplayed her hand, and, while gaining a temporary advantage, had suffered a loss greatly overbalancing it by bringing to a focus whatever there may be of unifying national spirit

in the vast and wide-spread population of Russia.

The one great event of good cheer for the Allies was the triumphal entry of General Allenby's army into Jerusalem. Such a victory must weaken seriously the confidence of the Kaiser's Turkish ally. Some volunteer advisers of the Government at Washington have called for a declaration of war against Bulgaria and Turkey, but it is quite likely, in the case of Trukey at least, that it is wiser for us to refrain. As the Turkish leaders become more and more distrustful of German promises, they must also become the more inclined to submit to the demands for good behavior made by the civilized nations now united against the governments which have deliberately made themselves outlaws.

The year closed with cheering signs of restored morale in the Italian armies, which had rallied and checked the Austrian advance. The United States declared war on Austria. There were disorders in Portugal. New revelations were made of the way in which Germany had used Argentina as a tool in her plotting against the world's peace. The movement of American troops to France continued most successfully and on a large scale, and Germany's submarine warfare seemed clearly to have reached the limit of its effectiveness. "Depth bombs" were destroying many U-boats, and England was launching ships about as fast as the German sea-wolves could destroy them.

As the new year began, the Allies were better organized and more united than ever before.

## THE HALIFAX DISASTER

In 1839 the State of Maine was ready to take arms against the Canadian province of New Brunswick. In 1917, when Halifax was wrecked by the explosion of a shipload of ammunition in its harbor, Maine was among the very first to send help; and the 10,000 blankets, 1000 cots, 400,000 square feet of beaver-board, ten tons of putty, 200,000 sheets of window-glass and 10,000 rolls of tar-paper which she sent to the relief of the stricken city probably went by way of New Brunswick and across the Bay of Fundy. In 1839 the cause of conflict was the boundary line; in 1917 there was, to all practical purposes, no such thing as a boundary line in existence.



© International Film Service
ONE OF THE WRECKED HOMES.

After the explosion came fire; and after that, a blizzard. Almost before the dazed inhabitants of the wrecked district had time to realize what had happened, Canada and New England had begun shipping relief goods. Red Cross trains had



© International Film Service
THE NARROWS AT HALIFAX, WHERE THE EXPLOSION OCCURRED.

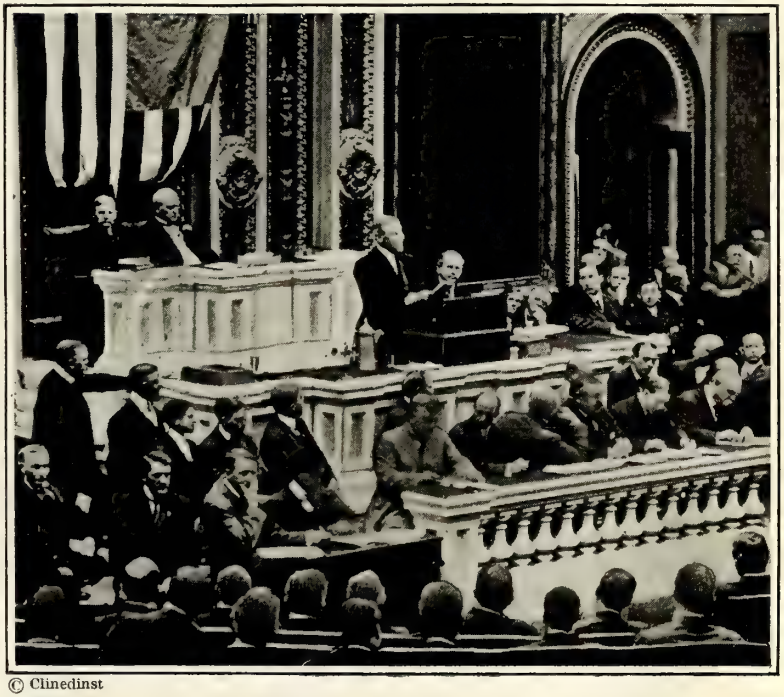
the right of way and were hurried out from the New England cities with stores of food, clothing, bandages and medicines, and a force of doctors and nurses. By car-load and ship-load the means and materials of assistance were rushed forward; and the urgency of the situation is expressed in these figures: Dead, 1200; unaccounted for, nearly 2000; injured, 6000; homeless, 25,000.

A terrible catastrophe; and one which we record in our review of events, not because of the nature or extent of the disaster, but because of the new proof, when the world is fighting an ugly war, of the goodness and beauty of friendship not limited by geographical frontiers.

## AMERICA AT WORK

No finer document of state was ever put forth than the message of President Wilson to the assembled Congress. December 4th. In it the President stated in precise terms the grounds on which the civilized world has indicted the Kaiser and his militarist government, and declared clearly and rigorously the purpose of the United States and the Allies (for, it seems, we are their associate, not their formal ally) to make victory in the field the first object of endeavor. The President reaffirmed the absence of enmity on the part of this Government and nation against the German people, but declared in exact phraseology their purpose of never ceasing to fight until the Hohenzollerns shall have been deposed from power. The President's message was adopted by all the Powers on whose side we fight, as the strongest and completest expression of the common purpose.

It was a momentous session of Congress that opened in December. The war budget called for the expenditure of billions of dollars. The President asked for the appointment of a single committee to make appropriations, but Congress refused to concentrate this power. The merits and demerits of our national legislature are both being shown up pretty plainly in these great times. The methods of legislation and administration seem clumsy and even dangerously slow at times. On the other hand, the system of "checks and balances" works safely. Congress is inquiring into the Administration's use of its great war powers. It is vexatious, in a way; but it is healthy, too. The errors and shortcomings of the administrative departments could never be corrected were they not subjected to that "pitiless publicity" of which President Wilson is an advocate.



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PRESIDENT WILSON BEFORE CONGRESS, CALLING FOR A DECLARATION OF WAR AGAINST AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

The Congress passed the Prohibition amendment to the Federal Constitution, which will now go to the state legislatures for ratification.

During the last month of the old year the Navy lost a destroyer, the *Jacob Jones,* sunk by a German submarine; and one of its own submarines was rammed and sunk by another, in home waters, in a fog. Over against these losses must be placed the wonderful work done in training our new army, and the placing of many thousands of troops near the front line in France. Never has so efficient an army been made so fast. The accomplishment does not wipe out our past sins of unpreparedness, but it does promise well for the near future.

The problems of food and fuel were, naturally, of foremost importance as the winter began. The Food Administration has done well, wonderfully well. Its task is tremendous. The Fuel Administration's worst enemy is the weather. Winter storms, that make the need for fuel imperative, increase mightily the difficulties of distribution.

But, what with keeping the home fires burning and the factory furnaces hot, the American people are learning to distinguish essentials from non-essentials.

Perhaps THE WATCH TOWER is too optimistic. We are not blind; we can see many, many things that might be done differently—and perhaps better. But, summing it all up, we believe that America has never been so great, so powerful, so deserving of praise and respect as it is to-day. All things unite to make us a people of a single high purpose. We are working and fighting in a holy cause. Every least one of us is to-day a power in the land, for good or for bad. Every loyal word and act counts for success; every disloyal one contributes to the hateful possibility of failure. All true Americans, young and old, are with Uncle Sam, heart and soul.



© Brown & Dawson

JERUSALEM, FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

## THE "CITY OF PEACE"

THREE hundred and five years before America was discovered, the Holy City fell into the hands of the Mohammedans, after the siege by the Sultan Saladin. When, on December 10, 1917, it was taken by troops of the Allies commanded by the British General Allenby, 730 years had passed since the birth-city of Christianity began to be held by men of another religion. It is not often that a newspaper reporter has opportunity to write a sentence so thrilling to the Christian world as this: "The last advance was made from Bethlehem, and the last stand of the enemy was on 'the road that leads to Jericho.'"

Through century after century Jerusalem has been fought for—Jerusalem, whose name means "City of Peace." The Egyptians took it from its native owners, who recovered it, only to lose it again to the Israelites. David made it his royal city. Solomon strengthened its fortifications. The Assyrian general, Sennacherib, failed to overpass them. Then Babylonian Nebuchadnezzar captured the city and sent the Children of Israel into captivity. Nehemiah rebuilt the defences. Alexander the Great; Ptolemy I; Antiochus Epiphanes; the Maccabees; Pompey; the

Herods: these names carry the history up to the beginning of our modern era.

Then come the names of Titus, Hadrian, Constantine the Great, Chosroes II, King of Persia; the Emperor Heraclius, the Caliph Omar, the Crusader Godfrey of Bouillon, and Saladin, standing out in a long, long record of conquests and rebellions. The Mohammedans held the city from 637 A. D. to 1099; and, with only two brief interruptions, from 1187 to 1917. The Turks have possessed it since 1517, when the Egyptian Sultans ceased to govern it.

The taking of Jerusalem by the Allies is interesting and important in several respects. First, incidents in the capture serve to show how the spirit of the Allies contrasts with that of the Germans. Where the Teutons are said to have taken sacred relics from the Tomb of the Holy Sepulchre to send to the Kaiser for his "war museum," the British commander, in driving out the Turks, used every possible precaution to protect the city from damage. Then, in a military sense, the fall of Jerusalem is a severe blow to the Teutons and their allies, because it means control of Palestine, and, with the taking of Bagdad, must greatly weaken the Turks' belief in the invincibility of their German partners. And it gives new life to Jewish hopes for the establishment of a republic in the old homeland of the Hebrews. The British Government has already declared its intention to aid this project, possibly by establishing a protectorate to give the reëstablished Jewish nation, if reëstablished it is actually to be, the support it will need at the outset.

With this latest defeat of Turkish forces, the effort to cripple England by taking the Suez Canal and invading Egypt seems to be finally checked. The Turks have been conducting this campaign since November of 1914. At one time within fifteen miles of the canal, they have been steadily forced back by Anglo-Egyptian troops, with the support of Australians and New Zealanders and French and British regulars. The British invasion of Palestine began last March, and its success after ten months was a great triumph for England's army.

## THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

LIBERTY LOANS and the Red Cross do not get all the money. The Y. M. C. A. set out to raise $35,000,000 for war work, and received, in cash and pledges, $50,000,000. Teachers of grammar-school classes in arithmetic might set some interesting examples in percentage, using the numbers named before and after each successive "drive."

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THIS is the month of Washington and Lincoln. Those great Americans, if they could be with us to-day, might find it possible to criticize some details of America's management of her tremendous problems, but we are confident that their words would be mostly of praise, and we have not the slightest doubt that they would recognize us as fit descendants of the Americans of 1776 and 1861.

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No part of the world is exempt from the consequences of the world war. England and Germany have long been struggling for colonial control in Africa, and Germany has suffered heavy losses there since the fighting began. Portugal is involved through her possession of Delagoa Bay, the natural outlet for the Transvaal in trade to the East. It was a Portuguese explorer who discovered Delagoa Bay, in 1502. From 1823 to 1872 Great Britain and Portugal wrangled over territorial claims and counter-claims. The dispute was arbitrated by the President of France, in 1875, Portugal agreeing to give England first chance to buy the territory if Portugal ever decided to sell it. If England should acquire control of this port, she would command the African trade routes on each coast, the east and the west. If she makes a "deal" with Portugal, we may be pretty sure it will be a wiser one than she made when she gave Heligoland to Germany, in 1890, in exchange for Zanzibar.

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IN recent numbers of THE WATCH TOWER we have commented on the visit of Baron Ishii to this country as Japan's messenger of good will to America. The fruit of this friendly embassy is now in bud, and will ripen finely. The baron has gone back to Japan, and is telling his countrymen that the American people are not hostile to them. Both nations have gained in that mutual comprehension which is the best guarantee of continuing peace. Enmity grows out of ignorance and misunderstanding.

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IN February signs of spring begin to appear—in the imagination.



LOOKING DOWN INTO THE QUAINT PEACH-ORCHARDS OF MONTREUIL-SOUS-BOIS.

### THE PEACH-ORCHARDS OF MONTREUIL

In the small town of Montreuil, France, not a great many miles back of the battle-line, French peasants, undisturbed by the occasional noise of battle which, when the wind is in the right direction, drifts to their ears, have gathered the peach-crop.

On account of the present great scarcity of fruit in Europe this crop, always valuable, is doubly precious.

Unlike the trees in American peach-orchards, those in Montreuil are trained on walls and trellises, and each branch receives careful and expert attention from its owner. For over two centuries peach-raising has been carried on in this vicinity, and, thanks to a good soil and scientific cultivation, the quantity and quality of the annual yield have given the fruit a high reputation.

The history of these quaint peach-orchards, or gardens, dates back to the time of Louis XIV, when, under a retired army-officer, René Claude Girardot, and a local gardener named Pétin, who had studied in the celebrated royal gardens at Versailles, the industry was started. These two pioneers spread through the neighborhood a general knowledge of high-grade horticulture. Their method was to plant the young tree close to a wall, training the branches by attaching them to trellises or to the wall itself.

These tiny peach-trees, thus trained and cared for, produced a fruit of wonderful size, color, and flavor. At the same time, the trees were rarely attacked by frost. Accordingly, the other gardeners of the neighborhood built walls around their gardens and the usage gradually extended throughout France.

To-day the culture of peaches is carried on in Montreuil just as of old. The French peach-tree, like a climbing rose, demands considerable space on a trellised wall, particularly if it is grafted on an almond-tree, as is often done, when it requires from five to six square yards of surface. It adapts itself to almost all soils, provided they are deep, cold, but not too damp. In Montreuil the pruning of the trees usually is done in winter.

Naturally, under such difficult methods of cultivation, only a few baskets of peaches are pro-

duced in any one orchard, but the fruit, when ripe, is large and exceedingly delicious in flavor. It commands a very high price in the Paris and London markets, when compared with what we in America are accustomed to pay for the finest fruit from our own peach-orchards.

JAMES ANDERSON.

### A SCHOOL FOR SEA-LIONS

WHEN you see a troupe of sea-lions perform their familiar yet wonderful balancing tricks, you may take it for granted that they are graduates of the sea-lion academy that is one of the strange industries of the little city of Tonawanda, half-way between Buffalo and Niagara Falls, New York. Not that the sea-lions troop to school like children, with school-books under their arms; not that there are any imposing school-buildings devoted to these amphibious pupils from the sea; nevertheless, here resides the man who practically originated this odd profession, and eight "captains" who have taken up his work, as he has since retired.

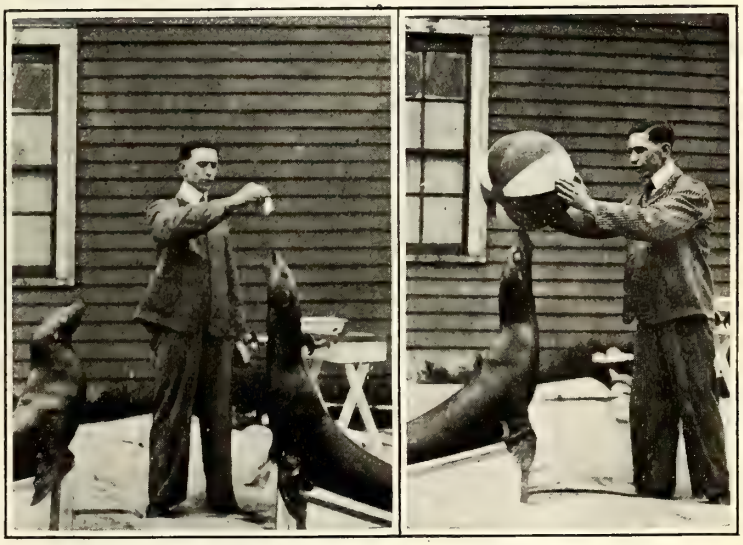
Nor can you on visiting Tonawanda see any evidences of the fact that more than two thirds of the many sea-lions acting on theater stages and in circuses receive their long course of instruction here. Yet if you pass by some of the pretty residences just a stone's throw from the traction line you will hear hoarse yelps and barks that you know are not those of a dog. And if you can get into the good graces of the captain who lives there, you may take a look at the huge tank beside one of the outbuildings, where you will probably see half a dozen lusty sea-lions disporting themselves in the water, barking for food.

But we do not imagine from that that they are underfed. It does not seem possible to give a sea-lion as much as it can eat; the amount a troupe of nine of these animals consume during a week runs up to three hundred pounds. This is a fact the captains bemoan, for they must buy only the freshest and best—and fish is not always cheap there, even though the Niagara river is but half a mile away. Fish food, however, is used for other purposes beside sustenance; it is a bribe. For the sea-lion pupil will not "work" unless he receives his daily portion of five pounds of fresh fish, doled out piece by piece as a reward for doing this or that trick.

And it is a remarkable fact that in training these animals and in leading their public performances, trainers seldom use the whip very vigorously. They have come to know the character of the sea-lion—temperamental, extremely jealous, and moody. Coaxing and intimidating are the only methods they use; the use of actual force usually defeats its own purpose. A sea-lion just craves to be petted. When he bites, you feel it for a week. You have to be a diplomat when you converse with sea-lions.

The rôle of sea-lion captain is indeed one requiring indomitable patience. The animals, having been caught in nets off the Catalina Islands, in the Pacific, are sent by express across the continent to the Tonawanda instruction-camp. Naturally, they are "green" when they begin, but the burden of the captain's work comes in the six months of daily training of the animal that must follow. A troupe of five—all active units—is the largest aggregation that a man can efficiently handle. More than that makes the job a trying one, especially since modern audiences are most exacting and will countenance not the slightest delay or failure.

Your sea-lion captain must first teach the lions their proper places, so that they will find them for themselves. If any of the animals occupies the box of another, a quarrel between them follows, and the troupe refuses to work. Next come the balancing tricks, with balls, batons, and sticks of various sorts. The sea-lion learns



RECEIVING HIS REWARD. A LESSON IN "BALANCE."

readily enough, but the captain has to bounce the huge rubber ball on to its nose hundreds of times, crying "Hold it!" before the animal acquires the sense of balance and performs the tricks that even human beings cannot do. And when the lion does exceptionally well, moving about the floor with its awkward pedal extremities in a desperate effort to keep the ball balanced or to pass it to another, the trainer is glad to cry, "Good boy, Sandy!" or "Nero" or "Billy" or whatever other name has been given it, and then to throw portions of fish into its toothless jaws and apparently bottomless throat.



A STUNT THAT REQUIRES MONTHS OF WORK.

All of these eight captains at Tonawanda maintain friendly rivalry in devising new tricks for the lions, but the possibilities along this line have been exhausted. The "band" which produces the noise that makes you shudder when a rehearsal is in progress is quite an old idea. The animals readily take to the operation of cymbals, bells, and drums, while they can blow quite vigorously into the specially constructed horns. Balancing drumsticks, flaming torches, and the like, ladder-climbing and jumping, are familiar to any one who has been to the circus, but involve months of painstaking training on the part of these captains. But they do not seem to mind it. Their hardest task is to be absolutely impartial in handling their pets. Favoritism arouses the jealousy of the sea-lion actors; each wants to be in the lime-light; if he could, he would do all the acting himself, and this jealous spirit is responsible for the continual bickerings and fights when the animals are passing through this course of training.

If you are fortunate enough to arrive at Tonawanda some afternoon when the active training is on, you will be able to see a free performance on the lawn at some captain's residence. Nor do these men object to an audience; they have little difficulty in obtaining one, though most residents do not stop to watch, for they have seen the thing so often. But the children never seem to tire of sea-lion performances, and after school is out, they are always present when the animals are "tried out" in public. In this way are they stage-broken, and in time cease to watch the spectators, giving their whole energy to their performances, which they really seem to enjoy.

It is now many years since Captain Thomas E. Webb took his first troupe of trained sea-lions around the world and entertained royalty. But the captain made enough out of his unique occupation to make him comfortable for life, and while he still lives at Tonawanda, he has long since passed his interests to the younger men. During the winter and spring, they or their assistants—more frequently the latter—are in various parts of the country directing their performing pets, and then, just before the circus season starts, they are giving other troupes final instructions in their new art.

There are years when the Tonawanda "academies" will receive at least seventy-five "green" sea-lion pupils and will graduate that number. How long the period is before such graduation depends upon the intelligence of the animal in question. There seems to have been a popular belief that seals were used in these circus acts, but the captains at Tonawanda say, and they ought to know, that seals are less tractable and intelligent, and besides, having no joints in their back flippers, they are not able—or willing—to move around or perform with the same dexterity and astounding intelligence that the sea-lions display.

Stanley W. Todd.

## REDISCOVERING THE MISSISSIPPI

BY GEORGE F. PAUL

How long will it take to rediscover the Mississippi River?

With the completion of the Panama Canal, it is very important for us to have a great natural highway down which to slide the products of such great commercial centers as St. Louis, Kansas City, Cincinnati, Memphis, and Chicago. This great valley produces every year nearly one billion tons of commerce. That 's a pretty good crop, but it is sure to increase as the population of the valley grows.

To help in handling this river trade, steel barges of unique construction are now being put in operation. They are bound to win their full share of the credit in rediscovering the Mississippi. They are a radical departure from the old type of river-boat that was mostly all smoke-stack and had to stop whenever it was necessary to blow the whistle.

What would an old-time river captain think of running an all-steel barge with absolutely no fire on board? He would command the stars to shiver his timbers and perform other tricks with the anatomy of his vessel, yet there are now in operation on the Mississippi a few of the all-steel barges that are to make the mighty river something more than a muddy current sprawling downward toward the sea.

He would find that these new barges are driven by powerful internal-combustion engines driving four propellers. As for super-structure, he would find merely a simple navigation-box upon a steel bridge mounted amidships.

When one of these barges on the up-river trip docks at St. Louis, for instance, two men leap to the top of the barge, unlimber a nimble-fingered crane, and begin the unloading as the sixty-eight-foot boom shoots out. In the trim-built cargo-box, which rests on the hull, are tons and tons of olive-oil and wines and liquors from French and Spanish ports, coffee from Brazil and Mexico, pineapples, bananas, grapefruit, and peanuts from the South, and cigars from Cuba.

The work of unloading really begins when the crane picks up from the dock an empty crate that will hold between two and three tons and swings it around so that the men in the cargo-box can rig up their electric loader and fill the crate This electric loader, which now serves as an "unloader," makes plenty of racket, but does the work in double-quick time, for twenty men are needed to keep it busy.

Up comes the heavy boom with the big crate packed solid with merchandise. It shoots the crate out through the air, drops it gently on a waiting truck, then back to the boat for another big basket.

Meanwhile, the men have hurried their loaded truck into the warehouse and a second truck is in readiness for its burden. This is succeeded by a third and by a fourth and by a fifth, and ultimately even by a five-hundredth, for the cargo-box is 200 feet long and forty feet wide, so that of itself it is pretty much of a match for the 250-foot warehouse. By the end of eighteen hours, all the "goodies" have been dug from the wonderful cargo-box. Now it is time to fill it up again for the return voyage to the Southland.

The cargo is waiting. There are trim-looking boxes of shoes, shiny stoves snug in their crates, and hundreds of boxes of soap as first aid in the Monday morning charge on General Dirt. Then, too, there are rounds and rounds of ammunition, but not for the war—simply for the duck-hunters of Memphis and other peaceful localities where there are bird-haunted river-courses. To give the cargo a touch of style, three brand-new automobiles are taken aboard, and then it 's away for the South!



ONE OF THE NEW STEEL BARGES AT HER DOCK.

That 's the way this new type of river-boat does its work, then pulls off at the merry clip of

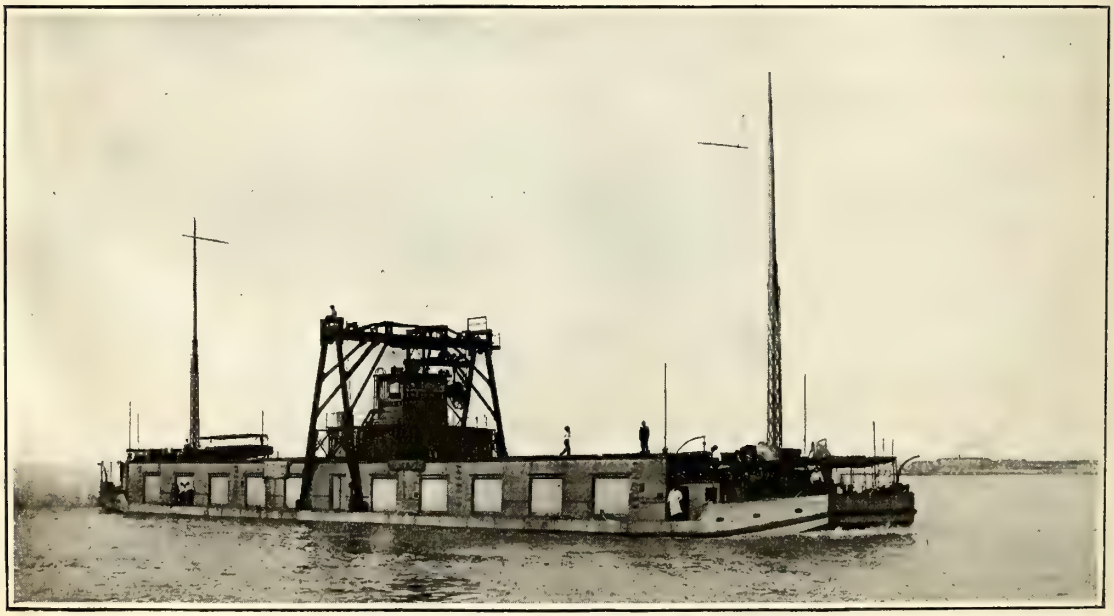
sixteen miles an hour down-stream, making the run to Memphis in less than forty hours, then striking on for New Orleans. Such a boat costs about $100,000, but it carries more freight than the largest steamboats could ever bear, though some of them cost hundreds of thousands. The crew of the steamboat *Robert E. Lee* consisted of 125 officers, engineers, mates, deckhands and roustabouts. To handle one of the new barges only twelve men are needed. The boat is keyed and wired, telephoned and gaged, everything being done to save steps, avoid smoke, and eliminate friction, whether mechanical or human.

One of the men who has been influential in getting some of these modern boats on the river, declares that after this war is over we must seek a firm foothold on foreign trade or prepare to face a period of hard times. But he goes on to ask this pertinent question, "How could any one think for a moment of the possibility of winning and holding foreign trade when lacking efficient methods of transportation at home?"

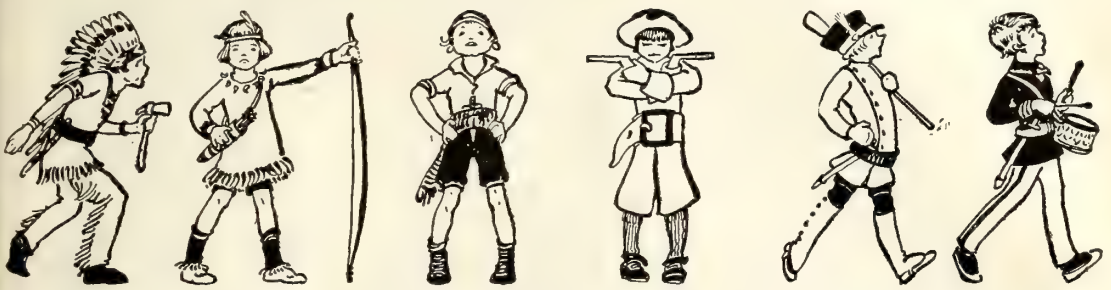
When he sees that such a question as this is something of a puzzler, he adds: "The non-use of our rivers, which would permit freight to move at one fourth of the present rail charges, is a voluntary handicap and penalty which we place on our foreign exports many fold. This war will be decided by the business men of each of these fighting nations upon the markets of foreign commerce and trade. That nation which, while buried under the heavy taxes it must face, can still hold its foreign market—that nation will be the victor in this war, and this is the fact that should earnestly interest us here in this country. To hold either our home trade or our foreign trade, we must have the highest efficiency here at home."

From this it is perfectly evident that there is a place for this new type of barge embodying many practical and up-to-date features. The barge has two refrigerating plants, one for the crew and one for the cargo. These are capable of maintaining a temperature of thirty-five degrees for a cargo of 6000 cubic feet. The waterproof, steel cargo-box is straddled by an electric traveling crane capable of extending a boom outward on either side for a distance of seventy feet and then lifting more than a ton. Finally, the barge is equipped with a fifteen-mile-an-hour launch, a skiff, and a life-raft. The heating and cooking are done by electricity. There are many electric lights and three powerful searchlights, giving a total of 18,000 candle-power, the largest one being of 9000 candle-power, all pilot-house controlled.

Such are the new type barges now plying on the Mississippi River in their endeavor to make it one of the world's great commercial arteries, redeeming it from the Congo-like stupor into which it has fallen since the early days when the old steamboat tooted its whistle "comin' down the river just above the bend."



ONE OF THE NEW CARGO BOATS UNDER WAY, FULLY LOADED.



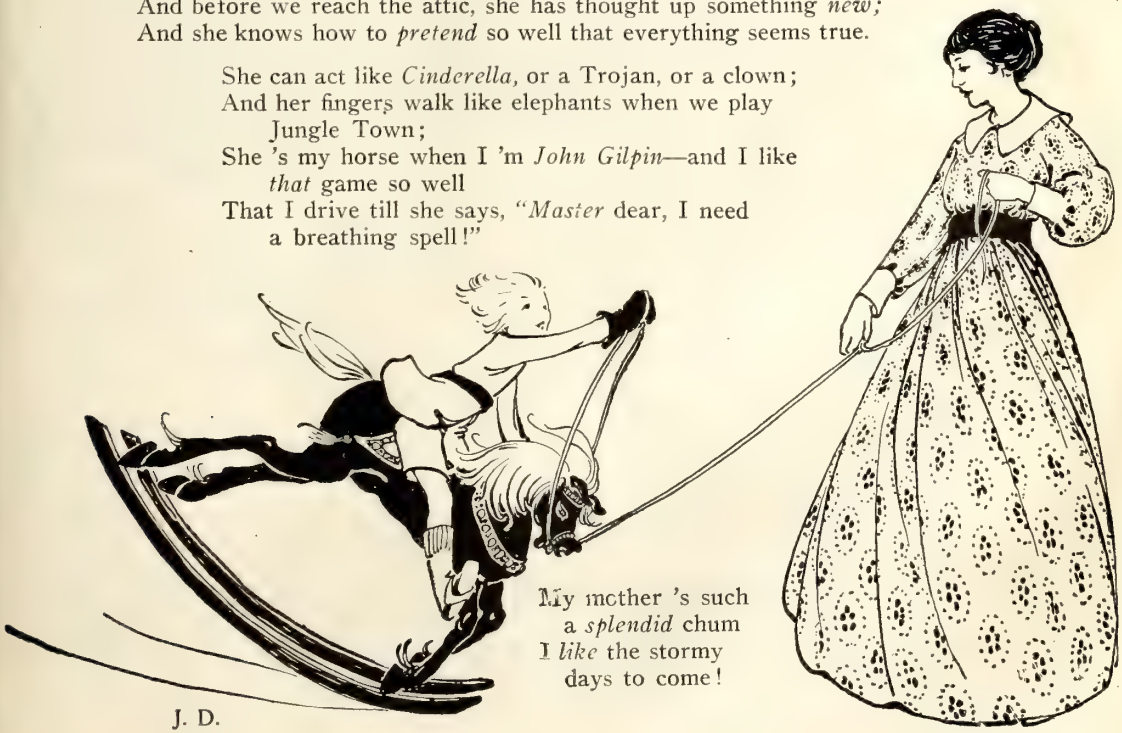
# PLAY-MATES

BY JANE BLAIR REID

As soon as we 've had breakfast, on every *sunny* day,
Mother kisses me and says, "Now run out, dear, and play."
Or some other boys come over, and we play an Indian game,
And sometimes war or pirates—but *they* play all games the *same!*

But when the weather 's *stormy,* then Mother 's sure to say,
*"Would n't* it be fun if we should play up-stairs to-day!"
And before we reach the attic, she has thought up something *new;*
And she knows how to *pretend* so well that everything seems true.

She can act like *Cinderella,* or a Trojan, or a clown;
And her fingers walk like elephants when we play Jungle Town;
She 's my horse when I 'm *John Gilpin*—and I like *that* game so well
That I drive till she says, *"Master* dear, I need a breathing spell!"



My mother 's such
a *splendid* chum
I *like* the stormy
days to come!

J. D.




# A SOLDIER BRAVE

BY CAROLINE HOFMAN

I 've put on my gay new soldier-dress
To "rescue some lady who 's in distress;"
For my heart is stout and my word is true,
"Mrs. Perkins, kind neighbor, good-day to you!"

"Ah, General Tommy, a right fair day!
Will you drive all the rats from my barn away?
They 're planning attacks there the whole day through;
And here is a shining new dime for you."

# A LITTLE RED CROSS HELPER

BY MAUDE M. HANKINS

I 'm awful busy working for
The soldier-men in France;
I mean to make them lots of things
If once I get a chance.

I 've made already one face-cloth,
And knitted it myself;
But Daddy used it by mistake—
'T was lying on the shelf.

And I started on a sweater—
I would have got it done,
But Ethel May showed me her scarf,
And then *I* started one.

It 's brown, and very warm and nice;
I 'm proud as I can be.
My auntie came to see us,
And she finished it for me.

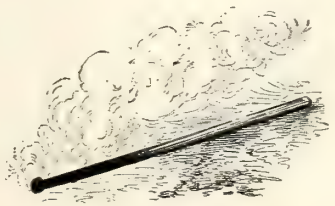
I 've started wristlets and a cap,
Some woolen stockings too,—
I think it 's very int'resting
To start off things—don't you?



# WILLIE O' WINK

BY MARTHA BURR BANKS

Young Willie O' Wink, now what do you think?
He lighted the candles, pretty and pink,
He made the eyes of the lantern dance,
He helped the flames in the fireplace prance,
He was in and out with a blaze and a blink,
For a spry little match was Willie O' Wink.



# ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY HELEN JOHNSON, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

BOTH by the cover of this issue of the magazine and the tributes and anecdotes printed in earlier pages, we are reminded that this is the month of Washington and Lincoln—the shortest month of all the twelve, and yet so fortunate as to wear the double honor of heralding the two great Presidents whose birthdays are national holidays. The timeliness of that ever-memorable fact of American history also inspired many of the LEAGUE prose-writers in this February competition. There were more stories or essays in honor of the "Father of His Country" or the "Great Emancipator" than of any other "American hero"—with the possible exception of Nathan Hale, whose devoted loyalty has been so often recounted that it is as familiar as that of the Chief Magistrates themselves. On this account, mainly, it was impossible to make room for several tributes to these immortal patriots that we should have been glad to print. Again, the list of other heroes whose names shine forever resplendent in the annals of our country is, happily, far too great for us to attempt even to enumerate them all; and few of the best known escaped the patriotic fervor of our young Leaguers. So we could only make choice of a half-a-dozen brief eulogies, where ten times as many might with almost equal claims have found a place here; and in simple fairness, also, we were bound to reserve a portion of our space for those clever young writers who chose to forsake biography altogether and give their imaginative or narrative powers free play to weave a quaint story for us about some fanciful or every-day "American hero." These, by the way, have the true youthful flavor and will be found well worth reading.

"The Sentinel," likewise, proved an inspiring subject for the versifiers, as the little poems printed this month prove conclusively. As for "our special artists," whether with pencil or camera, their exhibit speaks for itself with an eloquence more effective than words, and is an honor to the League.

## PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 216

In making awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**PROSE.** Gold badge, **Mark W. Eckels** (age 12), District of Columbia.
Silver badges, **Hugh Latimer Willson** (age 13), New Jersey; **Marion Dore Olcott** (age 15), New York; **Rosamond Castle** (age 15), District of Columbia; **Ellen W. Page** (age 14), New Jersey; **Barbara Bancroft** (age 13), New York; **Jeanette Barney** (age 14), Michigan.

**VERSE.** Gold badge, **Virginia Follin** (age 12), Ohio.
Silver badges, **Anne Fitz Gerald** (age 14), Massachusetts; **Fanita Laurie** (age 9), Texas.

**DRAWINGS.** Gold badge, **Catherine L. Spencer** (age 13), New Jersey.
Silver badges, **Kathleen Renick** (age 17), Kentucky; **Elizabeth Mouat** (age 16), Wisconsin; **Dorothy Doane** (age 15), Ohio.

**PHOTOGRAPHS.** Gold badges, **Alice B. Lee** (age 14), New York; **Mary Campbell** (age 16), Kansas.
Silver badges, **Dorothy May Phipps** (age 12), New York; **Sarah Carr** (age 14), Illinois; **Jack J. Hess** (age 15), New York; **S. W. Childs, Jr.** (age 13), Massachusetts; **Stanley Horka** (age 17), New Jersey; **De Witt Burnham** (age 12), California.

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Silver badges, **Mona Morgan** (age 14), New York; **Dorothy Bowen** (age 12), California.

**PUZZLE ANSWERS.** Gold badge, **Dorothy Berrall** (age 16), District of Columbia. Silver badge, **Theodore Rodgers** (age 16), New Jersey.

## THE SENTINEL OF EGYPT

BY ANNE FITZ GERALD (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

A LONELY sentinel he stands,
The guardian of the shifting sands,
Distinct against the burning sky,
Where looms his silent form on high.

A hundred nations has he scanned,
And seen forgotten cities manned
By men of ancient kings, whose fame
Has vanished, leaving scarce a name.

Long since the race which made him passed,
But still he fronts the desert blast,
Still watches with unwinking eye
The restless nations, drifting by.

## AN AMERICAN HERO

BY MARK W. ECKELS (AGE 12)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won October, 1917*)

DURING our war with Tripoli, in 1803, the U. S. battleship *Philadelphia* was captured by the Tripolitan pirates and taken to the harbor of Tripoli, where it was being refitted for their own use. Captain Stephen Decatur, an officer of Commodore Preble's fleet, gained permission to sail into the harbor of Tripoli to destroy the *Philadelphia,* and thus to prevent its being used by the pirates. Captain Decatur had previously captured a small Tripolitan ship. This he disguised as a merchantman, and named it the *Intrepid.* He chose sixty of the bravest men of the fleet for this hazardous undertaking, and set sail for the coast of Tripoli.

On a moonlight night in February a sail was sighted by the pirates on board the captured *Philadelphia.* On



"ON THE MARCH," BY ALICE B. LEE, AGE 14.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON APRIL, 1917.)

hailing the ship they were told that it was a Mediterranean fruit-trading vessel which had lost its anchors, and which asked to be allowed to tie up to the *Philadelphia* for the night. The request was granted, but no sooner had the merchant vessel made fast than from its hold sprang forth sixty brave American sailors, led by Decatur. The Americans boarded the *Philadelphia,* and although the pirates made a desperate resistance, they were soon overpowered. Decatur then placed barrels of powder in the *Philadelphia's* hold and set fire to the ship, he and his brave men making their escape in the *Intrepid,* with all the big guns that defended the harbor blazing away at them.

This daring adventure was carried out without the loss of a man, through the enterprise and courage of the heroic Captain Stephen Decatur.

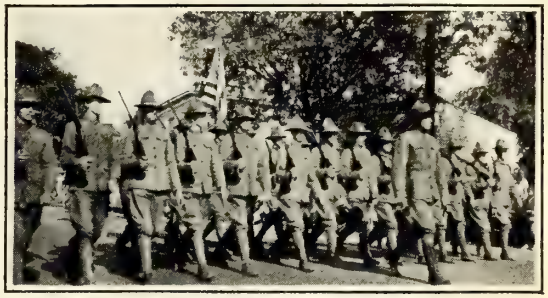
## AN AMERICAN HERO

BY HUGH LATIMER WILLSON (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

IT was dusk, and on the deck of a British ship a man, wrapped in a dark cloak, was pacing rapidly up and down and now and then going to the rail and peering eagerly toward the land, which was barely visible. Sometimes he would go to the cabin, but would soon return to his lonely vigil.

All night he listened to the booming of the cannon; but toward morning he became more impatient, lean-



"ON THE MARCH," BY DOROTHY MAY PHIPPS, AGE 12.
(SILVER BADGE.)

ing over the rail and watching the shore intently. Suddenly the thin mist cleared away, and, as the sun shone out, he saw the American flag floating in the breeze, torn by a few shots. And as it waved it sent its message to Francis Scott Key, giving him power to write, "The Star-spangled Banner," America's national anthem.

## AN AMERICAN HERO

BY MARION DORE OLCOTT (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

IT was a bitter cold night in the year of 1777-78 the soldiers at Valley Forge were huddling around scanty fires, trying to keep from freezing to death.

One poor soldier had only a thin blanket around his



"ON THE MARCH." BY BERNARD AIKIN, AGE 14

shivering form. His right foot was covered with a rude bandage, through which showed dark spots of blood.

Suddenly a flash of light gleamed from the doorway of a small hut, and there appeared the form of a man, tall and stately.

Closing the door, he stepped out and began to walk toward the scanty fires, saying a cheerful word here and there to the men.

Just as he passed the lame soldier a bitter wind swept through the valley. The soldier drew his blanket closer and moved nearer the fire. The man passed on a few steps; then he suddenly turned, and, taking off his warm cloak, threw it over the soldier's shoulders saying, "You need it more than I do," and passed on without waiting for the man's eager thanks.

It was acts of this kind that made George Washington dear to all his men.



"ON THE MARCH." BY SARAH CARR, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

## THE SENTINEL

BY VIRGINIA FOLLIN (AGE 12)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won August, 1917*)

When the moon peeps over the grassy hill,
And the stars are out and the night is chill,
The old elm-tree at the rustic gate
Rustles and whispers: "The hour is late,
And by the silence I can tell
All 's well!"

A few more stars now dot the sky;
The moon still shines from her throne on high;
The bullfrogs serenade the stream;
Says elm-tree, waking from her dream,
"From this mad chorus I can tell
All 's well!"



"ON THE MARCH." BY MARGARET HECKLE, AGE 14.

Morning dawns with a clear, blue face;
The birdies sing with a gleeful grace,
The sun comes up on the happy scene,
The dewdrops shine in the grass so green,
And the elm-tree murmurs, in voice serene,
"All 's well."

## AN AMERICAN HERO

BY ROSAMOND CASTLE (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

I am a dog of no pedigree, but I am thoroughly American. I was born on a small estate belonging to a poor farmer. My mother wished me to stay on the estate; but Americans like their freedom, so one fine day I went away. I was found and captured by a small boy named Fred. I took to him at once, as he had a freckled nose. I like freckles. Fred named me Hero, and I have lived with him ever since. Most of his family are women. I despise women.

Well, one fine day I woke up feeling rather cross. To begin with, one of the women tied a red, white and blue ribbon around my neck. I started to chew it off, but then I decided that it would not be polite to eat the American colors, so I let it stay on all day.

This afternoon my people went for a walk in the park. I went with them without waiting for an invitation. I heard one say, "There 's that dog! Oh, what a nuisance!" Does nuisance mean darling, I wonder?

In the park I saw a dachshund. He looked pro-German. I went up to him and said, "Are you for the Germans?" He answered, *"Deutschland über alles!"* The result was that I bit him. We had a long and terrible battle, but the Americans are as brave as the Germans any day, so I beat him. My family made a great fuss about it. They said I was really a hero. In fact, they hung a medal on my tricolor bow. It hung just where a bit of brass on my collar was, so every time I moved it jingled. I don't like medals that jingle, but such is life with an American hero!



"A GOOD MODEL." BY CATHERINE L. SPENCER, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON FEB., 1917.)

## THE SENTINEL

BY GWYNNE ALMON ABBOTT (AGE 17)

(*Honor Member*)

Around our resting-place the waking guns
Laugh out like demons underneath the sky;
Through the dark hours their ceaseless challenge runs,
While unseen foes lurk round with watchful eye.

We who have solved the secret of all years,
Laid with one word all questioning thoughts away,
Unvexed by any wandering doubts or fears
Await the clear-toned call that comes with day.

To-night in peace amid our arms we lie,
Tasting a rest we could not know before;
Safe from the thundering taunts that shake the sky,
And the loud-bellowing guns' malignant roar,
And all the hidden foes that round us creep,
Because we know One watches while we sleep.

League members are reminded that the silver badge must be won before the gold badge can be awarded.



BY AGNES JANEWAY, AGE 13



BY JACK J. HESS, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY GLADYS E. JOHNSON, AGE 16.



BY MICHAEL MORRIS, AGE 13.



BY WINIFRED HOLT, AGE 13.



BY S. W. CHILDS, JR., AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY MERLE LAMB, AGE 12.



BY RUTH MC BRIDE, AGE 14.

"ON THE MARCH."

## THE SENTINEL

BY DOROTHY ELBERT WILMERDING (AGE 11)

To and fro, to and fro,
March with a measured tread and slow;
Heed not the burning summer sun;
Night will know of a duty done.
Onward, brave sentinel, guarding the way,
The way to Democracy!



"ON THE MARCH." BY HELEN FURST, AGE 12.

To and fro, to and fro,
Over the rolling billows go;
Heed not the wily submarine;
It lurks in waters deep unseen.
Ships are brave sentinels guarding the way,
The way to Democracy.

To and fro, to and fro,
Both sentinels onward go;
One on land and one on sea,
Both are fighting for you and me;
Both of the sentinels guarding the way,
The way to Democracy.

## AN AMERICAN HERO

BY ELEANOR ARMSTRONG (AGE 14)

At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, Commodore Dewey's fleet was lying in the harbor of Hong-Kong. Ordered by cable to attack the Spanish fleet and forced by the British laws of neutrality to evacuate the port within the next forty-eight hours, Dewey made ready to sail at once.

Early on May 1, 1898, the Spaniards were surprised by the presence of the American fleet, which had escaped the mines in Manila Bay and was ready for a fight.

Our fleet numbered six vessels in all, and had a larger tonnage and more guns than the ten Spanish ships. They, however, had the advantage of the batteries on the shore.

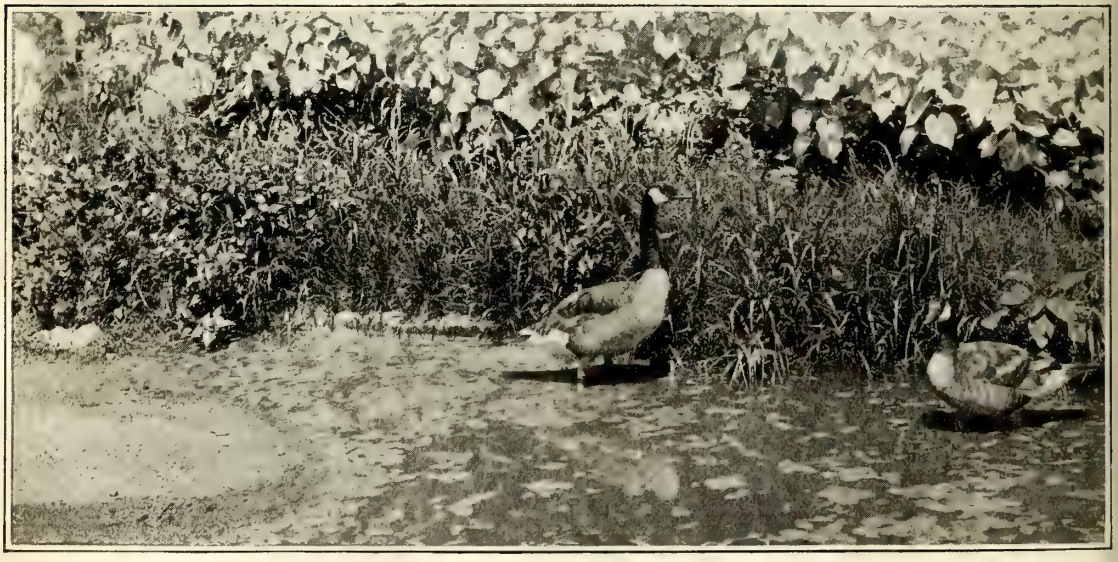
After a hot fight of several hours all of the Spanish ships were destroyed and many Spaniards were killed, while not one American was lost during the fight. Dewey then virtually held the city of Manila until General Merritt arrived with United States troops and took the city by storm.



"A GOOD MODEL." BY KATHLEEN RENICK, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

Dewey was the hero of the day, and was promoted to the rank of admiral, held before him by two other naval heroes—Porter and Farragut.

As we all remember, he died recently, loved and honored by the American people.



WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY. "CANADIAN WILD GEESE AND THEIR NEST." BY MARY CAMPBELL, AGE 16. (SEE PAGE 382.)
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON SEPT., 1917.)

## THE SENTINEL

BY CATHERINE PARMENTER (AGE 12)

*(Honor Member)*

He darts above the foaming blue,
This white-winged creature free,
And shrieks derision at the storms:
The Sentinel of the Sea.

It is his home, this vast sea plain,
He loves each tossing wave.
He loves the wild, weird solitude,
This sea-gull, dauntless, brave.

Amid the darkness and the light
A faithful watch keeps he;
So fearless, fair, and beautiful—
The Sentinel of the Sea!



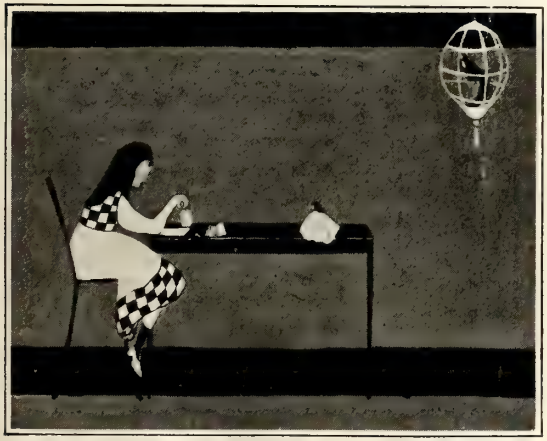
"ON THE MARCH." BY STANLEY HORKA, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

## AN AMERICAN HERO

BY FREDERICK DUPEE (AGE 13)

America has her modern heroes as well as those who lived in the days of her youth.

One of the finest examples of up-to-date heroism is to be found in the late General Frederick Funston.



"A GOOD MODEL." BY DOROTHY DOANE, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

When a young man he aided the Cuban revolutionists, making a noble showing during our war with Spain. Later in the campaign he was transferred to the Philippines, where he received frequent promotions. Funston won personal fame by swimming a stream under gun-fire.

Funston was assigned to duty in the field when the trouble arose in Mexico during 1914. He was promoted immediately to Major-general and given command of the American army at Vera Cruz. Being successful there, he was later given command of the army at the border, where he carried on his campaign with great care and assiduity, until, in the spring of 1917, he died in El Paso of overwork.

Frederick Funston was one of America's noblest men, and should always be remembered, though his successful career was cut short by an untimely death.

## AN AMERICAN HERO

BY ELLEN W. PAGE (AGE 14)

*(Silver Badge)*

In our history books we read of the great number of American heroes. Who has not heard of and honored Washington, Lincoln, Grant, and so many others it would be impossible to name them all? We never hear their names, but we feel a thrill of admiration and awe. And yet, all this is in the past. Let us turn to the present.

There are Edison, Pershing, and many more. Are they not true American patriots? But as I turn over the list in my mind I cannot help thinking that the greatest hero of these times is our beloved President, Woodrow Wilson. Did he not make a wonderful speech to Congress, which has been read and praised the world over and will be set down and honored in history? Did he not make a splendid reply to Pope Benedict that will also be remembered? Has he not done his best toward the welfare of America?



"ON THE MARCH."
BY DE WITT BURNHAM, AGE 12.
(SILVER BADGE.)

Yes. Once more I repeat: President Wilson is the greatest American hero of the year 1917.

## THE SENTINEL

EDITH H. WALTON (AGE 14)

A lonely sentinel is outlined dark
'Gainst a red sky.
With gun in hand he paces the hilltop,
Lest foes be nigh.
A—sudden, from the bushy wilds beyond,
A shot rings out;
The sentinel is wounded mortally,
With stifled shout
Reeling, he lifts his bugle and sounds clear
The danger calls;
The camp is warned, his duty well performed,
And so—he falls!

## AN AMERICAN HERO

BY BARBARA BANCROFT (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

He thought he was an American hero, and maybe he was. Only seven, but still he was n't going to cry when it came time for Brother to go off to the great "No-man's Land."

Mother cried, and so did sister, but they were only women.

At last Brother bent to say good-by. There were tears in his own eyes as he said, "Good-by, kid"; and




"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY LOUIS FERSTADT, AGE 16.

before our hero had time to cry, his brother was gone. But then—I shall have to record it—he burst into tears. "But," he cried, as he wept in his mother's dress, "I—did n't—cry while he was *here*"; and so he thought himself an American hero.

## AN AMERICAN HERO

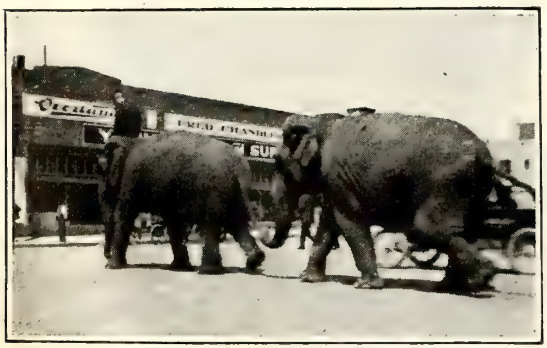
BY JEANETTE BARNEY (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

No one need think heroes are all dead, because I have a little story to tell which you may believe or not.

This story concerns the present war, and opens with the entrance of America into the war.

A certain man on our street works for a bank (bank clerks don't get much salary), and he is the sole support of his invalid mother. When Uncle Sam called for men under the draft he knew he would be ex-



"ON THE MARCH." BY ESTHER L. COTTINGHAM, AGE 12.

empted on account of his invalid mother, and he was. He was very sorry, because he knew America needed him. He did n't sit back and do nothing though. As soon as Uncle Sam issued Liberty Bonds this man began to figure how he could save money and buy one to help the Government. By taking extra work and sitting up into the wee hours of the night, he managed to buy two fifty-dollar ones, and I expect, when the next call for money comes, he will be ready.

A hero is n't a hero, in my eyes, for what he does, but for how much it costs him to do it.

## THE SENTINEL

BY FANITA LAURIE (AGE 9)

(*Silver Badge*)

Long in the camp-fire's ruddy light
The sentinel watches through the night;
The soldiers lie but half asleep,
Ever ready to arms to leap.
While the sentinel paces to and fro
To hear the footsteps of the foe,
He thinks of faces of children three,
Laughing and dancing at home with glee,
And wonders how long the fight will go on;
Wonders, watches, and listens, till dawn.



"ON THE MARCH." BY JAMES C. PERKINS, JR., AGE 12.

## THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

### PROSE

Reneè Moën
Ethel Thomas
Aloysius McCarthy
Oscar Card
Leonard Card
Hamilton Howard
Ellen M. Mathers
Betty Yates
Marie Mirvis
Clarke Allen
Bettina Linn
Fred Floyd, Jr.
Virginia McVay
Helen R. Koch
Ruth Aikman
Margaret Mackprang
Beatrice Cartwell
Benjamin D. Krantzer
Dorothy Hottel
Barbara Corfield
Margaret B. Oleson
Sarah V. Gould
Fred Rotzoll
Arnold Lasky
Barbara Miller
Henry Rische, Jr.
Frances Currie
Rose Spiegel
Elizabeth F. Chittenden
Star Wilson
Betty Kiesewetler
Dorothy V. A. Fuller
Catharine S. Bauer
Ethelind Thompson
Aina Keistinen
Lillian A. Beck
Hulda E. Tieberg
Katherine E. Smith
Ruth Dewberry
Mary V. Stone
Aili Lukkarila
Katherine Hathaway
Hester O. Meigs
Tillie Sherman
Isabel Semple
Eustis Hundley
Henrietta Rossiter
Jessie Downing
Natalie Reisinger
Mary T. Gentry
Catharine Kincheloe
Betsey F. Presby
Alexander N. Slocum
Helen Ranney

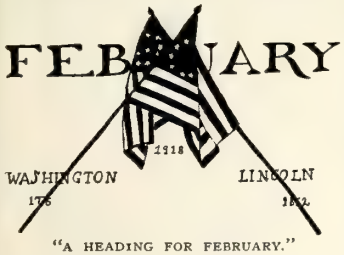


"A GOOD MODEL." BY BABS O'BRIEN, AGE 15.

Genevieve Fitzgerald
Arthur Hurd, Jr.
Elizabeth N. Dale
Roselyn Beltz
Beatrice Dunham
Millicent Kleinman
Malvina Holcombe

VERSE

Mildred A. B. Eicker
Albert Gewolb
Fay Bowman
Lydia Merrill
Barbara Prosser
Loretta Bogue
Maurice Berezoo
Helen Foster
Samuel Fagen
Evelyn Fenlon
Janet Scott
Agnes MacDonald
John P. Cassidy
Helen Garrison
Vera Stanton
Alice Hersey
Juliana Moll
Ralph P. Anderson
Dorothy Meginniss
Dorothy Ducas
Emma Starr
Harriet Lee
Sydney Robinson
Meyer Lisbanoff
Margaret Brown
Madesta Lanning
Lois N. Perry
Helen E. Waite
Elizabeth McKie
Faith E. Kenniston
Harold Peddicord




"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY ELEASE WEINSS, AGE 11.

PHOTOGRAPHS

Juana Allraum
Elizabeth Abell
Edith V. M. Simmonds II
Rudolph Cook
Keturah C. Rodlinson
Jean F. Black
Mary Lockett
Elizabeth L. Hartman
Josephine K. McEntee
Mary S. Benson
Annie H. Medary
Geoffrey Finley
Thomas Finley
Margaret Flower
Jack Steiss
Marion W. Smith
Camelia Kernan
Abraham Bumberg
Gordon Peterson
Betty Thompson
Gertrude M. Jerome
Alice Moss
Marthedith Furnas
Faith H. Poor
Jeanette Amzalak
Louise Sanford
Ruth Ling
Alice Powell
Martha Whitten
Wardwell Wyeth
Margaret G. Kahn
Elizabeth Boulton
Jane Ridgway
Margaret Warrin
Marion West
Frances Arnold
Agnes I. Crothers
Betty Higman
Olga Russo
Opal Birge
Carolyn Olmsted
Rosetta Burrows
Martha W. Bigelow
Sidney Morrill
Elizabeth Southard
Seymour A. Ball
Pearl Ng
Jean R. Moore
Aleyn Burtis
Dick Rathbone
Easily Caire
Charlotte Becker
Gladys Eldridge
Aimeè Ellis
Frances Brown
Mildred Mac-Cutcheon
J. G. Butler
Virginia S. Tate
Katharine D. Eaton
Lillian Bubeck
Charles Schafer
Jacqueline Snyder
Katharine S. Stebbins
John R. McConkey
Abbott F. Riehle
D. Paul Trimble
James M. Hallowell, Jr.
Glenn Johnson
Samuel Riker III
Sara Cooley
Douglas D. Connah
Mary Cullinan
Christina B. Harris
Harold Hacking
Anne C. Woodworth
Gertrude M. Smith
Gladys A. Danker
Patty Nelson
Elizabeth T. Gill
Marguerite Field
V. E. B. Fuller, Jr.
Edith E. Brewer
Ruth A. Chaplin
Janet Merchant
Iona Boyer

DRAWING

Eleanor L. Roberts
Margaret Olmsted
Elizabeth W. Merchant
Howard W. Kippert
Elizabeth E. Clarke
Jane Didisheim
Eugenia Dodd
Ruth V. Sweeney
Nancy Riggs
Constance Carrier
Margaret Howard
Margaret Hebblethwaite
Betty Thompson
Miriam Stewart
John Asher
Frances Schiff
Josephine Glidden
George T. Turner, Jr.
Samuel A. Biggin
Grace Hays
Harry S. Weinert
Helen M. Goldthwait
Reed Williams
Ruth Gardner
Kathryn R. Oliver
Carolyn Kaufman
Ile E. Pesola
Gerald Cirby
Alice D. Mann
Ruth Beach
Caroline Houghton
Katharine H. White
Jennie Koch
Edith R. Lansburgh



"A GOOD MODEL." BY ELIZABETH MOUAT, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

PUZZLES, 1

Leonora Greenlees
Marcus Blitzstein
Keith E. Blake
Richard L. Purdy
Henrietta M. Mills
Harriot Hopkinson
William B. Colgate
Zilla Hymes
John D. Gordon, Jr.
Isabella Couch
Mary C. Pangborn
William F. Galloway, Jr.
Henrietta M. Mills
Muriel Wilson
Emily F. Johnston
Sarah Wood

PUZZLES, 2

Bessie W. Emond
Gladys Alvarez
Alice Sherburne
Norma Clark
Alice C. Scott
Julia Otis
Norman Chamberlain

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 220

The St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

**Competition No. 220** will close **February 24** (for foreign members **March 2**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in St. Nicholas for **June.** Badges sent one month later.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Happiest Hour."

**Prose.** Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Great Discovery."

**Photograph.** Any size, mounted or unmounted; no prints or negatives. Subject, "Busy."

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "The Lesson," or a Heading for **June.**

**Puzzle.** Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

**Puzzle Answers.** Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of St. Nicholas. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of The Riddle-Box.

**Wild Creature Photography.** To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A,* a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B,* a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C,* a gold badge. *Prize, Class D,* a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a *few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope of the proper size to hold* the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

## RULES

Any reader of St. Nicholas, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must** bear the **name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

# THE LETTER-BOX

## A LIVING FLAG

THE editor of "The Great Lakes Recruit" has kindly furnished ST. NICHOLAS with the following item concerning the living flag which appears on page 307 of this month's issue:

BETSY ROSS fashioned the first American flag. With her scissors, needles, and thread she patterned an emblem that reached from her feet to a stool near by. That was the first American flag.

But it remained for ten thousand American blue-jackets, in training at the world's greatest naval training-station, to give to the nation the most modern flag, a perfect replica of the Stars and Stripes, every one of its forty-eight stars in proper place, each of the thirteen stripes likewise in perfect position. The difference between the flag Betsy Ross made with her delicate fingers and the one of the ten thousand navy boys is this: Hers was silken; the latter, a breathing, animated mass of humanity pulling taut on its "rope" and attached to a "pole," the largest in the world; it lived only for a few minutes in its compact organization, but its thousands of minute parts will live on for a generation; they will go to different parts of the world on ships of the Navy, each to deliver an earnest blow for Democracy. It was the first living flag of ten thousand blue-jackets.

As interesting as the picture itself is the manner in which the design was laid out in the huge drill-grounds. This flag, laid out in proper proportions, would hardly be recognizable when photographed. Consequently, expert photographers worked out an exact plan based on the law of perspective and with a view to the appearance it would have when seen by the "eye of the camera," so that when photographed it should stand out in its proper proportions. For instance, in the star in the extreme left-hand corner there were sixty-five men, while in one of the extreme front stars there were only twelve men.

Following are some of the ground dimensions of the flag, which seem almost incredible:

There were 250 men in the ball. The ball was 237 feet long.

The pole (not including the ball) measured 550 feet in length, 4 feet in width at the bottom and 6 feet in width at the top, and required 700 men.

The flag itself measured 293 feet in length at the top, 73 feet in length at the bottom, 428 feet in width at the left end, and 128 feet in width at the right end.

The star field measured 143 feet at the top, 66 feet at the bottom, 350 feet at the left end, and 184 feet at the right end.

1600 men were required for the white stripes, 1900 men for the red stripes, 1800 men for the stars, and approximately 3400 men for the blue field.

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SALINA, KAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: I find photographic material out here in the West hard to secure for competition with your Eastern readers, but in the Wild Creature Contest we fare a little better. I have taken, or copied by permission, all fur-bearing game animals known to have existed in Kansas during the last fifty years, except the hairless badger, which is as rare as the hair, or fur, badger is plentiful. These I have photographed, and, with the aid of my father, have tinted in their natural color. Besides these I have taken, during my vacation spent on the farm and in the surrounding country, a great many photographs of wild game-birds, and believe I have a very fine collection.

I am sending you for competition in the "Wild Creature Contest" a picture taken by me on the farm a year ago of two wild Canadian geese, which nested by an old abandoned crossing of a draw. I treasure this as the best and one of the rarest photographs of wild game-birds I have ever secured. Father says it is the first time he ever knew the wild Canada goose to nest this far south in Kansas—perhaps the result of the Spring Protection Law.

To get the picture, I pushed away the weeds and grass to show the eggs in the nest at the left side and lay in wait for two hours, as I have done a dozen times before, without success. Upon their return the gander cautiously preceded his mate to the nest to see that all was right, and his look shows he suspected some one had tampered with it. He advanced and retreated and kept doing this, each time going a little closer; but the goose was at perfect ease, having full confidence in the gander's watchfulness.

Very respectfully yours,

MARY CAMPBELL.

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MERCERSBERG, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am not a regular subscriber, but I thought you might be interested to know about my five brothers.

One is a top sergeant and is in France now; another is an ensign in the Navy; another is a first lieutenant at Camp Dix; another is a corporal at Allentown; and the last is a private at the same place. They all volunteered before the draft, and are mighty fine fellows.

Also, my father is a Captain in the army ordnance at Washington; so our family represents the Army, Navy, Ambulance Corps, and Ordnance Department.

One of my uncles is a lieutenant-colonel in the medical corps; I have a cousin in the U. S. Aëro Squadron in France, and another cousin training in a balloon school; while on top of this all, I am doing preparatory-school military training.

I enjoyed very much "The Unwelcome Gift" and "The Davenport Recital," and I am following with interest "Lost Island." I also love THE LETTER BOX.

Lovingly,

CHARLES B. SCHAUFFLER.

P.S. I think the boys ought to do more work for THE LEAGUE; the girls are getting ahead of them.

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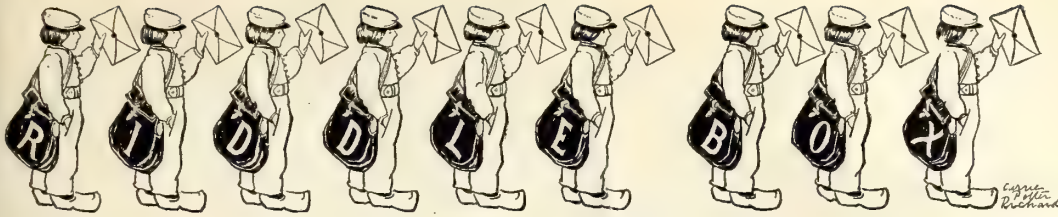
PITTSBURGH, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wrote to you once before and was overjoyed to find my letter printed in THE LETTER BOX. I have taken you for four and a half years, and hope to take you all my life. You are just like one of the family. Father and Mother enjoy the biographical sketches and THE WATCH-TOWER, and I like the stories, pictures, poems, THE LEAGUE, and THE LETTER BOX, and everything else.

I have been a member of THE LEAGUE for several months. I am trying very hard now for a silver badge. I like THE LEAGUE better than anything else, I think, because the names you see in the Roll of Honor and on the contributions are real people, not just the story kind.

Very sincerely,

DOROTHEA K. SMITH (AGE 14).




## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY NUMBER

CHARADE. Directory. Die-wreck-to-ry.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "They can conquer who believe they can."

DIAGONAL. St. Nicholas. Cross-words: 1. Successful. 2. Attendance. 3. Nonpayment. 4. Thriftless. 5. Articulate. 6. Churchyard. 7. Lighthouse. 8. Armadillos. 9. Unilateral. 10. Sacrifices.

BROKEN WORDS. 1. Ad-ju-tant. 2. Cas-so-wa-ry. 3. Bram-bling, 4. Bit-tern. 5. E-gret. 6. Ful-mar. 7. Dun-lin. 8. Fran-co-lin. 9. So-ra. 10. Jac-a-na. 11. Jack-snipe. 12. Gyr-fal-con.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Joan of Arc. Cross-words: 1. James. 2. Oasis. 3. Alley. 4. Nerve. 5. Olive. 6. Fruit. 7. Adult. 8. Ruler. 9. Cream.

FINAL ACROSTIC. Tom Thumb. Cross-words: 1. Cleat. 2. Motto. 3. Totem. 4. Fleet. 5. Match. 6. Fichu. 7. Broom. 8. Rhomb.

DIAMONDS. I. 1. S. 2. Pet. 3. Seven. 4. Ten. 5. N. II. 1. P. 2. Cat. 3. Paris. 4. Tin. 5. S.

MILITARY HOURGLASSES. From 1 to 12, John Pershing; 13 to 22, Tom Bridges; 23 to 35, Marshal Joffre. Cross-words: I. 1. Aëroplane. 2. Torpedo. 3. Shell. 4. War. 5. J. 6. Gas. 7. Rifle. 8. Brigade. 9. Fusillade. II. 1. Munitions. 2. Bayonet. 3. Ships. 4. Gun. 5. J. 6. Kit. 7. Chart. 8. Cavalry. 9. Submarine.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. I. 1. T. 2. Eat. 3. Tamed. 4. Ten. 5. D. II. 1. D. 2. Bad. 3. Danes. 4. Den. 5. S. III. 1. D. 2. Nod. 3. Doors. 4. Dry. 5. S. IV. 1. D. 2. Fad. 3. Dares. 4. Dew. 5. S. V. 1. S. 2. Yam. 3. Saves. 4. Men. 5. S.

CONNECTED BLOCKS. "Food can win the war, if we do not waste it." I. 1. Craftily. 2. Drowning. 3. Tonsures. 4. Druggist. II. 1. Zinc. 2. Roam. 3. Anne. 4. West. 5. Ides. 6. Snip. 7. Ants. 8. Dash. III. 1. Snug. 2. Raid. 3. Saws. 4. Plot. 5. Juno. 6. Etna. 7. Joke. 8. Duke. IV. 1. Enfilade. 2. Swallows. 3. Peaceful. 4. Porridge.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers *in full,* following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 24, from Dorothy Berrall—Theodore Rogers—Donald B. Hatmaker—Henry Hill Collins—"Allil and Adi"—Helen A. Moulton.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 24, from Helen H. McIver, 10—Barbara Beardsley, 10—Orian Sterne, 10—Florence S. Carter, 10—St. Gabriel's Chapter, 10—St. John Baptist School, 10—Arliceth Cotiviar, 9—Mary Catherine Hamilton, 9—"Midwood," 9—Katherine M. Dennis, 9—S. Anna's Girls, 8—Clark Simmons, 8—William George Thwaits, Jr., 8—Finette Kelty, 7—A. Eugene Griffin, Jr., 7—Whitney Ashbridge, 7—Helen Adda Vance, 7—Ted Miller, 6—Alice Poulin, 6—Miriam J. Stewart, 5—Gwenfread E. Allen; 5—C. H. M., 3—Helen McLellan, 3—Henry H. Flescher, Jr., 3—Georgiana Colby, 2—Elizabeth Wright, 2—Linda and Albert, 1—Catherine Megill, 1—Elizabeth Gregg, 1—Adolph Marx, 1—Mary C. Rodes, 1—Betty Berger, 1—Keturah MacVeagh, 1—Billy Russell, 1—Elizabeth Jones, 1—Winifred Stahly, 1—Joan A. Read, 1—Edward Suber, 1—Catherine Coombs, 1—Bertram Gaer, 1—Olga L. Chase, 1—E. V. Parr, 1—Gertrude Thayer, 1.

### CHARADE

"Come, take my *first,*" said Dr. Lee,
(My *next* and very stern was he!)
"A boy of your my *last* should do
Whatever the doctor tells him to.
Now take it, or I'll call a car
And send you off to Zanzibar!"
But little Bobby shook his head;
"I'd rather make my *whole,*" he said.

WILLIAM GILLESPIE.

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of twenty letters and form a brief quotation from the Roman writer Persius.

My 3–12–4–20–8 is selected. My 10–1–17–15 is to avoid. My 6–7–19–14–9 is singular. My 11–13–5–16–2–18 is a marvel.

TERESA BLINN (age 11), *League Member.*

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will spell the name of a well known writer, and another row of letters will spell the title of one of her stories recently published in ST. NICHOLAS.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A musical instrument. 2. Possesses. 3. Certain measures of length. 4. Above. 5. To weary. 6. A flexible pipe. 7. An Australian tree. 8. A troublesome bird. 9. Soon. 10. Makes a slight bow. 11. Falsehoods. 12. Notion. 13. A feminine name. 14. Privation. 15. Divisions of time.

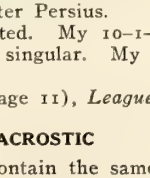
HELEN FAIRBANKS (age 12), *Honor Member.*

### CONUNDRUM

WHAT can be quickest caught by standing still?

W. W. BLAKE (age 12), *League Member.*

### A DIAMOND OF DIAMONDS



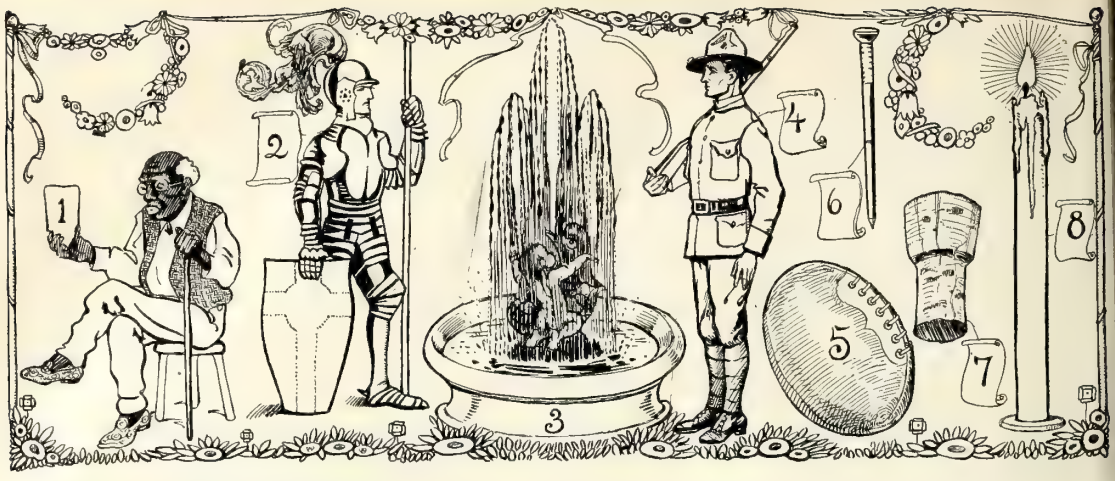
I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In yeast. 2. A pronoun. 3. A county. 4. Before. 5. In yeast.

II. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In yeast. 2. To disclose. 3. To give up. 4. Period. 5. In yeast.

III. RIGHT-HAND DIAMONDS 1. In yeast. 2. Part of the day. 3. Each. 4. To mistake in judgment. 5. In yeast.

IV. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In yeast. 2. A masculine nickname. 3. A black wood. 4. Limit. 5. In yeast.

JEAN HUNTINGTON (age 15), *League Member.*




### PICTURED ANSWERS

A number of objects are shown in the above picture. Among them may be found the answers to the four following riddles:

I. Driven in and dragged out,
Squeezed and turned and twisted about,
Hard to catch when it goes astray,
Cracked and broken and thrown away.

II. From gloom as of night
It leaps to the light,
Attracting our gaze;
For it plays when it works, and it works when it plays.

III. Made of strong stuff, for a rôle that is rough,
Shoved and shunted and harried and hunted,
Tackled and turned, cuddled and spurned.

IV. My head is black, my hair is light,
And my lanky body is mostly white.
I'm always wicked, but strange to say,
I'm never sinful in any way.
I'm greatly changed since I began,
And all for the better. Name me who can!

RICHARD PHILLIPS.

### ZIGZAG

(*Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition*)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag, beginning at the upper, left-hand letter, will spell a popular personage.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To seek. 2. Any place of ideal perfection. 3. To disclose. 4. The home of a king. 5. Small. 6. An enigma. 7. Crazy. 8. The fortified residence of a nobleman. 9. A kind of trimming. 10. To clothe. 11. To conduct.

DOROTHY BOWEN (age 12).

### WORD-SQUARES

I. 1. CONDITION. 2. Stories. 3. Otherwise. 4. To bother. 5. A place famous for its cast-steel works.

II. 1. Reproach. 2. Harbor. 3. To turn aside. 4. To absorb. 5. To go in.

RUTH COLLINS (age 12), *League Member.*

### NOVEL ACROSTIC

(*Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition*)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a popular writer, and another row of letters will spell four characters in a book by this author.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Clear. 2. An American animal belonging to the cat family. 3. To unbind. 4. To harm. 5. Deliberately. 6. Notwithstanding. 7. To revenge. 8. Diminutive. 9. To stick together. 10. A fruit. 11. Seasonable. 12. Endeavoring.

MONA MORGAN (age 14).

### METAMORPHOSES

THE problem is to change one given word to another by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same and the letters always in the same order. Example: Change *wood* to *coal* in three moves. Answer: wood, wool, cool, coal.

1. Change *harp* to *lute* in four moves.
2. Change *lion* to *bear* in four moves.
3. Change *wind* to *gale* in four moves.
4. Change *soft* to *hard* in six moves.
5. Change *box* to *bag* in two moves.
6. Change *ford* to *wade* in four moves.
7. Change *veal* to *beef* in four moves.
8. Change *boot* to *shoe* in three moves.
9. Change *cold* to *warm* in four moves.
10. Change *meat* to *milk* in six moves.

WILLIAM B. COLGATE (age 14), *League Member.*

### ANAGRAM

Rearrange the letters in the three following words so as to form the name of a prominent man.

EVER, HERO, THROB

### CUBE

```
    1 . . . 2
    . .     . .
5 . . . 6   .
    .   .   .
    3 . . . 4
    . .     . .
7 . . . 8
```

FROM 1 to 2, to move with measured steps; from 1 to 3, the second king of Israel; from 2 to 4, to slip away; from 3 to 4, to hurry on; from 5 to 6, an English seaport in Kent; from 5 to 7, a wild dog of India; from 6 to 8, a river of Europe; from 7 to 8, to follow.

From 1 to 5, accomplished; from 2 to 6, part of the head; from 4 to 8, to add to; from 3 to 7, a river of Scotland.

ALBERT H. BISBEE (age 13), *League Member.*

THE CAREY PRINTING CO. INC.
NEW YORK



## Picture Above, Recipe Below

If all the boys and girls who really and truly love Jell-O were to hold up their right hands at the same time what a thicket of fingers would spread over America!

And if anybody who wonders "why" will just try as a sample the Pineapple Bavarian Cream made from the recipe below the answer will be found right there. A hundred different Jell-O recipes all furnish the same answer.

### Pineapple Bavarian Cream

Dissolve one package of Lemon Jell-O in one-half pint of boiling water and add one-half pint of juice from a can of pineapple. Cool and whip just as you whip cream until very thick. The fruit itself may be stirred in, and it will strengthen the delightful pineapple flavor of the Bavarian Cream; or, it may be omitted and used in other ways.

This is the Bavarian Cream without cream, and it is delicious.

These are the delightful pure fruit Jell-O flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Chocolate. Any woman can make a dozen or more varieties from each of them.

The price is **10** cents everywhere.

The 1918 Jell-O Book tells about the latest things in Jell-O desserts and salads. It is a beautiful book, full of good things, and will be sent free to any woman who will send us her name and address.




THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Ont.




*SOLDIERS* and sailors must have good teeth and brush them every day — that is Uncle Sam's wise rule to help keep his boys in good health.

For the same reason you should use

**COLGATE'S**
**RIBBON DENTAL CREAM**

There are other good reasons besides "Good Teeth —Good Health" which you can have in mind when keeping your teeth clean with Ribbon Dental Cream.

Colgate's is safe to use, twice a day—it has no harmful drugs or grit.

It is so delicious in flavor that you really like to use the tooth brush.

And it does not harden, even if you forget to put the cap on.

*Sold everywhere—or a trial tube sent for 6c in stamps.*

**COLGATE & CO.**
**Dept. 60**
***199 Fulton St., New York***

# THINGS TO EAT



WE are all interested, these days, in learning what to use in place of the things that are scarce or that must be saved. This is true of food more than of anything else, and many of the things that have been considered "extras" are now found to be real necessities. Honey is one of them. Honey can be used satisfactorily in almost every way that sugar is used, and in the same amount. A teaspoonful of honey in a cup of coffee makes it as sweet as an equal amount of sugar. If you are going to make a cake and the receipt calls for a cup of sugar, a cup of honey will make the cake taste just as good, and it will make the cake keep moist and fresh much longer than when made with sugar. It gives a delicious flavor to baked apples to sweeten them with honey. For your breakfast cakes or cereal, make a syrup of one cup of honey and a half-cup of hot water. It 's very good!

This honey sauce is easy to make, and may be used in place of cream on gelatin desserts, or as a substitute for sugar on sliced oranges or other fruits.

**Honey Sauce**

1/3 cup of honey,
2 cups of milk.
3 eggs (yolks only).
Pinch of salt.

Put the honey, eggs, and salt in the top of a double boiler: scald the milk, pour it over the mixture, and cook over boiling water until the sauce thickens. It may be used warm on hot puddings; but if it is to be served on fruits or jellied desserts, it should be cooled before serving.

* * *

It is said that thousands of boxes of dried fruits, raisins, prunes, and figs were sent out at Christmas in place of candy. If you had a box, use some of the raisins for sandwiches and see how appetizing they are. They satisfy the desire for something sweet, and are very healthful too.

**Raisin Sandwiches**

1 small jar of cream cheese.
1 tablespoonful of cream.
3 tablespoonfuls of chopped raisins.
Pinch of salt.



# Other Dishes are Forgotten

## When These Grain Bubbles Come

There are plenty of delightful grain foods. But a dish of Puffed Wheat obliterates the rest.

These airy grains, puffed to eight times normal size, look the superlative dish. And every taste confirms it. A boy only wonders how long they will last.

### 100 Million Explosions

And Puffed Grains are what they seem—three of the greatest foods in existence. The Wheat and Rice are whole grains. And within each grain our process creates a hundred million steam explosions.

So every food cell is blasted. Digestion can instantly act. Every atom of the whole grain feeds.

---

All this is done by Prof. Anderson's process—by shooting the grains from guns. One result is a fairy-like food, almost as flimsy as snowflakes. Another is a nut-like flavor, due to the fearful heat.

But the great result is easy, complete digestion of every element we need.

**Puffed Wheat** **Puffed Rice**

**and Corn Puffs**

**Each 15c Except in Far West**

No one today needs urging to use Puffed Wheat and Rice. But few folks get all their possible delights.

Don't merely serve like other cereals. Mix them with your fruits. Float them in your bowls of milk, use them in your soups.

Use in candy making and as garnish for ice cream. Salt or douse with melted butter for after-school confections. Few children get enough whole-grain food. Keep them supplied in these ways.




# Do You Treat Your Children's Feet Fairly?

FREE the tender, growing feet from narrow, pointed shoes! Don't let them learn the pain of corns, bunions, fallen arches and ingrown nails, the inevitable results of such shoes.

Let the *whole family* wear Educators!

***MADE FOR MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN***

To all they bring the same foot-freedom. Because Educators are designed by specialists to "let the feet grow as they should"—not to "train" them.

Be sure to look for EDUCATOR on the sole. There can be no protection stronger than this trade-mark, for it means that behind every part of the shoe stands a *responsible manufacturer.*

Read "Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet" an unusual book by orthopaedic experts. Free.

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc., 17 High St., Boston, Mass.

RICE & HUTCHINS

**EDUCATOR SHOE**

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF




# THINGS TO EAT

(*Continued from page* 18)

Soften the cheese with the cream, add the salt and the raisins, mix them well together and spread between thin slices of rye bread. Do not use any butter, as the cheese makes the necessary richness.

* * *

**Banbury Tarts**

1 cup of chopped raisins.
1 cup honey.
Juice of one lemon.

Flour the raisins lightly, and add them to the honey and lemon-juice. Make a pie crust, and cut in rounds four or five inches in diameter. Fill one half with the raisin mixture, fold the other half over and press the round edges together with a fork. Prick the cover in three or four places with a fork, and bake in a quick oven.

**Delicious Ice-Cream**

½ pint of cream.
1½ quarts of milk.
1 cup of sugar.
2 eggs.
1 cup of seeded raisins, finely ground.
½ teaspoonful of pine-apple flavoring.

Beat the eggs until very light. Add the sugar and beat thoroughly. Add the cream and beat again. Stir the raisins into the milk and add to the other ingredients. Put all into the freezer, and freeze as you would any other ice-cream.

* * *

A delicious salad can be made of almost any fruit combined with crisp lettuce or romaine and served with French dressing. The dressing for fruit salads should be made with lemon-juice instead of vinegar. Nut meats, chopped fine or broken in small pieces, add greatly to the flavor of any fruit salad; and if canned fruits are used, a little of the juice adds to the richness. Peach or orange salads are improved by the addition of a little celery.

* * *

Have you ever made cottage cheese? The Food Administration asks that every bit of milk be used in some way, and almost every house has sour milk once in a while that can be made into cheese. The cheese in turn can be made into sandwiches or served with jelly sandwiches for lunch, and so will not be wasted. To make the cheese, put the milk, which is sour and thick, into a shallow pan and set the pan on the back of the stove, or on the warming-shelf, or in the oven, leaving the oven door open. Let it stand until it separates, and then pour it into a double cheese-cloth bag, which has been wrung out of cold water. Let the curd drain for ten hours. It is easiest to prepare the curd in the afternoon and let it hang over night. Remove the contents of the bag, add a little salt and pepper, and, if the cheese is dry, add a little rich sweet cream.

# Blackheads
## *are a confession*



that you are using the wrong method of cleansing for your type of skin.

The following famous Woodbury treatment will keep your skin free from this disfiguring trouble.

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water. Then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a *lump of ice*. Dry the skin carefully.

Do not expect to get the desired results by using this treatment for a time and then neglecting it. But make it a daily habit and it *will* give you the clear, attractive skin that the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

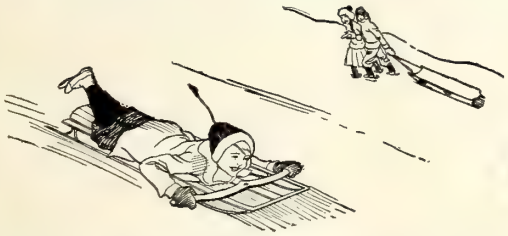
To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in the treatment above.

Then, protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads. Thereafter use the above Woodbury treatment in your daily toilet.

The Woodbury booklet of skin treatments is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. You will find that for a month or six weeks of this Woodbury treatment a 25c cake will be sufficient. Get a cake today. It is for sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada—wherever toilet goods are sold.

**Write today for week's size cake**—*For 5c we will send you a sample cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough to last for a week of any Woodbury treatment, together with the booklet, "A Skin You Love To Touch." For 12c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 2002 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.*

*In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2002 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.*






# The Flavor For February

WHAT tastes the best when you come in from coasting, skating, snow-shoeing or skeeing?

Answer: "A big, fat Beech-Nut Peanut Butter Sandwich!"

And mother knows that besides tasting so good, a Beech-Nut Peanut Butter sandwich supplies you the same Strength, Heat and Energy as a glass of rich milk.

Be sure to ask for *Beech-Nut*—the kind that contains no grit.

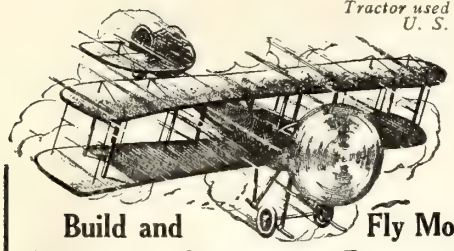
*Booklet of 101 New Recipes on Request*

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

© B.N.P.Co. 1917

# Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

*Build a Model of this Curtiss Military Tractor used in the U. S. Army*



**Build and Fly Model**

# War Aeroplanes

that are perfect copies of real, war-famous airships; that rise from the ground by their own power and fly 50 to 100 feet in the air. It's easy! We furnish "IDEAL" Accurate Scale Drawings and Building and Flying Instructions that show how to build a 3-foot Model Aeroplane that will fly. Send to-day for Plans and Instructions for the one you want to build—

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Tells about Model Aeroplanes and how they are built. About Racing Aeroplanes and Flying Toys. Lists all kinds of parts and supplies to build them with. 48 pages for five cents. Send for it today!




**IDEAL AEROPLANE & SUPPLY CO.**
**84-86 West Broadway New York**

United States Bicycle Tires Are GOOD Tires

"Old Town Canoes"

**The Two Best Pals**

a boy ever has are a faithful dog and an Old Town, the Master Canoe. Old Towns are sturdy, buoyant and quickly responsive to each stroke. They will take you where the hunting and fishing are best. Write for Catalog.

**OLD TOWN CANOE CO.** **732 Fourth St. Old Town, Maine**

# THINGS TO EAT

(*Continued from page 20*)

An excellent dish to serve on a meatless day is made of eggs and tomatoes on toast. To prepare it, you will need as many eggs as there are people to serve, half as many tomatoes, and the same number of slices of toast as there are eggs. For four people:

### Steamed Eggs in Tomato Cups

2 raw tomatoes.
Salt and pepper.
Chopped parsley.
Toast.

Line small, lightly buttered cups with chopped parsley, and break an egg carefully into each one. Place the cups in a pan of boiling water so the cups will be about half covered. Place a piece of greased paper over the top, put a lid on the pan, and steam the eggs until they are set. Cut the tomatoes in half, put them on a tin, lay a tiny piece of butter on each, sprinkle with salt and pepper, place them in the oven and bake until tender. Prepare four pieces of toast, cut them round, place half a tomato on each piece, then very carefully slip an egg on each tomato. They should be served as hot as possible.

* * *

You can make a small quantity of sausage answer for a hearty luncheon-dish by baking it in apple cups. Take the cores from the necessary number of tart apples, making the cavity a little larger than you would for baking. Fill the apples with well-seasoned sausage-meat, and bake in a moderate oven until tender. Place the apples on rounds of toast to serve, pour a little melted butter over each, garnish with parsley or the leaves of celery.

* * *

### Stuffed Green Peppers

6 sweet peppers.
2 cups of canned corn.
3 tablespoons of shortening.
3 tablespoons of boiling water.
½ cup of cream.
Salt and pepper.

Cut the stem end from the peppers and remove the seeds and pulp. Cover them with cold water and bring to a boil. Drain off that water and cover with fresh boiling water and simmer until tender. Drain, put a light sprinkling of salt over them, and stand away to cool. Put two tablespoonfuls of the butter substitute in a frying-pan and allow it to heat; then add the corn and three tablespoonfuls of water, which should be boiling hot. Cook for five minutes and add the cream and seasonings. Cook slowly until quite thick. When the mixture is taken from the fire it should be set aside to cool and then the peppers may be filled. The stem-end lids may be fastened on with tooth-picks, and the peppers placed in a greased baking-dish. Now put the remaining tablespoonful of butter or butter substitute in half a cup of boiling water, pour the liquid over the peppers, and bake for twenty-five minutes.



## Active Little Folks

need the comfortable security given by

*Velvet Grip*

OBLONG RUBBER BUTTON

**HOSE SUPPORTER**

**Sold Everywhere**

Child's sample pair (give age) 20c. postpaid. For Infants—"The Baby Midget Velvet Grip Hose Supporter," Silk 15c; Lisle 10c.

**GEORGE FROST CO. - Makers - Boston**

---

*Velvet Grip*

OBLONG RUBBER BUTTON

**HOSE SUPPORTER**

**Your Comfort Madam—**



suggests that you use care in selecting hose supporters. Learn the delightful ease afforded by the

*Velvet Grip*

**HOSE SUPPORTER**

It is identified by the Oblong **All-Rubber** Button on each clasp, which is a distinctive and exclusive feature. "Velvet Grips" will not "start" threads of the stocking. They give positive and dependable security and insure neat and trim ankles.

*Sold everywhere*

**GEORGE FROST CO.**

**Makers, Boston**



---

# 30 Days Trial

Choose from **44 styles.** colors, and sizes in the famous **"RANGER"** line of bicycles. All are pictured in natural colors in our big new catalog. There are many other models also—in fact the most complete line of bicycles in the world, all at FACTORY PRICES that will save you money. There is a bicycle to suit the taste of every rider—electric lighted **Motorbike** models, **Racers, Juniors** for children; **Ladies'** models too—all at prices made possible only by our **Factory-direct-to-Rider** selling policy.

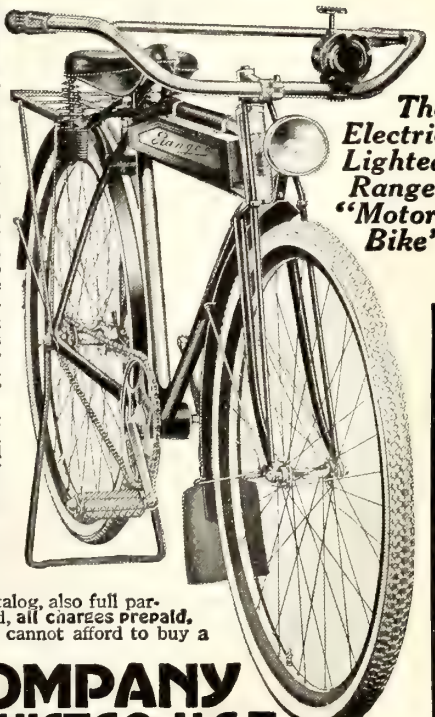
**Delivered to You Free** We send the **"RANGER"** bicycle, FREIGHT CHARGES FULLY PREPAID TO YOUR TOWN, for **30 days free trial**—actual riding test. We pay return charges if you decide not to keep it, and make no charge for wear and tear during trial. We make no effort to influence your decision. The trial is all at our expense.

**Factory-to-Rider** Back of your **"RANGER"**—if you decide to keep it—is the oldest and most successful bicycle concern in the world, with a Service department that cares for the parts and repair needs of more than a million riders. With every **"RANGER"** we ship, goes a **Certificate of Guarantee** for **Five Years.**

**Parts & Repairs** **Lamps, Horns,** ready-to-use front and rear **wheels,** Inner Tubes, Tool Kits, etc., etc. Repair parts for all bicycles and coaster-brakes, all accurately pictured and described in the sundry pages of the big new **Ranger** Catalog. All the latest imported and American novelties in equipment and attachments at prices **so low** they will **astonish** you. **TIRES**

**Rider Agents** wanted everywhere to ride and exhibit **"RANGER"** bicycles. Select the model you prefer and, while you ride and enjoy it, **make money** by taking the orders of your neighbors who want a bicycle like yours.

**Send No Money** but write today for this **big** new catalog, also full particulars of the great new offer to send, **all charges prepaid,** the **"RANGER"** bicycle you select for **30 Days Free Trial.** You cannot afford to buy a bicycle, tires or sundries without first learning what we offer.



***The Electric Lighted Ranger "Motor-Bike"***

# MEAD CYCLE COMPANY

**Dept. W-15 CHICAGO, U.S.A.**

# ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

## NEW ISSUES

THE new taxation laws of the United States will undoubtedly bring into use a new series of revenue-stamps. At present writing we have seen only one of these, the one-cent documentary. This stamp is about the size of an ordinary postage-stamp, but placed with the long side horizontal instead of perpendicular. In color it is red. In the center is a large figure 1, surrounded by scroll-work. Outside of this is an oval space, at the top of which is the word "Documentary," and, at the bottom, "Cent." In small type in the four corners are the letters U. S. I. R. We understand there are to be twenty-one values, running from one cent to one thousand dollars.

Doubtless all of our readers have seen the new three-cent purple envelop-stamp, so we will not describe it here.

There is a rumor of a special issue to pay the new tax on parcel-post packages. We have not seen these, and, as far as we can learn, all the post-offices are using the new documentary stamp for this purpose. By the way, have any of our readers noticed the new forms of cancelation which are coming into use—cancelations calling attention to food saving? And how many of our readers are collecting these on entire covers and with all values of stamps? A good collection of such cancelations would prove very interesting.

This month we illustrate another of the French War-stamps. Its value is 35 + 25, or 60 centimes. It is bi-colored, the outer frame in soft gray and the center a light lavender. Across the top are the words —*Republique-Postes-Française*. In either corner, above the arch of the central design, are sprays of laurel, and the words *"Honneur"* to the left and *"Patrie"* to the right. Below the central design are the words — *"Orphelins de la Guerre."* Just what the central design is, we are uncertain. One part of it looks as if it were a trench with barbed-wire entanglements, while another part looks as if it were intended to represent a soldier's grave, over which was flying the French flag—the tricolor. Perhaps it is meant to represent both. The general effect is very artistic.




Owing to a change in the value of the "escudo" of Portugal, a series of stamps is coming from that country in new colors and perhaps a few new values. In design the stamps look exactly like the series now in use. A new series of Red Cross stamps comes from the Straits Settlements. We illustrate the surcharge, which consists of the words "Red Cross," stamped in black, at the top of the stamps, and the value "2 c." at the bottom. So far, we have seen the surcharge upon two values of stamps only—the three-cent and the four-cent.




From French Morocco comes an exceedingly interesting series of stamps. In size they are virtually the same as other French Colonies of recent issues. We illustrate two of them to show the general type and design. The series runs from one centime to ten francs. The varying central designs portray points of historic or religious interest in Morocco. On the 1-, 2-, and 3-centime the picture is the "Tower of Hassan," at Rabat; on the 5-, 10-, and 15-centime is the "Dekaken Door," at Fez; on the 20-, 25-, and 30-centime, the "Chella Door," of Rabat; on the 35-, 40-, and 50-centime, the "Tower of Morocco"; on the 50-centime and 1-franc, another gateway, while the higher values picture ruins at Volubilis. The set is very picturesque and interesting.




## THRIFT-STAMPS

THERE have recently been issued by our Government two stamps about which we wish to speak. Although they are not postage-stamps in any sense of the word, yet they are exceedingly interesting to all stamp-collectors, not so much because they are "stamps," nor entirely because of their beauty of design, workmanship, or coloring, but because they are in a way souvenirs of a most interesting period in the world's history—probably the most interesting that any of us will live to see. Moreover, it is at any time possible that some law will be passed making these stamps available for letter postage, as was done with the parcel-post stamps. You will all recall that at first these beautiful stamps could be used only on packages; later they were also used for postage. The same thing may be true of the new stamps; but whether so or not, we believe that every collector should at least own a "Thrift-stamp." Not only should he own one, but he should place it in his collection; should regard it as a gift to his country; as "doing a bit" toward helping on the national cause. Indeed, there is a persistent rumor that the next edition of Scott's album will show a place provided for each of these stamps. Apparently, judging from letters received, the readers of STAMP PAGE have not been slow to respond to the intention of the Government in issuing this stamp. The first reader of the PAGE to tell us that he had purchased both the 25-cent thrift-stamps and the $4.12 saving-stamp was Stewart Brown, of Montclair, New Jersey. Quite a few others have told of owning the thrift-stamp, and the purchase of such a stamp is a good investment, as well as an addition to one's collection. The large "War Savings Certificate" stamp costs $4.12, it is true; but with its purchase goes an agreement of

(*Continued on page 26*)

# ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

IT is so named because here every ***St. Nicholas*** reader can find the names and addresses of leading stamp dealers. Selected stamps for young folks are their specialty. Mention ***St. Nicholas*** in writing them and be sure always to give your name and complete address, as well as that of parent, teacher or employer as reference. Be sure to get permission first. We are careful to accept the advertisements of only the most reliable stamp dealers, and if you have any unfair business dealings with ***St. Nicholas*** advertisers advise us promptly. We are always glad to help solve your stamp problems. Write us when you want information.

**Rare Stamps Free** 15 all different Canadian and 10 India with Catalogue Free. Postage 2 cents. When possible send names and addresses of two stamp collectors. **Large wholesale list for Dealers free.** We offer these sets, great bargains, cheapest ever offered, no two stamps alike in any set, all different, fine condition. Postage 2c. extra. 50 Spain, 11c.; 40 Japan, 5c.; 100 U. S., 20c.; 7 Siam, 15c.; 50 Asia, 17c.; 20 Chile, 10c.; 4 Malta, 5c.; 13 Nyassa, 39c.; 3 Crete, 3c.; 10 Straits, 7c.; 10 Egypt, 7c.; 7 Persia, 4c.; 10 Ceylon, 15c.; 8 Hawaii, 20c.; 20 Denmark, 7c.; 30 Sweden, 10c.; 50 Brt. Col's, 6c.; 35 Austria, 9c.; 25 Persia, 25c.; 10 Brazil, 5c.; 50 Africa 24c.; 6 Fiji, 15c.; 25 Italy, 5c.; 7 Iceland, 20c.; 4 Sudan, 8c.; 10 China, 10c.; 17 Mexico, 10c.; 10 Uruguay, 7c.; 6 Reunion, 5c.; 5 Panama, 13c.; 5 Zanzibar, 20c. **Remit in stamps or Money Order.** Fine approval sheets 50% discount. 50 Page List Free. We buy Stamps. MARKS STAMP CO., DEPT. N, TORONTO, CANADA.

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**BRITISH NORTH AMERICA**
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**387 Washington St. - - - Boston, Mass.**

**DANDY** PACKET STAMPS free for name, address. 3 collectors, 2c. postage, with 50% apprs. 125 dif. U. S. inc. high values, 50c. U. T. K. STAMP CO., UTICA, N. Y.

STAMPS 105 China, etc., stamp dictionary, list 3000 bargains. 2c. Album (500 pictures), 3c. BULLARD & CO., Sta. A, BOSTON

APPROVALS PRICED AT ONE-QUARTER OF CATALogue price. Want lists filled at 60% discount.
BETTER STAMP CO., Elkhart, Indiana.

**70 Different Foreign Stamps from** } including Africa, Asia,
**70 Different Foreign Countries** } Australia, Europe, West Indies; and our pamphlet which tells you "How to make your collection of stamps properly." FOR ONLY 16 CENTS—A BIG BARGAIN. QUEEN CITY STAMP & COIN CO., ROOM 32, 604 RACE ST., CINCINNATI, O.

**BARGAINS** EACH SET 5 CENTS.
8 Luxembourg; 8 Finland; 20 Sweden; 15 Russia; 8 Costa Rica; 12 Porto Rico; 8 Dutch Indies; 6 Hayti. Lists of 7000 low-priced stamps free.
CHAMBERS STAMP CO., 111 G NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

**Hinges**—Best—1000 for 10 cents. Packet, 100 stamps, 20 cents. 200-300-400-500 at same rate. All different, no trash. 1000, $2.89. Album, 60c.
C. F. RICHARDS, BOX 77, GRAND CENTRAL P. O., NEW YORK.

**61** ALL DIFFERENT FOREIGN STAMPS including Honduras, Mexico, China, Peru, Australia, Egypt, Japan, Chili, Russia, Argentine, Brazil, Cuba, India, Portugal, etc., ONLY 7 CENTS. ROYAL STAMP COMPANY, 48 N. 51st St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**STAMPS—Genuine! Very Cheap!**
100 diff., 8c; 1000 diff., $2.95; 1000 mixed, 22c; 1000 U. S., 25c; 15 China, 10c; 30 Denmark, 10c; 20 Norway, 15c; 30 Sweden, 10c; * Bolivia '94 cplt., 15c; 12 Chile, 8c; 15 Cuba, 10c; 10 Ecuador, 9c; 10 Guatem., 8c; 5 Italy P. P., 8c; 11 Japan '13 cplt., 20c; 11 Japan '14 cplt., 6c; 4 Jap. China, 8c; 15 Mex., 10c; 15 Mex. War, 10c; 13 Nyassa cplt., 30c; 10 Nic., 10c; *8 Nic. '03 cplt., 60c; *13 do. '05 cplt., 60c; 12 do. '09 cplt., 25c; * do. '05 off. cplt., 25c; * do. '12 off. 1c to 20c, 45c; 5 Russia Romanoff '13, 10c; 10 Salvador, '12 cplt., 50c; do. 1ct. to 1 col. 8 var., 35c; do. '16 "S" 1c to 6c, 25c; Salv. off. '14 cplt., 45c; do. off. '15 cplt., 4c; 30 Turkey, 15c; 20 Venez., 12c, etc., etc.
**Finest Approval Sheets in America at from 50 to 80% discount.** Agents wanted. Large monthly lists free. We buy stamps.
**HUSSMAN STAMP CO., Dept. 40, ST. LOUIS, MO.**

## STAMPS ON APPROVAL

Send us the name of your father or some other responsible person and we will send you some approval sheets free. These sheets contain many stamps which you may not have.

If you see any stamps you want, take them off and return the approval sheets along with the correct amount for the stamps you take.

If you wish, we will put you on our "approval service" list. This service entitles you to receive approval sheets every little while. And if you're specializing in U. S. Stamps, Brazil stamps or in the stamps of any country whatever, we will give you sheets with the kind of stamps you want. Let us know what you want!

Don't delay! Send us your name and your reference today. Let us help you make your collection!

**SCOTT STAMP AND COIN COMPANY**
**127 Madison Avenue New York City**

**PROFIT SHARING!** My approval selections are ABSOLUTELY FIRST GRADE. I offer a **special discount** for prompt returns, in addition to the regular 50% discount. Send a good reference and receive a premium worth 25c., but do not apply unless you expect to buy. D. M. WARD, 608 BUCHANAN ST., GARY, IND.

**FREE** 12 Japan and 5 unused Cuba to applicants for our approvals. 50 different South America, 25c. 100 different Asia, 60c. Lists containing hundreds of bargains Free.
UNIVERSAL STAMP CO., MT. CLEMENS, MICH.

**Stamps 58 all diff.**, Transvaal, Turkey, Brazil, Peru, Cuba, Mexico, Ceylon, Java, etc., and **Album, 8c.** 1000 **Finely Mixed, 30c.** 65 diff. U. S., 25c. 1000 hinges, 8c. Agts. wtd. 50%. **List Free.** I buy stamps. **C. Stegman,** 5940 Cote Brilliante Ave., **St. Louis, Mo.**

## STAMPS 58 ALL DIFFERENT

Malay (tiger), Bolivia, China (junk ship), Newfoundland, etc., an Album and Perforation Gauge, all for **5c.**
Interesting List Free. We sell Scott's Albums.
**PAYN STAMP CO.**
138 NO. WELLINGTON ST., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

**S. & C. A.** 20th Century. 41 different, catalog value over $1.10. Postpaid, 27c. "Masonik." Approvals will please you if you're pleasable.
HERBERT W. MASON, 203 Grand Ave., Hackettstown, N. J.

**GEE, HE'S GOT FINE STAMPS!**
You will exclaim if you see my European and European colony stamp selections.
H. W. Protzmann, 1031 28th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

**Uruguay**, No. 183, 5c, blue centaur, 12c.
**Norway**, No. 81, 2 kr. rose, 12c.
**Norway**, No. 94, 1 kr. 50 ö ultra, 20c.
HUB POSTAGE STAMP CO., 345 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

**10,000** Stamps at one cent each. Send for trial selection on approval, and receive a Watermark Detector Free. BURT MCCANN, 321 NO. NEWTON, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

**STAMPS 20 VARIETIES UNUSED, FREE** to all sending for our approval sheets at 50% discount. Postage 3 cents. Mention St. Nicholas. QUAKER STAMP CO., TOLEDO, OHIO.

**STAMPS FREE, 60 ALL DIFFERENT**
For the names of two collectors and 3c. postage, 20 different foreign coins. 25c. TOLEDO STAMP CO., TOLEDO OHIO, U S.A.

30 diff. French Colonies, 25c.; 25 diff. Portuguese Colonies, 25c.
FRED. L. ONKEN, 546 CARLTON AVENUE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

**$5.00 CATALOGUE VALUE OF FINE STAMPS 25c.**
**100 varieties of good stamps in fine condition, including Italy Postage dues 50 and 100 l, cat. 45c., Panama map 1892 10 and 50c., unused cat. 65c. Newfoundland jubilee, Persia, Jamaica etc., all for 25 cents. I buy stamps.**
**H. A. BLACKWELL, 56 UNIVERSITY PLACE, N. Y. CITY.**

SEE ALSO PAGE 26

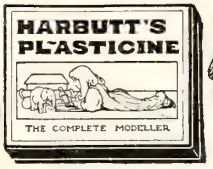
# GIFT SUGGESTIONS


## MODEL A THOUSAND THINGS!

Great fun for all children modelling anything they like in the germ-proof Harbutt's Plasticine. Teaches observation and dexterity. No water; no muss like clay. Send for our catalog of "Toys That Teach" which explains all.



**The Embossing Co.**
P. O. Box 598B
Albany New York









*This Book Free*

## "How A Boy Made The First Remington And The Great Things That Came Of His Genius"

EVERY American boy should read this thrilling story of Eliphalet Remington, the blacksmith-farmer of 23, who made the first Remington rifle out of scrap iron in his father's little forge nearly 102 years ago. How Eliphalet killed an old she-bear the first time he shot his rifle—this and other incidents are vividly described by Irving Crump, the juvenile writer, in this book which is yours for the asking. Send today and mention St. Nicholas.

**THE REMINGTON ARMS UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE COMPANY, Inc.**
**Woolworth Building, New York City**



## STAMP DIRECTORY—Continued

**Stamps Free** Rare Mexican War--**genuine** (Cat. Gibbons 56c) with request for Approval Sheets at 60% and names of 2 stamp collectors. Send 3c postage! We buy stamps.

**HUSSMAN STAMP CO., St. Louis, Mo.**

**STAMPS** Send for my approvals and pick out your own premium. M. PLACE, E. Norfolk, Mass.

**FREE** 5 unused Salvador to Approval Applicants. EDWIN H. BAILEY, FARMINGDALE, N. Y.

**15 JAPAN** FREE with trial approvals 1000 Hinges 4c. F E. THORP, NORWICH. N. Y.

**25** from 25 countries, 25 var. U.S., illustrated Album and hinges, 10c. A. WRIGHT, 47 COURT ST., BOSTON, Mass.

**FREE** Packet of stamps to Approval applicants. M CONE. 2326 EUTAW PL., BALTO., MD.

**FREE—$1.00 U. S. PARCEL POST STAMP**—Cat. 35 cents to Approval Applicants who give reference. J. R. NICHOLS, 1707 Nelson Avenue, New York City

**FREE**—35 For. Stamps to applicants for our 50 M. approvals. Send reference. 50 U. S., cat. value $1.12, 10 cts. 100 For cat. value $1.25, 10 cts. 1000 mixed stamps 25 cts. THE HOLLEY STAMP CO., East Pembroke, Mass

**Free** Stamp Catalogued 60 Cents to new applicants who send during January for our "Dayton Quality" Approvals at 50% discount. THE DAYTON STAMP CO., DAYTON, OHIO

***Bolivia '94 1c—50c Catalog 70c FREE**

if you remit 25c. for six mos. subscription to *Mekeel's Stamp Weekly*, Portland, Me. All the news about stamps. Stories, pictures and stamp bargains. You are very unwise to collect without a stamp paper. Take one of these premiums.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| *Bolivia 1c.—50c. | Denmark | 20 diff. | Nfld. | 10 diff. |
| * " '94, 100c | Sweden | 30 diff. | China '12 | 6 var. |
| 16 Mexican Rebels | Japan | 40 diff. | 50 diff. | U. S. |

SPECIAL—Name this advt. and also receive the fine new Canada 3c. stamp "Fathers of the Confederation" FREE.


Stamp Saving is a fascinating game. It teaches one to be observing. You must study the design, the coloring, the perforations, the cancellations, the value, the age and the amount of each new stamp. It suggests all kinds of interesting study in geography and history; its position in the world; its past and its future. At this time it is especially interesting, because of all that can be learned about the kings of the different countries in the world.

Join the ST. NICHOLAS STAMP CLUB and enjoy its benefits with them. We will send you a membership blank, if you ask for it.

## ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

(*Continued from page* 24)

the United States to repurchase it on or after January 1, 1923, for $5.00. That advance represents a pretty good rate of interest. We cannot illustrate these two stamps. The law—a foolish law, we think—prevents it. The thrift-stamp is somewhat larger than a postage-stamp, but with its long side horizontal. The design is very neat and attractive. The color is bright green, and the wording is as follows:

Thrift Stamp
25
cents
Good in payment toward
U. S. War Savings
Certificate
W. G. McAdoo

To every purchaser of one of these stamps is given a U. S. Government Thrift-card, or folder. This, of itself, is very interesting. On the card (among items of information) are sixteen spaces for thrift-stamps. These spaces are numbered, and in each is a little maxim designed to inculcate "savings" by the public. When one has collected sixteen of these stamps, filling the card, by paying a little more, it may be exchanged for a War Savings Certificate, redeemable at $5.00 in 1923.

### ANSWERS TO QUERIES

¶THERE is no book that we know of which gives full descriptions of the scenes depicted, or brief histories of the men and women whose portraits appear upon stamps. Nor is there any book which explains satisfactorily the meaning and symbolism of the coats of arms of the various nations. It is especially difficult to learn much about the stamps of South and Central America. The building upon the 2-centavo stamp of Peru, issue of 1897, is the new General Post-office at Lima. This series was really a commemorative issue, to celebrate the opening of the building.

# PLAYMATES *for* Boys and Girls



## AIREDALE TERRIER PUPPIES

**THE Ideal Dog for Children (and grown ups)**

Most **intelligent, playful, affectionate** of all dogs. Magnificent **guardian.** Self-respecting, **clean-minded,** upstanding, thoroughbred. Trustworthy, **dependable.** No Vibert Airedale EVER INJURED A CHILD. Have saved children from injury. We have splendid, farm raised, **healthy,** roly poly, comical, playful, **laughing** puppies, and grown dogs, thoroughbred, pedigreed, eligible to registry. No care. HARDY. Simply feed the leavings from your table. Will mature into **matchless watchdogs. THE** GIFT FOR BIRTHDAY OR CHRISTMAS. Prompt shipment, safe delivery, YOUR satisfaction guaranteed. Interesting ILLUSTRATED booklet on request. VIBERT AIREDALE FARM, Box 25a, Weston, N. J. Phone Bound Brook 397.
(Most exclusive breeders of Airedales in the world.)

**Lovers of Dogs will do well to write to**

**SPRATT'S**

**for samples of their famous**

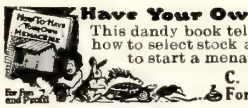
**DOG CAKES and PUPPY BISCUITS**

There are no foods like them

***Send 2c stamp for "Dog Culture"***

**SPRATT'S PATENT LTD., NEWARK, N. J.**



**Have Your Own Backyard Zoo**

This dandy book tells how to build the pens; how to select stock and care for it, and how to start a menagerie club. Price 25 cts.

**C. H. HANDERSON, 13313 Forest Hill Ave., Cleveland, O.**

YOU want to get out of doors as much as you can. But what will you *do?* Good ice for skating is fast disappearing. It isn't warm enough to play baseball or tennis, or even marbles. These in-between days, half winter and half spring, are just the days for a long tramp with a companionable dog or a long ride on a friendly pony's back. Would you like some assistance in selecting a dog or a pony? Address the St. Nicholas Pet Dept., 353-4th Ave., N. Y. City.

## Protect the Song Birds and They Will Protect You!



$5 for this 4-room Wren House

Built of oak, cypress shingles, copper coping.

Without the song birds all of our food crops would be destroyed by insects. They save millions of bushels of grain, fruit and vegetables every year.

It is your duty to protect them and furnish them with safe homes in which to raise their young this spring. You will be paid a thousand fold for the trifling expense. For they will free your grounds and gardens from insect pests and gladden your heart with their beauty and song.

There is just the right kind of a

## DODSON BIRD HOUSE

for every kind of bird. You can attract any bird to your home grounds—by simply putting up the right Dodson House. And they will come back to nest year after year.

### *Don't Wait for Spring—Order Now*

Many birds are suspicious of houses that smell of fresh paint. Put your houses out early and give them time to weather. Then you will be sure of a tenant for every house.

Write today for beautiful *Free Bird Book,* with artistic free colored bird picture. Mail a postcard today to

**JOS. H. DODSON** President, American Audubon Association

**707 Harrison Avenue, Kankakee, Ill.**

*Dodson's Sparrow Trap, the only real commercial trap, guaranteed to rid your community of these grain-eating, quarrelsome pests. Price $6.*

## CLASS PINS

**MANUFACTURER TO YOU**

**MADE TO YOUR ORDER 15¢ AND UP**

Catalog free, showing hundreds of new designs. Write today. Two popular designs illustrated made with one or two colors best hard enamel. No. 3506 made with any 3 letters and 2 figures: Silver plate 15¢ each, $1.50 doz. Sterling silver 30¢ each, $3.00 doz. No. 3512 made with any name on band not exceeding 9 letters, remainder of pin lettered G. S. or H. S. and date 18, 19, 20 or 21, only: Silver plate, 20¢ each, $1.80 doz. Sterling silver 35¢ each, $3.60 doz.






**BASTIAN BROS. CO.** **412 Bastian Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.**

## LE PAGE'S GLUE

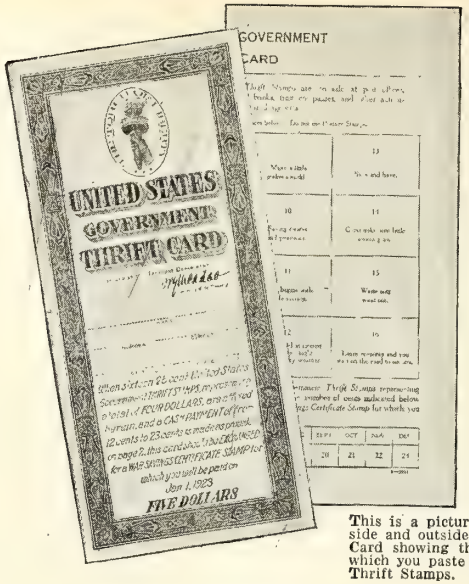
HANDY TUBES

A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

**The January ST. NICHOLAS was no sooner in the hands of its readers than its boys and girls began to sign the loyalty pledge of the ST. NICHOLAS War Stamp Club. But this number of ST. NICHOLAS went to press very early in January, so if your name is not here, look for it next month.**

# Roll of HONOR

Don M. Parker, Jr., New York
Harris Brewster Parker, New York
Janet Felicity Holden, New York
Jewel Alkire, Illinois
Francois Ballot, New York
Adele Ballot, 2nd, New York
Blanche Carson Berry, Virginia
John Birge, New York
Barbara Birge, New York
Beatrice Borland, Illinois
Harriet Borland, Illinois
Eleanor Bosserman, New Jersey
Mary Isabel Bosserman, New Jersey
Elizabeth Brewster, Connecticut
F. Allison Campbell, Ohio
Mary C. Campbell, Ohio
Edward M. Carter, New Jersey
Edith D. Carter, New Jersey
Barbara Channing, Washington, D. C.
Katharine Channing, Washington, D. C.
Laurence Channing, Washington, D. C.
Anne Channing, Washington, D. C.
Mary Evelyn Colgate, New York
Marion Crockett, New York
Joanna S. Cromley, New Jersey
Nicholas Dawson, New Jersey
Dorothy DeWitt, New Jersey
Robert Farguhar, Pennsylvania
Charlotte E. Farguhar, Pennsylvania.
Elizabeth Foster, New Jersey
Eugene Graves, Rhode Island
Hubert Graves, Rhode Island
Elise Harrison, New Jersey
J. B. Hartwell, Mass.
J. M. Hartwell, Mass.
Storrs Haynes, New York
Winifred Haynes, New York
Margaret Heck, New Jersey
Bob C. H. Heck, New Jersey
June Meredith Hinman, Mass.
Roger Hinman, Mass.
Frederick Clarke Hinman, Mass.
Rollin O. Hooven, Jr., New Jersey
Homer Huddelston, Maine
Rachel Huddelston, Maine
Margaret Mary Kirby, Illinois
Marion E. Marshall, Mass.
Lillian M. Molton, New York
Virginia McCuen, Pennsylvania
Carolyn E. Pienderson, Minn.
Dorothy M. Pienderson, Minn.
Catharine Potter, Conn.
Edward Clarkson Potter, Conn.
Josephine B. Ranson, West Virginia
James M. Ranson, West Virginia
Allan Roos, New York
Elsa L. Roos, New York
Marie Schutz, Illinois
Cornelia Shepard, New Jersey
John H. Speer, Conn.
Gareth W. Speer, Conn.
Winifred Smith, Illinois



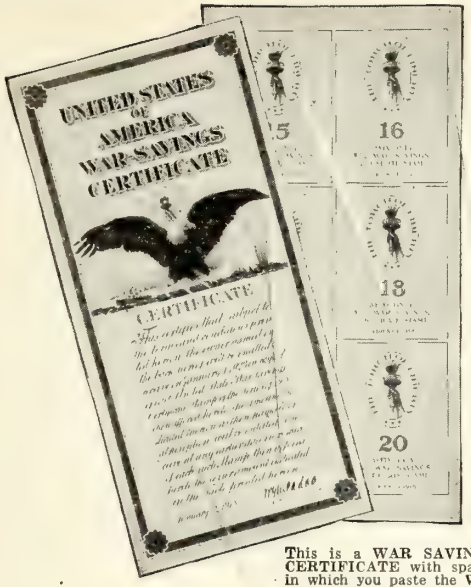

This is a picture of the inside and outside of a Thrift Card showing the spaces in which you paste the 25 cent Thrift Stamps.

# JOIN THE AMERICAN ARMY OF WAR STAMP COLLECTORS

All over our country hundreds of thousands of patriotic boys and girls are rushing to the colors. They wish they could go to France to help drive out the invading horde of Huns who have brought desolation to the world. They want to help in every way to win a victory for our country and to bring permanent peace to the world. So they have begun to collect Thrift Stamps and War Savings Stamps. And they are collecting more all the time. Each stamp they add to their THRIFT CARD and each THRIFT CARD they change into a WAR SAVINGS STAMP is a battle won for America and for liberty. It is not enough just to begin collecting these patriotic stamps. You must keep on and on and on.

*Copyright The Century Co.*






This is a WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATE with spaces in which you paste the War Savings Stamps which cost $4.13 apiece in February.

# It's the Boys' and Girls' Chance to help our Boys in France

Every penny, nickel, dime and quarter which you put into WAR SAVINGS STAMPS makes the defeat of Germany more certain. You can buy these stamps at any bank or post-office. Each Thrift Stamp costs 25 cents. You stick each one on a free Thrift card. When sixteen stamps are on the card, you can exchange it during February for a WAR SAVINGS STAMP by paying 13 cents. During March you pay 14c, April 15c, etc. Keep this WAR SAVINGS STAMP which has cost $4.13, and in five years our government will pay you $5.00 for it.

The minute you read this, resolve to do your part. Get a pencil. On the coupon in the corner (or on a postal card), write your name and the names of your brothers or sisters who will begin collecting THRIFT STAMPS right away. Have your father, mother or guardian endorse it. Send it to the ST. NICHOLAS War Stamp Club.

*Copyright The Century Co.*



## Roll *of* HONOR

***(Continued)***

Marion L. Thrall, Ohio
Abigail A. Thompson, Mass.
Milton Thompson, Jr., Mass.
Ethel Vincent, New York
Marion Vincent, New York
Bernice Warkman, Illinois
Josephine Phelps Wells, Mass.
Billy Wentzell, West Virginia
Elizabeth Wentzell, West Virginia
Jean Wheeler, Rhode Island
Stafford M. Wheeler, Rhode Island
Rhoda Wheeler, Rhode Island
Doris Woodruff, New Jersey
Harriet Wright, New York
Clare Zimmern, New York
Ruth Zimmern, New York

**"Who will have the first regiment of Thrift Stamps?" ST. NICHOLAS asked last month. A number of boys and girls vie for this honor and here are their names:**

Blanche Carson Berry, Virginia
Francois Ballot, New York
Adele Ballot, 2nd, New York
Dorothy M. Pienderson, Minn.
Allan Roos, New York City, N. Y.
Elsa L. Roos, New York City, N. Y.
Dorothy DeWitt, New Jersey
Elizabeth Wentzell, West Virginia

## Join the ST. NICHOLAS WAR STAMP CLUB

**Any subscriber, reader or friend of ST. NICHOLAS may become a member by signing and mailing this statement: "I will loyally do my part to win the war by collecting Thrift Stamps and War Savings Stamps." There are no dues. As soon as possible after your postal card or coupon is received, your names will be published in ST. NICHOLAS. This shall be a sign to all the world that these ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls are serving their country in its hour of need.**

**Your Country Calls To You. Do Not Keep Her Waiting!**

ST. NICHOLAS WAR STAMP CLUB
353 4th Ave. New York City

I will loyally do my part to help win the war by collecting THRIFT STAMPS and WAR SAVINGS STAMPS.

City and State.....

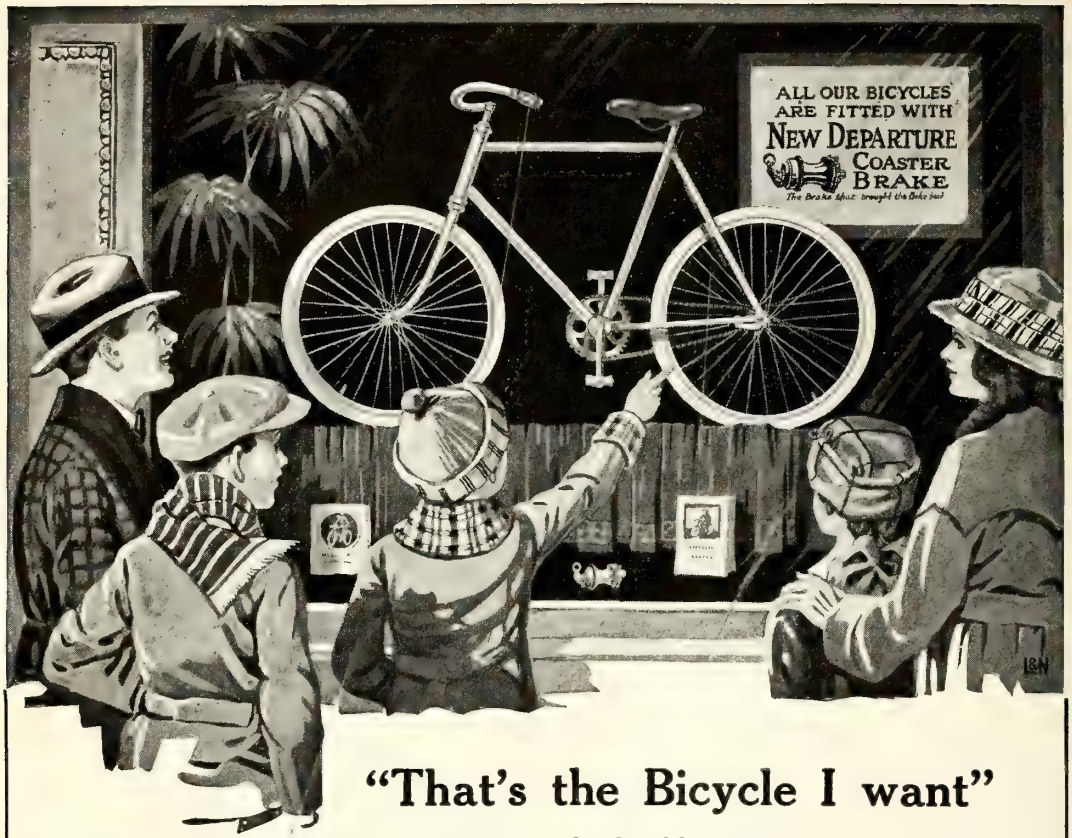
Name .....

Street .....

Name .....

Street .....

Endorsed by .....




# "That's the Bicycle I want"

says young America—"the one with the New Departure Coaster Brake."

Spring will soon be here and all those boys and girls, who get the most fun out of life, are looking forward to spinning over the roads on their wheels.

**NEW DEPARTURE COASTER BRAKE**

***"The Brake that Brought the Bike Back"***

should be on every bicycle—old or new. Gives perfect control of speed and halves the pedalling no matter how far you ride. No spills or collisions. You can coast down the steepest hill with perfect safety—and stop in an instant when you want to.

Riding a bike is good for the whole family—father and mother, too. It builds health, means economy in the saving of gasoline, and is the safest vehicle on the roads—if equipped with this wonderful device. If you're not going to buy a new wheel this spring, ask your dealer to put a New Departure Coaster Brake on your old one.

**New Departure Manufacturing Co., 105 Main St., Bristol, Conn.**

# Bobby and Betty and Nan






Dear Dr. Lyon's Company,

My brother Bobby is crazy to have you print these verses of his. All of us are writing poems to you now - even little Nan.

Your friend

Betty.

## COUSIN DICKIE'S TEETH

Dear Company, I will relate
The truth about my Cousin Dickie
Who almost met a sorry fate
In trying tooth pastes that are tricky.

Now, Dickie, like us other lads,
Used DR. LYON'S twice a day
Until he read some tooth paste ads
And then the mischief was to pay.

They frightened him beyond his years
And started him imagining;
Not one of us could stop his fears,
He thought he had most everything.

For every ill he tried a paste,
It seemed he used up 'most a ton;
He found that it was all a waste
And ended where he had begun.

The Cure-alls then he threw away
And, glad to be back where he started
Used DR. LYON'S twice a day
Regretting that they ever parted.

### MORAL

Altho' pastes may no duty shirk,
They cannot do a dentist's work:
While substitutes may be in doubt
'Tis well to never be without
DR. LYON'S that safely cleans
And polishes by healthful means;
True cleanliness it promiseth
And gives to you a fragrant breath.

Bobby

*I. W. Lyon & Sons, Incorporated*

ESTABLISHED IN 1866

Dear Betty and Bobby:

We are very glad to print your rhymes. We trust that many others will profit by Dickie's experience and always stick to DR. LYON'S.

Cordially yours,

I. W. LYON AND SONS, INC.
533 West 27th Street., New York

*Sample of Powder or Cream sent on receipt of 6 cents.*





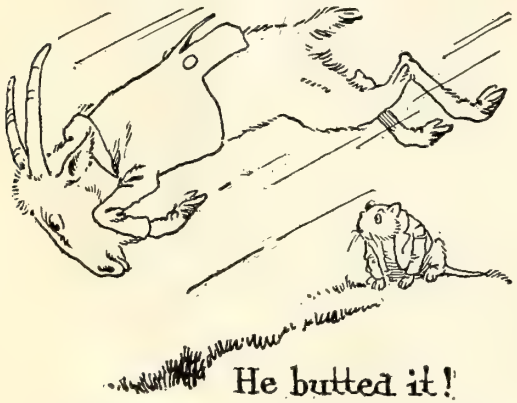

# MORE "AD" VENTURES of the IVORY HEROES



## CHAP. II.
## The Black Ships

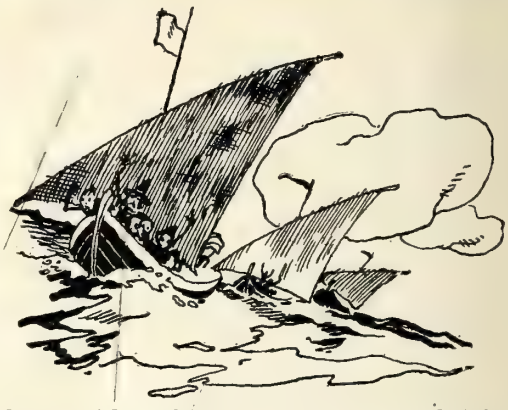
THE good ship IVORY SOAP was built, but Bill that bumptious goat said, "What's the earthly use of her unless we make her *float?*" "Quite true," said Ben the beaver with a most excited stutter. "Well, Ben, the job is up to us," continued Bill the butter.

So Ben the beaver spanked the ship with his smack-whacktious tail, and, though the good ship quivered some he spanked without avail. Then Bill backed off and thundered down upon the IVORY boat, and with a most effective butt he butted it afloat. "Oh, see her slide!" our heroes cried. "All get aboard, for we are bound for many foreign lands across the rolling sea."



He butted it!

All jumped aboard with merry shouts—Gnif, Bob, and Bill the Goat, and Betty helped Ben Beaver board that fair white IVORY boat. The breeze was fresh, the



sky was blue, the day was warm and bright as their sweet house-boat left a wake of bubbles, IVORY white. Gnif held the wheel with skill and zeal; Bob tested spar and rope, while Betty talked with Bill and Ben of dolls and IVORY SOAP.

"But," queried Bill, "wherefore this *peace?* I had the pleasant hope that there were mussy foes to fight and scrub with IVORY SOAP." "Be patient, Bill," Miss Betty said. Her smile was sweet but grave. "A fight for right awaits all those whose hearts are truly brave."

And then, behold—scarce had these words passed Betty's merry lips, when she and all aboard beheld *three black and gruesome ships.* Before the rising southern wind these black ships presently bore straight across the pleasant course of our fair IVORY. A most uncanny sight were they with sails all streaked with grime, and each ship packed with mussy men, their faces black with crime. Our crew could see each villain bore a tub of mud—but *wait*—what happened then our chapter next in detail will relate.

*But, do not worry, little friends,*
*I am allowed to say*
*That clouds all have a silver side,*
*If cleansed the IVORY way.*

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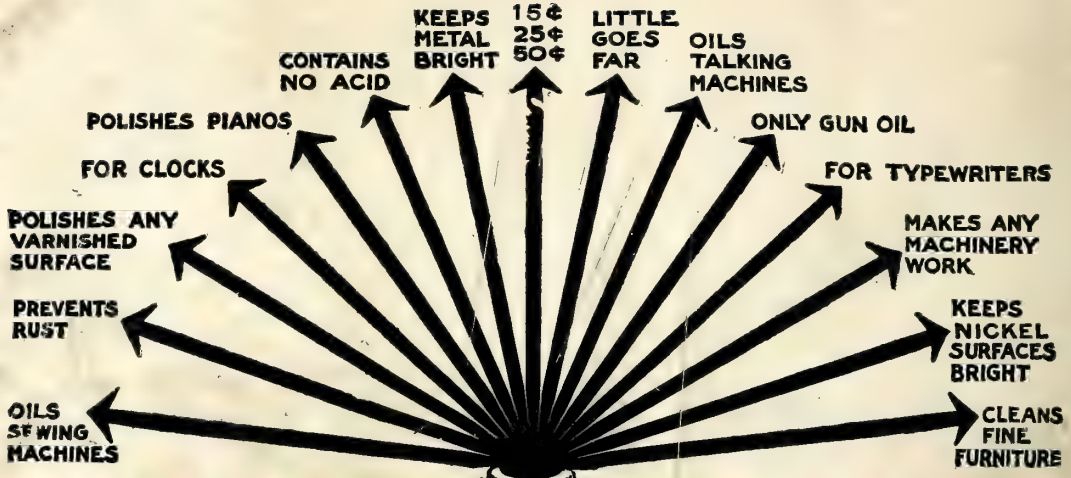
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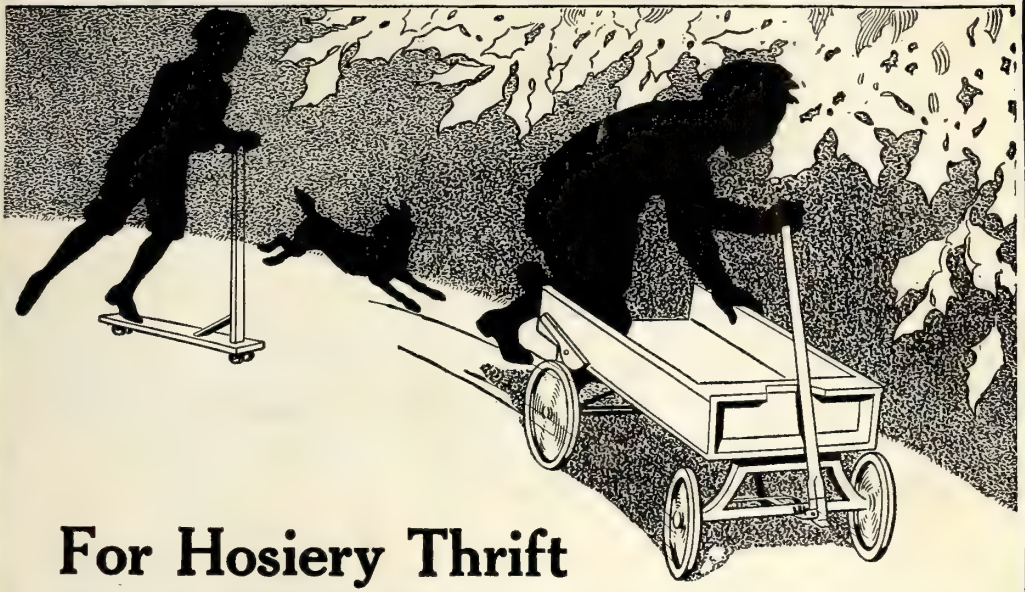
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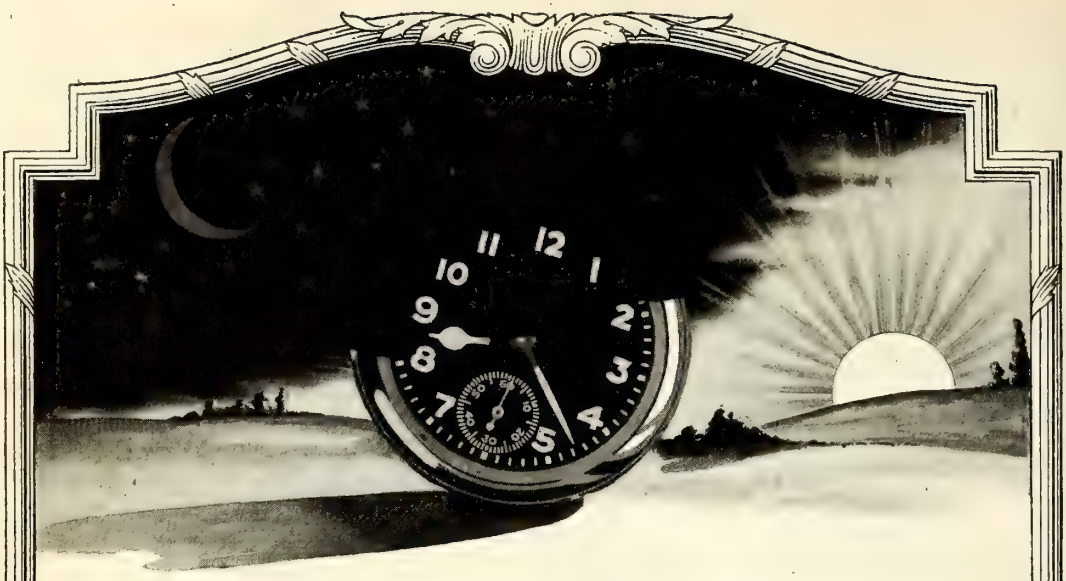
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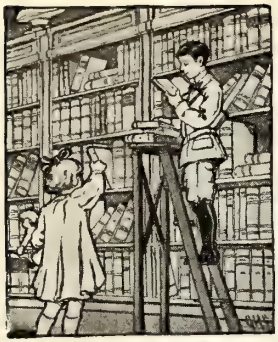
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# THE BOOK MAN

"A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as model for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time."

Once when Miss Mary R. Parkman had been telling a group of children some stories of the heroes of old, one of the number, who had always followed the tales with breathless interest, said:

"Tell us the story of a hero of today!"

"There are no heroes of today, no *real* heroes, are there?" put in another. "Oh, of course I know there are great men who do important things," he added, "but there isn't any *story* to what they do, is there?—anything like the daring deeds of the knights and vikings, or of the American pioneers?"

Of course Miss Parkman tried to tell the children that the times in which we live bring out as true hero stuff as any time gone by. She told them of the many phases of our complex modern life with its many duties, its new conscience, its new feeling of individual responsibility for the welfare of all. Then she told of some of the heroes who are fighting "in the patient modern way" against the unseen enemies of disease and pestilence, against the monster evils of ignorance, poverty, and injustice. There was the "modern viking," Jacob A. Riis, whose story was as truly adventurous as those of the plundering vikings of long ago, and Dr. Grenfell, the strong friend of Labrador, who has certainly proved that life may be a splendid adventure, and Captain Scott, with his noble conquest of danger and hardship, disappointment and death, an undying story indeed. She told of that splendid hero of the heights, John Muir, of that gentle lover of the friendly by-paths of Nature, John Burroughs, of those brave souls, Edward Trudeau, the good physician of Saranac, and Samuel Pierpont Langley, the inventor of the heavier-than-air flying-machine, who struggled undaunted in the face of failure for a success that only those who should come after them might enjoy, of the "prophet-engineer," George W. Goethals, who has proved that faith and perseverance can truly remove mountains, and Herbert C. Hoover, master of mines and men, whose great talent for organization and efficient management brought bread to starving millions.

Carlyle said that "the history of what man has accomplished in this world is at bottom the History of the Great Men who have worked here." When the real history of our day is written, will it not be seen that some of its most important and significant chapters are those written by doctors, naturalists, explorers, engineers, inventors and patriots who can truly be called "heroes of today?"

But other chapters not less significant have been written by women. *Non ministrari sed ministrare*—not to be ministered unto but to minister—is not alone the motto of those who stand under the Wellesley banner, but of women everywhere. For centuries the interests and sympathies of women have belonged to those of their own household. In the days when much of the labor of providing food and clothing was carried on under each roof-tree her service was necessarily circumscribed by the home walls. Changed days have come, however, with changed ways. The development of science and invention, which has led to industrial progress and specialization, has radically changed the woman's world of the home. The industries once carried on there are now more efficiently handled in large factories and packing-houses. The care of the house itself is undertaken by specialists in cleaning and repairing. Many women, whose energies would have been, under former conditions, inevitably monopolized by home-keeping duties, are today, in consequence of this change, giving their strength and special gifts to social service. They have become mothers to the community and the world.

So Miss Parkman has written about the hero-stories of our modern time not one volume but two: "Heroes of Today," about the great men I have just spoken of, and "Heroines of Service" (The Century Co., $1.35 each), about some of these noble women. She tells of Clara Barton, founder of the American Red Cross, Mary Lyon and Alice Freeman Palmer, the great teachers, and Jane Addams, the famous mistress of Hull House; about Frances E. Willard, the "maiden crusader," Alice C. Fletcher, champion of the Indian; Mary Slessor, the "white mother of darkest Africa," Madame Curie, Anna Howard Shaw, Julia Ward Howe, and Mary Antin. The Russian peasants have a proverb: "Labor is the house that Love lives in." Women who are mothers of their own families, or of other children whose needs cry out for their understanding care, are always home-makers. And the work of each of these—her labor of love—is truly "a house that Love lives in."

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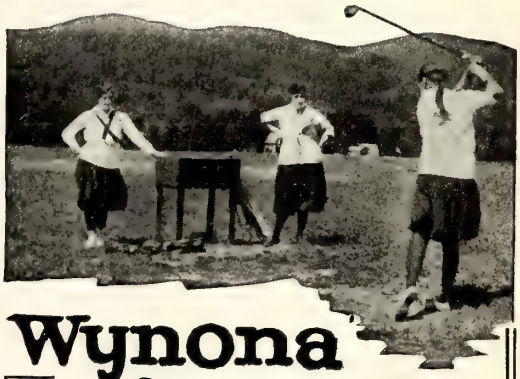
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BEAUTIFULLY situated in the heart of scenic pine grove overlooking picturesque mountain lake. Healthful, happy outdoor life—golf, tennis, horseback riding, canoeing, etc.



Other recreations—music and dancing. All the comforts of home—electric light, running water, shower baths and rustic sleeping bungalows. References required. To further reveal the purpose of the camp we have prepared a booklet full of striking examples of Camp activities. Write

**The Director**

**276 Summer St., Fitchburg, Mass.**



# CAMP CHEQUESSET

**On the tip of Cape Cod**
All the fun of life in and on the roaring Atlantic. Wood lore, arts and crafts, scouting, camp crafts. All field sports. **Aquaplaning,** sailing, motor boating, swimming, fishing. Bungalows and tents. Each girl always in the care of an expert.

*Write for illustrated booklet.*

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KNOWN as "The Camp with the wonderful saddle horses." Campers ride every day without extra charge. Tela-Wauket is a 200-acre wonderland of wooded hills and green fields, in the heart of the Green Mountains, with sleeping bungalows, rustic assembly bungalow, hot and cold shower baths, tennis courts, fields for games of all kinds, and a private pond for swimming and water sports. The new booklet is filled with interesting pictures and true stories of camp life. Read how Tela-Wauket campers explored a mountain, camped on its wooded side, made trails to the top, and gave the "old fellow" a name. The Honor System, so loyally maintained by campers, councilors and directors, makes a vacation at Tela-Wauket a joy to campers and a source of gratification to parents. Ask for our booklet.

**No inexperienced counciliors employed.**

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**Shaftsbury, Vt.**

A CAMP of high standards, limited to 50 girls. Ideals of health, happiness, and democracy as symbolized in King Arthur's Round Table.

**A Camp Song, tune "A Wee Doech an' Doris"**

There's a dear old place called Avalon
In the green hills of Vermont.
It's a place of girls and laughter,
Good sports like Kit Dumont.
There are singing, dancing, playing,
Swimming, hikes, and horseback too,
If you've ever been there once you'll say,
"Back to Avalon—*ha-chew!*"

*Write for illustrated booklet*

**RICHARD D. CURRIER, N. J. Law School, Newark, N. J.**

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**A Summer Camp for Girls**
**Squam Lake, N. H.**




Situated in the heart of the New Hampshire Lake country, **WINNETASKA** is known as **THE CANOEING CAMP.** Under expert instructors our girls become absolute masters of their graceful gray canoes. And with the mountains always in sight, hikes and camping trips alternate with canoeing trips. With blankets, knapsacks, and shelter tents, we cruise the lakes or climb the hills each week, and win our Honor Symbols in Camp Cookery, Nature Lore, Swimming, Tramping, or Mountain Climbing, while the stay-at-homes are busy with Handicrafts, First Aid, Life Saving, and Athletics.

The **WINNETASKA** booklet will tell you about it, and show you what fine times **WINNETASKA** girls enjoy.

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Complete equipment for health, safety, happiness.
Limited enrollment. Cercle Francais.
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A SMALL SUMMER CAMP FOR GIRLS

Homelike atmosphere. Send for booklet.

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*A Mountain Camp for Girls*

Quite an unusual camp.

Modelling, Sketching,
Nature Study.
Campercraft.
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Water Sports, Athletics
Saddle Horses

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## Camp Winneshewauka

**LUNENBURG, VERMONT** **FOR GIRLS**

In White Mountain region. Mile of lake shore. Best of everything for the best girls. Free horseback riding, water and field sports, handicrafts, music and dancing under expert instructors. Sponson and war canoes. Cozy screened bungalows, spring water, modern plumbing. Satisfied parents and happy girls tell the story. Booklet.

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# Camp Kineowatha For Girls

**On Wilton Lake** **Wilton, Maine**

A select camp—limited to 75—for girls who appreciate refinements in the living quarters of the permanent camp home, with frequent excursions into the more primitive camping life.

A sincere effort is made in shaping the camp work toward a rational development of wholesome ideals, latent possibilities, and a natural personality.

A most complete equipment includes beautiful permanent bungalows as living quarters, having in them all modern conveniences.

The camp activities' program provides for every suitable sport and pastime—horseback riding, tennis, baseball, swimming, boating and canoeing, and all departments of arts and crafts.

**Camp Kineowatha** gives exceptional value at a rate consistent with the superior quality of its service, and the careful limitations as to admissions.

Under personal supervision of Elizabeth Bass, B.A. (late Dean of Women, Colby College), Wilton, Maine. For beautifully illustrated booklet, address Miss Bass, or

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## CAMP WINNAHKEE

*A Delightful Camp for Girls*

We cannot tell you in this small space how delightful it is. The whole environment is delightful. The location, on Lake Champlain, is beautiful. The campers are well-bred girls; the sports and entertainments are supervised by experienced councilors. The illustrated booklet helps you to see the many attractions for girls of 8 to 18. References required.

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| *Swimming* | *Tennis* | *First Aid* |
| *Canoeing* | *Golf* | *Red Cross Work* |
| *Bowling* | *Riding* | *French Tent* |

Attractive and carefully planned meals. Experienced Directors and Dietitian. Illustrated booklet. Apply

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**The Pennsylvania Camps for Girls**

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Outdoor life. Lasting friendships.

Our own Red Cross Auxiliary.

Rustic bungalows and tents on lake shore. SPLENDID EQUIPMENT for every land and water sport. Athletic Field; Horseback Riding; Gypsy Trips; Handicrafts; Dramatics; Pageantry; Music.

Cultivation of personality and self reliance. 10 seasons and not an accident. Mr. and Mrs. Sipple give their close personal care to each girl.

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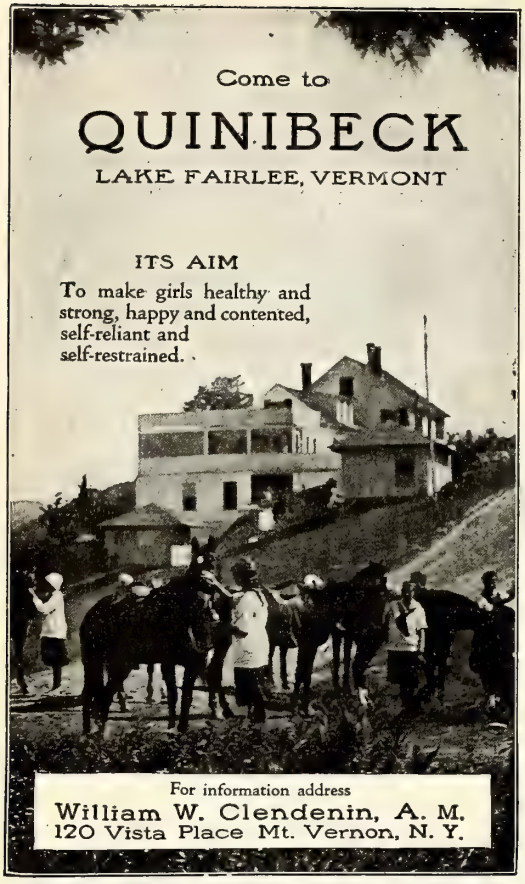
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The fun and freedom of camp life, combined with high ideals and good influences. Camp-fires, gypsy trips, arts, crafts. National Red Cross Life Saving Course, and all camp sports. Each camper given close personal care. Experienced councilors. Write for booklet.



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*All counselor positions filled*



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*(The Luther Gulick Camps)*

Three camps—Girls (12-18), (7-12); Boys (6-10). 187 acres of pine woods, 4 sand beaches, (more than a mile of shore front), 5 islands. Canoes, motor boats, sailboats and big house-boat. Trips by canoe, trail and automobile to ocean, with surf bathing. Horseback riding, crafts, official Red Cross Course and Diploma, pageants and camp plays. Each girl in the personal care of Dr. and Mrs. Luther Halsey Gulick, founders of the Camp Fire Girls. Send for splendid booklet.

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Ideal location on small lake. Water sports, team games, dancing, crafts, dramatics, nature lore. Overnight trips to neighboring lakes and mountains. Membership small, high school age.

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Finest camp in the South for Girls. Lake Junaluska, N. C., in the "Land of the Sky". Boating, bathing, tennis, basket ball, mountain climbing, gypsy trips, nature study, handcraft, dancing, music and dramatics. Club house, sleeping cabins and tents. Experienced councillors. Write for booklet. MISS ETHEL J. MCCOY, Director, Virginia Intermont College, Bristol, Va.

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Arranged for 20 Protestant girls between the ages of 10 and 16.

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A Camp for girls among the Minnesota pines.
All land and water sports. Season, June 15 to August 31.

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Farm, field, forest and lake; all land and water sports; horseback riding, nature study, handicraft, careful supervision of all forms of exercise, resident physician; a healthful, happy, safe summer for girls. Address MISS LAURA SANFORD, Dept. of Physical Education, Teachers College, Columbia University, N. Y.

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A Seaside Camp in the pines. All pleasures of life by the sea. Outdoor sleeping in well-protected Cabins. Limited to 30 girls, from 8 to 16. For interview and information, address

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offers to girls from 10 to 20 years of age eight weeks of healthful outdoor life under careful supervision. All land and water sports, including horseback riding and bowling. Special attention paid to food and sanitation. For booklet, address

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Woods and SEASHORE combined. Horseback riding, tennis, basket-ball, baseball, basketry, theatricals, dancing, and all the pleasures of salt water boating, bathing and fishing. Tutoring.

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17th Season

# WYONEGONIC

For Girls



3 Camps
Ages
8 to 21





Real camp life on a big lake and in the big woods.
Careful organization and supervision.
Happy and healthful outdoor life.
Regulated sports on land and water.
Reverence, service, self-reliance.

Long canoe and mountain trips.
Paddling, rowing, swimming.
Horseback riding, archery, tennis.
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**Moy-mo-dä-yo Camp for Girls** 11th SEASON

Seniors 13-23 yr. Junior 7-12 yr. Land and water sports, jewelry-making, classical dancing. Red Cross Work. A happy, healthful, profitable summer under careful supervision.

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**Camp Beau Rivage** French camp for girls. Limited to twenty-five. Four French counsellors. French servants. Beautiful bungalow with screened sleeping porches. All sports including salt water swimming, canoeing, tennis, golf, horseback riding, field sports, etc., $300. No extras. Address until June first, MISS WIMBERLY, Sec., 57 East 74th St., New York City.

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NEW-YORK, Adirondack Mountains

**CAMP PARADISO** For girls among the pines on an exquisite Adirondack lake, 23 miles north of Saratoga. Very historical region. Every provision for safety, good food, fun. Horseback riding and a series of historical excursions. Booklet.

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## Going to Camp?

If you want some help in selecting just the right one

*See Page 14*

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# QUANSET

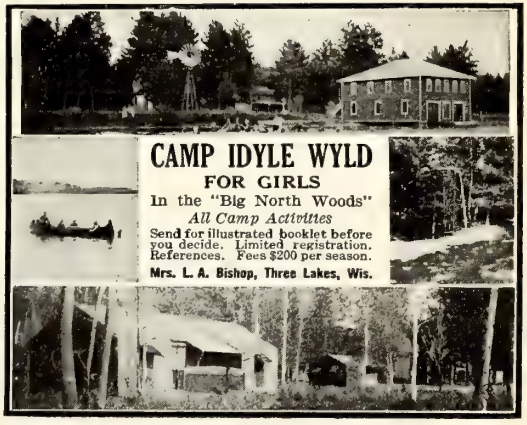


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Established 1905. *Swimming, canoeing, sailing—safest conditions, expert instruction;* land sports, pageantry, *horseback riding.* Exceptional location and equipment. New clay courts. Separate camp for little girls. Unusual results in health and vigor.

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## CAMP IDYLE WYLD

**FOR GIRLS**

In the "Big North Woods"

*All Camp Activities*

Send for illustrated booklet before you decide. Limited registration. References. Fees $200 per season.

**Mrs. L. A. Bishop, Three Lakes, Wis.**

# WHY SUMMER CAMPS ARE GROWING

BY W. A. KEYES, Pd. D.



THERE is no one factor doing more to improve the condition of city children than the summer camps of America, which take young people for eight or ten weeks during vacation time, house and feed them, amuse and instruct them, and re-enforce the body, mind and soul with nourishment that will be a permanent blessing to them through life.

There are many reasons why summer camps for young people have come to stay, and why they are increasing in numbers and efficiency, why every city boy and girl is coming to consider his summer outing at camp as a legitimate part of his year's experience or education.

Camping is such worlds of fun for everybody concerned. Every activity from morning till night is planned in advance expressly for the benefit and pleasure of the boys and girls. Time, money and labor are freely expended to give the campers the very best of good times. The cost of the permanent equipment of summer camps in the United States now runs into many millions of dollars.

Beside the fun and good fellowship that young folks get out of camp life, they appreciate the great educational value of their summer experiences.

There are no idle minutes. Even while resting from sports and games one is learning something about the world of nature. In many camps arrangements may be made for tutoring or special instruction in many subjects. Camping is a healthful life. It is a simple life with simple food, plenty of healthful exercise, regular hours, and lots of sleep. It's great to spend a whole day hiking over the mountains, seeing things, hearing the music of the water, smelling the fragrance of the woodland and meadow, and talking all the while with a well-liked councilor from whom one learns so much. One soon learns the names of the principal trees; collects a dozen varieties of ferns; knows where to look for wild berries; becomes familiar with the songs of the birds.

It is small wonder that one soon becomes a true lover of nature. Beavers, woodchucks, squirrels, woodpeckers, robins, and other tiny folks of the woodland become personal friends.

The friendships that grow out of experiences in camp life have been shown to be of a most enduring kind. The best opportunity for observing the presence or lack of qualities leading to success in life is while on a camping trip. Here a boy stands or falls on his own merits. If he has the right amount of pluck, it is recognized at once, and he immediately is reckoned a good sport. In the same way pride, selfishness, laziness and quarrelsomeness are instantly branded in such a way as to be a helpful object lesson to every boy or girl. The generous one will never be forgotten, the little lad who carried half the load, when his big brother gave out, or the small girl who soon learned to swim fearlessly make a permanent place for themselves in the hearts of councilors and campers.

Among the recognized camps fair play is the watchword. The councilors' duties compel them to provide suitable activities for every minute of the day. This the directors know full well, and for it they have made ample provision. Hikes, cruises, tournaments, baseball leagues, tennis tournaments, camping trips, courses in various crafts, nature study, swimming, sailing and rowing are some of the more common activities of camp life.

The moral influence of camp life should not be overlooked. Each camp is a community by itself, and the outside world is admitted only upon invitation. Councilors are selected because of their fitness for the position along the lines of moral worth, general education, special knowledge, teaching ability, refinement, physical training, love of young people and desire to be with them and to help them.

**ST. NICHOLAS CAMP EDITOR**
**353 Fourth Avenue, New York City**

Please have information about camps sent to me.

My age is.....Location desired.....

Large or small camp.....

Name of camp I have attended.....

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

.....

*Parent's Signature*.....

# FISHING will do for YOU what the Army does for the Recruit

In bait casting, fly casting, or almost any kind of fishing, you get the same exercise of the muscles of the side, back, abdomen, legs, arms and neck that you get in the Army and Navy "setting up" exercises. You also get the outdoor life. The air is always clearer out on the water. You owe your country greatest efficiency, you owe yourself a vacation or week-end fishing trips full of fun and rest and out of doors.

**EAT FISH**

and save meat and wheat. Catch your own fish. Make your vacation patriotic. Improve your health while you are saving food.



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***Steel Fishing Rods***

are the best known rods in the world. More fishermen use them, more praise them. They catch more fish than any other rods. They have the right balance, strength, elasticity and convenience to make them favored above all other rods. Your sporting goods dealer will show you "Bristol" fly rods, trolling rods, bait casting rods, adjustable telescopic rods, silk wound De Luxe rods, muscallonge and tarpon rods, in fact, a rod for any kind of fishing. Prices range from $3.50 to $25.00.

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## MEEK and "BLUE GRASS" REELS

Any fisherman who knows fine reels knows that there are no others as fine as Meek. No one will even argue the question. Men are known by their fine dogs, fine horses, fine guns, fine cars—and by their Meek Reels. Prices $7.50 to $33.00.

**CATALOGUE FREE**

**The new "Bristol"-Meek Catalogue, illustrating and describing about 37 Rods and 22 Reels, is ready. Send for it today. It is free.**






# Camp Kineo

**On Long Lake Harrison, Maine**

A select camp for young boys—boys under 16 who are wholesomely active and virile. In quality, extent, and sanitation of equipment, it appeals to the class of boys accepted. Three separate camps in one—Junior, Middler, and Senior, defined according to age.

Wide range of activities; every sport, pastime, and hobby young healthy boys may love; horsemanship under West Point men (Cadet Oliphant, football star last season); woods' life, hiking, canoeing and boating trips, scouting and war games.

Wholesome morale. Honor system. Direction by mature, democratic men. Sympathetic control. Thorough understanding of the boy's needs. Exceptional value at a rate consistent with the superior quality of service and careful limitations as to size and clientele. Beautiful booklet on request. Address

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## Camp Wachusett

**FOR BOYS**

**Lake Asquam, Holderness, N. H.**

16th season. 7 buildings. Boating, fishing, canoeing, swimming. Athletics planned according to physical ability of each boy. No tents. FISHER huts. Music, games and a good time every night. Camp contests. Tutoring if desired. References. Write for booklet.

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Holderness School,
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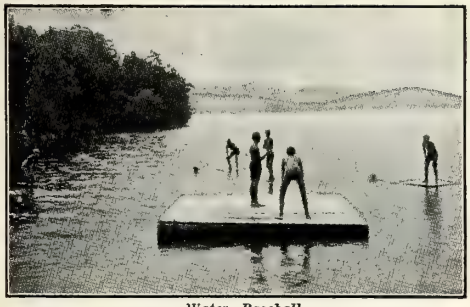

## Camp Kagawong for Boys

**KAWARTHA LAKES, CANADA**

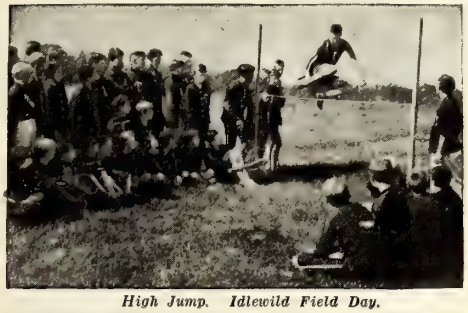
An established Camp of 15 years. Complete in every particular for the boys' welfare. Special instruction in shooting, swimming, sailing, boxing and wrestling. Canoe and sailing cruises. Excellent bass, lounge and trout fishing. American and Canadian Masters. Large number of boys from the States each year. Farm and garden. High moral tone. Individual care. Highest references. Illustrated booklet on request. E. A. Chapman, St. Andrews College, Toronto, Canada.




*The 26 boys in this picture are St. Nicholas readers who spent last summer at "Idlewild." Write Mr. Dick for some of their names so you may ask them about "Idlewild." Many boys who applied too late last year missed the fun. Secure your place before the Camp is filled.*



*Water Baseball*
*Where boys swim to bases instead of run. This game is peculiar to Camp Idlewild.*



*High Jump. Idlewild Field Day.*

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**Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H.**

**27th Year**

**FIRST THINGS**

Development of character.
Cultivation of good manners.
Idealizing of purity of mind and body.
Vigilance for safety.

**EXPERIENCE COUNTS**

Twenty-six years of camp life.
Over sixteen hundred boys in camp.
Not a single serious accident.
Mr. Dick's personal supervision for twenty-six years.
Seven miles of lake shore. Fleets of canoes and motor boats. Fine, big speed boat.

**Your boy deserves the best.**
**Idlewild provides it.**

*32-page Illustrated Descriptive Booklet on request.*
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*"The Purple Slipper"*
*Speed 20 miles an hour. 35½ feet long. 35 H.P. motor.*



*Idlewild War Canoe. 21 paddlers.*



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**For Boys** **18th Season**

Real camp life in the woods, on the rivers and lakes of Maine. Playing and athletic fields. Horseback riding and military drill under direction of a West Pointer. Mountain trips. Water sports. Games. Log cabins and tents. Safety, health and a good time.

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*12th Season. Cape Cod, Buzzards Bay*

A salt water camp for boys from 8 to 15 inclusive. Scouting over old Indian trails. Land and water sports, prizes. Athletics under experienced college men. Camp mother. Booklet.

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**The Woodcraft Camp for Boys from 8 to 16**
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Unique combination of Maine woods, lakes and White Mountains. Gather round the council fire, take the long canoe trip, learn the secrets of camp and woods as the Indians knew them; fish, swim, hunt and have a good time with us next summer. Each boy under the personal care of the director. Endorsed by Ernest Thompson Seton. For illustrated booklet address

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*Official Junior Training Camp Authorized by the War Department*

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Appealing to patriotism and furthering the cause of preparedness. Beautifully located on North Hero Island in the picturesque upper reaches of Lake Champlain, about twenty miles from Plattsburg. It combines a most complete military, physical and intellectual training for young Americans, with exceptional facilities for a delightful summer vacation. The boys are carefully housed and well fed and enjoy the benefits of an outdoor life without any inconvenience or discomfort. Regular U. S. Army rifles and equipment used. Catalogue furnished upon request.

**Ethan Allen Training Camp Association**
**Executive and Recruiting Office, Saugerties, N. Y.**

NEW YORK, Catskill Mountains.

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{Midgets 6 to 9
Juveniles 10 to 14.
Seniors 15 to 18.

Model bungalows; no damp tents. All land and water sports. U. S. rifle range. Military drill. Two baseball diamonds. Amusement hall. Free instruction in any lessons. Scout Masters. Physician and nurse. Your boy's health, diversion and amusement are well looked after. An expenditure of $25,000.00 turned this ideal place into a paradise for boys.

Address DR. PAUL KYLE, KYLE SCHOOL FOR BOYS,
Irvington-on-Hudson, 22 miles from New York. Box 506.

MAINE, Bridgton.

## Camp Sokokis for Boys

The home camp. Best of food and care. Bungalows. All activities. Its best advertisement is what its patrons say about it. For information—ORLANDO EATON FERRY, 1609 Nottingham Road, Brooklyn.



*50 Boys in the Morning Setting-up Drill.*

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**On Lake Ossipee**
**New Hampshire**

**For Boys**

**20th Year**

Equipment complete.
Land and water sports. Full Fleet.
Sailing a specialty.
Able counselors.
Write for booklet.

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Associated in the management are J. C. Bucher, Principal of Peekskill Military Academy, New York, and David C. McAllister, Principal Junior School, Williston Seminary, Easthampton, Mass.



## CAMP WINNECOOK for Boys

**Lake Winnecook, Unity, Maine**

16th season. Athletic fields for all sports. Horseback riding, canoeing, sailing, motor-cruising, Indian tribes for juniors, archery, woodcraft, auto trips, hikes. **Military Drill. Boy Scouts.** Photography; metal, leather and bead projects. Tents and bungalows in pines. Send for booklet.

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FOR YOUNG BOYS

SEND FOR THE DESCRIPTIVE CATALOG FILLED WITH PICTURES

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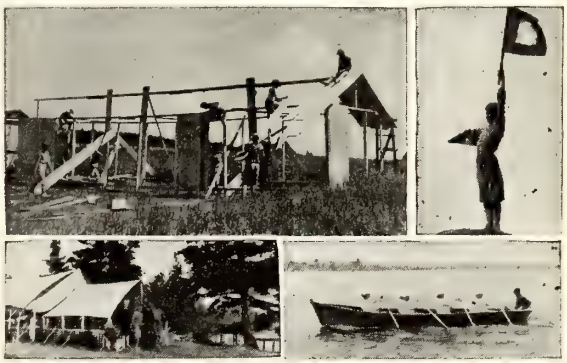
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# THE AMERICAN BOY

Charles Askins knows East Africa. He has hunted there. He is writing a whole series of stories about big game hunting—"Jungle Adventures"—for The American Boy. If you love guns and hunting—read them all. Begin with "The Black-Maned Lion" in the March number.

And in the March number starts a corking new serial, "The White Blackfoot," by James Willard Shultz, the man who has written such Indian stories as "Apauk, Caller of Buffalo," "The Sacred Buffalo Hunt," and "The Gold Cache." The White Blackfoot" is the strange, true story of Hugh Monroe's first year on the plains—how he was taken by his friends, the Blackfoot Indians, on a hunting and trapping expedition, got into their wars and slept in their tepees. But these two stories are only two features of The American Boy for March. As ever, it's full and running over with other good things for young fellows who like action—short stories and articles and departments that appear regularly because boys tell us they like them.



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(See page 423)

# ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLV MARCH, 1918 No. 5

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## WHEN "ZIPPY" RAN WILD ON HONEY RUN

BY A. MAY HOLADAY

"COME on, Bob, old fellow; let 's start back to camp," coaxed Ted. But the water-spaniel only thumped his brown tail and planted his feet more firmly on the bank of the little mountain stream where his master had been fishing since daybreak.

"Hurry up, old pal! I 'm hungry! Besides, we 've caught the limit this morning." The boy gathered up his fishing outfit, holding up the string of speckled trout enticingly. The dog sniffed the air, wrinkling his nose in eager anticipation as he quickly decided to follow up that delicious scent.

"I thought that would bring you!" laughed Ted. "We 'll have a run for it, old sport, and the winner gets the biggest trout." And off they started pell-mell up the hill to the camp.

Very early on that summer morning Ted Barnes had quietly raised the tent flap and cautiously crept out to avoid disturbing his two sleeping companions. Alf and Harry did enjoy their morning sleep, while Ted liked nothing better than to take Bob, his faithful friend and admirer, and slip quietly away for an early morning tramp over the hills with rod or gun.

This mountain trip had proved to be the most enjoyable of the many which the three boys had taken together. Chums from the time when they first entered school, their friendship had grown and deepened with the years.

Ted's father had made this long-desired mountain trip possible by the loan of "old Zippy," the family automobile. One of the first machines, yet still staunch and sturdy, Zippy had faithfully carried the Barnes family and their friends over the valley and across the hills.

"Take her, Ted," offered his father. "You are a careful driver, and I can rely upon your judgment in an emergency. But, remember, mountain driving requires steady nerve and quick decisions. I talked with Mr. Mason and Mrs. Myers. They are willing to have Alf and Harry go with you to Bald Eagle. Mason made me proud and happy when he said: 'I 'd trust your Ted anywhere. I always feel Alf is safe when he is with him.' "

The boy was thinking about these things as he and the dog raced up the hill that morning; and recalling the proud look on his father's face, Ted murmured, "Good old Dad! I must n't disappoint him," as, breathless and panting, the dog and his master reached camp.

"Hi, there; wake up, sleepyheads, and see what Bobby and I brought for your breakfast! I 'll get the wood and make the fire while you clean the fish," he called back, as two drowsy-eyed boys came tumbling out of the tent.

"I smell smoke!" said Alf, coughing. "Here too," agreed Harry. "I suppose some mountaineer is burning off his brush. Wish he had consulted us before beginning."

By the time breakfast was over and the dog had finished up the last crumb and bone, the air had become heavy with smoke. The boys were choking and coughing as they cleared away the dishes. "I don't like the look of things!" mut-

tered Ted, as he walked over to the edge of the cliff and looked down across the deep cañon; "there 's entirely too much smoke for a brush fire." In a moment he came running back at full speed to camp, waving his arms excitedly. "It 's a forest fire!" he gasped. "Boys, we must get out of here while the going 's good! The fire is coming toward us, and it won't be long on the way."

Not a breath of wind seemed to stir the still, sultry air. It was close and oppressive now on Bald Eagle, where, in the early morning, Ted had stood drinking in great draughts of pure mountain air three thousand feet above sea-level.

The boys ran excitedly back and forth from the camp to old Zippy, tying the tent and camp-stove on the running-board, and throwing the rest of their paraphernalia down on the floor of the machine. In a few moments they were ready. With good luck, they ought to reach the valley below in three hours.

Ted hastily examined the gas-tank, measuring its contents with a stick. "I thought we had more than that," he said, holding up the dampened stick.

"That 's enough!" Harry assured him, "we don't need much gas to go down hill. Hurry! We must start! Everything is so dry it will burn like kindling."

Advancing his spark and opening the throttle, Ted cranked the engine, then hastily jumped into his place at the wheel, and they were off, with Bob barking excitedly and thumping his tail noisily on the back seat.

"We 'd better take the Nimshew grade, the same way we came up," Ted shouted above the noisy rattle of the old machine.

"Sure! And be careful you don't take the right-hand turn and get on the Honey Run grade," cautioned Harry. "I don't fancy that steep, two-mile grade with its sharp turns."

Down, down they went, Ted saving his brakes all he could by shutting off the gas and going down on compression. He also shifted into intermediate and then into low gear, which on the steep grades helped to hold the car back.

Ted kept his eyes resolutely fixed on the narrow road ahead. In many places it was too narrow for teams to pass. The winding road clung to the side of the mountain, sometimes widening out, but occasionally narrowing to a mere ledge.

At one of these narrowest places, where to look over the edge made one giddy and faint, Zippy's "nose," in rounding a curve, almost touched the noses of a team of gray horses, pulling their load up the steep incline.

Ted, having good control of his machine, quickly stopped, as did the driver of the grays.

"What shall we do?" called Ted. "We can't pass here."

"Only one thing to do," the man answered. "I can't back, and you can. See that big, wide place about a hundred yards behind you?"

Ted's heart seemed to come up in his throat and almost choke him. Could he back the machine around a curve and uphill? Fear gripped him, but only for a moment. Everything depended upon him. He *must* do it. Zippy stood sickeningly near the edge of the precipice, where there was an almost perpendicular drop of hundreds of feet. A single mistake in steering, a little too much pressure of his foot on the accelerator, and over they would go.

From behind came the far-off roar of the flames as they leaped from dry bush to scrub oak, devouring everything in their path. The smoke hung heavy around them; the air was close and oppressive.

"Get out, boys, I 'm going to back!" shouted Ted above the noise of the throbbing engine. "Take Bob out! If I go over, Zippy must not be too heavily loaded," and he laughed grimly.

Ted's brain cleared for action, now that the test had come. So often it had turned out just this way. When *thinking* about doing a risky or dangerous act, his heart seemed to come up in his throat; but when the time came and he was actually *doing* the thing he had dreaded—fear left him. His brain was clear and his hands steady.

Slowly, inch by inch, the machine backed around the curve and up the steep incline, Alf and Harry nervously watching.

"Good work!" congratulated the driver of the gray team, as the machine safely reached the "big, wide place" and came to a stop.

Now that the immediate danger was past, Ted's thoughts quickly turned to the greater menace behind them. As the driver brought his wagon up alongside, Ted shouted: "You can't get up Old Baldy now! There 's a forest fire ahead! We 've only come two miles from our camp, and it is almost keeping up with us."

"I was hoping to reach Ferguson's corral. But from the way this smoke is thickening, I guess I can't make it."

"Turn your horses loose and start them down the hill; then we 'll take you down with us," urged Ted. "Your life is worth a lot more than that load of wood."

"I guess you 're right, son. My name 's Lamson. I 'm a teamster from the valley, and when I left home, about daylight, there was n't a bit of smoke to be seen."

Quickly unhitching the big grays, and surprising each with a sharp cut from his whip, their

master set the brake on his heavy wagon, and left it in the wide space beside the road. Grabbing up his coat, he climbed into the front seat with Ted.

It was only a mile further to the cross-roads where, over to the left, lay the Nimshew road with its comparatively easy grades, while to the right lay the famous Honey Run grade, with its dangerous curves and its narrow, steep descent.

Unfortunately, a blow-out caused some little delay, and by the time the machine reached the parting of the ways the smoke was almost unbearable. Darkening the sky and blotting out the sun, the low cloud of smoke hid for a moment a new danger which threatened.

"Look, look!" cried Alf, as the cloud lifted. "The fire is ahead of us! We must go back!"

Their chance of escape on the Nimshew grade was completely cut off, and the boys could see fire across the road ahead of them. As they stood there watching, the flames rapidly advanced, leaping from dry grass to low bushes and underbrush, sweeping all before them.

Ted closed his eyes a moment to shut out the sight. His ears were ringing with the roar and crackle of the flames. A piece of burning pine falling on his arm decided him, and immediately he began to back the car.

"Not the Honey Run!" gasped Harry, as Zippy reached the cross-roads and shot forward toward the right.



"THE BOYS RAN EXCITEDLY BACK AND FORTH FROM THE CAMP TO OLD ZIPPY"

"There 's no other way," cried Ted, grimly. "We can't go back up the mountain into that furnace; we can't go ahead on the Nimshew road, for the fire beat us to it. Sit tight! We 'll do the very best we can."

"At least we can breathe better," choked Lamson. "The fire seems to be going to the left. If your brakes hold, we ought to be all right on Honey Run."

"Our brakes have held well so far, but of course we have n't come down any hills so steep as those on Honey Run," replied Ted. "I never went down this grade but once, and that was on a four-horse stage. I remember, the driver had to tie a tree on behind for a brake."

On, on they went, the road rapidly becoming narrower and the grade steeper. Ted felt that it was something to be rid of that awful, choking sensation and the smarting in his eyes and to be able to see distinctly the road ahead. They seemed to be leaving the burning area, and the air was fast becoming clear.

Ted brought the car to a stop on the top of a little rise. "The worst grade is just ahead," he said. "Don't talk to me, boys, I 'll need all my wits to keep Zippy in the track. Be game, the worst will soon be over."

And slowly and carefully they started to descend the steep, narrow grade. Having passed the first turn safely, the car seemed to be gaining speed. "Steady, old girl!" cautioned Ted, pressing harder on the foot-brake. But there was no response, no check in the speed of the now rapidly moving car. Grasping the emergency-brake, the boy gave it a quick, backward jerk, but without effect. "I forgot," he muttered to himself, "that emergency was never tight enough to do much good. I must rely on the foot-brake." But repeated efforts showed that the brake was useless. "Holding back on these steep hills has burned out the brake-lining. Oh, what shall I do?" Ted's face blanched as he realized their great danger.

"I must n't tell the others," he decided. "Maybe I can keep in the road. And I can at least warn others that we are coming."

"Honk! Honk!" signaled the horn, while faster and faster flew the car, swaying from one side to the other on its mad course downward.

Within the old car, there was the hush of awe and terror. Not a word was spoken. Ted could imagine the terror-stricken faces of the others, though he did not dare look around. Did they know about the brake? He kept his eyes glued on the road ahead, down which the car was madly plunging.

To the right was the side of the mountain rising almost perpendicularly from the road. Ted had heard of a runaway machine being driven into the side of a hill to stop it, but one shuddering look toward the other side of the road, where there was an abrupt fall of many feet, made him reject that idea. The sudden stop would make the car skid and would surely throw it over the cliff.

Ted felt himself growing numb. His legs and arms were strangely stiff from the cramped position and his efforts to hold the car in the track. How long could he keep this up, and would they never reach the bottom of the grade! Ted thought of two lives which had been lost on this hill the previous summer, and a sense of his great responsibility swept over him. He held the safety of four persons in his hands, their very lives depending upon his courage. What would his father think if he were false to the trust? He *must* stop the car—there must be *some* way!

Suddenly, a thought flashed into the boy's mind —a plan, desperate to be sure, but with a chance of success. He remembered that near the bottom of the grade at the right side of the road there was a break in the mountain. Here a corral had been made, walled around with field stones. The stage-driver, on that first memorable ride down Honey Run, had turned into this corral to water his horses at the mountain spring inside.

The wide gate would probably be open, but, in order to go through it, an abrupt turn must be made to the right. At their present rate of speed, the sharp turn would make the car skid and probably turn it over. But it was their only chance, and falling on level ground was at least better than dropping to the bottom of the cañon.

His decision brought the boy new courage and steadied his shaking nerves. Beads of perspiration were standing out on his face as he braced himself for a last, desperate effort. If this failed —but it must not!

"Honk! Honk!" again shrieked the horn. "Honk! Honk!" came an unexpected answer from the bottom of the hill. Would the approaching car stop before it reached the gate to the corral? Oh, it must! the gate was only a few rods farther. Life seemed sweeter and more desirable now than ever before.

Another moment, and then the turn! Ted grasped the steering-wheel with all his strength, and with a mighty effort gave it a quick wrench to the right. There was a crash! The steering-gear, its work accomplished, had given way, and the old car, skidding on two wheels, lurched drunkenly through the opening, dragging the gate off its hinges, and then plowed through the ground to the far side of the corral, where, with a final stagger, the runaway came to a stop.

What a blessed quiet here! The overwhelming gratitude in Ted's heart left no room for speech. They were safe, and that was enough. Wearily he lifted his feet and stumbled down from the car just as two men turned in through the gate and approached the white-faced group.

"Are you hurt?" cried one. "I never thought you could make it!"

"Pluckiest thing I ever saw!" said the other.

"No wonder the runaway stopped on the level," ventured Lamson, who had been looking into the extent of the damage. "She 's out of gas."

"It 's all right, Bob, old fellow," Ted muttered huskily to the dog, who was licking his master's trembling hands. "We don't need gas to come down Honey Run, do we?"




"FASTER AND FASTER FLEW THE CAR ON ITS MAD COURSE DOWNWARD"



# The MARCH WIND

By Cecil Cavendish

From high, wide spaces in the air
  Beyond our sight or knowing;
Through orchard trees, that once were fair,
  The wild March wind comes blowing.
It roars about the town for hours,
With whirling snow and stinging showers.
And rings the bells in all the towers,
  And then a-w-a-y goes blowing!



The mad, wild hares that run with March,
  So brown, and soft, and furry,
The breeze that bends the birch and larch
  Sets them all in a flurry.

When signs of storm are in the sky,
And last year's leaves go rustling by,
Before the wind the March hares fly
  A-scampering hurry-scurry!

Wild March, I love to hear you blow
  And shake the roof and rafter,
And toss the tree-tops to and fro—
  Your voice is only laughter.
When out of clouds peep bits of blue
I long to run as March hares do,
And tell the world that winter's through—
  And smiling spring comes after!



# BETSY BUYS A BOND

BY GEORGE MERRICK MULLETT

Into the kitchen where "Muddy Dear" was contriving a palatable and inviting "war menu" from a varied assortment of left-overs rushed Betsy. Jack was hanging around, as he declared, "waiting for crumbs from the rich lady's table" with the wolfish hunger of a boy just out of school. Mrs. Lane stopped operations long enough to gather the small whirlwind into her arms (her small daughter always returned to her with the same frantic haste for a kiss), and numerous embraces having been exchanged, Betsy became very sedate.

"I 'm going to learn how to knit," she stated, with brief decision.

"Listen to old Limber-mit!" jeered Jack; "even little Gran, who is as patient as Job, had to give that up."

"I 'm going to learn to knit, Muddy Dear," continued Betsy, with emphasis, pointedly ignoring her brother.

"Going to get Soapy to put some starch in your fingers?" In the Lane home, Sophie, the laundress, always went by the name Betsy had given her years before.

"Yes," answered Betsy, with spirit; "and she 'll use the starch I' ll take out of you when I buy a war bond."

Jack's ears went up in curiosity, but he veiled his interest with a hastily assumed alarm:

"Merciful heavens, Madam, your child raves! Feel her fevered brow. Quick—run for the ice-bags!"

"Oh, do behave, Jack!" laughed Mrs. Lane. "Now, little daughter, what new scheme is hatching now?"

"It 's already hatched. I 'm really going to buy a bond, and I 'm really going to learn how to knit."

"Still delirious!" Jack shook his head mournfully. "She found it so easy making money when she sold Jo-An, she thinks she can do anything now."

"I don't either, Mister Smarty; and I 'm not looking for easy things, either! If he 'll stop, Muddy, I 'll tell you," said Betsy, with dignity.

Mrs. Lane shook her head at Jack, and Betsy continued:

"You know, I 've been helping Mrs. Stanton wind yarn when I go down to see her, since she has learned to knit; and now the bridge-club she belonged to has been turned into a knitting-club, and it 's going to meet twice a week, because the soldiers need warm things so badly. Well, hardly any of the ladies know how to knit very well yet, and they make a lot of mistakes, especially if they get to talking when they are trying to rib. So a lot of their work has to be unraveled; and none of them like to do that; 'cause when the yarn is fuzzy you have to go slow, and they don't want to take the time—they all want to knit. So Mrs. Stanton had an idea. She thinks I wind yarn *perfectly*, and she said if I would like it, they would pay me fifty cents every meeting to unravel the mistakes and to wind or hold yarn. And one of the ladies has a girl just my age, and she wants to earn some money her own self to give to our country. What do you think, Muddy Dear, her father has bought her a five-hundred-dollar bond, and they are as rich as—" She paused, and Jack broke in:

"As a nut sundae with whipped cream on top."

"Muddy," flared Betsy; "he teases me all the time."

"All the time you are n't teasing him, you mean, don't you, dearie? And you two, who are always complaining of each other, would be wretched without that very teasing. But do behave, son, so we can hear what Betsy has to say."

"So this little girl—her name is Nancy; is n't that a cute name?—and I are going to rip, and take turns holding and winding, and get paid fifty cents apiece at each meeting."

"That is splendid! Mother told you there were ways in which each one of us could help in this war if we only looked for them."

"Well, *that 's* how I 'm going to buy my bond!" with a triumphant look "brotherward."

"Thrift stamps, you mean, kid. You won't take the starch out of me *that* way! I 've got six already from shoveling snow."

"A *bond*, I mean."

"In the first place, there are n't any out now; and in the second, they don't have fifty-centers—fifty bucks is the lowest, infant."

"I guess they will get out some more before long, and I guess I can buy one on the 'stallment plan, as Daddy does. I want to get mine from Mr. Manley, 'cause he was so nice helping me sell chances on Jo-An and I 'd like to show my 'preciation by giving his bank my trade."

Mrs. Lane smothered an impulse to laugh. "That is a good thought, but in this instance you might be putting him to further trouble in spite of your good intentions."

"Oh, no! I hope not, Muddy Dear! Mrs. Stanton and I were talking about it, and first she said thrift stamps; but I told her Jack was doing that, and I wanted to do this way on account of Mr. Manley; and she said she thought it was nice for me to want to help his business and she knew he would 'preciate it. And so, please, if I don't get enough money saved up before the new bonds come out, may I use the five dollars Uncle Dudley gave me in the savings bank?"

"We 'll talk it over with Daddy," said Mrs. Lane.

"Goody! he 'll say yes. When the bonds come out I 'm going down to the bank and get it my own self."

So at dinner-time the matter was brought upon the table, and after due discussion it was decided that Betsy should have her way, provided Mr. Manley cared to arrange it for her.

"More easy money for Bets!" said Jack to his mother after Betsy had been tucked to bed in the Ark.

"No, it is n't at all, Jack. It will mean giving up play and reading for two afternoons each week, and I 'm sure there will be nothing interesting in unraveling other people's knitting or in holding or winding yarn. She hates it, and I can remember, after many years, how tired my arms used to get when I did it as a tiny girl."

"Well, she 's lucky, anyway," he insisted.

"She is lucky in entering into everything she does with all her heart and soul, son. It is because of her vivid enthusiasms that people are attracted to her. I wish you would put a little of her fire into what you do, dear. Your disposition is much more even than Betsy's, but sometimes I am afraid it is *too* even and that you are inclined to follow along the lines of least resistance. Have n't you been doing that in school lately? I am very much disappointed in your marks lately."

"You ought to see what some of the fellows got! Don flunked in three studies, and almost every one of 'em got worse marks than mine."

"I do not happen to have anything to do with what the 'other fellows' get; and besides, I hope you are not going to start in high school with the idea of measuring your work by the failures."

"I 'm not, Muz; but it *is* different in high school. You sort of have to go along any old way; the teachers can't keep such close track of you, and you have to manage for yourself."

"All the more reason why you should manage right."

"Well, I don't cut classes, and I could!" aggrievedly. "Most all the fellows do, but I have n't." Self-righteousness and regret struggled for supremacy in Jack's voice.

"It is too bad they cannot realize that the only ones they are fooling and hurting is themselves, or, possibly, their parents," said his mother simply. "Happiness does not come by neglecting duties, my dear boy. I want you to have every wholesome joy in your school life, but I also want you to remember that you are there for a vital purpose, that of laying a solid foundation on which to build your future life."

Jack sobered. "I am going to get down to work, Muz, with all the 'pep' there is in me. I know it is a privilege to go to Central, too. I guess it is the finest school in the whole country."

"Make yourself worthy of it, son. Realize that you are there to get all it has to give you, and in return give it the best in you. I have always avoided telling you children anything about the problems that your father and I have had to meet, but now you are getting to the age when it may be well that you should understand some things. The success of our children is the greatest personal happiness that your father and I have to look forward to now. When, some years ago, a change of administration took away your father's position as division chief and reduced him to a clerkship, no one will ever realize, probably, just what it meant to him—to his pride, his ambition, and his taste, for the change meant work that was in every way uncongenial. If he had been without a family at that time, he would have resigned and made a place for himself on 'the outside,' but because of us he had to stay where he was. And all these years he has endured it not only uncomplainingly, but always remaining the same dear, cheery Dad you have always known. Even at first it was hard to accommodate ourselves to the big cut in his salary, but each year it took more for you dear, growing, little ones, and each year has increased the cost of living, until now, even though Roger and Mildred are self-supporting, it has become a very serious problem for us to meet the payments on the house, keep up Daddy's life-insurance, and provide food, clothes, and an education for the rest of you. I don't tell you this to cause you any anxiety, dear, for I believe too firmly in a God of love and justice to doubt that we shall be taken care of if we do our best; but I do want you to realize what the success of you children means to us and to yourselves. One of the proudest moments in my life was when Eleanor won the scholarship that is giving her this year at college."

Jack's usually merry face had grown very serious and purposeful. "I 'll make you proud of me too, Muz. I give you my word as a Scout. I 'll get down to business, and I 'll stop acting foolish, or foolish*lee*, I suppose I ought to say."



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING, MY PRETTY MAID?"

"Don't you dare to stop acting 'foolish'!" said his mother, stooping over to hug him. "I could n't do without it, and I love your joyous outlook on life. Just remember, Jackie, that there is serious work to do, too."

It was a week later that Jack came upon his small sister knitting laboriously on a narrow pink strip. He struck an attitude and commenced to spout:

"What are you doing, my pretty maid?"
She smiled, and then dropped a stitch.
"A sock or a sweater, sir," she said,
"But I 'm blest if I know which."

"Jack Lane, did you make that up? It 's the cutest—"

"No such luck! That 's from the finest periodical in the country, my dear, the 'Review of Central High.' "

"Say it again, Jackie! I want to learn it so I can say it at the club."

Highly flattered, he graciously complied, meanwhile watching his sister with interest, and seeing that she was actually making stitches.

"Say, cotton-fingers, you forgot to tell us about the knitting! What courageous soul accomplished the impossible?"

"Madam Didway," said Betsy, watching the effect of her words on Jack.

"Didway—who is she?"

"The French lady next door."

"You mean, Duduit. Shorty showed me her name on his route-book, because it was such a funny one. D-u-d-u-i-t, it was."

"Thought you knew French!" jeered Betsy. "I know her, and *she* says it is Didway. I guess she ought to know."

"Maybe she does," granted Jack, with a grin. "But now, Mademoiselle, suppose you tell us how she did it. Kindly speak in English, please."

Mrs. Lane smiled at her work; she hugely enjoyed their banter when it did not become too spirited.

"Well, we 've been friends for quite a time. Sometimes I go with her and help her do her marketing, because it is hard for her to make people understand her. And we got to talking about how high everything is, and pretty soon she began to tell me how hard it was for her to manage. Her nephew has gone to the war, so he can't help her as he used to, and her money was n't near enough to take care of her, so she took the house next door and tries to keep boarders. She says it just gives her food and shelter and it is getting harder to get along every day. I felt so sorry for her."

"Why did n't you tell Mother, dear? I should have called on her long ago, but I seem always to be so busy. Still, I would have managed," said Mrs. Lane, regretfully.

"I did n't think of it, Muddy, and besides everything is getting all right for her. She was saying she had so much time and could knit so well she wished she could knit for the soldiers, but she was n't able to squeeze out money for wool and had n't been able even to manage a dollar to join the Red Cross. That was just when I had my dollar ready to join, and I thought she could be more help than I, so I joined for her. Oh, Muddy! I wish you could have seen how tickled she was, and now she 's knit socks and a sweater, and she 's on a helmet already. And then she said she knew she could teach me how to knit, and she did n't start on wash-cloths—she asked what color I liked best, and said soft wool and a little larger needles would be easier for me to learn with. She hunted in a box and found this lovely pink yarn; and I 'm going to knit a scarf for Jo-An, and then I 'll be ready to start on something for the soldiers."

"That scarf will look dandy against Jo-An's pink hair," said Jack, enthusiastically.

Betsy ignored him.

"And, Muddy Dear, listen to the loveliest! One of the ladies at the club said she thought it would be nice for them to brush up on their French, and said they could take turns reading some book. But no one wanted to read, so I got to thinking and told Mrs. Stanton about Madam. She used to teach French, but she says she is too old now to get a position. Quick as anything, Mrs. Stanton said she knew just the thing—that they would get Madam to lead a French conversation class at the club, and then no one would have to stop knitting. She can show them a lot about knitting, too. So we went to see her right away, and Madam was so glad that when Mrs. Stanton had gone she cried and said I had saved her and said a lot more in French I could n't understand, but I guess, from her face, it was nice. She says it may lead to her getting private pupils to teach, too; is n't it lovely?"

Mrs. Lane bent over and kissed Betsy softly.

"Dear little heart with its wonderful plans! I 'm so glad that you saw a way to help."

"And she is going to teach me French, too, Mister Jack!"

"Oh, joy! now you can do your dear brother's lessons for him."

"I won't really *do* them, but I 'll help you a bit," said Betsy, with a condescending smile.

For so many years Mrs. Lane had been used to having some one of her small flock always with her that she suddenly realized that Betsy's two afternoons away made a big gap, and espe-

cially since, at the same time, a starved high-school lad ceased to hang around waiting for "crumbs." She missed him, but, as his marks at school improved greatly, supposed that he was balancing extra hard work by greater devotion to school sports.

When the new bond issue was announced Betsy was ready for it, her "salary" having accumulated until there was enough and to spare to make the initial deposit. She declined Mrs. Stanton's offer to take her to the bank in her comfortable "electric," for she had the feeling that she must do this all herself. She took Jo-An along, because it was so comfortable, in remembering her first visit there, to know that this time it was not going to mean a separation from her "child."

Mr. Manley, having been apprised of her purpose, greeted her with all the deference shown his most important patrons. Betsy returned in kind by her "politest" curtsy.

"What can I do for you, Miss Betsy?" he asked, after thoughtfully commenting on her "child's" good looks.

"Have you any bonds?" she asked in her most businesslike manner.

"We have n't any in stock," smiled the banker, "but we are expecting in a very complete line soon, and I shall be pleased to take your order. What style would you like, madam?"

Betsy dimpled, entering into the game with spirit, and, in imitation of Muddy Dear's shopping manner, replied:

"Something simple and youthful, please."

"About the most youthful thing we shall have is the baby bond—it is very attractive for one of your age, and I 'm sure will give perfect satisfaction."

"What is the price, please?" asked the shopper, with an air of assumed indifference.

"Fifty dollars, we can make it to you—five dollars down and five dollars a month," said Mr. Manley, assuming the winning manner of a clerk anxious to make a sale.

"That will do nicely. I 'll take one," said Betsy, fumbling with her purse filled with fifty-cent pieces, not sure what to do next.

"Much obliged for your trade, madam; call again," said Mr. Manley, bowing low. Then throwing back his head, he laughed with cheery amusement. "Now, Miss Betsy, we 'll get down to business. I will take you out to our bond clerk, and you can make your deposit. He will enter it in a little book marked 'Liberty Bond' and give the book to you. On the first of each month you are to bring the book and make a payment of five dollars until you have paid fifty. Then the bond will be turned over to you."

Betsy left the bank fairly walking on air, with the bond book held as tightly as Jo-An. She waited until after dinner was over and the dishes washed before she burst out with the big joyous and very startling announcement: "I have my bond!"

Muddy Dear looked up from her knitting, Daddy from his paper, and Jack rushed to her side in wild excitement. As Betsy showed it to him with a pleased look of inquiry on her face, such a look of surprise and suppressed excitement appeared on *his* face that Mrs. Lane's curiosity became rampant. He took something from his pocket, and, when it had been exhibited to Betsy, his expression was duplicated on *her* delighted face. They turned and came over to the library table, where their parents were sitting. Betsy laid the book on her mother's knitting and stood expectant. A look of amazement swept over Mrs. Lane's countenance—for, in place of Betsy's name, there stood her own, Mary Thornton Lane. Betsy jumped up and down with excitement.

"Now, Jackie, yours!"

With flushed face Jack laid a long envelop on his father's paper; it bore the Torch of Liberty at the top, and Mr. Lane drew forth a War Savings Certificate with one bright, new stamp affixed.

"Why, Jack, how did you ever do it?" beamed his mother.

"Paper route," he said simply, but fairly "wagging" with pleasure. "I *had* to try to keep up with Sis, you know."

"So that is what you have been doing, and I thought it was sports!"

"It *was* sport!" declared he; "I 'm going to fill the whole card." He was watching his father intently. Finally, Mr. Lane looked up in bewilderment; then a wonderful look came into his eyes.

"Sonny-boy! Well, sonny-boy!" was all he said, but Jack felt as though he had been knighted. Mrs. Lane reached over for the certificate; it bore the name Thomas Edward Lane.

"And neither of us knew the other was going to do it!" said Betsy, delightedly. Betsy was already nestled in her mother's arms, and Mrs. Lane drew her big boy down on the arm of her chair, laying her head against him.

"Oh, Tom!" she said, her eyes full. "Such children pay for every hard thing that has ever happened, don't they? I wonder if any one ever had such a family as ours!"

Daddy saw that she was perilously near tears. "It 's the nicest family anybody ever had!" he said emphatically, with a gay little smile that was a trifle tremulous, "and the nicest Muddy Dear!"




# HOW BOYS AND GIRLS SOLD LIBERTY BONDS

BY MRS. WILLIAM G. McADOO

Chairman, Women's Liberty Loan Committee



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MRS. WILLIAM G. McADOO.

SOMETIMES when I look over the records of our two Liberty Loan campaigns I am almost persuaded that the Government needs a Boys' and Girls' Liberty Loan Committee, as well as a Women's Committee, to act in the future sales. Surely the services of young Americans have been so valuable to the Government in the past as to entitle them to some sort of special recognition.

I doubt if even the most sanguine, at the outset of the war, were prepared to believe that the youth of the United States would play such an important part in the raising of war funds. Of course, it was assumed that patriotic Young America would aid in the sale of war bonds; but that this help would become one of the leading factors in the success of the war-loan campaigns of 1917 was scarcely contemplated by the financiers who mapped out those campaigns in advance.

No general class of volunteer salesmen was more successful in the Liberty Loan campaigns than the boys and girls; perhaps none was so successful. The records do not begin to show the full number of bonds sold because of the patriotic efforts of young people; but we know from the indications on hand that the proportion of such sales was very large. The files of the Liberty Loan Committee contain hundreds of letters, written either by the boys and girls themselves or by others, telling of the exploits of these young salesmen. In some cases the utmost ingenuity was used either to earn and save money for the purchase of bonds or to induce others to put their money in the government securities. When the Government started its war-savings campaign among school-children in December, the officials were able to consult these letter-files and quickly find fifteen different and unusual ways in which boys and girls at home can earn money, and have earned it, for the sake of America.

One farmer's lad in a lonely part of the West commandeered his father's automobile during the last Liberty Loan sale and sold bonds worth twenty thousand dollars to farmers living in remote places. In Boston, the newsboys on the streets were able to make a fine showing in the sale of bonds. A little girl in Tennessee sold so

many bonds that her feat attracted the attention of the whole State. It was discovered that she was a Girl Scout; and now a movement is on foot to secure for her one of the handsome war-service medals that are soon to be given to certain of the Boy Scouts for exceptionally good work in the sale.

These are random instances that occur to me offhand. In every section of the country there was great patriotic activity on the part of young people in behalf of the Liberty Bonds. Not only were city children active, but those of the country were also. No class of young people has any monopoly of patriotic service.

Some of the work done by the public schools was most excellent. There was a school in Jamaica, Long Island, where six hundred children brought their nickels and dimes and bought a fifty-dollar bond. They marched to the bank with banners and songs, and the banker delivered to them the bond attached to a large card on which was printed the announcement, "This is the Liberty Bond *we* bought." Then there were more patriotic songs, and a speech from the banker telling what a Liberty Bond is and what it will do.

Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, the former superintendent of the Chicago schools, took an active part in the Second Liberty Loan campaign, especially among educational institutions; and she reported that school-children everywhere throughout the nation were actively working for the bonds and often subscribing liberally themselves.

The pupils of the Chicago public schools subscribed to the Second Liberty Loan to the amount of $2,237,150. In one Chicago school, $11,500 worth of Liberty Bonds were purchased by 206 pupils. One student in this school took $700 in bonds, and another, $500. In most cases the subscribers in this school borrowed the money and are now paying off their loans in monthly instalments.

A St. Louis high school with 1300 students subscribed for more than $6000 worth of bonds.

But the greatest record of all was that of the Boy Scouts, whose fine services have made their organization one of the indispensable parts of the Government's war-bond selling-machine. Of every forty-seven dollars received by the Government for the second Liberty Bonds, one dollar was secured by the Boy Scouts. With less than three hundred thousand members, the Boy Scouts secured subscriptions to the amount of $102,084,100!

Because of the exceptional nature of this war service the Government is giving a special recognition to the Boy Scouts. War-service medals are soon to be presented to the Boy Scouts who did the best work in the campaign. On these medals will appear, with the express consent of the Secretary of the Treasury, the seal of the treasury. This seal is placed on all the Government's paper money; and it is against the law of the nation to reproduce it anywhere else except by consent of the Secretary of the Treasury.

## THE BUSY HANDS OF THE JUNIOR RED CROSS

*JUNK*—that was all it was: old tin cans, old pasteboard boxes, old newspapers, old bottles, and rags, and rubber. Ordinarily it would have gone into waste-baskets and trash-heaps, eventually to wind up on the dump to be sorted over for its value by those who make their living in that fashion.

But diverted into commerce by the busy, patriotic hands of the members of the Junior Red Cross in Los Angeles, California, this waste was magically turned into a steady stream of gold for use in Red Cross war-service.

In a single month the income derived from the sale of salvage brought in by the Red Cross Juniors was over twelve hundred dollars. Since then the receipts have undoubtedly gone higher than that.

The boys and girls of Los Angeles are setting the pace for the rest of the country in these early days of the Junior Red Cross, and of their activities, none is more interesting than the salvage work.

A Los Angeles newspaper reporter was ill. He was penniless. His friends undertook to support him; but as the months dragged by, the strain became too severe upon these willing purses; and then some one conceived the plan of collecting tin-foil for the sick man. The plan was successful beyond expectation, for the income derived from the sale of the tin-foil was more than sufficient to take care of the invalid.

When the Junior Red Cross work was organized, one of those who had saved tin-foil on that other occasion suggested it as a means of Red Cross revenue. The receipts in the first month from this one source were $93.50. This was the beginning of the Los Angeles salvage movement.

The possibilities it opens up to Red Cross Juniors everywhere for patriotic service are great. The town of Redlands, California, adopted

the Los Angeles plan, and in two months the boys and girls made a clear profit of $566 for the Red Cross. Redlands has ten thousand people.

Before this number of ST. NICHOLAS reaches the reader, the special Junior Red Cross enrollment period—in February, from Lincoln's Birthday to Washington's Birthday—will be over; and it is probable that nearly every one of America's



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REFUGEE CHILDREN OF FRANCE RECEIVING NEW DRESSES FROM THE AMERICAN RED CROSS.

three hundred and sixty thousand public, private, and parochial schools will have been enlisted in the new war-service organization.

This means millions upon millions of new Red Cross Juniors, no doubt many of whom are now wondering what is expected of them. To all of the school auxiliaries of the Red Cross, the Los Angeles salvage plan offers a field for work.

If every Red Cross chapter were to raise one hundred dollars a month from the sale of junk collected by Red Cross Juniors, the annual income would be upward of three million dollars a year. But one hundred dollars a month is a small average amount to be gained from this source. The monthly sale of tin-foil alone in Los Angeles amounts to more than that.

The Los Angeles Juniors developed the most surprising markets for their rubbish. Who would suppose that empty typewriter-ribbon boxes and spools were anything more than junk, to be sold by the pound? The young Red Cross workers in Los Angeles thought they were worth something as spools and boxes, and were not to be considered merely as old tin; and so they approached the office-supply houses with the proposition that these articles be used over again.

At once the dealers raised the objection that their patrons would not like second-hand boxes, which might be marred.

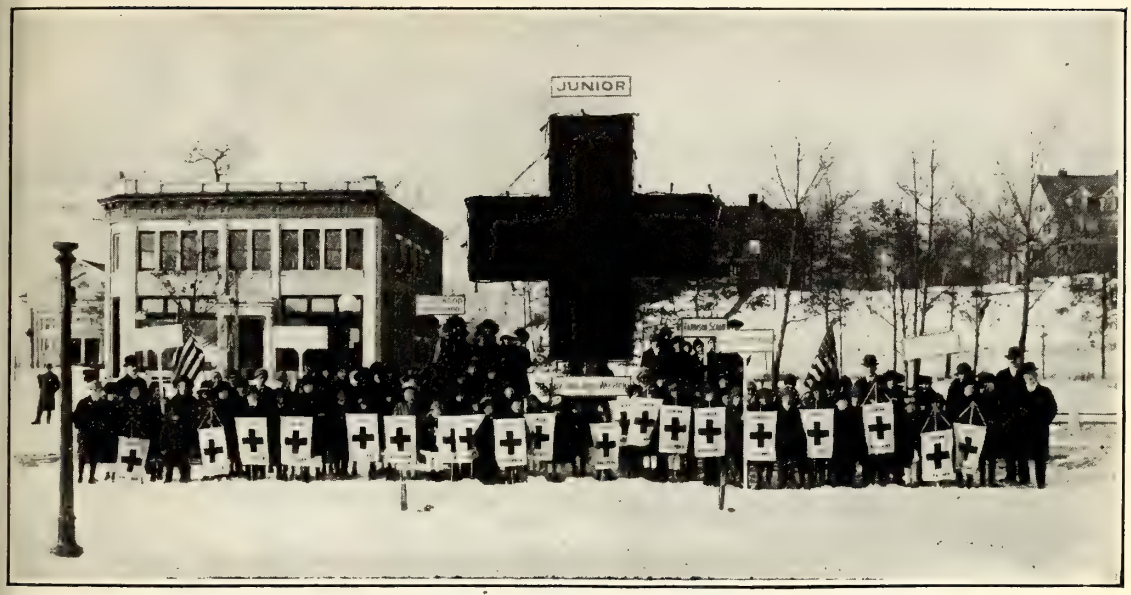
"It is just the opposite," insisted the Juniors. "We will paste on each box a little sticker reading, 'Salvaged by The Red Cross'; and then each business man will prefer one of the old boxes to a new one, because it will be more patriotic to use it."

And this was the way it worked out, too. The demand for salvaged boxes on the part of business men became brisk, and the dealers paid good prices for the used boxes, the lowest quotations being one cent for a spool and a cent and a half for a ribbon box, much better prices than they would have brought as old tin-plate. Los Angeles uses thirty thousand typewriter ribbons in a month.

In the same way a new market was created for old carbon-paper boxes, at six cents each or more.

In the collection of tin-foil, the street sweepers and park workmen helped, carrying Red Cross bags in which they placed all tin-foil found. The gas company bought clean white rags for meter-wipers at ten cents a pound.

Candy and tobacco stores helped collect tin-foil. The schools have an old newspaper and magazine drive once a month. Motor-car owners and dealers contributed worn-out tires and tubes. Brass, lead, copper waste, collapsible paint-tubes, paste-tubes and shaving-soap-tubes, burlap and gunny sacks—from the sale of these articles and others once cast away the Los Angeles Red Cross chapter derives a good revenue.




JUNIOR RED CROSS CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION AT RIDGEWOOD, NEW JERSEY.

But it must not be supposed that only in Los Angeles youthful brains and hands were busy for the Red Cross. From every section of the nation inspiring tales of Junior Red Cross service are pouring into headquarters in Washington in an ever swelling volume. The Pittsburg schools lined up in December almost to a room.

By January 1, 1918, the junior membership had reached a total of 860,741. This swift growth, indicating, as nothing else could, Young America's enthusiastic reception of the Junior Red Cross launched only a few weeks earlier by President Wilson, brought about an important conference in January in which the February membership campaign was planned, supported by the principal school organizations of the United States.

On January 1 there were 275 junior auxiliaries in the Chicago schools, with 300,000 members. On that date the Chicago schools had contributed 17,122 garments for refugees and hospital patients, besides hundreds of knitted sweaters and other articles.

The Washington Irving High School in New York early enlisted to a girl,—the 5040 students in that school all being girls,—providing an enrollment fund of $1260 to be used in purchasing supplies.

A rural school in New Jersey found itself unable to raise enough money to enroll all of its pupils at twenty-five cents each. A private school for girls, in New York, heard of this embarrassment and quickly provided the $10.50 needed.

The Juniors in Buffalo sent six thousand packages of peanut brittle to the cantonments for Christmas presents. The Buffalo schools are specializing in garments for refugee children in Europe, making suitable clothing from the outworn garments of the young workers themselves or from those discarded by members of their families.

In the Italian quarter of New York, the Red Cross children have established a "conscience fund," whose contributions are derived from giving up candy and chewing-gum. This fund, which never amounts to less than twenty-five dollars a month, goes to the relief of the cousins of the donors in Italy.

In fact, the thing that seems to appeal most to the Red Cross Juniors is work for the unfortunate children of Europe. The result of millions of boys and girls in America unselfishly toiling to save the lives of millions of boys and girls in Europe is likely to be the creation of a new international spirit that will make the world a better place some years hence when these young people have affairs in their own hands.

In one of the New York City schools the Boy Scouts persuaded the girls to unravel old knitted garments and reknit them for the babies of Belgium. An Italian boy in New York gave to the Red Cross the ten cents he received as a reward for finding a kitten. A boy living on a farm near Ithaca, New York, raised a pumpkin big enough to fill forty-eight cans which sold for ten cents a can, the $4.80 going to the Red Cross.

The Juniors in Geneva, New York, turned in a large lot of sweaters, wristlets, scarfs, pillow-cases, and other useful articles. An Auburn, New York, girl, now in France, received from her schoolmates at home the sum of $27.15 with which to buy Christmas candy for the Belgian children.

The Ridgewood, New Jersey, schools joined the Junior Red Cross in a body just before Christmas. Consequently, the suburban town decided to "make it a Red Cross Christmas." Instead of the community Christmas-tree, the town erected a huge illuminated Red Cross. The Ridgewood Juniors, for their motto, paraphrased the Crusaders' "In hoc signo vinces," to read, "By this sign we help." On the evening of the celebration a battery of searchlights bathed the snow in brilliance, while the school classes marched with their room banners and told the story of the organization. Ridgewood has raised money to buy a Charlie Chaplin film to show to the French, English, and American soldiers at the Red Cross canteens in France.

The Plainfield, New Jersey, schools, being among the first to join the Junior Red Cross in a body, are doing exceptionally fine work in manufacturing supplies. Up to January 1 they had turned out nearly three thousand articles.

The Franklin Vocational School at Franklin, New Jersey, located in a mining district, was in a quandary how to raise the twenty-five-cents membership fee for each of its seven hundred pupils, mostly of Slav and Austrian descent. The literary society was turned into an entertainment club, giving weekly programs to which the admission charged was one penny. At Christmas time the boys and girls conducted a sale of school products. Later a play was given, and during the winter the young Thespians were rehearsing a playlet originally published in ST. NICHOLAS. In these ways the school raised half the sum needed in two months.

In Great Falls, Montana, one girl of thirteen makes ten dollars a month for the Red Cross by selling home-made candy.

Girls of a domestic-science class in Winona, Minnesota, held "Red Cross Waffle Day" in the display office of the local gas company, feeding two thousand on waffles, syrup, and coffee.

And so the story of patriotic service goes, from one end of the country to the other. In Pittsburg we find the boys of Shenley High School turning out of their factory rooms the storage boxes, tables, and shelving needed to furnish the down-town Red Cross headquarters in that great city. But we can go out into the lonely San Bernardino Forest Reserve in California and find the same spirit in the school at Sangus for the homesteaders' children, a school housed in a tent until recently, which is giving community dinners and entertainments to raise money for a fence to keep the forest animals out of the school garden that will be cultivated for the Red Cross.

Such inspiring instances as these stimulated the National Red Cross headquarters to go into the February enrollment campaign, to bring to every American girl and boy the joy of war service that was being experienced by relatively few. No other nation at war is now relying so heavily upon its young people as this country is. For all of the new millions of Red Cross Juniors there is plenty of work to do.

## "EYES FOR THE NAVY"

MANY readers of ST. NICHOLAS, especially boys who spend summer vacations at mountains or seashore, doubtless are the owners of fine binoculars, spy-glasses, or telescopes. Will you who have such optical instruments enlist them for the war? Uncle Sam's Navy is asking for them. Sextants and chronometers are also needed, the Government says.

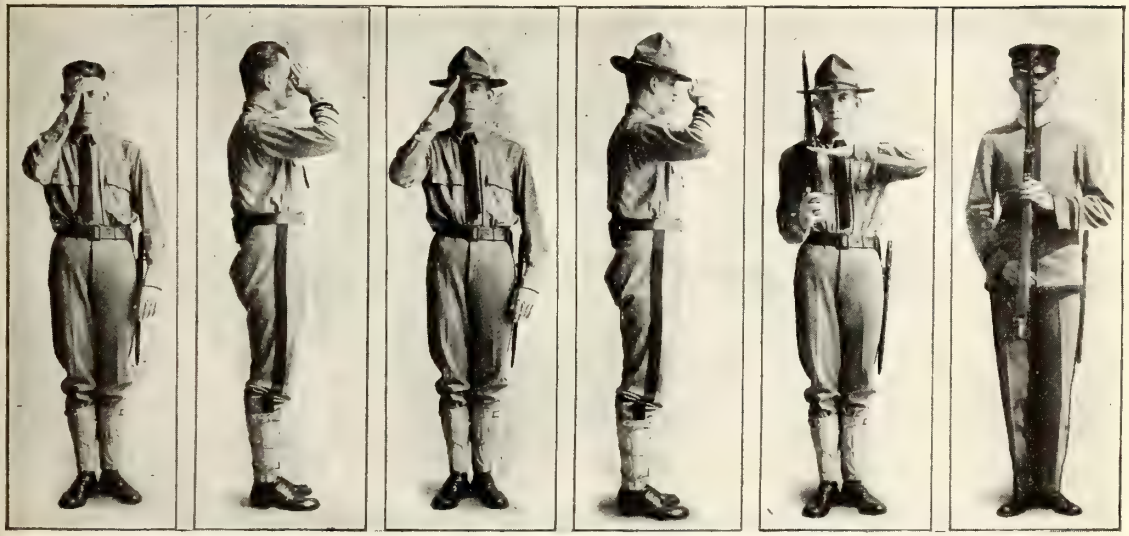
Such a sharp lookout must now be maintained for submarine periscopes that the Navy needs many more "eyes" than it possesses, thousands of them. The foreign supply of sea-glasses is closed; our own slim stocks are exhausted; so the Navy is appealing to the patriotism of private owners of glasses.

The Navy cannot accept gifts, under the law; so for each suitable article it is paying one dollar, which will be regarded as the rental price, or, in the event of loss, the purchase price. The names of donors will be permanently recorded at the Navy Department.

Then, when the war is over, these glasses, with added historical interest, will be returned to the donors. Thus it is quite possible that some ST. NICHOLAS reader may donate a pair of binoculars that may figure in some decisive action in the greatest of all wars. What a priceless treasure they would be in after years!

Send all articles, securely tagged with name and address of donor, to Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, care of Naval Observatory, Washington, D. C.

# SALUTING THE FLAG



1, 2, 3, 4. MILITARY SALUTE FOR THOSE IN UNIFORM; 5, SALUTE WITH RIFLE AT RIGHT SHOULDER-ARMS; 6, SENTINEL PRESENTING ARMS.

'TENTION! Company, salute! One; two! Sharply now! Always the right hand, elbow out in front, forearm a straight line from elbow to finger tips, thumb held in to the hand, first finger touching the forehead above the right eye, or else touching the brim of the campaign hat. Hold the position an instant, looking at what you are saluting, officer or flag, then bring the hand quickly to the side. That is the military salute, for those in uniform.

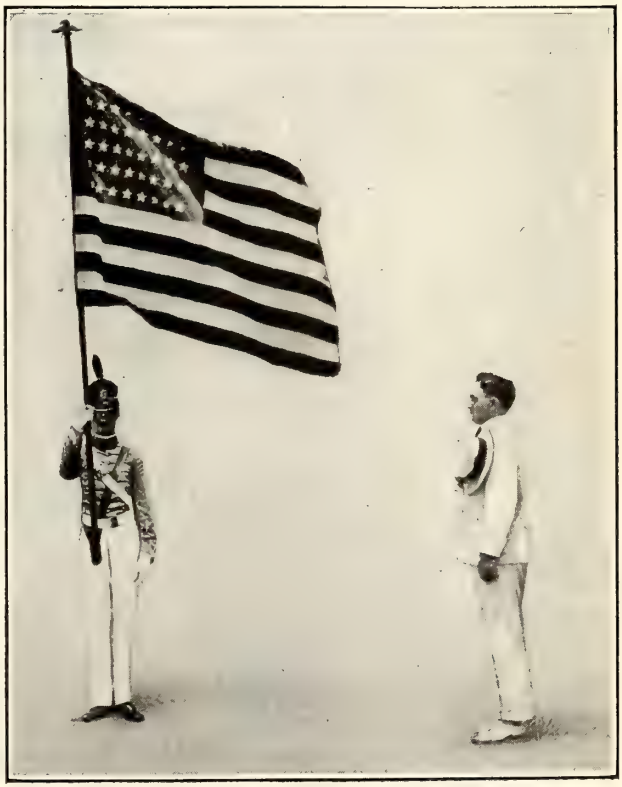
Or, if armed with a rifle at right-shoulder-arms, the left arm is raised and crooked at the elbow on a horizontal plane to bring the forefinger touching the firing mechanism. A sentinel salutes by presenting arms.

All this, and many other details concerning the proper way of saluting the flag, you will find fully set forth in that interesting book by Captain E. B. Garey and Captain O. O. Ellis, of the United States Infantry, entitled "The Junior Plattsburg Manual"—from which the foregoing text and the accompanying illustrations are taken.

Civilians should be more punctilious than they are in the outward respect they pay to Old Glory and the national anthem. Indoors, the civilian salute consists in standing, uncovered, and remaining silent.

Outdoor, when the flag is displayed or "The Star-Spangled Banner" played, a boy should hold his hat by the brim in his right hand in front of his left shoulder, while a girl should rise and stand at quiet attention.

True courtesy will accord the same civilian salute to the flags and national anthems of friendly nations when displayed or played ceremoniously.



# THE "SPLENDID SECOND LINE OF DEFENSE"

WASHINGTON, D. C.

*Wanted—Two million boys, sixteen years old and over, who ordinarily spend their vacations in idleness, to help me out this summer in my plans for feeding the American Army abroad and the American people at home. Service in furrows instead of in trenches. Chance to make money and build strength in healthful farm-work, with plenty of camp-life fun. Official awards for faithful service. Apply week of March 18, 1918, to local organizer, United States Boys' Working Reserve.*

UNCLE SAM.

In effect, this advertisement is out. The United States Government itself, through its Department of Labor, is conducting the campaign to enlist boy-volunteer farm-workers in the National Enrollment Week, beginning Monday, March 18th. Uncle Sam does not hope to line up all of the two million available boys, but he will be much disappointed if he does not get five hundred thousand of them.

Last year the U. S. Boys' Working Reserve, organized by the Department of Labor after the declaration of war, could at most perform only an emergency service, coming into the field as late as it did. Nevertheless, the work of its boys, many of them entirely without previous farming experience, was one of the heroic phases of the early days of the war. The records are absolute that these boy workers who so patriotically went to the farms at the call of country, saved crops worth tens of millions of dollars.

From the experience gained in 1917 the Reserve has been able to perfect a scientific organization throughout the nation. It has a nucleus of trained boys around whom to build a corps which will be one of the most important factors in the food production of 1918.

The plans for the coming season were developed at the national conference of the organization held in Chicago in December. Secretary of War Newton D. Baker telegraphed encouragement to this conference. And Herbert Hoover, the Food Administrator, wired a similar cheering message which read as follows:

"Convey to the Boys' Working Reserve my warmest congratulations on the great service they have rendered to their country during the first eight months of the war. They have formed a splendid second line of defense of our men in the fighting line."

The most outstanding feature of the coming farm campaign is the preliminary training that is to be given to thousands of youthful workers. Indiana has established a "farm Plattsburg" to give three weeks of intensive farm training to boys who volunteer for service. Illinois has prepared a special elementary course in agriculture which is now being taught in all high schools in that State. Pennsylvania is preparing at least 140 farm-supply camps for boys. Massachusetts is planning to repeat on a larger scale the admirable camps in which the boy volunteers lived during the summer of 1917.

In Iowa, Professor R. K. Bliss, of the College of Agriculture at Ames, has fifteen hundred assistants to aid him in getting out Iowa's full boy-power during enrollment week. Ten thousand high-school boys of Chicago expect to go to the farms this summer, while the rest of Illinois will contribute another ten thousand. Indiana is planning to enroll fifteen thousand; Wisconsin has made arrangements to train ten thousand boys; while large enrollments are expected in New York, Rhode Island, Ohio, Oklahoma, Colorado, and California.

While the promised service-bars will be awarded to those who performed faithfully in 1917, this year's award for merit will be a chevron to be worn on the sleeve.

The Reserve has plans to organize a Junior Branch for the training of boys of fourteen to sixteen years of age for duty in the Reserve when they reach the minimum age.



QUEEN MATILDA EMBROIDERING THE FAMOUS BAYEUX TAPESTRY

# MOTORING THROUGH THE GOLDEN AGE

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

Author of "The Boy's Life of Mark Twain"

It was some time in June when we found ourselves drifting about Normandy in our motor-car, and one peaceful evening we came to Bayeux and stopped there for the night. Bayeux, which is about sixty miles from Cherbourg, was intimately associated with the life of William the Conqueror, and is to-day the home of the famous Bayeux tapestry, a piece of linen two hundred and thirty feet long and eighteen inches wide, on which is embroidered in colored wool the story of William's conquest of England.

William's queen, Matilda, is supposed to have designed this marvelous pictorial document, and even executed it, though probably with the assistance of her ladies. Completed in the eleventh century, it would seem to have been stored in the Bayeux cathedral, where it lay, scarcely remembered, for a period of more than six hundred years. Then attention was called to its artistic and historic value, and it became still more widely known when Napoleon brought it to Paris and exhibited it at the Louvre. Now it is back in Bayeux, and has a special room in the museum there and a special glass case so arranged that you can walk around it and see each of its fifty-eight tableaux.

Matilda was ahead of her time in art. She was a futurist—anybody could see that who had been to one of the recent exhibitions. But she was exactly abreast in the matter of history. It is likely that she embroidered the events as they were reported to her, and her records are beyond price to-day. I suppose she sat in a beautiful room with her maids about her, all engaged at the great work, and I hope she looked as handsome as she looks in the fine painting that hangs above the case containing her masterpiece.

It was the closing hour when we got to the Bayeux museum, but the guardian generously gave us plenty of time to walk around and look at all the marvelous procession of horses and men, whose outlines have remained firm and whose colors have stayed fresh for more than eight hundred years. There is something fine and stirring about Matilda's tapestry. No matter if Harold does seem to be having an attack of pleurisy, when he is only putting on his armor, or if the horses appear to have detachable legs. I could see that the Joy, who is a judge of horses, did not think much of Queen Matilda's drawing, and their riders were not much better. Still, it was wonderful how they did seem to "go" in some of the battles, and they made that old story seem very real to us. Tradition has it that the untimely death of Matilda left the tapestry unfinished, for which reason William's coronation does not appear.

Next day, at Caen, we visited Matilda's tomb,

in a church which she herself founded. Her remains have never been disturbed. We also visited the tomb of the Conqueror, on the other side of the city at the church of St. Etienne. But the Conqueror's bones are not there now; they were scattered by the Huguenots in 1562.

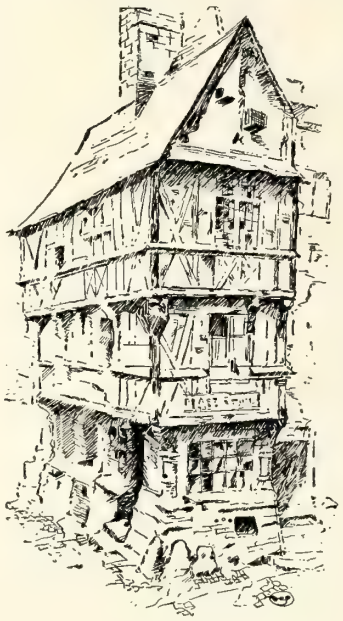
We enjoyed Caen. We wandered about among its ancient churches and still more ancient streets. At one church a wedding was going on, and Narcissa and I lingered a little, to assist. One does not get invited to a Normandy wedding every day, especially in the old town where William I organized his followers to invade England. No doubt this bride and groom were descendants of some of William's wild Normans, but they looked very mild and handsome and modern, to us.

Caen became an important city under William the Conqueror. Edward III of England captured and pillaged it about the middle of the fourteenth century, at which time it was larger than any city in England, except London. To-day, Caen has less than fifty thousand inhabitants, and is mainly interesting for its art treasures and its memories.

Our travel program included Rouen, Amiens, and Beauvais, cathedral cities lying more to the northward. It was at Rouen that we started to trace backward the sacred footsteps of Joan of Arc, saint and savior of France. For it is at Rouen that the pathway ends. When we had visited the great cathedral, whose fairylike façade is one of the most beautiful in the world, we drove to a corner of the old market-place and stopped before a bronze tablet which tells that on this spot on a certain day in May, 1431 (it was the 29th), a young girl who had saved her country from an invading and conquering enemy was burned at the stake. That was five hundred years ago, but time has not dulled the tragedy of the event, its memory of suffering, its humiliation. All those centuries since, the nation that Joan saved has been trying to atone for her death. Streets have been named for her and statues have been set up for her in public squares all over France.

There is little in Rouen to-day that Joan saw. The cathedral was there in her time, but she was never permitted to enter it. There is a wall, which was a part of the chapel where she had her final hearing before her judges; there are some houses which she must have passed, and there is a tower which belonged to the castle in which she was imprisoned, though it is not certain that it is Joan's tower. There is a small museum in it, and among its treasures we saw the manuscript article "St. Joan of Arc," by Mark Twain, who, in the "Personal Recollections," has left to the world the loveliest picture of that lovely life.

It was our purpose to leave Rouen by the Amiens road, but when we got to it and looked up a hill that, about half-way to the zenith, arrived at the sky, we decided to take a road that led off toward Beauvais. We could have climbed that hill well enough, and I wished later we had done so. As it was, we ran along pleasantly during the afternoon, and attended evening services in an old church at Grandvilliers, a place that we had never heard of before, but where we found an inn as good as any in Normandy.



ONE OF THE OLD HOUSES AT BAYEUX

It is curious with what exactness fate times its conclusions. If we had left Grandvilliers a few seconds earlier or later, it would have made all the difference, or if I had not pulled up a moment to look at a lovely bit of brookside planted with poplars, or if I had driven the least bit slower or the least bit faster during the first five miles; or—

Oh, never mind—what happened was this: we had just mounted a long steep hill on high speed and I had been bragging of the car,—always a dangerous thing to do,—when I saw ahead of us a big two-wheeled cart going in the same direction as ourselves, and, beyond it, a large car approaching. I could have speeded up and cut in ahead of the cart, but I was feeling well, and I thought I should do the courteous thing, the safe thing. So I fell in behind it. Not far enough behind, however, for as the big car came opposite, the sleepy driver of the cart awoke, pulled up his horse short, and we were not far enough behind for me to get the brakes down hard and suddenly enough to stop before we touched him. It was not a smash—it was just a push. But it pushed a big hole in our radiator, smashed up one of our lamps, and crinkled up our left mud-guard. The radiator was the worst. The water poured out. Our car looked as if it had burst into tears.

We were really stupefied at the extent of our disaster.

The big car at once pulled up to investigate and console us. The occupants were Americans, too, from Washington—kindly people who wanted to shoulder some of the blame. Their chauffeur, a Frenchman, bargained with the cart driver who had wrecked us to tow us to the next town, where there were garages. Certainly, pride goes before a fall. Five minutes earlier we were sailing along in glory, exulting over the prowess of our vehicle. Now, all in the wink of an eye, our precious conveyance, stricken and helpless, was being towed to the hospital, its owners trudging mournfully behind.



THE CATHEDRAL OF BEAUVAIS

The village was Poix; and if one had to be wrecked anywhere, I cannot think of a lovelier spot for disaster than Poix de la Somme. It is just across in Picardy, and the river Somme is a little brook that ripples and winds through poplar-shaded pastures, sweet meadows, and deep groves. In every direction are the loveliest walks, with landscape pictures at every turn. The village itself is drowsy, kindly, simple-hearted. The landlady at our inn was a large, motherly soul that, during the week of our stay, the Joy learned to love, and I to be grateful to.

For the others did not linger. Paris was not far away, and had a good deal to recommend it. The new radiator ordered from London might be delayed. So, early next morning they were off for Paris by way of Amiens and Beauvais, and the Joy and I settled down to such employments and amusements as we could find while waiting for repairs. We got acquainted with the garage man's family, for one thing. They lived in the same little court with the shop, and we exchanged Swiss French for their Picardese and were bosom friends in no time. We spruced up the car, too, and every day took long walks, and every afternoon took some luncheon and our spirit-stove and followed down the Somme to a little bridge and there made our tea. Then, sometimes, we read; and once, when I was reading aloud from "Joan of Arc" and had finished the great battle of Patay, we suddenly remembered that it had happened on the very day on which we were reading, the eighteenth of June.

How little we guessed that in such a short time our peaceful little river would give its name to a battle a thousand times greater than any that Joan ever fought!

One day I hired a bicycle for the Joy, and entertained the village by pushing her around the public square until she learned to ride alone. Then I hired one for myself, and we went out on the road together.

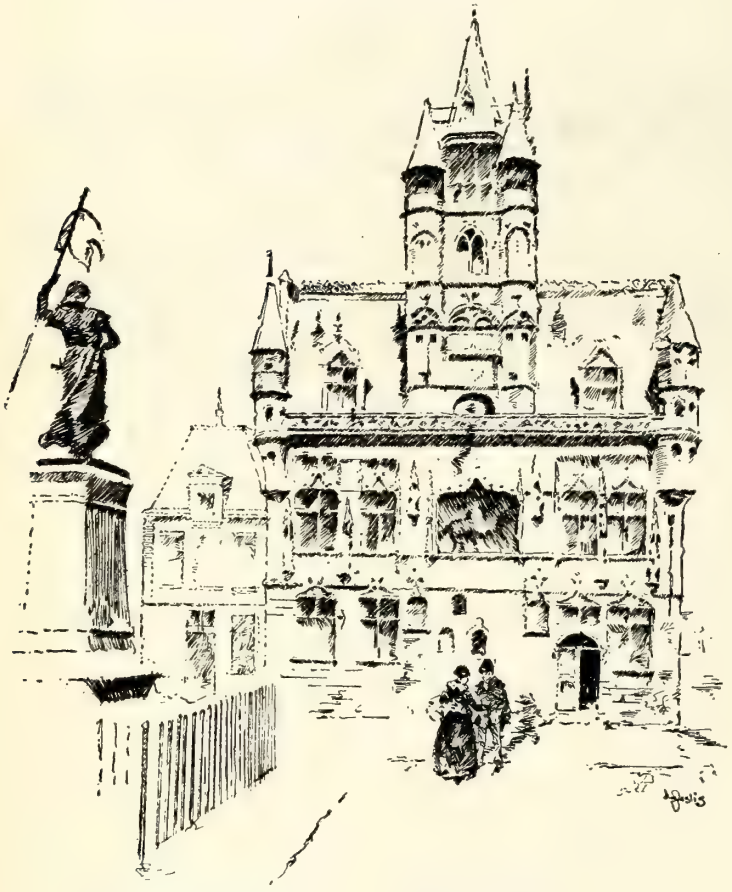
About the end of the third day we began to look for our radiator, and visited the express-office with considerable regularity. Presently the village knew us, why we were there, and what we were expecting. They become as anxious about it as ourselves.

One morning, as we started toward the express-office, a man in a wagon passed and called out something. We did not catch it; but presently another met us, and, with a glad look, told us that our goods had arrived and were now in the

delivery wagon on the way to the garage. We did not recognize either of those good souls, but they were interested in our welfare. Our box was at the garage when we arrived there. It was soon opened and the new radiator in place. The other repairs had been made, and once more we were complete. We decided to start next morning to join the others in Paris.

Morning comes early on the longest days of the year, and we had eaten our breakfast, had our belongings put into the car, and were ready to be off by seven o'clock. What a delicious morning it was! Calm, glistening, the dew on everything. As long as I live I shall remember that golden morning when the Joy, age eleven, and I went gipsying together, following the winding roads and byways that led us through pleasant woods, under sparkling banks, and along the poplar-planted streams of Picardy. We did not keep to highways at all. We were in no hurry, and we took any lane that seemed to lead in the right direction, so that much of the time we appeared to be crossing fields—fields of flowers, many of them, scarlet poppies, often mingled with blue corn-flowers and yellow mustard—fancy the vividness of that color!

Traveling in that wandering fashion, it was noon before we got down to Beauvais, where we stopped for luncheon supplies and to see what is perhaps the most remarkable cathedral in the world. It is one of the most beautiful, and, though it consists only of choir and transepts, it is one of the largest. Its inner height, from floor to vaulting, is 158 feet. The average ten-story skyscraper could be set inside of it. There was once a steeple that towered to the giddy height of five hundred feet, but in 1573, when it had been standing three hundred years, it fell down from having insufficient support. The inner work is of white stone,—marble,—and the whole place seems filled with light.



"JOAN'S STATUE AT COMPIÈGNE LOOKS TOWARD THE HANDSOME HÔTEL DE VILLE"

Beauvais has many interesting things, but the day had become very warm, and we did not linger. We found some of the most satisfactory pastries I have ever seen in France, fresh, and dripping with richness; also a few other delicacies, and by and by, under a cool apple-tree on the road to Compiègne, the Joy and I spread out our feast and ate it and listened to some little French birds singing, *"Vite! Vite! Vite!"* meaning that we must be "Quick! Quick! Quick!" so they could have the crumbs.

It was at Compiègne that Joan of Arc was captured by her enemies, just a year before that last fearful day at Rouen. She had relieved Orleans, she had fought Patay, she had crowned the king at Rheims; she would have had her army safely in Paris if she had not been withheld by a weak king, influenced by his shuffling, time-serving counselors. She had delivered Compiègne the year before, but now again it was in trouble, besieged by the Duke of Burgundy.

"I will go to my good friends of Compiègne," she said, when the news came; and taking such force as she could muster, in number about six hundred cavalry, she went to their relief.

From a green hill commanding the valley of the Oise the Joy and I looked down upon the bright river and pretty city which Joan had seen on that long ago afternoon of her last battle for France. Somewhere on that plain the battle had taken place, and Joan's little force for the first time had failed. There had been a panic; Joan, still fighting and trying to rally her men, had been surrounded, dragged from her horse, and made a prisoner. She had led her last charge.



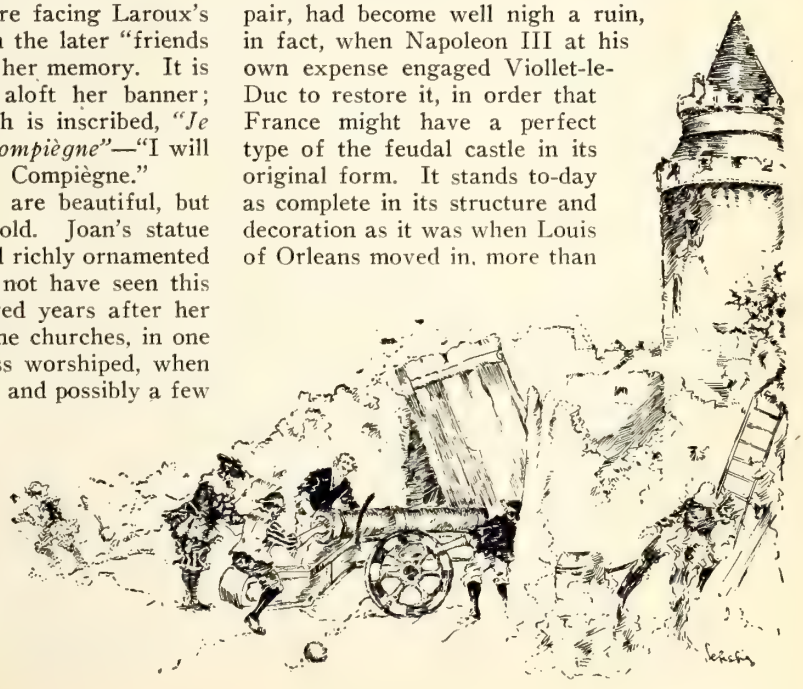
"THE CHATEAU OF PIERREFONDS, ONE OF THE FINEST IN FRANCE"

We crossed a bridge and entered the city, and stopped in the big public square facing Laroux's beautiful statue of Joan which the later "friends of Compiègne" have raised to her memory. It is Joan in semi-armor, holding aloft her banner; and on the base in old French is inscribed, *"Je yray voir mes bons amys de Compiègne"*—"I will go to see my good friends of Compiègne."

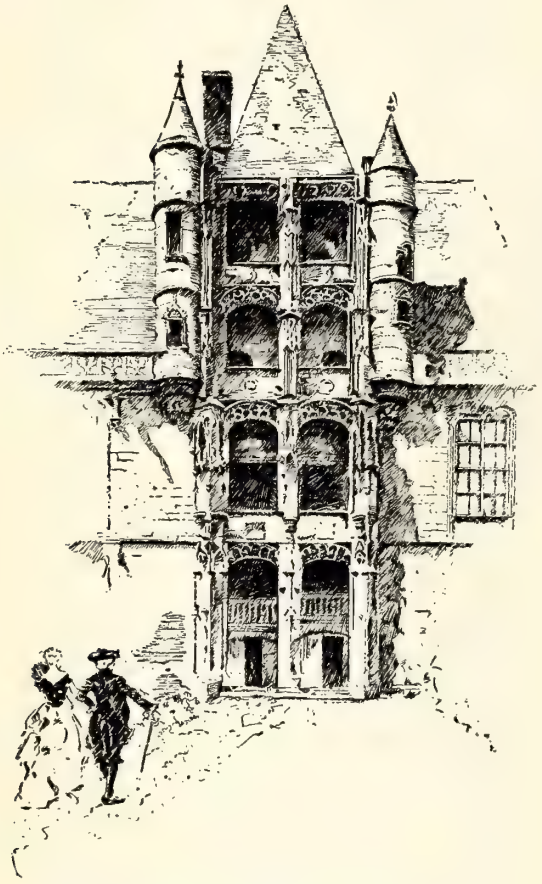
Many things in Compiègne are beautiful, but not many of them are very old. Joan's statue looks toward the handsome and richly ornamented hôtel de ville, but Joan could not have seen this building, for it dates a hundred years after her death. There are the handsome churches, in one or both of which she doubtless worshiped, when she had first delivered the city, and possibly a few houses of that ancient time still survive.

Next morning we visited the palace. It has been much occupied by royalty, for Compiègne was always a favorite residence of the rulers of France. Napoleon came there with the Empress Marie Louise, and Louis Philippe and Napoleon III both found retirement there.

I think it could not have been a very inviting or restful home. There are long halls and picture-galleries, all with shiny floors and stiffly placed properties, and the royal suites are just a series of square, fancily decorated and upholstered boxes strung together, with doors between. But then palaces were not meant to be cozy. Pretty soon we went back to the car and drove into a big forest for ten miles or more to an old feudal castle,—such a magnificent old castle, all towers and turrets and battlements,—the chateau of Pierrefonds, one of the finest in France. It stands upon a rocky height overlooking a lake, and it does not seem so old, though it had been there forty years when Joan of Arc came, and it looks as if it might remain there about as long as the hill it stands on. It was built by Louis of Orleans, brother of Charles VI, and the storm of battle has often raged about its base. Here and there it still shows the mark of bombardment, and two cannon-balls stick fast in the wall of one of its solid towers. Pierrefonds was in bad repair, had become well nigh a ruin, in fact, when Napoleon III at his own expense engaged Viollet-le-Duc to restore it, in order that France might have a perfect type of the feudal castle in its original form. It stands to-day as complete in its structure and decoration as it was when Louis of Orleans moved in, more than



five hundred years ago, and it conveys exactly the solid, home surroundings of the mediæval lord. It is just a show place now, and its vast court and its chapel and halls of state are all splendid enough, though nothing inside can be



THE BEAUTIFUL OPEN STAIRWAY OF CHATEAUDUN

quite as magnificent as its mighty assemblage of towers and turrets rising above the trees and reflecting in the blue waters of a placid lake.

It began raining before we got to Paris, so we did not stop at Crepy-en-Valois or Senlis, or Chantilly, or St. Denis. In fact, neither the Joy nor I hungered even for Paris, which we had once visited. The others had already seen their fill, so, with only a day's delay, we all took the road to Versailles.

It was at Rambouillet that we lodged, an ancient place with a chateau and a vast park; also, an excellent inn—the Croix Blanche—one of those that you enter by driving through to an inner court. Before dinner we took a walk into the park, along the lakeside and past the chateau, where Frances I died, in 1547.

We were off next morning, following the rich and lovely valley of the Eure, to Chartres. We had already seen the towers from a long distance, when we turned at last into the cathedral square, and remembered the saying that "The choir of Beauvais and the nave of Amiens, the portal of Rheims and the towers of Chartres would together make the finest church in the world." To confess the truth, I did not think the towers of Chartres as handsome as those of Rouen, but then I am not a purist in cathedral architecture. Certainly, the cathedral itself is glorious. I shall not attempt to describe it. Any number of men have written books trying to do that, and most of them have failed. I only know that the wonder of its architecture, the marvel of its relief carving, "lace in stone," and the sublime glory of its windows somehow possessed us, and we did not know when to go. I met a woman once who said she had spent a month at Chartres and put in most of it sitting in the cathedral, looking at those windows. When she told me of it I had been inclined to be scornful. I was not so any more. Those windows, made by some unknown artist, dead five hundred years, invite a lifetime of contemplation.

We left Chartres by one of the old city gates, and through a heavenly June afternoon followed the straight, level way to Chateaudun, an ancient town perched upon the high cliff above the valley of the Loir, which is a different river from the Loire—much smaller and more picturesque.

The chateau itself hangs on the very verge of the cliffs, with startling effect, and looks out over a picture valley as beautiful as any in France. This was the home of Dunois, who left it to fight under Joan of Arc. He was a great soldier, one of her most loved and trusted generals. We spent an hour or more wandering through Dunois's ancient seat, with an old guardian who clearly was in love with every stone of it and who time and again reminded us that it was more interesting than any of the great chateaux of the Loire, Blois especially, in that it had been scarcely restored at all. About the latest addition to Chateaudun was a beautiful open stairway of the sixteenth century, in perfect condition to-day. On the other side is another fine façade and stairway, which Dunois himself added. In a niche there stands a statue of the famous old soldier, probably made from life. If only some sculptor or painter might have preserved for us the features of Joan!

Through that golden land which lies between the Loir and the Loire we drifted through a long summer afternoon, and came at evening to a noble bridge that crossed a wide, tranquil river,

beyond which rose the towers of ancient Tours, capital of Touraine.

The Touraine was a favorite place for kings, who built their magnificent country palaces in all directions. There are more than fifty chateaux within easy driving distance of Tours.

We did not, by any means, intend to visit all of the chateaux, for chateau visiting from a diversion may easily degenerate into labor. We had planned especially, however, to see Chinon, where Joan of Arc went to meet the king to ask for soldiers.

This is not on the Loire, but on a tributary a little south of it, the Vienne, with the castle crowning the long hill, or ridge, above the town. Some time during the afternoon we came to the outskirts of the ancient place, and looked up to the ruined battlements and towers where occurred that meeting which meant the liberation of France.

The chateau to-day is the ruin of what originally was three chateaux, built at different times, but closely strung together, so that in ruin they are scarcely divided.

The oldest, Coudray, was built in the tenth century, and still shows three towers standing, in one of which Joan of Arc lived during her stay at Chinon. The middle chateau was built a hundred years later, on the site of a Roman fort, and it was in one of its rooms, a fragment of which still remains, that Charles VII received the shepherd-girl from Domremy. The Chateau of St. George was built in the twelfth century, by Henry II of England, who died there in 1189. Though built two hundred years later than Coudray, nothing remains of it to-day but some foundations.

Chinon is a much more extensive ruin than we had expected. Even what remains must be nearly a quarter of a mile in length, and its vast crumbling walls and crenelated towers make it strikingly picturesque. But its ruin is complete, none the less. Once through the entrance tower, and you are under nothing but the sky, with your feet on the grass; there is no longer a shelter there, even for a fugitive king. You wander about viewing it scarcely more than as a ruin, at first, a place for painting, for seclusion, for dreaming in the sun. Then all at once you are facing a wall in which, half-way up, where once was the second story, there is a restored fireplace and a tablet which tells you that in this room Charles VII received Joan of Arc. It is not a room now; it is just a wall, a fragment, with vines matting its ruined edges.



"JOAN, HURRYING TO THE RIGHTFUL CHARLES, DROPPED ON HER KNEE"

You cross a stone foot-bridge to the tower where Joan lived, and that too is open to the sky and bare and desolate. Once, beyond it, there was a little chapel where she prayed, but that is gone. There are other fragments and other towers, but they merely serve as a setting for those which the intimate presence of Joan made sacred.

The Maid did not go immediately to the castle on her arrival in Chinon. She put up at an inn down in the town and waited the king's pleasure. His paltering advisers kept him dallying, and postponing his consent to see her, but through the favor of his mother-in-law, Yolande, Queen of Sicily, Joan and her suite were presently housed in Coudray.

The king was still unready to see Joan. She was only a stone's throw away now, but the whisperings of his advisers kept her there. When there were no further excuses for delay they contrived a trick—a deception. They persuaded the king to put another on the throne, one like him and in his royal dress, so that Joan might pay

homage to this make-believe king, thus proving that she had no divine power or protection which would assist her in identifying the real one.

In the space where now is only green grass and sky and a broken wall, Charles VII and his court gathered to receive the shepherd-girl who had come to restore his kingdom. It was evening, and the great hall was lighted, and at one end of it was the throne with its imitation king, and, I suppose, at the other this fireplace with its blazing logs. Down the center of the room were the courtiers, formed in two ranks, facing so that Joan might pass between them to the throne. The occasion was one of great ceremony —Joan and her suite were welcomed with fine honors. Banners waved, torches flared, trumpets blown at intervals marked the stages of her progress down the great hall; every show was made of paying her great honor—everything that would distract her and blind her to their trick.

Charles VII, dressed as a simple courtier, stood a little distance from the throne. Joan, advancing to within a few steps of the pretended king, raised her eyes. Then for a moment she stood silent, puzzled. They expected her to kneel and make obeisance; but a moment later she turned, and, hurrying to the rightful Charles, dropped on her knee and gave him heartfelt salutation. She had never seen him, and was without knowledge of his features. The protectors she had known in her visions had not failed her. It was, perhaps, the greatest moment in French history.

In the quest for outlying chateaux, one is likely to forget that Tours itself is very much worth while. Tours has been a city ever since France had a history, and it fought against Caesar as far back as 52 B. C. It took its name from the Gallic tribe of that section, the Turoni, dwellers in the cliffs, I dare say, along the Loire.

Tours was beloved by French royalty. It was the capital of a province as rich as it was beautiful. Among French provinces, Touraine was always the aristocrat. Its language has been kept pure. To this day, the purest French in the world is spoken at Tours. The mechanic who made some repairs for me at the garage leaned on the mud-guard, during a brief intermission of that hottest of days, and told me about the purity of the French language at Tours; and if there was anything wrong with his own locution, my ear was not fine enough to detect it. To me it seemed as limpid as something distilled. Imagine such a thing happening in—say Bridgeport. Tours is still proud, still the aristocrat, still royal.

The Germans held Tours during the early months of 1871, but there is now no trace of their occupation. It was a bad dream which Tours does not care even to remember.

Tours contains a fine cathedral, and the remains of what must have been a still finer one—two noble towers, so widely separated by streets and buildings that it is hard to imagine them ever having belonged to one structure. They are a part of the business of Tours now. Shops are under them, lodgings in them. One of these old relics is called the clock-tower, the other, the tower of Charlemagne, because Luitgard, his third queen, was buried beneath it.



"THE CHATEAU OF CHINON, CROWNING THE LONG HILL ABOVE THE TOWN"



"OVER HIS HEAD THE MONOTONOUS FLICKER OF THE ONE, TWO, THREE; ONE, TWO, THREE."

# THE CODE SIGNAL

BY GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH

## CHAPTER III

### A LEAP IN THE DARK

WHEN Carrots reached the foot of the bluff and began climbing the steep slope, the lights were still alternately twinkling and disappearing. At first he thought they had gone out for good, for he could not see them from the land side; but when his path led him around to the face of the cliff fronting the ocean, they were clearly visible.

This fact convinced him that the lights were some sort of signal for a boat on the sea, and the occasional bobbing light across the waves was in response to them. But whether the signal was for friend or enemy he could not decide, and it raised doubts in his mind. If the lights were intended for some American boat on duty off the coast, he would not be thanked for "butting in."

He climbed the bluff more cautiously, to take observations without being seen. The mystery of the two strangers in the vicinity and the empty oil-can on the bluff almost convinced him that something wrong was brewing.

"Anyway," he reflected, "I 'm going to find out. This is war, and everything suspicious ought to be reported."

When he neared the top of the bluff he could see the lights more distinctly. They appeared to come from lanterns with powerful reflectors back of them and with side-shields to keep the rays from spreading.

"That 's what they were using that can of oil for!" he muttered. "If I 'd hunted around in the bushes, I might have found their lanterns."

More cautiously than before, he crept along the brow of the rocks, avoiding all bushes and twigs whose snapping might betray his presence. There was absolute silence above. No words or noise indicated the presence of the operators.

Reaching a point where he dared not go any farther without risking discovery, Carrots crouched down low and strained his ears and eyes. Seaward he could see the twinkling lights appearing and disappearing, and over his head the monotonous flicker of the one, two, three; one, two, three.

"It 's some sort of a code, I 'll bet," mused Carrots, as he watched and waited. Still no noise to indicate the presence of any one above.

Carrots grew impatient, and considered the risk of creeping up nearer. He was directly in front of the lanterns, and when the three flared up they cast a circle of light close to his hiding-place. To venture within that circle would surely expose him. Carrots was not thinking of any personal danger, but he did not want to be discovered until he had solved the mystery.

Finally his patience was rewarded. A voice spoke out of the darkness, low and scarcely audible at such a distance; but Carrots picked up these words:

"That will do. Put out the lights and get down to the boat."

So the operators had a boat somewhere! They

had come to the bluff by water and not overland. This increased Carrots's suspicion. Whatever happened, it was his duty to follow the men.

He was n't sure, but the voice of the speaker seemed familiar. A moment later he was enabled to place it. He had heard it that afternoon when one of the men had jeered him for ordering them off his potato-patch.

"They 're up to some mischief!" he concluded. "And I 'll find out what it is."

The lights were extinguished, and he could hear the men moving around among the bushes. There was a sudden flash of an electric torch, which enabled Carrots to locate them exactly. They had moved back from the summit.

A few moments later there was another brief flash farther away. The men were descending the side of the bluff, using a hand electric torch to find their way. Carrots smiled grimly. The torch would also serve as a guide for him.

All the way down the slope Carrots watched each flash of the torch to be sure that the men were a reasonable distance ahead. At the foot of the hill they stopped a moment and consulted together in whispers.

After that they went on more quickly, following a path that led them through the woods and across an open meadow. At the end of this was a quiet cove formed by an arm of the bay. Carrots knew this deserted part of the coast, and his familiarity with every creek and brook that flowed into the bay enabled him to hurry along without being detected.

When they reached the waterfront the men once more stopped. "Jump in, and we 'll get off!" exclaimed one of them.

Carrots raised his head and stared around him. In the darkness he could see nothing. But apparently there was a boat anchored in the cove, and the men intended to embark on it. What could he do? It would be useless to sound an alarm now. The men would escape before any help could arrive from the village.

Clearly, if he was to follow them, he had to get on the boat with them in some way. How large it was or what kind of a boat he had no means of ascertaining. He crept so near that he was in constant danger of being discovered, but he was determined not to let the men go away without him.

Suddenly there loomed up ahead the clear outline of a single mast. From its size and appearance, Carrots judged that it was not that of a large boat; it looked as if it belonged to a fair-sized yacht or yawl.

"They can't get far away in this breeze," he mused. "I could overtake them in a motor-boat."

His mind quickly ran over the possible chances of picking up a motor-boat and pursuing them. There were a number off the coast,—small pleasure-boats with considerable speed,—and Carrots knew their various owners. None would object to his using one in such an emergency.

But while he was considering this plan he was startled by the chug of an engine and the revolutions of a propeller as it churned the water. The solitary mast quivered and then began to move away.

The sailing-craft was an auxiliary, equipped with a motor, and his men were escaping! There would be no time to hunt up a motor-boat and overtake them. Carrots was desperate for a moment. His mind worked rapidly. He had to decide at once whether to abandon the chase or risk an unknown danger.

His hesitation lasted only for a minute. As the boat began to move away in the darkness, Carrots plunged noiselessly into the water and swam for the dark outlines of the craft.

The noise of the churning propeller drowned the splash of his swimming. With strong overhand strokes, Carrots propelled his body rapidly along. The suction of the wheel was terrific, and for a few moments he was afraid he could not make it. Every second the boat was increasing its speed.

His hand suddenly touched something. Fortunately for him, a short piece of rope was dangling over the stern. Carrots grasped this and clung uncertainly to it for a moment to see if it was fastened at the other end.

It was, for it did not play out and yield to the pull of his body. Slowly, hand over hand, he drew himself nearer until he caught the side of the boat. Clinging to this, he waited until he could recover some of his lost breath.

Pulling himself up gradually until his head was on a level with the deck, Carrots tried to penetrate the gloom and make out the different objects on the deck. He first located the men. There seemed to be only two of them, and they were both forward near the steering-wheel.

This discovery gave Carrots new heart, and he turned his eyes to the stern deck near him. He could see that it was piled high with some sort of cargo, boxes and barrels, which he could make out dimly in the darkness.

"I 've got to risk it," he reflected finally. "I can't live in the water here forever."

Slowly and cautiously he drew himself up and crawled over the side. He found there was just room enough on the stern deck for him to lie flat between the brass railing and the first barrel.

Panting and gasping, Carrots lay there for

some time, waiting to see if any noise he had made had attracted attention. But apparently the men forward had not heard him.

The cargo was strapped to the deck by ropes and cordage which Carrots could feel with his hands. Moving cautiously around, he discovered finally the end of a stiff piece of tarpaulin, used for protecting perishable cargo in a rain.

Thankful that he had something behind which he could hide if the men should turn their electric torch on him, he crawled under this.

The boat was headed for the open sea. Carrots could tell this by her increased roll, and later by the pounding of the surf on the rocks. They passed Rocky Ledge and then Cow and Chickens Reef. Carrots knew all these places by heart, for he had explored all of them in small boats.

Beyond the reef was the open ocean. Straight out into this the boat plunged, taking the long rolling swells easily. She was a good, seaworthy craft, but, for all that, it took all the time and attention of the two men to steer her safely.

Time and again Carrots raised his head above the tarpaulin and glanced over the tops of the boxes and barrels. In one of these short glimpses he saw the twinkling light flash up ahead. But it was much brighter and larger now. It came from some sort of boat on the ocean. There was no beacon or buoy-light off the coast.

Suddenly one of the men left his position in the bow and came toward the stern. Carrots ducked under his piece of tarpaulin and kept as still as a mouse. He could hear the man testing the ropes to see if any of them had loosened or if the cargo had shifted.

He was glad when the man finally felt satisfied and stopped his fumbling. Once a hand came within a few inches of his red head, and he trembled with fear.

After that he lay for a long time absolutely silent, afraid to raise his head for another glimpse of the guiding light that flashed up at intervals ahead. It was not a steady light. It came and went, as if code signals were being exchanged. Whether the men in the bow were answering it, he could not guess.

The first information Carrots had that they were approaching close to the mysterious light came when the engine slowed down. The boat was proceeding at half speed, and Carrots could no longer resist the temptation to raise his head and look around.

At first he saw nothing. Then the light ahead began to burn steadily instead of spasmodically. It was a bright light, and so close that it seemed as if it could not be more than a stone's throw away. For a time he could see nothing else.

Then, slowly and gradually, there loomed up a long, dark object that made his heart beat faster. It was some sort of a low-lying craft, with the light burning at one end. Carrots could not make out the nature of the boat nor distinguish the bow from the stern.

Out of the darkness there came a sudden, short command; but Carrots never knew what it was, for it was in some foreign language—German, he concluded instantly. There was a response from the auxiliary in a similar guttural voice.

The power of the boat was shut off entirely, and the auxiliary drifted slowly toward the big dark object. Then Carrots made another discovery. The boat was a submarine! There was no mistaking the nature of the craft.

He could see the small conning-tower, and a long, projecting, mastlike object which could be nothing else than a periscope. But there was something else which he could just make out in the darkness. It was a powerful wireless, the aërials stretched between two masts that seemed to be collapsible.

Carrots forgot his danger and raised his head higher. His surprise was so great that he nearly tumbled overboard. The mystery had been solved, but the importance of his discovery nearly took his breath away.

It was a German submarine, and the men in the auxiliary were carrying supplies to her—oil, provisions, and other needful articles. That accounted for the cargo piled on the stern.

## Chapter IV

### MAN OVERBOARD

With Carrots' discovery came an acute consciousness of his great peril. They would make short work of him if he was discovered. The penalty of a spy is always death. And Carrots was a spy just as much as the two men who were working in the interests of their country. They were risking their lives in smuggling supplies to the German submarine from a country at war with their own.

Carrots had no time to form any plan for escape. The auxiliary warped up alongside the submarine, and several voices hailed her. Peeping from under his tarpaulin, Carrots saw the deck of the submarine within a few feet of him with several German sailors and officers looking down at the boxes and barrels. To make the slightest noise now, or to show his head, would mean capture—and short shrift.

Carrots felt decidedly uncomfortable under the tarpaulin. Through a narrow slit he could see without being seen, although at times he was



"SLOWLY AND GRADUALLY, THERE LOOMED UP A LONG, DARK OBJECT."

frightened by the thought that the keen eyes of the officers on the submarine had discovered him. Subdued lights appeared on the deck of the submarine to guide the men in unloading their cargo; but no unnecessary ones were shown. The fear of attracting attention either from the shore or from some patrol vessel caused the crew to work as expeditiously as possible in semi-darkness.

A crane swung out of the gloom and picked up boxes and barrels and dropped them silently into the hold of the submarine. The few orders given were delivered in German and in low voices. Carrots never regretted so much in his life that he had n't included German in his curriculum at college. Here he was listening, possibly, to great secrets that would be of value to his country, and not a word of the conversation could he understand.

Finally, the crane swung toward the stern deck, having emptied the cockpit and forward deck of all its cargo. Carrots started up with fear when the very barrel behind which he was hiding was lifted in the air. He caught desperately at the tarpaulin to keep it from going with the barrel.

His very desire to keep himself covered proved his undoing. He clung so hard to the end that he was jerked to his feet, for the tarpaulin had caught on the barrel and could not be loosened. If he had remained flat on the deck, instead of trying to hold down his cover, his presence might have gone undetected.

But when the irresistible pull of the crane jerked the tarpaulin from his hands, Carrots was standing upright in full view of the men. Even in the semi-darkness they could not fail to see

him. One fearful moment of uncertainty made him hesitate before he dropped to the deck and lay flat again.

But it was too late! A deep guttural exclamation escaped a pair of lips. Then out of the darkness a path of bright light from a pocket electric cut its way. Its dazzling rays blinded Carrots for an instant. He jerked his head to one side to avoid the light.

There was a rush of footsteps toward him, and one of the men who had come out in the power-boat exclaimed in good English: "A spy! Shoot him before he gets away!"

This was a more peremptory way of dealing with spies than Carrots had expected. At least, he had surmised they would capture him and give him some sort of a trial. To shoot him on sight was a trifle more than he had bargained for.

And Carrots had no intention of being shot. He did n't approve of such methods or relish the idea of being used as a target. So, instead of lying still in the path of the electric light, he started to roll to the opposite side of the deck. As he dodged the rays a gun was discharged and a bullet buried itself in the stout oak deck.

Before the light could pick him up again, he was at the side. Without pausing there, he jerked himself over, grasping the railing a moment to steady himself. All that the stream of light picked up when it reached him was a hand thrust upward.

At that instant the gun spoke again. Carrots felt a sharp pain in his hand, but he was in the water so quickly that he was not exactly sure whether he had been shot or whether his hand had come in contact with a nail or splinter.

Carrots was an expert swimmer and diver. He had won out in all swimming-matches at college, and once in the water he felt quite secure. Giving the side of the boat a sharp kick he pushed himself under water and began swimming.

He knew that his safety lay in getting as far away from the power-boat and submarine as he could before he had to rise to the surface again.

He swam as long and fast under water as he could, and then rose cautiously and noiselessly to the surface to fill his lungs with air. In that momentary glimpse he could see there was a commotion on the submarine. Men were running along the sides waiting for him to reappear.

Carrots took another long dive and swim. When his head emerged from the water the second time, the power-boat was cruising around, hunting for him. Apparently they were unwilling to use the powerful search-lights, which the submarine undoubtedly carried, for fear of attracting attention.

Carrots chuckled to himself when he saw the auxiliary zigzagging around, and once, when it came uncomfortably near him, he ducked again, increasing the distance between them till he felt perfectly safe. Treading water, he watched his enemies with eager eyes, but there was little he could see in the darkness. The low-lying hull of the submersible was barely visible, and owing to the deep shadows, the auxiliary was in total eclipse.

The few feeble lights had disappeared, and the ocean, save for the outline of the submarine, seemed deserted. There was no sound of human voices or the humming of any machinery. The sense of loneliness on the sea caused Carrots to reconsider his plan, and he began swimming slowly back. The possibility of being left alone in the sea, without even a board to cling to, brought a sudden panicky feeling.

But the unloading of the cargo of the power-boat had been completed, and the submarine began moving away, slowly at first, and then with increasing speed. A few moments later it disappeared from sight, having submerged so quietly that Carrots was hardly conscious of it until only the conning-tower was visible above the sea.

It was a long distance to any land. Carrots knew this only too well, and the fear of being drowned made him shiver. Good swimmer as he was, there was little chance of his reaching shore.

His one hope was to return to the power-boat unseen and cling to its side or stern until near enough to the shore to drop off. But the smaller craft had disappeared too. A moment later Carrots could hear its rhythmic chug in the distance.

He was abandoned to his fate on the ocean! It was sink or swim now. If he perished, the secret he held would die with him. All his efforts to fathom the mystery of the lights on the coast and all the danger he had risked would count for nothing. The spies could continue to use the cove as a submarine base until other eyes ferreted them out.

This thought, as much as his personal danger, rallied his drooping spirits. "I must get ashore some way," he muttered. "I 'll swim until I have n't strength to take another stroke."

He immediately began conserving his strength. He managed to loosen his shoes and kick them off; then his coat followed; and next his collar and necktie. Swimming lightly then, he headed for the shore, taking slow, measured strokes and using the drive of every wave to help him along.

In the excitement, he had given no thought to his hand, which had pained him slightly since his first dive from the power-boat; but now he held it up and looked at it. A dark streak, which he

knew to be blood, stained the palm so that even in the darkness he could see it.

"That bullet must have hit me," he muttered. "I hope it is n't anything serious."

But the chill of the water that had at first eased the pain now began to increase it. The salty brine washing into the wound soon sent little thrills of agony up and down his arm. With his mind relieved of all excitement, Carrots had more time to think of his hand and to worry about it.

"I wonder if the bullet went through the palm?" he asked himself, and treading water with his feet, he stopped long enough to examine it again. The hand was swollen, and the wrist too; but a lump on the back, which made him wince when he touched it, surprised him.

It was the bullet lodged just under the skin after it had passed through the palm. This gruesome discovery made Carrots sick and frightened. It was bad enough to be cast adrift on the ocean, without having a bullet lodged in his hand which would gradually stiffen the wrist and arm and cause him excruciating pain.

Carrots tried to stifle the fear that seized him. Imagination had something to do with it, now that he knew he had been shot, and he fought hard to keep his mind from dwelling upon it. But that was impossible. With each stroke he imagined his arm growing weaker and stiffer. He repeatedly felt of the lump, and each time shuddered.

"I can't go on long like this," he caught himself murmuring. "I wish I 'd never tried to escape."

But he knew this was untrue. If he had the opportunity again, he would do exactly as he had done. There was no other choice for one of Carrots' nature.

The chill of the water began to tell on his strength, and his strokes grew feebler and shorter. Still he kept up a steady pull for the shore. After a while his movements became automatic, his mind growing blank and numb. At times a dizzy sensation blurred his vision, and he closed his eyes.

"How long can I keep it up?" he asked himself in a dazed, monotonous way.

He thought of Bud training at Plattsburg, and grimly wondered if anything he had to endure equaled this. He wondered if Billy Ames or Lew Barton were still in the awkward squad. Then his mind reverted to his sister. Had Dora missed him yet, and, if so, was she looking for him? Perhaps not, for he often went up to his room at night without his sister knowing it.

He had a queer sensation that he was back in the potato-patch, hoeing out weeds. Somebody seemed to cross the field, trampling down the vines, and with sudden energy he roused himself and shouted, "Get out of there!"

The sound of his own voice brought him to his senses. A little dazed and confused, he looked around him. What had caused him to shout out? Oh, it was that noise ringing in his ears, a steady, sonorous clang!

Carrots was unable for a time to separate the noise from his half-waking dream. It was an illusion that still persisted in his conscious moments. It came to him from the right—a heavy, bell-like clamor, as if some one were pounding metal with a hammer. What was it?

Then his confused senses cleared. He started up with sudden eagerness. "It 's the bell-buoy on Turtle Reef!" he gasped.

Turtle Reef was the last one of the series of submerged rocks off the coast; and to warn ships approaching too near the shore, a bell-buoy had been installed on the outer ledge. Carrots knew of its existence, having often passed it in a boat. To his dazed mind now it seemed like a godsend.

His strength came back to him with a rush. He stopped swimming long enough to locate the buoy by the sound, and then began making his way toward it in the dark. The clanging of the bell as the buoy rose and fell on the waves was a sure guide, and in a few minutes Carrots was able to make out the dim, spindlelike framework.

The danger of being crushed against the heavy iron frame of the buoy, as each succeeding roller hurled him toward it, caused him to back water frantically. Three times he approached it on the crest of a wave, and then retreated, fearful lest he should make a mistake. The fourth time he made a grab for it, and caught the circular rim in both hands.

He clung to it desperately, waiting for the calm between the waves, and then climbed rapidly upward until he was beyond the reach of the highest roller. The din of the bell was deafening, but he was safe. His tired, aching limbs trembled; his head throbbed and pained; his mind once more grew dizzy, and the blackness of midnight settled over him.

When he opened his eyes again, he was still clinging to the bell-buoy, both arms wrapped around the spindle. Even in his sleep of exhaustion, he had unconsciously hung on in a spirit of desperation.

Morning had dawned in the east. A streak of light was spreading rapidly over the ocean, revealing the wide expanse of rolling, tossing waves. Carrots raised his head and glanced anxiously around. There was no sign of a ship or boat, and the shore-line in the distance was so



"THE MACHINE SWOOPED DOWN WITHIN FORTY OR FIFTY FEET OF THE BUOY"
(SEE NEXT PAGE)

far away that it looked like a cloud rising above the horizon.

Weak and exhausted from his night's swim, faint for lack of food, and suffering excruciating pain from the wound in his hand, Carrots dropped his head back on the iron frame and stared up at the heavens. He was too far gone to care much now whether he slipped off his uncertain perch or remained there to starve to death.

A speck in the sky caught his attention. He regarded it apathetically. A bird, perhaps—a winged creature that could skim the sea and never have to worry about boats; it could fly shoreward, and pick up its breakfast along the beach.

It grew in size, approaching him with incredible speed. Carrots could see now that it was a bird with an enormous stretch of wings. It soared around in great spirals, swinging down toward the water, and then mounting in swift flight before the wind. It was coming nearer every minute, until its outlines were clearly silhouetted against the blue of the sky.

Carrots suddenly raised his head with a start, and shaded his eyes with a trembling hand. Something in the action of the motionless wings of the bird startled him. A moment later, he was waving frantically, and shouting in a half-sobbing voice:

"An airship! A seaplane! It 's not a bird!"

It was, indeed a seaplane sweeping out of the sky toward him, a vigilant scout on duty off the coast. The aviator at his great altitude could see every speck on the ocean, and although apparently he had not yet discovered the castaway clinging to the bell-buoy, his attention was quickly attracted by the waving arms. The shouts were drowned by the noise of his engine.

The great airship began to spiral downward, circling in wide sweeps and approaching in a series of sharp dips and plunges. Carrots watched the great bird-machine with his heart in his throat. It seemed almost like a miracle that help should come to him out of the air. When he had given up in despair, the heavens had opened a way of escape.

The daring of the aviator thrilled him. Again and again, when the airship dipped or performed an intricate evolution, Carrots caught his breath, fearful lest the birdman would lose control of his machine and drop into the ocean.

But he came nearer and nearer, until the roar of the propellers sounded like the staccato explosions of a Gatling gun. Carrots could make out the aviator, who once waved a hand to him by way of encouragement.

The machine swooped down finally within forty or fifty feet of the buoy, and through a megaphone the aviator shouted to him. His voice was faintly heard above the din of his roaring machinery, but Carrots could make it out.

"I can't pick you up!" he called.

He swept by like an express-train, and Carrots felt his spirits suddenly drop. But when the seaplane came back on the next turn the aviator added:

"I 'll send help to you. Hang on a little longer!" He came back the third time and shouted, "Understand?"

Carrots nodded his head vigorously. He knew that his voice could not carry above the roar and rattling of the machine. The aviator seemed to comprehend, for he directed his machine upward, and began climbing back to his former great altitude. Carrots watched him in admiration until once more the seaplane looked like a small bird in the distance.

Then it turned abruptly and swept out toward the sea instead of in the direction of the land. Carrots was puzzled. Why did he not fly in the direction of the coast for help? That was the most natural thing to do.

For the first time Carrots began to doubt if he had understood aright. This uncertainty was gradually increased when the airship disappeared from view and once more he was left alone on the ocean. In vain he scanned the sky and sea to pick up any sign of the airship or a vessel. It seemed as if he had been abandoned to his fate.

Once more the dizziness threatened to overwhelm him. He had been in the water for so long that his body was chilled through, and his uncertain perch on the buoy was hardly less comfortable than swimming in the ocean. His limbs grew weak and numb. The constant surge of the waves, punctuated by the deafening crash of the bell, nauseated and sickened him. His head spun so that he had to close his eyes.

His wounded hand hurt him continually. The water had kept open the puncture made by the bullet, and the blood constantly trickled in a thin stream from it. His forearm was swollen clear up to his elbow.

Nature had almost reached the end of its endurance when a small speck appeared above the horizon. At first Carrots thought is was an optical illusion. He closed and opened his eyes to clear them of it. But the speck remained and steadily increased in size.

After that it grew rapidly. Carrots watched it anxiously until he could descry a pall of black smoke rising from it. "It 's a boat!" he murmured weakly.

*(To be concluded)*

# The Joyous Travelers.

## Verses by Emilie Poulsson and stories by Maud Lindsay.

## The Older Sister.



THE Older Sister, into girlhood grown,
Was fair and lovely as a rose half-blown.

At times as sportive as a young gazelle,
Sedately quiet was she oft, as well,
Bethinking her that romping ill became
Her sixteen years.
Anon, with broidery-frame,
She sat and to her elders' converse lent
(As seemly was) quick ear and mind attent.

Quick, also was her eager, glancing eye:
She saw what others passed unseeing by.
She loved the small wild creatures of the wood;
Their haunts she knew, their wild ways understood.
Were she alone, she charmed the squirrels near,
And e'en the timorous hares forgot their fear.
And when her tuneful bird-calls she would sound,
With tuneful answer birds came hov'ring round.
Her lively mind held dreams and fancies sweet,
And many a drollery and quaint conceit;
For pastime, from this motley she would take
Now this, now that, and simple tales would make.
One such, she, blushing, told; and at its close,
Looked more than ever like a lovely rose!




A KING once made three riddles of which he was so proud that he offered to give three pieces of silver, as round and as bright as the full moon, to the one who guessed them. But if any tried and failed, then must he tend the King's geese for as many days as there were riddles.

And there was much merriment at the King's court because of this; for though every lord and lady there was fain to try the riddles, not one could find the right answers for them.

The fine ladies and gentlemen were not the only ones who tested their wits with the King's rid-

dles, for the news of his offer traveled fast, and many who had nothing to do with the court came there to try the guessing.

But still the silver pieces lay in the King's money-bags unclaimed; and the geese had keepers in plenty.

Now, there was in the King's country a little shepherdess who fed her flock in a fair meadow not far from the palace; and she too heard of the riddles and longed to guess them.

"Others try, and why not I?" she said to herself; and when she had thought the matter over for as many days as the years she was old, she hired her a herder to take care of the sheep and went with a good courage to the palace.




When she came there and told her errand, the King's servants were astonished.

"Why, the King's own counselor tends the geese to-day—you can see him yonder, with his velvet gown tucked up to his knees and a willow switch in his hands. How can you hope to do what he has failed in?" they said.

But the little shepherdess would not be discouraged.

"If the King's counselor keeps the geese, surely I can tend them, if I must, and feel no shame," said she; "but first I shall try the riddles."

And when they saw that they could not persuade her, they took her to the King, who was never loath to tell his riddles; for every time he told them he liked them better.

"Will you hear all and then guess, or will you have one at a time?" he asked.

"One at a time, if it please Your Majesty," answered the little shepherdess.

So the King said:

"Out in the green field
I saw Curlykin
With my coat upon his back.
I did not lend it,
He did not steal it;
Nor was he chapman
Carrying his pack.
Yet in the green field
Saw I Curlykin
With my coat upon his back."

The little shepherdess thought it was a marvelous riddle, the best she had ever heard.

"And how long did it take to make such a fine riddle?" she asked.

"All night I lay awake thinking of it," answered the King, proudly.

"Then," said the little shepherdess, "'t is plain to see that I can not hope to guess the riddle in less time than Your Majesty took to make it; but if I come not with an answer on the morrow's morn, I shall tend the geese gladly."

And the King was the more willing to let her have her way because the riddle had pleased her.

So the little shepherdess went back to her meadow; and calling her sheep about her, she sat down under an oak-tree to think.

First she thought of everybody of whom she had ever heard who might be called Curlykin. Then she thought of the King's coat, and who might wear it; but the more she thought, the more puzzled she grew. And she was just about to give the riddle up, when her eyes fell upon her sheep, with their soft curly wool all ready for the shearer.

"May I never watch another flock if I have not the answer!" she cried, as she gazed upon them; and then she gathered them together and took them home, and went to bed, and to sleep, too, as if there were not a King or a riddle in the world.

But she was up early, the next morn, and at the palace by the time the breakfast dishes were set before the King.

"And have you brought an answer with you?" asked the King, when he saw her.

"If it please Your Majesty," said the little shepherdess; and dropping him a curtsy, she spoke out clearly so that all might hear:

"A gentle lamb the King's coat wears,
Forsooth, because the wool he bears
Soon by the shearer will be shorn,
To spinner, weaver, tailor borne,
And by the King at last be worn."

And she was right. How she guessed it, no one could imagine, but "A lamb" was the answer.




The King was so astonished by her cleverness that he made haste to give her the second riddle:

"Riddle me, riddle me, what can it be?
As I went home across the lea,
I met a merry minstrel there,
Singing lustily.
He kissed me, he chased me,
He snatched my bonnet from me;
Yet as I went across the lea,
No merry minstrel did I see."

Again the little shepherdess asked for time in which to guess the riddle.

"But if I come not by the morrow's morn with an answer, then will the geese have a new keeper," said she.

And when the King had consented to this, she returned to her meadow, and, calling her sheep about her, sat down under the oak-tree to think.

First, she thought of all the minstrels of whom she had ever heard. Then she thought of the fairy folk and elves, that hide themselves from sight; but the more she thought, the more puzzled she grew. And she was just about to give the riddle up, when the wind, that had been singing in the tree-top all the while, blew by in a sudden gust and carried off her kerchief.

"May I be a goose-girl forever if I have not the answer!" said the shepherdess, as she ran to get the kerchief; and she puzzled no more that day.

She roamed in the sunshine and rested in the shade; and when evening came, she took the sheep home, and went to bed, and to sleep, too, as if there were not a riddle or a King in the world.

But she was early at the palace the next morn.

"What, have you an answer?" said the King, when he saw her.

"If it please Your Majesty," said the little shepherdess, dropping a curtsy before him; and she spoke out clearly so that all might hear:

"The merry wind a minstrel is,
A-singing lustily;
And many a prank he plays in glee;
Yet none the merry wind can see."

And she was right. However she had guessed it, no one could imagine, but "The Wind" was the answer.

The King was so astonished at her cleverness that he made haste to put to her the last riddle:

"Lady Green Mantle climbs over the wall,
With never a stumble and never a fall;
But though on the highest of towers she 's found,
She never lifts up her feet from the ground."

The little shepherdess asked once more for time in which to guess the riddle.

"But if on the morrow's morn I come not with an answer," said she, "then shall I be a goose-girl indeed."

And once more the King let her have her way, for how to refuse her he did not know.

So the little shepherdess went back to her meadow, and, calling her sheep about her, sat under the oak-tree to think.

First she thought of all the fine ladies she had ever seen. Then she thought of all the climbers of whom she had ever heard; but she could not think of an answer for the King's riddle. She puzzled over it all the rest of the day and on the way home with her sheep at evening. When she went to bed she slept not for thinking of it; yet the morrow's morn found her without an answer.

She would fain have stayed away from the King's palace, but she knew she must go. So when she had taken her sheep to the meadow and left them there with the herd, she started on her way, as slow as a snail.

But slowly as she walked, she came to the palace too soon to please herself; and she was just dragging her feet up the steps, when she heard one of the King's servants say to another:

"Look you, how the ivy has covered the tower window."

The little shepherdess looked too, and all at once her heart, that had been as heavy as lead, grew as light as a feather.

"May I never guess another riddle if I have not the answer!" she said to herself as she hastened up the palace steps to seek the King.

And when he had questioned her and she had made her curtsy before him, she spoke out clearly, so that all might hear:

"The ivy, with its mantle green,
On many an olden wall is seen;
But though on highest towers 't is found,
Its roots are firm within the ground."

And as soon as the King heard the answer he sent for his money-bags and bestowed the silver pieces upon her; and he was the better pleased to do this because he saw that she was as good a riddle guesser, as he was a riddle maker.



# LOST ISLAND

## BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR AND H. P. HOLT

### CHAPTER IX

#### ADVENTURES AHEAD

"THREE of us," replied Dave. "And all mighty glad to see you."

"What is it? A picnic party? Well, I 'm hanged!" said a big, broad-shouldered man, with a pleasant ring in his voice.

"Much obliged to you for calling," said Tempest. "Hope we have n't inconvenienced you."

"It 's a wonder we 're here at all," said the big man. "I saw your beacon as I was going below. Marooned?"

"Our ship had a bit of an argument with a rock out there," said Tempest, "and the rock won. We 'd be glad of a passage out of this. You in a hurry? There 's lots of stores worth taking."

"Stores, eh?" said the big man, who proved to be the mate. "Guess I 'd better see the skipper about that. It 'll be daylight in a few hours. You come off and see him."

A dozen faces peered curiously over the side of the steamer as they approached it.

"Bless my soul!" said the skipper, when Dave and his companions stepped aboard. "What have we got here?"

Tempest explained briefly, thanked the captain for stopping, and mentioned the stores.

"Why, yes, I 'll be glad to have them," said the skipper. "We 're not over provisioned. Those natives at Fiji wanted too much for their things for my liking, so I only took enough to last till we hit 'Frisco."

As soon as it was light the captain himself went off and inspected the mass of stuff that had been landed from the *Manihiki*.

"Jer-usalem!" he said, "but this lot is worth a young fortune. Who 's the real owner of it?"

"You 'll have to fight that out with the owners of the *Manihiki*," said Tempest. "May I ask if you 're calling anywhere on the way to Frisco?"

"A few places in Samoa, then Washington Island and Honolulu," replied the skipper.

Tempest smiled.

"That's funny," he said. "I was going to ask you to oblige us with a passage at the expense of the *Manihiki's* owners, but since you 're bound for Washington Island it would be much better if you could sign us on as members of your crew."

"Why, certainly. I can do that," said the skipper. "What 's the idea?"

"Nothing much," Tempest observed, "except that we might have a little—er—business not so far from Washington Island; and some extra cash might come in handy when we get there."

The captain displayed no further curiosity in the matter. He had knocked about the South Seas too long to be surprised by the mysterious movements of men there. He turned his attention to hustling out to the ship all the miscellaneous articles which had to be got aboard and checked; and long before midday his vessel was again heading for the northeast.

"Do you know where we are going to get off this packet, Dave?" Tempest asked as soon as they got the opportunity for a quiet chat.

"Not exactly," the boy replied.

"Some people never can see a piece of luck when it comes their way, even if it is sticking out half a yard," said Tempest.

An idea flashed into the boy's mind. Christmas Island was away to the northeast. They were going northeast as fast as their engines could whir.

"Are you thinking about the *Hatteras?*" Dave said in a low voice. He was conscious of a little thrill even as he put the question. Hitherto, their discussions about the treasure-ship had been more or less vague. True, there had been wagging of wise heads and solemn discussions over charts in smoky cabins, but they had always taken place many thousands of miles from that mysterious island where the semblance of a camel's back loomed up over a lagoon.

"Tell me what Washington Island has got to do with it?" Dave asked, with a serious light in his gray eyes.

"Only this—that if we get off there, we shall be within something like three hundred miles of the spot where your old mariner says the bones of the *Hatteras* are sticking up out of the sand," Tempest replied. "Even three hundred miles is a mighty long distance, in a way, but it 's better than three thousand, and it looks to me as though Old Man Opportunity was going out of his way to knock at your door a second time. Do you remember that I once told you there comes a time in everybody's life when it 's worth while to go full steam ahead whatever effort it costs? Now, it looks to me as though this is where you and I should wake up."

"Well, you know, Tempest, whatever you say, I 'm with you." A queer sense of excitement was beginning to creep over the boy. It was only at rare moments that Bruce Tempest dropped the

mask of light-hearted carelessness, and he was certainly serious now. "What do you suggest?"

"I can't say," Tempest replied with a light laugh, seeing how intent the boy had suddenly become. "Don't let this make an old man of you. We may be on a wild-goose chase all the time—but then again we might not. And what we 've got to do is to assume that it *is n't* a wild-goose chase."

"Well, there 's one thing," Dave commented. "One might go to sea for a hundred years and never get as near as three hundred miles to Lost Island again."

"That 's just my point," said Tempest. "To tell you the truth, I can't see very far ahead at the moment. If we had a private yacht and plenty of money, the thing would be simplified. Anyway, we 've got arms and legs, and Jim is going to stick with us."

"By the way, Tempest," Dave said, "has it ever occurred to you to wonder whether that treasure really would be ours if we did find it?"

"It has, and it would," the other replied. "I know what you mean—the man who mined it turning up and claiming it and all that sort of thing. Yes, I have thought of that, and I should think it 's about a million to one that nothing of the sort could possibly happen after all these years. I talked that over with old Lightning Grummitt, and he took the same view that I do. No, laddie, put that right out of your mind. Never cross your bridges before you get to them. If the man who dug that platinum up is alive, I should be only too pleased to let him have his share if he did bob up. But it just won't happen. If he were alive, don't you think he would have moved heaven and earth to get back to the wreck of the *Hatteras* and rescue his blessed stuff?"

"I suppose he would," Dave agreed. "But if it comes to that, how do we know that he never did go back to the *Hatteras* and get it, the same way that we propose to do now?"

"How do you know that pigs can't fly when you are n't watching 'em?" Tempest expostulated. "How do you know the earth is n't flat? How do you know the moon is n't made of green cheese? You 've never been up to see."

During his watch below, Dave spent some time during the run to the Samoan Islands writing to his father, knowing that Captain Hallard must be growing anxious. He told how they had been cast away, and wrote cheerfully about all the adventures he had had since leaving Australia. Of the immediate future, however, he said very little, not being sure himself of what was to happen.

"I am leaving this ship," he added, "at Washington Island, with my friend Bruce Tempest, and we may stop a week or two in that neighborhood."

Dave nibbled the end of his pen thoughtfully for a while. He was wondering whether his father would look Washington Island up on the map and connect his making a stop there with the old *Hatteras*.

Tempest, these days, was growing very serious. He rarely lost his old, bantering way, but there were moments when he was unusually thoughtful. He was wrestling with the problem of how one man, one boy, and one Kanaka were to perform the prodigious feat they had set themselves on an extremely limited capital with the best possible chance of success. It was not an easy problem. It would be galling to get so far and not to be able to get any farther. And yet Tempest had the conviction that they would find a solution to some of their difficulties. As to the treasure, his mind was perfectly open on that point. To him the matter was merely an interesting possibility. There were a dozen reasons why, even if they ever did reach the end of this curious journey they were planning, they would never find what they were seeking at the end of it; but the bare possibility of success made it worth trying. And when Tempest did find anything in life that he considered worth going after, he went after it very hard.

## CHAPTER X

### INTRODUCING MR. JOE FLAGG

THE weather was sizzling hot as the steamer neared Washington Island, which is only about two hundred and fifty miles north of the equator. Dave and Tempest received the pay they had earned on board, according to arrangement, and gladly added it to their joint capital.

The first thing Tempest did when he got ashore was to inquire whether there was likely to be a vessel of any kind going to Christmas Island soon, but he was disappointed. Traders calling at Washington were few and far between.

The population consisted chiefly of colored folk, who appeared to have nothing much to do except bask in the sweltering heat. Dave was feeling distinctly glum, when a short, rotund man, remotely resembling a barrel in shape, rode past on an extremely lean pony. Recognizing strangers, the man nodded and drew rein.

"Can I offer you any assistance?" he asked. Perspiration was oozing in streams from his brow, which he constantly wiped with a very large handkerchief.

"Thanks," Dave said, "we wanted to get to Christmas Island."

"Why, that's worse than Washington," said the fat man, "and heaven knows this is bad enough. Nothing ever happens here except the rising of the sun, and then all we can do is to wait till it goes down again. Christmas Island is so near the equator you could almost jump onto it from there."

"Well, we 're going the first chance we get. Can you say when that might be?"

"Maybe a month," said the stranger. "You can't tell. What 're you going to do in the meantime?" In the intervals between mopping his brow he was studying the boy and Tempest closely, and apparently the inspection pleased him.

"I guess we shall have to find somewhere to stop," Dave said. "It does n't look like a place where we are likely to get work."

"Work!" the man laughed. "No. I 've been here as a planter for some years now, and I confess I never did see any one work yet. To tell you the truth, it 's always a mystery to me how anything ever gets done. You have to explode a stick of dynamite behind these colored people to get a move on them. When I was running a store in Dogtooth City, Dakota, I would n't have stood for this sort of thing, no siree! I was strictly business every time and all the time there. I made my pile in Dogtooth City, and I won't say I did n't come pretty near to making Dogtooth City, too. I was mayor of that little burg three times, and sometimes I wonder which particular kind of a fool I am to be here now, when I could go back to Dogtooth and be mayor a fourth time if I liked. They know there that Joe Flagg won't stand any nonsense."

Clearly, Mr. Flagg was naturally garrulous, and he was letting off steam, not having had the opportunity to speak to a stranger for some time. But also he was thinking while he talked, and evidently made up his mind at length.

"It 's mighty lonely up at my bungalow," he went on after a scarcely perceptible pause, during which he gave a final and comprehensive glance at the pair, "but I 'd sure be tickled to death if you 'd come up and stop with me for a while. It seems as though I had n't had any one to talk to in years. Now when I was in Dogtooth City—"



"RECOGNIZING STRANGERS, THE MAN NODDED AND DREW REIN"

"That's very kind of you," said Tempest, leaping at the chance. "To tell you the truth, we were just beginning to wonder what was going to happen to us. If we can give you any help about the place—"

"Tush, tush!" said Mr. Flagg. "You are doing me a favor. I like to let my tongue wag, and I 've got nobody to talk to up there but Kanakas."

"By the way, we 've got a Kanaka that we 're taking along with us," Tempest said, nodding his head in Jim's direction. "If you would n't mind giving him a shake-down, too—"

"Sure! Bring him right along. This reminds me of old times. Why, my house was Liberty Hall when I lived in Dogtooth City—"

Mr. Flagg rambled on as his skinny pony walked in leisurely fashion over the brow of a hill, along a lane between the waving trees of the plantation, and finally to a rambling house with a wide veranda running all round it.

"Here we are," said Mr. Flagg. "And when I tell you you 're the first people I have had staying under my roof for nearly eighteen months, perhaps you'll understand how glad I am to have you. It 's no hotel, mind you. We have to put up with a lot of things besides heat on Washington Island, but I 've drilled my boy into cooking till he is one splendid artist with the pots and pans, though he did n't even know how to open a can of beans when I first took him in hand. Yessir, Joe Flagg knows how to cook, though I do say it. When I was in Dogtooth City—"

"He 's a decent sort of chap, is n't he?" said Tempest to Dave a little later, when they were alone for a few minutes.

"He 's great, so far as his hospitality goes," the boy replied. "This suits us down to the ground, but I fancy we shall get a bit tired of Dogtooth City before we say good-by, sha' n't we?"

"That 's easy," said Tempest. "All you have to do when you see it coming is to butt in with some other subject, and he switches off all right."

Mr. Flagg certainly went out of his way to be agreeable to his guests, and both Dave and his companion found it a particularly pleasant change to live in a comparatively comfortable house and be waited on. Joe Flagg was as amusing as he was fat, and he often sat by the hour puffing at his pipe, telling remarkable stories of his early life in the West, when men really carried six-shooters just as they do to-day in the movies. In spite of his rotundity Joe Flagg was a very active man. He was always wiping perspiration from his brow with the great handkerchief, but the way he got round on foot put his scraggy pony to shame. Also he was an amateur sailor of no mean ability, and often went for a long cruise, accompanied by a couple of Kanakas, in a three-ton sailing craft in which he seemed to take more interest than he did in his plantation or anything else. He appeared to be devoid of fear. His boat certainly rode well in a heavy sea, but the rougher the weather the more Flagg liked it.

"I 'd run the three of you over to Christmas Island myself," he said one day, "only I don't want to lose you."

"You must know these waters well, then."

"I ought to," said Flagg. "I 've been pottering around in 'em for years."

Tempest was thoughtful for a few moments. He caught Dave's eye. The same idea had occurred to both of them at that instant.

"There was a bark called the *Hatteras* went ashore somewhere around here years ago," Tempest said at last. "Ever hear anything of it?"

Joe Flagg rubbed his chin with a pudgy finger.

"The name is kind of familiar," he said, "but I don't place it for the minute. A good many ships have hit trouble in this locality first and last."

"Did you ever land on Fanning Island? Do you know any of the islands to the south of there—in the direction of Christmas Island, I mean?" asked Tempest.

"Yes, in a way," Flagg said. "There are n't many of 'em till you get nearer the equator. Pretty lonely spots too, let me tell you."

"Did you ever notice a wreck on one of them?"

"More than one," replied their host, "but I don't remember anything particular about any of 'em. The sea does n't leave much of them except a few ribs after a year or so."

Again Dave and Tempest exchanged glances.

"I wonder whether you happen to know of an island round about there that has a biggish hill on it that looks like a camel's back," Tempest said.

"There is one with a hill on it," replied Flagg, reaching for a chart, "and that may be the one you 're talking of. You see, they 're all very low in the water. That island with the hill must have been bumped up by an earthquake or something. I never noticed a camel's back on it, but you 'd probably only see the resemblance from one side. I 'm not quite sure, but I think this is it," he went on, indicating the point on the chart with the stem of his pipe. "You thinking of setting up a real estate business there?" he asked, with an amused smile. "I give you my word that it 's one dreary place."

How many times had Dave and Tempest pored over their chart and speculated idly on which of the little dots indicated *their* island!

"It certainly does just about fit it, does n't it?" Tempest said to Dave with a touch of enthusiasm. "We 'll make for there first, anyway."

"Well, it 's none of my business," said Mr. Flagg, "but if there 's any way I can help you, put a name to it."

"That 's very kind of you," said Tempest, apparently absorbed for the moment in getting an obstinate pipe to burn. Here was Old Man Opportunity hammering hard. Mr. Flagg had a

boat that was perfectly suitable for the trip. Mr. Flagg and his two Kanaka sailors knew the waters as well as any one else. Mr. Flagg, also, probably knew the very place Dave and Tempest were so anxious to reach. Tempest did some hard and quick thinking in a very few seconds. It would only be fair, if they took Mr. Flagg into partnership, to give him a full share of the possible proceeds. After burning his second match, Tempest had decided that he and Dave would carry out their original program and do the whole thing off their own bat if possible. At least they could make their one big effort. If that failed,—if they could not get a boat, or if they got a boat and could not find the place they were looking for,—it would always be possible to come back to Joe Flagg and put the proposition up to him on a proper business basis.

"No, I don't see exactly that you can do anything for us," Tempest added at length. "There 's a wreck there that Dave and I have a particular fancy to look over, and we 're going to make a trip in that direction from Christmas Island, when we get there. It may be waste of time, but we 've set our minds on it. There was some stuff worth a pile of money on the *Hatteras* when she was lost, but that 's a good many years since."

"Go to it," said Flagg encouragingly. "Never let a chance slip by. That has always been my motto, because if you don't grab your chances in this world, you won't get anywhere. But if I may express an opinion without discouraging you, it seems like a mighty slender chance to me. Perhaps you 've never seen a real storm in this part of the world, eh? I mean the sort of storm that smashes everything. Well, I tell you that anything but rocks on the beach gets beaten up into splinters in very little time. I 'm afraid you won't find any wreck there. If I 'm not too inquisitive, what is the stuff in the vessel? You 've got a nice job on if it is at all bulky."

"Platinum," Tempest replied. "It is worth a good deal more than gold nowadays. It would be easy enough to handle if ever we got the chance to handle it."

Joe Flagg shook his head slowly many times.

"I hate to sound like a wet blanket," he said, "but you 're up against some proposition. Do you know what part of the ship this treasure stuff was stored in?"

"Well, it would n't be in the hold," Tempest said. "We figure on it being in one of the cabins, or perhaps the owner had given it into the captain's care. He might have had it locked up in his quarters."

"Yes, but my dear man," Flagg said, "you don't tell me seriously that you expect to find the captain's cabin there now, with the remains of his breakfast on the table just as he left it!"

"Well, we 're going, anyway, are n't we, Dave?" replied Tempest. "You see, Mr. Flagg, there is just this point. The bark is n't lying in an exposed place. She is—or was—squatting snugly, weighted down with sand, in the shelter of a lagoon where the sea practically could n't smash her up. At any rate, she would have a far better chance in there than she would if she were just lying stranded on the rocks in the open."

"That makes a difference," said Flagg, more encouragingly, "though you 'll have to go there to find out how much difference. Listen to me, Tempest. I 'm a man of business, as any one in Dogtooth City will tell you, and all my life I 've been willing to take a chance when there was a good thing going. You know well enough that there are big difficulties ahead of you. Now, why not let me come in on the deal? My boat is lying here in Shavay Bay doing nothing in particular. I could provision her for the trip and land you right back here on this beach with the stuff—if we found it. What do you say? Of course, I would n't want to do it for nothing. The whole thing is a matter of speculation. I suppose there 's only you and the boy in on the proposition. Suppose we say split the proceeds into three?"

Dave looked at his friend inquiringly. He had great respect for Tempest's judgment, and would have fallen in with any suggestion Tempest considered satisfactory. The idea sounded fair enough. Anyway, Dave was not actuated by any mercenary motive; so far, the love of adventure had carried him toward the *Hatteras* as much as had any hope of monetary reward. Tempest knew that, and he avoided the boy's eyes for the moment. Of course, it would have been by far the easiest course to do as Flagg said, but from a purely business point of view the notion struck Tempest as being stupid. If Mr. Flagg had suddenly descended with his boat on them while they were marooned after the wreck of the *Manihiki*, it was very possible that Tempest would have leaped at the chance of making the little fat man a partner in the matter. But as things were, it was different. Fortune had favored them greatly by bringing them so close to the spot they were struggling to reach. Perhaps fortune would do more for them. The weather remained perfect. It would be so easy to offer a third of a possible fortune in return for this proffered assistance.

"I 'm very much obliged to you," he said, after careful deliberation, "and I don't mind saying it 's a big temptation, because it sounds fair; but you

see, Mr. Flagg, we 've made up our minds to worry through alone. I 'm not very obstinate in the ordinary way, but when I do set my teeth into a thing it takes a whole lot to get 'em out again. I 'll tell you what I would be very glad to do, though. We want a boat. You know that. Let us have yours for the trip, and in return we will pay you whatever you think is reasonable for the hire of it. And on the top of that, we 'll undertake to hand over a thousand dollars more in case we are successful. Are you agreeable?"

The discussion of high finance evidently made Joe Flagg perspire more than ever. He mopped his brow industriously, but shook his head.

"No sir," he said. "Nobody goes off in the *Firefly* except when I 'm in her. I 've allus made that a rule, and I allus shall. I come in as a partner for a third of the spoil, or the *Firefly* stops where she is."

"Then there is nothing more to be said on the subject, Mr. Flagg, and I 'm sorry we can't do business with you," said Tempest.

"All right," said their rotund host, indifferently. "I don't blame you. Probably I 'd feel the same way myself if I were in your shoes. A difference of opinion in a little matter of business need n't alter friendship, need it? Now, I remember when I was mayor of Dogtooth City—"

## Chapter XI

### In which the *Firefly* disappears

In spite of his obvious disappointment, Joe Flagg remained as suave and courteous to his two guests as ever. Both Tempest and Dave, however, began to grow restless as time slipped along. There was still no sign of a vessel calling to take them to Christmas Island, and they felt they could not impose on Mr. Flagg's generous hospitality much longer.

When Mr. Flagg was engaged with affairs connected with his plantation, the other two often went for a long hike together. It was seven miles from one end of the island to the other. There were few houses except those near Invisible Bay, where the chief settlement was situated. The idea of hiring another boat had already occurred to Tempest, but unfortunately there was not one that appeared to be suitable for the purpose. A good many of the island's residents owned small craft, but Tempest was not inclined to trust his own life and that of Dave to such cockle-shells.

During one of their rambles they heard that there was an Englishman named Cresswell living near the north shore, who had a fairly useful sailing-boat called the *Nautilus*, and the pair promptly started off on a tour of inspection. Cresswell, they found, was a taciturn soul, who spent most of his life nursing a grouch and a bad leg. He could only hobble about with the aid of a stick, and his boat was lying on the beach, exposed to the merciless glare of the tropic sun. The paint on its side was blistered, and the heat was fast reducing it to the condition of a sieve.

Tempest examined it carefully before boarding Cresswell, and though far from pleased with the craft, he decided it might be made seaworthy.

The task of putting the matter before Cresswell, however, was a somewhat delicate one, for their funds were not in a flourishing condition, and all the money they possessed would be needed for provisions, unless they were to run the risk of starving to death out of sight of land.

"We want to make a little trip on the water, sir," said Tempest, "and we thought perhaps you might loan your boat to us, for a consideration."

Cresswell glared from one to the other.

"Who told you I 'd lend it?" he asked acidly.

"Nobody," replied Tempest. "But we need it rather badly, and as you were n't using it just now we thought you perhaps might. She 's just getting ruined by lying there in the sun. If you would be so kind as to allow us to use her for a while, I 'll make her seaworthy for you."

"Don't know as I want her made seaworthy," the man replied. "She 's comfortable enough lying where she is."

"I 'm sorry we can't offer to pay for it in advance, Mr. Cresswell," Dave said, "but I 'll give you my word that the money shall be sent to you sooner or later."

Cresswell laughed. Something about the notion seemed to amuse him. He scrutinized the boy carefully for a few moments.

"Hang me if I don't put you to the test, youngster," he said. "Ten dollars a day is what I 'll charge you, and you 're to make good anything that gets broken. And if you find she 's sinking and you 're going to drown, don't annoy me by throwing farewell messages overboard in bottles."

Before Dave or Tempest had time to thank him properly Mr. Cresswell hobbled into his house.

"He 's a queer sort," Dave said.

"Never mind, we have a boat now," commented Tempest, with a new flash of enthusiasm. "She is n't exactly the sort of craft I should have chosen for monkeying about with in the Pacific, but she 's better than nothing. Now my lad, off with that coat of yours. We have a nice little job ahead of us to fix the tub."

Near the boat was a shed in which the sails were stored. They were in passable condition. Some of the lanyards were rotten, but there was other rope that could be utilized for the pur-

pose. The first thing they did was to haul the boat down to the water's edge and half sink her to swell her timbers. They put in the rest of that day repairing the gear.

Next morning they found their boat considerably improved. They hauled her high and dry, and set to work calking the leaky cracks. Before nightfall Tempest nodded approvingly as he surveyed the result of their labors.

"I 'm satisfied," he said. "If only we have fairly decent weather, there is n't the least cause for us to feel anxious. Come on, Dave. Let 's take her for a spin."

When afloat, the *Nautilus* exceeded Tempest's expectations. They tried her both before the wind and tacking, and their spirits rose joyously when they found how handy she was.

Up to the present they had said nothing to Joe Flagg about their acquisition of the *Nautilus*, out of consideration for that individual's feelings, but now it was necessary to mention the matter, as all that remained to be done before they could start was to lay in the necessary stock of food and water.

"I hope he won't feel sore about it," said Dave, as they walked back. "I believe he thought we should change our minds eventually and take him into partnership."

"He certainly has been mighty good to us," Tempest replied, "and I would n't do anything to make him feel peeved if I could help it, bless his heart. But business is business, Dave, and we should be foolish to let sentiment interfere with an affair of this kind."



"'WHO TOLD YOU I'D LEND IT?' HE ASKED, ACIDLY"

Joe Flagg was awaiting them on the veranda, beaming as usual, and working diligently with the handkerchief upon his moist brow.

"I thought you 'd deserted me," he said. "What have you two rascals been up to all day?"

"Getting ready to desert you, Mr. Flagg," said Tempest. "We have changed our program a little instead of going to Christmas Island. I 'm afraid we have almost overstayed our welcome as it is."

"What 's this—what 's this?" puffed their host. "What d' you mean about overstaying your welcome? Wait till I say anything like that. I know of no vessel coming here for a week yet."

"That 's so," said Tempest. "Fortunately we 've found a sailing-boat that will do for our purpose."

Mr. Flagg did not speak for a moment.

"All right, my lads," he said at last. "You know your own affairs best. But don't get any crazy notion into your heads that I 'm wanting to turn you out. Under my roof you can stop as long as you have a mind to, see?"

Mr. Flagg was so amiable about the matter, and treated his guests with such marked affability during the rest of the evening that Tempest almost found it in his heart to relent. Only the fact that the trim little *Nautilus* was lying snugly at anchor caused him to refrain. After an early breakfast next morning Dave and his companion started out for the north shore to take possession of their boat.

Five minutes after they went aboard the *Nautilus* was heading round the bend toward Shavay Bay, both her occupants feeling more than a little pleased with themselves.

"Hello, Flagg's boat is out, I see," Dave said when they reached their destination.

"I guess he has gone fishing," Tempest said.

"No, he said he was going to be very busy on the plantation all day. He will kick up a nice rumpus with his two Kanakas if they have taken the *Firefly*."

For some hours Tempest and Dave were exceedingly busy. It was probable that their very lives would depend on what they took on board, so they laid out their scant capital with the utmost care at the island's solitary store. A couple of axes, shovels, and a few simple cooking utensils were placed on board.

"I 'm afraid we have n't got much in the way of navigating instruments," Tempest said, "but Jim will help us to worry through. This pocket-compass of mine is fairly accurate, and with our old chart we ought to manage all right. Heigho! I 've known amateur yachtsmen who 'd be scared to death at the idea of making the trip that is in front of us without a sextant, chronometer, patent log, barometer, dividers, and parallel rulers, besides compass and charts. Never mind, it 's a comfort to reflect that you can only be drowned once. Dave, my son, we 're in for it now. A life on the ocean wave, eh? In my time I 've done some funny things, but I never before set out in a cockle-shell like ours, with one boy and a Kanaka, looking for lost treasure. Well, we 're ready now," he added, as they placed the last beaker of fresh water in the *Nautilus*. "I only want to see the wind shift round a bit and then we will start."

"It 's due east now, is n't it?" Dave said.

"Pretty near, and a nice job we should have beating up against it. I should regard it as a good omen if the fates sent us a gentle little breeze from the northwest to start us nicely on our journey. Let 's go up to the bungalow and say good-by to old Flagg, bless him! He has been a real friend to us."

But Flagg was not there, nor did he put in an appearance when the sun was dipping in a crimson sky to the westward.

"Bother him!" Tempest said. "We can't very well slide off without wagging his paw and saying a few nice things. I wish he 'd come. The breeze is dodging round more to the west'ard, and we should get a fine start now."

After darkness had fallen Tempest began to grow anxious about Flagg. The men employed on the plantation reported that they had seen nothing of him all day, and his scraggy pony was securely tethered in its stable.

"This is beginning to get mysterious," Dave said.

"I think perhaps we ought to organize a search-party and hunt for him," Tempest suggested. "He may be lying injured somewhere."

Dave was looking out over the darkened sea. He said nothing for several minutes.

"I wonder whether a search-party would find him," Dave observed after a lengthy pause.

"Why, what do you mean?" Tempest asked quickly. His own nerves were almost on edge.

"I mean," said Dave, slowly, "do you really think he is on Washington Island this minute?"

"Great Mackerel, Dave, but I 'm glad you 've said it! Do you know, the same idea has been worrying me ever since sunset, and yet I hated to put it into words."

"Well, since we have put it into words, what about it?"

There was a steely glitter in the boy's eyes which Tempest had never seen there. The same glitter had come once or twice before, when Dave suddenly found himself in danger or when faced with apparently insurmountable obstacles, just as it had come into the eyes of his father and his grandfather on similar occasions.

"There is no sign of the *Firefly*," agreed Tempest. "I wonder if the old villain is trying to beat us to it."

"Now I come to think of it," said Dave, "he never could look one straight in the face. Tempest, I 've got my suspicions!"

"And so have I, Dave," Tempest replied, now thoroughly strung up. "The longer we hang around here, the better start he has. Fortunately, the wind has n't been in the right quarter to please him all day. Come on, Dave," he added, already hurrying in the direction of their boat. "I don't know what speed Flagg can knock out of the *Firefly*, but we 'll give him a run for his money in the *Nautilus*."

*(To be continued)*



"A RAY OF SUNLIGHT." PAINTED BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

# CINDERELLA'S GRANDDAUGHTER

BY BETH B. GILCHRIST

## Chapter VIII

### WHAT 'S IN A SLIPPER?

Dorothea had often wondered what Aunt Ida would choose for the souvenir of her magic month. The pretty silver-mesh purse? A necklace? The little gold wrist-watch? Her imagination roved among the trinkets with which the dressing-table in the blue-and-gold room at Fairwood had been stocked, but without settling to rest on any one of them. They were all so pretty, it would be hard to make a selection. But when she drew aside the enfolding tissue in the box that actually came, she realized at once that there had been no chance for choice. The rose-pink gown was inevitably right. Its shimmering folds summed up all the carefree, luxurious living of three weeks and a half in one rosy, modish dream. With a little crooning cry the girl picked it up in her arms and laid her cheek against it, as though in its exquisite perfection she were caressing the beauty and glamor, the gayety and ease, of life at Fairwood.

"I never dreamed she would send anything so big," she thought happily, delving deeper into the box. "Here are the silk stockings and the slippers, and—why, everything that goes with it, straight through! What a darling Aunt Ida is! Oh, I did have such good times in this dress!"

Deliberately, though it was mid-forenoon, Dorothea dropped down on the floor beside the open box and dreamed of those good times.

"Just for ten minutes," she told herself. "I 'll work all the faster for taking a breathing-space. You dear, beautiful dress! You made me so fine, I did n't know myself. Could you do it again, I wonder, just any time I should put you on?"

So the belated postman's ring found her. The first letter bore Dorothea's name. Without looking farther, she tore it open eagerly and read with quickening pulse-beats.

"Oho! So she tried to send me one slipper, and it looked so lonesome she had to put in the other things! She hopes I won't object if in this case I don't pattern perfectly on my grandmother. I don't, not in the least, thank you—you wonderful person!" The girl blew a kiss in the direction of far-away Fairwood.

Then she grew sober, for the letter continued:

It is a trifle difficult to put off our friend Jerry. I did n't know what you wanted him to know, so I told him nothing. The boy found me as impenetrable to his inquiries about you as I found him persistent in seeking an opportunity to make them. Now the adroit young scamp has written you—I judge by the postmark. He knows I cannot be too dense to forward a letter. I have just re-directed it, thereby shifting responsibility to your shoulders. Do what you like, my dear. He is a nice boy, an uncommonly nice boy, I incline to think.

Dorothea put out her hand and searched through the envelops beside her for Jerry's script. There it was, big and black and emphatic, scrawling across the white square. And under the name, in Aunt Ida's small, firm lettering, Dorothea's home town and street.

Quickly the girl broke the seal. Jerry began without salutation:

Miss you, Dorothea? Well, rather! What do you think a dance is like without the girl it 's given for? We all bucked up and did our handsomest, but—I guess it 's all in the but. You know— Perfectly good dance, but— Perfectly good bunch of girls, but— Scrumptious music, flowers, eats, everything, but— Next time don't get panicy and run away. Sit tight and work the wires. Western Union needs something to do. Mrs. Wright says the kids are coming out fine. Mighty glad to hear it. But you 're all right, Dorothea. You would n't be you if you had n't run at the first squeal.

Invite another girl to the frat doings? You bet I did n't! No substitutes wanted. Norman lent me Marje now and then. An extra fellow fits in well enough at such times, especially when another fellow has two girls. Oh, I was useful, but I can't say I had the best time ever. If I should ask a certain girl up to the Prom, do you suppose she 'd accept my invitation? And if she said she 'd come, would her family be likely to keep themselves out of the doctor's clutches long enough to let her get there? *"Up* to the Prom" is good, is n't it, when I don't even know where you live? Tried hard enough to find out last week. Drove over to Aunt Isabel's for the week-end,—no, we 're not exactly living over there,—but Mrs. Wright talked so fast the only time I saw her—about you and the first Marathon and a number of other things—I did n't get a chance to find out your address. Asked her once, but she did n't hear me. So I shall have to get this forwarded from Fairwood. Don't forget to let me know what you think about prospects for the Prom. It comes in February.

Jerry.

Dorothea sat quite still on the floor with the letter in her hand. She read it again and then again, and still she could come to no conclusion as to what she would do.

Jerry counted on the certainty of her answer to give him her address. She could not so much as write and tell him that the Prom was out of the question without letting him know where she lived. Not that she had any desire to conceal

the fact that her home was in the same town as his. He had belonged to the world of the Fairwood month, that was all, a play world which was n't in the least her own workaday world, and she had promised herself that the two should not mix. From all points of view it seemed the sensible course to keep them apart. But Jerry could not be expected to have the slightest idea that the girl he had played and motored and danced with at Fairwood ever had anything to engage her other than such matters as absorbed the attention of his cousin Marjorie. If he knew, Dorothea was quite clear on this point, it would make no difference in his attitude. Jerry was no snob. He might think it rather jolly, if he thought at all. The crux of the matter was that their worlds were utterly different.



"DOROTHEA, BESIDE THE OPEN BOX, DREAMED OF THOSE GOOD TIMES"

"There is n't time enough, and we have n't money enough, to mix them," thought Dorothea. "Here I can't motor and run around to luncheons and tennis all day and dance a quarter of the night; and Father could n't afford to let me if I wanted to. What would become of the house and the twins and the whole family if I did that? The girls Jerry knows here have nothing to do but play. I suppose he might know me too, but it would have to be on my own terms. I wonder whether he would like that. He is n't a snob, but he likes to have his own way, and his way is to do anything that occurs to him the minute he thinks of it. I could n't do that. I should have to plan and see that somebody was looking after the twins, and leave Bridget contented, and the dinner ordered, and—Oh dear me, no! This is my job, and you can't run your job and be a lady of leisure, too, though you can have plenty of fun. I mean to go in for more fun just as soon as the twins are well. I'm going out more with Jim, and I 'll say yes whenever Father asks me, and I intend to see more of the girls. But Jerry—"

She poised the letter on one hand and regarded it with troubled eyes. Was there room for Jerry in this temperate program of pleasure? Would he be content with such room as there was? What would happen to their friendship on such terms? Could it bear translation from care-free, leisurely Fairwood to a working world? Responsibility had made Dorothea thoughtful beyond her years.

"I 'd rather remember it as it was than have it just peter out here," she said to herself. "I don't believe I could bear that. A month like the one Aunt Ida gave me ought not to have any consequences, anyway. They would have such a

hard time living up to what went before. But Jerry did n't know, as I did, that there were n't to be any consequences. I must play fair—I must!"

There was another point to be considered, and Dorothea did not blink it. If he failed to hear from her, would n't Jerry forget? Boys' memories were short sometimes. One girl's image succeeded another on the retina of their attention. She knew how it was with Jim. If nothing deepened the imprint, if time and other girls and the myriad absorptions of a popular young man's life were allowed to blot her name out of his immediate program, there could be scant doubt but that Jerry would forget. The flame of a boy's friendship, even more than a girl's, needed something to fan it. Without fresh stimulus, when Jerry came home at Thanksgiving or Christmas, with the happenings of the remote autumn packed well down in his memory box, she would look to him, if he chanced to see her, exactly as she had told Jim, a little like a girl he used to know.

For a long time Dorothea sat on the floor, beside the beautiful gown, the morning mail in a little pile at her side, hope and fear and uncertainty in her heart, wrestling with her problem.

"I 'd like to be knowin', Miss Dorothea, how I 'm to clane up afther that woman and be doin' me own worrk at the same time. It can't be done, mum."

"Of course not, Bridget. Put Miss Peck's dishes together and leave them on the shelf for me."

If only she could write Jerry a letter that did n't have any postmark, just a note to say "thank you" and tell him that the month at Fairwood was n't ordinary time at all, that it had been cut out of a sort of magic calendar and now it was over and done! But it would be silly to ask Aunt Ida to mail a note from Seattle, and, even so, what would Jerry think of a letter without any heading? He would know then that she was deliberately trying to withhold her address from him. He might even surmise— But it was nonsense to imagine what he might think. In any case, whether she wrote or did n't write, he was bound to think something odd.

"Is it baked or biled pitaties we 'll be havin' for dinner?"

"Boiled, Bridget. Served with chopped parsley. I 'll be out in time to fix it."

How unutterably stupid she had been to think that anything in the world, even weeks so different from her normal weeks as to seem dropped into her lap out of another existence, could fail to have consequences! It seemed to Dorothea, sitting on the floor, deliberating, that she had been immeasurably young and foolish and unsophisticated when, at Fairwood, she had outlined that program about playing the game for all there was in it because it was only a game and when it was done it was done.

"But I 'm not sorry I did it," she told herself. "I 'm not sorry, even if I do have to pay up now by letting Jerry think what he likes. Only I wish he did n't have to pay, too. That is n't quite fair, but I can't help it. And anyway, as Marje said, he knows hundreds of girls. He liked me better than some, but I 'm not so conceited as to think the mold was broken when I was made. He 'll know plenty more of my kind and other kinds too, and maybe he 'll like another kind better. Yes, Bridget?"

"The man's been afther lavin' the wrong meat, Miss Dorothea. It 's Mis' Clancy's he 's left us; way over by the hill she 's livin'. And how will I be cookin' a roast for dinner and it not in the house yet?"

"I 'll telephone this minute. We shall have to have steak, Bridget. That won't take any time at all, but it does n't leave anything for cold meat. I 'll order a tongue, too."

With energetic steps Dorothea turned from the telephone. She picked up the morning mail and stacked it on the living-room table. Aunt Ida's letter went into the pocket of her trim morning dress. Jerry's she tore across deliberately, once, twice, and poked the pieces under the log on the hearth.

"There! If he keeps on wanting to know me, I guess he will find a way sometime."

Then she lifted the rose-pink dress, the silk stockings and slippers and dainty lingerie in her arms, and, running upstairs, deposited them hastily on her bed.

There, after school, Elise found them.

"I don't believe there 's another dress as pretty as that in this whole town, Dot."

"We have n't seen everything there is in town, Lisa."

"How unspeakably gorgeous for parties this winter!"

"Oh, I don't expect to wear it much. It 's too fine for little informal things, and I 'm not often asked to the others."

"What do you mean to do with it?"

"Put it away in this drawer and now and then take it out and look at it."

"Humph! You sound like an old lady to talk of sitting down and holding its hand like that. Don't you ever mean to have any more fun?"

"Plenty. But it would n't be any fun to appear at one of Grace Sykes's parties in a dress

that was nicer than anybody else was wearing."

"I 'd just love it!"

Dorothea laughed. "When you go to something besides high-school dances and little things the girls have, perhaps I 'll let you wear it."

"It will be all out of style then. And besides, I 'll bet you would n't. You 'd think I might burst it."

Dorothea laughed again. "I 'm sure you would, too!"

Luckily, the twins' convalescence gave her plenty to do, for the weeks that followed were not easy for Dorothea. She could n't help wishing that she knew what Jerry was thinking, and at first she caught herself spending an inordinate amount of time for a busy person in imagining the substance of his surmises. But she soon put a stop to that practice. It wasted time, made her unhappy, and led nowhere.

"You stupid girl!" she adjured herself. "With the twins getting well, you ought to be as gay as a bird. I hope that lovely month did n't spoil you."

"It sha'n't; I won't let it!" the real Dorothea retorted spiritedly, wondering what was the matter with her and why household tasks seemed less interesting than they used to. Interesting or not, she went at them with a will, for she had insight enough to see that the way they were done made all the difference between a home and a mere house.

Moreover, there were many helps over hard places. Elise showed that the experience of running the household had not been wasted. She seconded Dorothea in a dozen ways that had never occurred to her before.

"It 's an awful chore to keep house," was Elise's dictum. "I almost wish we had been made to build nests and wear feathers and sit on a bough and sing. Think of all the time it would have saved!"

"If you had been a robin," retorted her sister, "with a nestful of gaping mouths, you would n't have found much time to sit on a bough and sing."

"There! I 've put away the laundry. Only eleven bath-towels came back, and your list says you sent twelve. I 'll stop in to-morrow night on my way home from school and talk to Mr. Parker about it. I had a little interview with him once while you were away. He 'll remember me," Elise concluded darkly.

On one of the most discouraging days, when seemingly for no reason at all everything went wrong, and Dorothea was almost, but not quite, tempted to wish herself back for half an hour in the perfect routine of Fairwood, just to get rested, came a letter from Nita Grace. After she had read it she did not have to wish herself anywhere; like a breath of fresh air, the letter had rested her. "Mrs. Wright let me have your address," Nita wrote. "I want you to know that you gave me the loveliest time I ever had in a strange house in my life—and I 've stayed in hundreds of strange houses."

The sentence said itself over and over in Dorothea's brain. It did n't matter that the twins were cross or that Bridget had broken the best cut-glass bowl. It did n't matter that the roast was burned and the potatoes were cold and that Jim turned up his nose at both of them. The best time Nita had ever had in a strange house in her life! To-day Dorothea could n't mend the bowl or warm the potatoes or take the scorch from the roast; but once she had succeeded beyond hope where she had thought she was failing, and the knowledge of it now smiled in her eyes and sang in her voice and triumphed in her laugh, —though, as Jim said, there was nothing to laugh at,—until it drew the temper from the twins' souls and the sulks from Bridget's face, and warmed Jim himself into a state of amiability.

Moreover, there was always the thought of Aunt Ida—Aunt Ida with her charm, her quiet power, her invigorating sympathy, her glorious, lovable unexpectedness. Aunt Ida would know how to take even Bridget and make her better than her best. Dorothea, sensitive to every impression of her holiday, strove for some fraction of that poise and power, trying to hide her own worries, to smooth away the rough edges of living, to keep the wheels from whirring too loudly, to make home a comfort to Father, happy for Elise and Jim, the resource of the twins, and grateful to whoever might enter its doors. A high goal, but none the less effective for its height.

Certainly Dorothea's home-keeping knew its golden moments, its fine incentives and brave insights and shy encouragements, its coöperations as well as its responsibilities. Perseverance and pluck pulled her out of the uneasy rapids into the deep, still current of content. She was happy, and rejoiced in her happiness.

Yet constantly, as the increasingly brief days slipped toward winter, a secret date helped to shorten the girl's calendar. She hardly acknowledged it. She never openly came out and faced it or framed in words, even to herself, what she hoped or expected or wished from it. Her boldest venture was to say to the pink gown, "Perhaps Jerry will come home for Thanksgiving."

But Thanksgiving came and went and brought no Jerry.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE PINK GOWN

Now it chanced that, had she searched for it, Dorothea could have devised no more effective way to keep herself before Gerald Stanton's attention than to leave his letter unanswered. A girl who did not take the trouble to reply to his letters was an unknown quantity to Jerry, and the unknown always entices. Surprise followed expectation in his mind as day after day passed with no word from Dorothea. Annoyance succeeded surprise. Chagrin, bewilderment, anger were all mixed together, but never indifference. Such treatment was too novel to leave him cold.

"The little imp! What does she mean by it?" His demand rebounded on his head from a wall of silence. Apparently there was no way to pierce it. Dorothea was like one of those charmed creatures whom the old nursery tales whisked out of sight with the wave of a wand. He had n't supposed anything like that could happen nowadays. The old tales always told where they went. This modern version was more baffling. Why had Dorothea disappeared completely? Where had she gone? Marjorie did n't know where she lived. Allison did n't know. Nobody knew, it would seem, except Mrs. Wright, and she would n't tell. Now he knew that she had purposely turned a deaf ear to his question that week-end after Dorothea left, for he had written her and asked for the girl's address and received no answer.

It was incredible that such a thing should be; incredible that you could know a girl as well as Jerry now considered that he had known Dorothea for nearly four weeks, and then lose her completely. The thing was uncanny. Why did n't she write? Over and over he re-phrased his question. Why? Why? Why?

Let her go, then! If she did n't care to continue his acquaintance, he thought he could stand it. There were more girls than one in the sea—and out of it. If one ignored his perfectly good invitation to the Prom, he knew plenty who would jump to get it. But the facts remained that he had been rebuffed, his invitation ignored, and the jumping variety of girl had lost her savor. Fume as he might, determine to forget the whole episode as he did regularly seven times a week, the thing was too much for him. Ill-treat him though she did, Dorothea had got into his imagination, and the very strangeness of the whole affair kept him guessing.

"Saw your friend Stanton last night, Dot," Jim remarked at the breakfast-table two days before Christmas.

"Really?" Dorothea set down rather hastily the coffee-cup she was filling. "It 's queer that hot things should be hot." The color mounted in her cheeks. She knew it, knew that Jim was watching, and, furious at herself, flushed pinker. "I suppose he is home for the holidays."

"Probably. That 's what the colleges close for, I understand. Quite a push came in on the trains last night."

"Now things will begin to get gay," said Elise. "I wish I was just about two years older."

"You will be in time," suggested her father. "So keep up hope."

Elise laughed, but held to her idea. "I 'd like to jump two years all in a minute and then stick at eighteen till time caught up with me, the time I 'd naturally take in getting there. Eighteen is the perfect age, I think."

"Sixteen is rather nice," said Dorothea. Her cheeks were cool now and her hand steady. "Coffee, Father? You have n't had your second cup yet."

"So I have n't, daughter. It takes you to remind me. What would you do with your perfect age, Lisa?"

"I 'd go to all the parties I was invited to,—Dot thinks three a week is a plenty even during vacation,—and I would be invited to a lot more than I am now—at least, I hope so."

"Your program sounds a trifle monotonous."

"It would n't *feel* monotonous for a while, Father. There are fifty-'leven varieties of parties, plain every-day ones and scrumptious once-a-year ones and hops and Proms and— Oh, that reminds me! In at Smith and Symonds' yesterday I overheard some girls teasing that tall, pretty Madeline Allen about an invitation to Gerald Stanton's Prom. She rather fancies Gerald Stanton, you know,—please pass the muffins, Jim,—Faith Sykes says so, and Faith knows a lot of younger sisters in that particular set."

"And gossips about them to her friends."

"Not gossips, Dorothea. I don't call it gossip to tell what everybody knows."

"What 's the use, if they know it?" A smile curved Dorothea's lips.

"How you do pick a person up! Gossip is a horrid word, and Faith is really good-natured."

"Oh, yes, but she talks too much about people's private affairs.—One muffin at a time, Jack.—I often wonder what she says about us."

"Nothing bad, you may be sure. Madeline Allen would n't care *who* knew that Gerald Stanton had asked her to the Prom. She 'd rather they knew it than not. So would any girl."

"That makes it seem a pity he could n't ask them all." Dorothea's voice was demure.

"Would n't it have been jolly if he had asked you! Knowing him at Fairwood the way you did, you might have got a bid as easy as not." Elise's eyes were shining under the impact of her bright thought.

"Very jolly. Then if you had only made your pocket. "That 's all right—a little thing I ordered. I left two whoppers out in the hall, directed to Father. Three cards for you, Lisa. Letter for Dot, ditto for Dad. Hello, invitations! I don't see but you miss out on this deal, Lisa."

"Oh, of course! I told you I was n't old



"SURPRISED AND CHAGRINED, THE GIRL LIFTED HER EYES." (SEE NEXT PAGE).

jump to eighteen and I could have transferred my bid to you, everything would have been lovely."

"I wish, Dorothea, you were n't always laughing at me."

"At you? I could n't think of it."

Elise sighed. "Just the same, it would have been heavenly to be able to say that you were going to Gerald Stanton's Prom!"

"That *you* were going, you mean."

Elise ignored her. "And it might have happened just as easily as not."

"'The saddest words of tongue or pen,'" quoted Jim. "There 's the postman. I 'll go bring in the mail, Dot."

"No packages to be opened before Christmas morning," Dorothea reminded him.

Jim returned, tucking something into his vest enough. Just let me look at the envelop, Dot. Those are for Theresa Scott's dance. I saw one at Faith's yesterday. It came to Grace a week ago. Theresa was asking everybody, Faith said, whatever set they belonged to. I said you and Jim had n't had any invitations, and Grace heard me and said there must have been some mistake, because she had seen Theresa's list and you were both on it."

"Theresa explains it in a note," said Dorothea, who had been reading her letter. "She says these two were found last night in the bottom of the basket that she put her invitations into when she gave them to the man to mail. She is terribly distressed about it, and will we forgive her and be sure to come just the same."

"Of course, you 'll go."

"I don't quite know, Lisa."

"*Dorothea!* I never knew you to be huffy before."

"I 'm not huffy. But there were things I meant to do to-night, it is so near Christmas—"

"Never mind Christmas. Finish mine next week. I promise to like it just as well."

"Mine, too, sis. Give us an I O U day after to-morrow and take your time to pay up."

Dorothea flashed a brave smile on the eager faces. "I don't like to do things that way. Are you going to Theresa's to-night, Jim?"

"Sure I 'm going!"

"You can't make the excuse that you have n't a dress," urged Elise, "or that it is too fine, either. This dance is a big affair."

"I should judge so, if the whole town is going. In that case, they won't miss me."

"G. S. is sure to be there," said Elise. "Do go."

Dorothea shook her head. "I think I 'll send regrets." How could she tell Elise that she dreaded to meet Jerry on a crowded dance floor?

"Oh, come along, Dot," Jim cut in, "and get it over with!"

She hesitated, meeting his eyes. Did he mean—Exactly what *did* he mean? Whatever he meant, if Jim wanted her—

"Perhaps I can manage it," she said aloud.

"That 's the way to talk!" approved Jim, walking around the table to drop a brotherly pat on her shoulder before starting downtown.

"I shall be thankful," declared Elise, "to see that pink dress going somewhere in this town!"

"Oh, I shall not wear that," said Dorothea.

"Not—wear—it! What on earth do you mean to wear?"

"I don't know. I shall have to look up something."

"Look up something!" The amazement fairly crackled in Elise's voice. "Dorothea, I don't in the least understand you."

"I presume not, Lisa. I 'm not sure that I understand myself altogether. Let 's not talk about it. If you want to finish Faith's sofa-pillow down here this morning, the twins and I will have our Christmas secrets upstairs." She nodded mysteriously at the enraptured twins.

"That suits me well enough. But I wish, I just wish, Dorothea, you would tell me why you don't want to wear that lovely dress!"

"Oh, the dress is all right."

Then Dorothea walked off into the kitchen, leaving Elise to stare after her, mystified.

"I hope Dot is n't sick. She sounds rather batty this morning."

"Even if I have to wear my last year's mull," thought the girl in the kitchen, "I can't remind Jerry like that."

Then she went upstairs to put the bedrooms to rights and make Christmas-cards with the twins.

When it was over and the twins had put away their paints and been bundled into coats and caps and leggings and mufflers and mittens and gone out to play in the snow, Dorothea put on her hat and coat and went downtown.

The expedition troubled her a little. She had to pick out the Christmas turkey, and she had n't selected so many turkeys in her life that she felt altogether sure of the result. Moreover, she dreaded the evening's party. The knowledge that it was ahead of her gave her a queer feeling.

With a bundle of celery in her hand, a wrinkle of worriment in her forehead, and, behind the wrinkle, a misgiving lest, after all, she had let the best turkey escape her, Dorothea emerged from the market and bumped into a young man who was tossing over holly in the box outside the door.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" Surprised and chagrined, the girl lifted her eyes.

"Dorothea!"

"Jerry!"

Quite contrary to all his mental pictures of the event, he had both her hands. "You little—imp! What are you doing here?"

"Living." Dorothea dimpled.

"What! In this town? You don't mean to say that you live here!"

"It 's what I 've been doing for about eighteen years."

"You 're ahead of me on that count. Did you know that I live here, too?"

"Oh yes!"

"The dickens you did!" He stared at her. "I believe that you— See here, did you get my letter?"

"Yes. I 'm awfully sorry, Jerry."

"I thought so. Knew it did n't come back from the dead-letter office to me. Why did n't you answer it?"

"That is rather a long story."

"Fire away. I 've got all the time there is. Here, give me that bundle. You owe me one A-number-one warranted-complete clearing up."

"Yes, I do. And it 's so good to see you again, Jerry! But now I must hurry home and help about dinner. You see I 'm keeping house—"

"Keeping house! A little thing like you?"

Dorothea straightened in pretty dignity. "I 've been keeping house for two years, ever since Mother died, and I do it a great deal better than I used to. Ask my family. I 'd invite you to walk up to dinner with me, but I told Bridget to warm up the left-overs; and though, if she feels good, she makes them taste better than they did

at first, it is Christmas week and she has so much to do she is just a little bit uncertain."

Jerry's white teeth flashed in his contagious grin. "So you don't know whether you 're going to have a good dinner or not, is that it?"

Dorothea nodded. "I always meant to explain, if you ever wanted to know. Can you come up this afternoon, or are you busy?"

"I 'm coming right now, thank you. Tell me, has this thing a right-side-up? What 's in it?"

"Celery. They did n't have another delivery on our street for three hours."

"And you thought in case it proved an off day with Bridget—I get you. I 'm coming now as far as the gate, anyway, if there is a gate. Can't risk another mysterious disappearance. I sha'n't believe you 've got an address till I see it."

"It is n't near your house."

"My legs are good, thank you. I 'm in training, too. Now why did n't you answer my letter?"

"Because," said Dorothea. She went on and told him the story of Aunt Ida's invitation and the conditions of her going to Fairwood, of the closetful of gowns and the monthful of new experiences. Her words painted a vivid picture. Without Dorothea's knowing it, they gave the boy a fair insight into her normal life of responsibilities and problems, and a deep look into the brave, sweet, girl-heart of her.

There was an odd expression in his eyes when she finished, but he only said: "I don't call it quite square yet. You can't drop a fellow like a hot cake and expect him not to notice the bump."

"It was n't fair," Dorothea acknowledged contritely; "but I never thought about that side of the game till it was all over."

"Well, it is n't all over, not by a long shot. You can't shuffle me off again, if I have to camp on your door-step to keep you in sight. Now suppose you answer my question."

"What question?"

"Are you coming to that Prom?"

"Oh, you 've asked somebody else now."

"I have, have I? Who said so?"

Dorothea blushed scarlet. "I—I think it must have been a bit of gossip I heard."

"That 's just about what I should call it."

"Did n't you try?" She dimpled.

"Tried hard enough. Trouble was I could n't seem to fix on a girl. This your house? Looks too solid to vanish overnight. Oh, I 'm not coming in. Promised the Mater I 'd be home to lunch, honor bright. See you at the dance to-night?"

She nodded. "Jim and I are going."

"Oh, so he 's your brother! Fine sort of fellow. Don't forget to pay your debts. You owe me four dances, and then some."

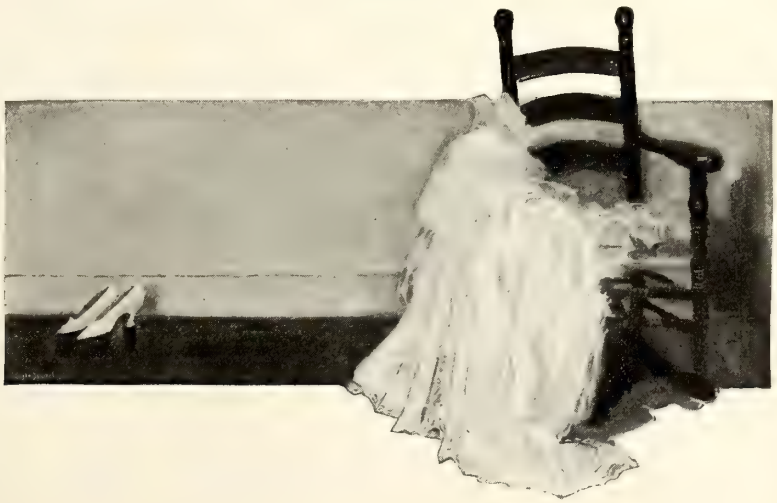
She laughed happily. "So I do! But I can't promise to pay more than my old debts to-night."

Elise, big-eyed, met her in the hall. "That was Gerald Stanton!"

"It was. Am I fearfully late? Please see that the table is set right, Lisa dear. I 'll be down in ten seconds."

Upstairs, Dorothea threw hat and coat on the bed and caught up a comb. "You 're going to the party to-night," she cried blithely, running the comb hurriedly through her curls. "Wake up, beautiful pink gown, shut away in your drawer! You 're going to the party to-night. And then—Of course, I must consult Father—but what would you say to a Prom?"

(THE END.)



# ROBERT FALCON SCOTT: THE CAPTAIN OF HIS SOUL

*("Heroes of To-day" IX)*

BY MARY R. PARKMAN

With Illustrations from "The Voyages of Captain Scott," by courtesy of Dodd, Mead & Company

*One equal temper of heroic hearts,*
*Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will*
*To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.*
TENNYSON.

WE know of many heroes—heroes of long ago, whose shining deeds make the past bright; and heroes of to-day, whose courage in the face of danger and hardship and whose faithful service for others make the times in which we live truly the best times of all. But should you ask me who of all this mighty company of the brave was the bravest, I should answer, Captain Scott. Some one has called his story, "The Undying Story of Captain Scott." Would you like to hear it, and know for yourself why it is that as long as true men live this is a story that cannot die?

Most people who work know what they are working for; most men who are fighting for a cause know where they give their strength and their lives. The explorer alone has to go forward in the dark. He does not know what he will find. Only he hears within his heart the still whisper: "Something hidden. Go and find it." And he believes that there is no far place of the earth that does not hold some truth, something that will help us learn the secrets of life and explain much that puzzles us in the world to-day.

When the explorer has once begun to think and wonder about the great unseen, unknown countries, where man has never journeyed, the whisper comes again and again: "Something hidden. Go and find it."

People sometimes say to the explorer, "There is no sense in going to those strange lands where you cannot live. No good nor gold ever yet came from No Man's Land."

But the men who went into the jungles of darkest Africa said, "As long as there is something hidden we must go to find it." And the men who went into the still, white, frozen lands of the North said: "There is no truth that can stay untouched. When we know the secrets of the North and the South, we shall the better understand the East and the West."

The whisper, "Something hidden," came to Robert Falcon Scott when he was a little boy in Devonshire, England. Con, as he was called, never tired of hearing the tales of Sir Walter Raleigh, and of Sir Francis Drake, who sailed the seas and found a new world for England and sent his drum back to Devon, where it was hung on the old sea-wall to show that the great days of the past would surely live again.

"You must take my drum" [Drake said]
"To the old sea-wall at home,
And if ever you strike that drum," he said,
"Why, strike me blind, I 'll come!
If England needs me, dead
Or living, I 'll rise that day!
I 'll rise from the darkness under the sea
Ten thousand miles away!"

The Devonshire men were sure that the brave spirit of Drake would come back in some true English heart whenever the time of need came. They even whispered, when they told how Nelson won his great victory at Trafalgar:

"It was the spirit of Sir Francis Drake!"

When Con heard these tales and the stories of his own father and uncles, who were captains in England's navy, he knew it was true that the spirit of a brave man does not die.

Sometimes when he was thinking of these things and wondering about the "something hidden" that the future had in store for him, his father would have to speak to him three or four times before he could wake him from his dream. "Old Mooney," his father called him then, and he shook his head.

"Remember, son," he would say, "an hour of doing is better than a life of dreaming. You must wake up and stir about in this world, and prove that you have it in you to be a man."

How do you think that the delicate boy, with the narrow chest and the dreamy blue eyes, whom his father called "Old Mooney," grew into the wide-awake, practical lad who became, a few years later, captain of the naval cadets on the training-ship *Britannia?*

"I must learn to command this idle, dreamy 'Old Mooney' before I can ever command a ship," he said to himself. So he gave himself orders in earnest.

When he wanted to lie in bed an extra half-

hour, it was, "Up, sir! 'Up and doing,' is the word!" And out he would jump with a laugh and a cheer for the new day.

When he felt like hugging the fire with a book on his knees he would say: "Out, sir! Get out in the open air and show what you 're made of!" Then he would race for an hour or two with his dog, a big Dane, over the downs, to come back in a glow ready for anything. And so the man who was to command others became master of himself. There came a time when a strong, brave man was needed to take command of the ship *Discovery*, that was to sail over unexplored seas to the south pole. And Robert Falcon Scott, then a lieutenant in the royal navy, who had long dreamed of going forth where ships and men had never been and finding the "something hidden" in strange far-off lands, found his dream had come true. He was put in command of that ship.



ROBERT F. SCOTT AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN AS A NAVAL CADET.

Three years were spent in that terrible land where

> The ice was here, the ice was there,
> The ice was all around;
> It cracked and growled, and roared and howled—

in the fierce winds that swept over those great death-white wastes.

After this time of hardship and plucky endurance it was hard to have to return without having reached the south pole. But he came back with so much of deepest interest and value to report about the unknown country, that those who had given their money to provide for the expedition said: "The voyage has really been a success. Captain Scott must go again under better conditions with the best help and equipment possible."

It was some time, however, before Captain Scott could be spared to go on that second and last voyage to the south pole. This man who knew all about commanding ships and men was needed to help with the great battle-ships of the navy. Five years had passed before plans were ready for the greatest voyage of all.

When it was known that Captain Scott was to set out on another expedition, eight thousand men volunteered to go as members of the party. It was splendid to think how much real interest there was in the work and to know how much true bravery and fine spirit of adventure there is in the men of our every-day world, but it was hard to choose wisely out of so many the sixty men to make up the party.

They needed, of course, officers of the navy, besides Captain Scott, to help plan and direct, a crew of able seamen, engineers, and stokers to run the ship, and doctors and stewards to take care of the men. Besides these, they wanted men of science, who would be able to investigate in the right way the plants, animals, rocks, ice, ocean currents, and winds of that strange part of the earth; and an artist able to draw and to take the best kind of photographs and moving pictures.

The ship chosen for this voyage was the *Terra Nova*, the largest and strongest whaler that could be found. Whalers are ships used in whale-fishing, and they are built expressly to make their way through the floating ice of arctic seas.

The *Terra Nova* was a stout steamer carrying full sail, so that the winds might help in sending her on her way, thus saving coal whenever possible. The great difficulty was, of course, the carrying of sufficient supplies for a long time and for many needs.

With great care each smallest detail was worked out. There were three motor-sledges, nineteen ponies, and thirty-three dogs to transport supplies. There was material for putting up huts and tents. There were sacks of coal, great cans of oil and petrol (gasolene), and tons of boxes of provisions, such as pemmican, biscuit, butter, sugar, chocolate—things that would not spoil and which would best keep men strong and warm while working hard in a cold country. There were fur coats, fur sleeping-bags, snow-shoes, tools of all sorts, precious scientific instruments, books, and many other things, each of which was carefully considered, for they were going where no further supplies of any sort were to be had.

On June 15, 1910, the *Terra Nova* sailed from Wales, and on November 26 left New Zealand for the great adventure.

If the men had been superstitious, they would have been sure that a troublous time was ahead,

for almost immediately a terrible storm broke. Great waves swept over the decks, the men had to work with buckets and pumps to bale out the engine-room, while boxes and cases went bumping about on the tossing ship, endangering the lives of men and animals, and adding to the noise and terror of the blinding, roaring tempest.

But through it all, the men never lost their spirits. Scott led in the singing of chanteys, as



Photograph by J. Russell & Sons.
CAPTAIN ROBERT F. SCOTT, R. N.

they worked hour after hour to save the ship and its precious cargo.

At last they came out on a calm sea where the sun shone on blue waves dotted here and there with giant icebergs, like great floating palaces, agleam with magic light and color, beautiful outposts of the icy world they were about to enter

You know that the seasons in the antarctic regions are exactly opposite to ours. Christmas comes in the middle of their summer—the time of the long day when the sun never drops below the horizon. Their winter, when they get no sunlight for months, comes during the time we are having spring and summer.

It was Scott's plan to sail as far as the ship could go during the time of light, build a comfortable hut for winter quarters, then go ahead with sledges and carry loads of provisions, leaving them in depots along the path of their journey south, which was to begin with the coming of the next long day.

Patient watchfulness, not only by the man in the crow's-nest, but on the part of all hands, was needed to guide the ship through the great masses of ice that pressed closer and closer about, as if they longed to seize and keep it forever in their freezing hold.

At last in January they came within sight of Mt. Terror, a volcano on Ross Island, which marked the place where they must land. It was strange and terrible, but most beautiful, to see the fire rise from that snowy mountain in the great white world they had come to explore. The ship could go no farther south because there stretched away from the shore of the island the great Ice Barrier, an enormous ice-cap rising above the sea fifty or sixty feet high and covering 150,000 square miles.

Scott came, you remember, knowing well what lay before him. To reach the south pole he must travel from his winter camp on Ross Island 424 miles over the barrier, climb 125 miles over a monster glacier, and then push his way over 370 more miles of rough ice on a lofty, wind-swept plain. The whole journey southward and back to the winter hut covered about 1850 miles.

As they could not count at most on more than 150 days in the year when marching would be possible, this meant that they must make over ten miles a day during the time of daylight. Scott knew how hard this must be in that land of fierce winds and sudden blizzards, when the blinding, drifting snow made all marching out of the question. But there was nothing of the dreamer about him now; he carefully worked out his plans and prepared for every emergency.

After finding a good place to land and build the hut for the winter camp where it would be sheltered from the worst winds, they spent eight days unloading the ship, which then sailed away along the edge of the barrier, with a part of the men, to find out how things were to the east of them.

Captain Scott and his men had an exciting time, I can tell you, carrying their heavy boxes and packing-cases across the ice to the beach. Great killer-whales, twenty feet long, came booming along under them, striking the ice with their backs, making it rock dizzily and split into wide cracks, over which the men had to jump to save their lives and their precious stores.

While part of the company was building the

hut and making it comfortable for the long dark winter, Captain Scott and a group of picked men began the work of going ahead and planting stores at depots along the way south. They would place fuel and boxes of food under a canvas cover, well planted to secure it against the wind, and mark the spot by a high cairn, or mound, made of blocks of ice. This mound was topped with upright skees or dark packing-boxes, which could be seen as black specks miles away in that white world. At intervals along the trail they would erect other cairns to mark the way over the desert of snow. Then back they went to the hut and the winter of waiting before the march.

How do you suppose they spent the long weeks of darkness? Why, they had a wonderful time! Each man was studying with all his might about the many strange things he had found in that land.

Wilson, who was Scott's best friend, gave illustrated lectures about the water-birds he had found near there, the clumsy penguins, who came tottering up right in the face of his camera, as if they were anxious to have their pictures taken. He had pictures, too, of their nests and their funny, floundering babies. There were also pictures of seals peeping up at him out of their breathing-holes in the ice, where he had gone fishing and caught all sorts of curious sea-creatures.

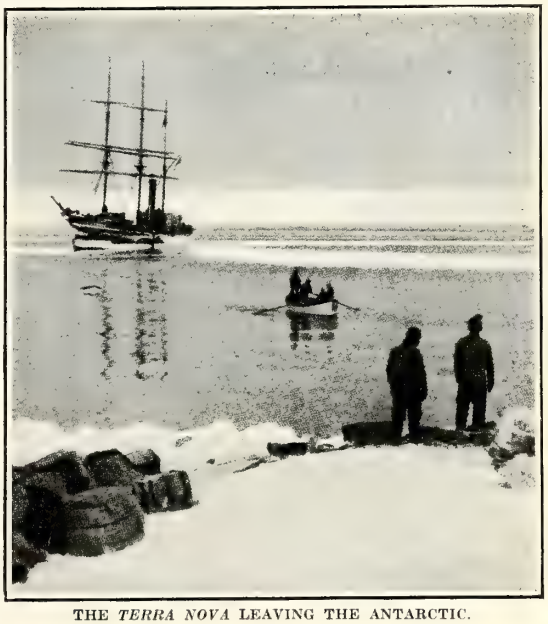
Other men were examining pieces of rock and reading the story which they told them of the



SNOWED-UP TENT AFTER THREE DAYS' BLIZZARD.

history of the earth ages and ages ago, when the land of that polar world was joined with the continents of Africa and South America. Evans gave lectures on surveying, and Scott told about the experiences of his earlier voyage and explained the use of his delicate instruments.

Of course they took short exploring-trips about, and sometimes when the moon was up,



THE *TERRA NOVA* LEAVING THE ANTARCTIC.

or, perhaps, in the scant twilight of midday, they played a game of football in the snow.

At last, about the first of November, the sun returned and the time came for the great journey, just a year after they had left New Zealand.

They had not gone far when the motor-sledges proved useless, as the engines were not fitted for working in such intense cold. So, sorrowfully, they had to leave them behind, and make ponies and dogs do all the work of hauling.

Then began a time of storms, when blizzard followed blizzard. It seemed that they had met the wild spirit of all tempests in his snowy fastness, and as if he were striving to prove that the will of the strongest man must give way before the savage force of wind and weather. But there was something in the soul of these men that could not be conquered by any hardship—something that would never give up.

"The soul of a true man is stronger than anything that can happen to him," said Scott.

It seemed as if this journey was made to prove that. And it did prove it.

Misfortune followed misfortune. The sturdy ponies could not stand the dangers. Some of them slipped and fell into deep chasms in the ice; others suffered so that the only kind thing was to put them out of their pain. The men then

went along up the fearful climb across the glacier, with the help just of the dogs, who pulled the sledges carrying provisions. One of the men became very ill, which delayed them further. And ever the dreadful wind raged about them.

They reached a point about 170 miles from the pole on New Year's Day. Here Scott decided to send two members of his party back with the sick man and the dog-sledge. They were disappointed, but realized it was for the best.

After leaving part of their provisions in a new depot to feed them on the way back, Captain Scott and four men, Wilson, Oates, Bowers, and Evans, went on the last march to the pole with lighter loads, which they dragged on a hand sledge. This is what Scott wrote in the letter sent back by his men:

"A last note from a hopeful position. I think it 's going to be all right. We have a fine party going forward and all arrangements are going well."

How did the way seem to the men who still went on and on, now in the awful glare of the sun on the glistening ice, now in the teeth of a terrific gale? Here are some lines written by Wilson which may tell you something of what they felt:

The silence was deep with a breath like sleep
As our sledge runners slid on the snow,
And the fateful fall of our fur-clad feet
Struck mute like a silent blow.

And this was the thought the silence wrought,
As it scorched and froze us through,
For the secrets hidden are all forbidden
Till God means man to know.
We might be the men God meant should know
The heart of the Barrier snow,
In the heat of the sun, and the glow,
And the glare from the glistening floe,
As it scorched and froze us through and through
With the bite of the drifting snow.

But still they pushed on and on, carrying supplies and their precious instruments, together with the records of their observations and experiences, until at last the goal was reached.

The south pole at last! But here, after all they had dared and endured, another great trial awaited them just at the moment of seeming success. There at the goal toward which they had struggled with such high hopes was a tent and a mound over which floated the flag of Norway. The Norse explorer, Amundsen, had reached the pole first. A letter was left telling of his work of discovery. He had happened on a route shielded from the terrific winds against which Scott had fought his way mile by mile, and had arrived at the pole a month earlier.

Now, indeed, Scott showed that "the soul of a brave man is stronger than anything that can happen to him." Cheerfully he built a cairn near the spot to hold up their Union Jack, which flapped sadly in the freezing air as if to reproach them with not having set it as the first flag at the farthest south of the earth. Then before they started back with the news of Amundsen's success, Scott wrote these lines in his diary:

"Well, we have turned our back now on the goal of our ambition and must face 800 miles of solid dragging—and good-by to most of the day-dreams."

But it was for Scott to show the world that defeat might be turned into the greatest victory of all.

Now whenever you hear any one say that a man is too weak or fearful to bear hardship and ill-success to the end, think of Captain Scott and say, "The brave soul is stronger than anything that can happen."

On he struggled, on and on, though delayed again and again by blizzards that raged about in the most terrible fury as if determined to make this little party give up the fight. At last they came, weak and nearly frozen (for the supplies of food and fuel had run short), almost within sight of a provision-camp where comfort and plenty awaited them. At this moment came the most terrible storm of all, that lasted for more than a week.

One morning Lieutenant Oates, who was ill and feared that his friends might lose their last chance of reaching safety by staying to care for him, walked out into the blizzard with these words:

"I am just going outside and may be some time."

Scott wrote that they "realized he was walking to his death and tried to dissuade him, but knew it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman. We all hope to meet the end with a similar spirit," he added.

A little later Scott wrote in his diary:

"Every day we have been ready to start for our depot eleven miles away, but outside the door of the tent it remains a scene of whirling drift. I do not think we can hope for any better things now. We shall stick it out to the end, but we are getting weaker, of course, and the end cannot be far."

Eight months after, when a rescue party succeeded in reaching the tent, they found the bodies of Wilson and Bowers lying with their sleeping-bags closed over their heads. Near them was Captain Scott, with the flaps of his sleeping-bag thrown back. Under his shoulders were his note-

books and letters to those at home, which he had written up to the very last when the pencil slipped from his fingers. His thought in dying was not for himself, but for those that would be left to grieve.

On the spot where they died, their friends left the bodies of these brave men, covered with the canvas of their tent, and over them they piled up a great cairn of ice in which was placed a wooden cross made of two skees. On the cross were carved these words of a great poet, which no one better than Captain Scott had made living words:

"To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

Now we can see why this story of Captain Scott is truly an undying one. As long as true hearts beat, those words will find an echo, and also those other words which he so nobly proved by his life and death:

"The soul of a brave man is stronger than anything that can happen to him."

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# MY BURRO

BY GRACE PURDIE MOON

You may think my burro stupid, and imagine he is slow;
But he 'd go as fast as any if he only *chose* to go.
And there are so many little tricks I 've taught him how to do,
If he 'd only ever do them—but he never chooses to.
Still, I never really blame him for the things he tries to shirk,
For my burro is n't *lazy,* but he simply *hates* to work.






THE SHAKESPEARE REST AND RECREATION HUT, LONDON, MAINTAINED BY THE BRITISH Y. M. C. A.

# TRAINING SOLDIERS TO PLAY

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

TURNING over "Poor Richard's Almanac," Uncle Sam came to that very wise old saw, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

The United States had just declared war on Germany, and an army of young men was being drafted into military service. Straightway our Government began building thirty-two cantonments, as they are called, for these men who, from all quarters of the country—from farm and city, from mountain and plain—hurried into uniform, to be transformed from private citizens into soldiers. Uncle Sam had had experience before with great numbers of men, but never before had he so suddenly taken large numbers and concentrated them in groups of thirty or forty thousand into camps for the immediate purpose of making them efficient fighters. Naturally, in taking these men from their daily pursuits and from their homes, the authorities felt the responsibility of making sure that when they were housed in their barracks they had around them some of those comforts which were their due.

Everybody will admit that even in war time the soldier and the sailor need to be taken care of, need to be given some of the comforts of home, and to be afforded an opportunity of having fun. It takes a long while to create an army. Six months at least are required for preliminary training. Hour after hour, drilling goes on in the different cantonments, as the soldier learns every possible manœuver, is trained in the use of intricate firearms, and is taken through the mazes of trench warfare. But after the day's work is done he has time for himself, and is then nothing more than a big boy, full of physical energy, which must be directed in proper channels. Never once is it forgotten that these men are concentrated in the camps for one purpose: to help win the war of Democracy against the ruthlessness of Germany. But the Government, and those called in to help, have realized that even in their play the soldier and the sailor may be trained for the coming conflict. There is not a game, such as baseball or football, that does not call for the same kind of team-work which confronts the squad in battle. Many of the drafted men have never had the opportunity of going through systematic training in athletics before they came to camp. And now, if you will take a picture of a boy before he was drafted and after he has been in camp two or three months, you will find a tremendous improvement—broad shoulders, good circulation, solid muscles, great endurance, the ability to walk ten miles at a stretch where heretofore a few blocks had tired him,—alertness of eye, all these factors combining to produce a splendid type of man.

None of us believes in war, but all of us believe in the necessity for *this* war. I say this because I do not wish my readers to feel that only during

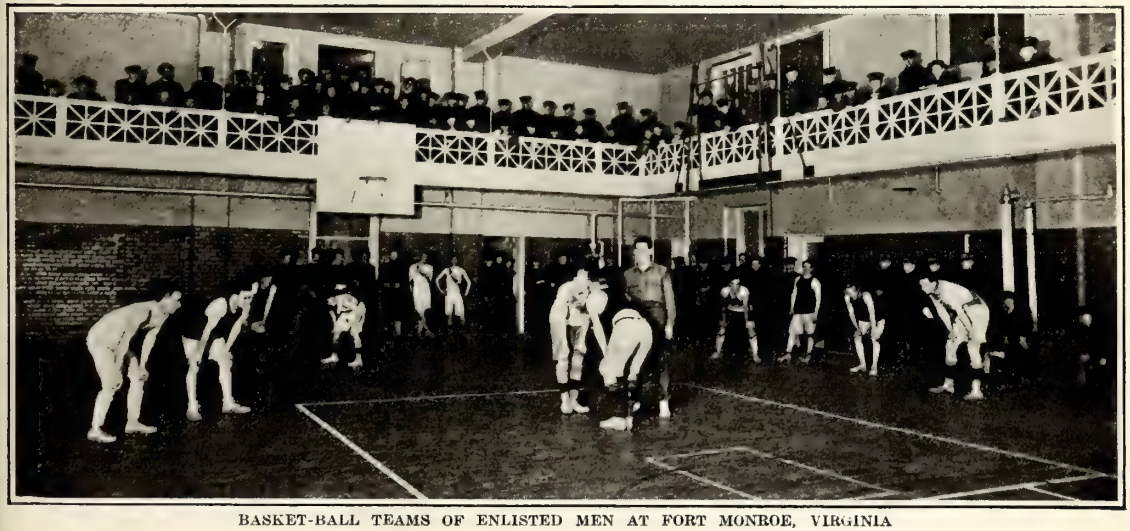
a state of war is it possible for a democracy to bring to its young men such an opportunity as Uncle Sam is now giving them in the camps. It is a terrible thing that a nation like Germany should so far forget itself, should so far show its untrustworthiness and dangerousness that the whole civilized world must league together in order to stop such madness. But never forgetful of the individual, we are trying to make the best out of an abnormal condition. The cantonments, the camps, and the training-stations for the sailors and for the flying-squads are run very much like large military schools, where there is a sporting spirit in all that is done.



PLAYING VOLLEY-BALL. THERE ARE 126 OF THESE COURTS IN ONE CAMP

You who have played baseball and football know exactly what is meant by teamwork. The same sort of understanding as is required between basemen and between the men of football teams must exist between the men assigned to fire a big gun. The accuracy of eye needed in a game of billiards is similar to that required in sighting a gun. One must be as expert in riding a horse during a game of polo as in riding a horse during a cavalry charge. It has been found that the simplest movements in a friendly boxing-match are exactly the same movements that are required in bayonet practice. So you see that field-sports can be conducted in such a way as to reinforce the training of the soldier.

In every camp the soldiers have their own newspaper. You will find a large part of the space in these papers devoted to athletics. And these games may be divided into two classes. First of all, there are the games familiar to every college fellow—the hundred-yard dash, the standing broad jump, the running broad jump, and friendly bouts of wrestling. When the soldier runs obstacle-races, he is led through pits and barbed-wire entanglements and over embank-



BASKET-BALL TEAMS OF ENLISTED MEN AT FORT MONROE, VIRGINIA

ments, in order to train him for that charge which is sure to be made when he gets on the other side. They have even turned hand-grenade throwing into a game in the camps, and there is great competition among the different companies, just as there is competition between one class and another at school. You will find the signal corps and the machine-gun company playing basket-ball or soccer football. Under an athletic-director, appointed by one of the Government commissions, you will, during the winter, find soldiers in winter sports,—running across country and toughening themselves for the long hikes which confront every soldier in France.

But there is another kind of game the soldier likes,—the game he used to play when he was a little boy. It is not an unusual thing to see soldiers skipping rope, to see them in vigorous tug-of-war contests, to see them playing puss-in-the-corner, and even tag. When the weather is such as to keep them indoors the soldier is as eagerly desirous of rainy-day sports as the young person in the nursery. One of the camp newspapers published a long list of games suitable for bad weather. They are so arranged as to be practised in very limited quarters. There is one called the "Tantalus trick," where, according to directions, the performer stands with his back to the wall, and a piece of money is placed on the floor. The man is told that he may have this money if he can pick it up without moving his heels from the wall. There is an "Eskimo race" on all fours, the performers standing with hands and feet on the floor, the knees stiff, the hands clenched and resting on the knuckles; the elbows are also stiff. In this position the race is run over a course about forty yards in length. Are not these the games which every boy in school or college likes to play?

History records that our soldiers on both sides, North and South, during the Civil War were fond of singing. You hear stories of the chanting of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." You are given pictures of the camp-fires, around which soldiers, during their rest, are singing "Kathleen Mavourneen," or "Maryland, My Maryland." We know that when a large group of people come together they can do better work if they sing. In the cotton-fields the darkies pick cotton while they chant their rhythmic melodies. Uncle Sam, in his thirty-two camps, has become a singing teacher. He has found that not only do the men like to sing in glee clubs, but they like to sing in large numbers. So each camp has its own song-director who, with his little organ or piano, goes from one barrack to another, training choruses. It may yet be that the Germans will hear the American troops singing many thousand strong. An official song-book has even been issued containing the words of all the lyrics most popular among the boys. Over a million copies of this book have been distributed. Not only has it been found necessary to give our draft army singing lessons, but in the cities near the camps the folks at home have organized themselves into community choruses. When the soldier is on leave, when he goes to one of the near-by cities, he is asked to join the city people in their communal singing.

Uncle Sam, in order to draft his army, called upon every one between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one to register. As a consequence, every camp contains a large number of professions and trades. Lawyers and doctors, plumbers and bricklayers, engineers and carpenters, college men and book-keepers—all of them had to answer the call. You will find professional musicians wearing the soldier's uniform; professional actors; university students interested in amateur theatricals; in fact, there is no talent of this kind which one cannot find in the different camps. And therefore one of the greatest pleasures the soldiers have is getting up entertainments of their own. At Camp Upton there is an amateur dramatic association. At Camp Dix there is a chorus so well trained that they are eager to give concerts of their own. In every camp there are military bands which, six months ago, were crude and raw, but which now can play a march as well as the famous Lieutenant Sousa. Camp theaters have been built for our soldiers, and in them will be given good, enjoyable entertainments, managed by a corps of men trained in the theater business. But behind the scenes it will be the soldier who shifts scenery, it will be the soldier who attends to the electric lighting. It will likewise be the soldier who plays in the orchestra, and the soldier will be the usher. Those people in the city who are able to hear good music, to see good plays, to go to good movies, need not feel sorry for our army which is now training. Did not the Philharmonic Orchestra play at Camp Dix? Have not the soldiers heard the "Mikado" beautifully sung in camp? Have not singers of the Metropolitan Opera House appeared before them? Is not Harry Lauder a stand-by in the camps?

Let us look at this camp life in another direction. Uncle Sam believes that until the time comes for the soldier to go to France he should be allowed to see his mother, or his sister—any one of his family who wishes to visit him. Now, the soldier is perfectly willing to camp it out in his barracks among his comrades, but he wants a com-

fortable place where he can sit down and talk with his mother. The Y. W. C. A. has handled this problem. It has raised enough money to erect Hostess Houses, each of which may be looked upon as the soldier's club-house. These buildings are much like the golf club-houses one sees throughout the country. A large brick fireplace makes the room cheerful, and wicker chairs are scattered here and there throughout the spacious hall. Not only has the soldier become proud of his club-house, but the soldier's mother has gone away with comfort in her heart in the knowledge that her son is being taken care of. She goes away with the direct impression that camp life, as it is now planned, is a very endurable one. She is taken to one of the large library buildings where carefully selected books are on the open shelves, and she sees two hundred and fifty soldiers in the reading-room with the books and magazines they most desire. If she happens to remain in camp until after sundown, until after drill hour, she even is given a glimpse of the soldiers studying. For remember, these men of ours are destined to fight in a foreign country; a large percentage of them know neither the French language nor French geography; they must be trained in mental alertness as well as in physical alertness. This camp life has its advantages. It has wakened up the mountain boy as well as the country and city boy to a sense that what he is to be, as a man, will depend on how he equips himself mentally as well as physically. Of the soldiers drafted many were found to be illiterate. Uncle Sam said to them, "You must learn to write, for if you do not, you cannot sign the pay-roll." So there are classes in reading, writing and arithmetic.





"EACH CAMP HAS ITS SONG-DIRECTOR WHO GOES FROM ONE BARRACK TO ANOTHER TRAINING CHORUSES"

The soldier will be found asking for the same things in the camp that he has been used to in the city. The only difference will be that, because there are so many men in one place, it is easier to determine what things are liked best by the larg-

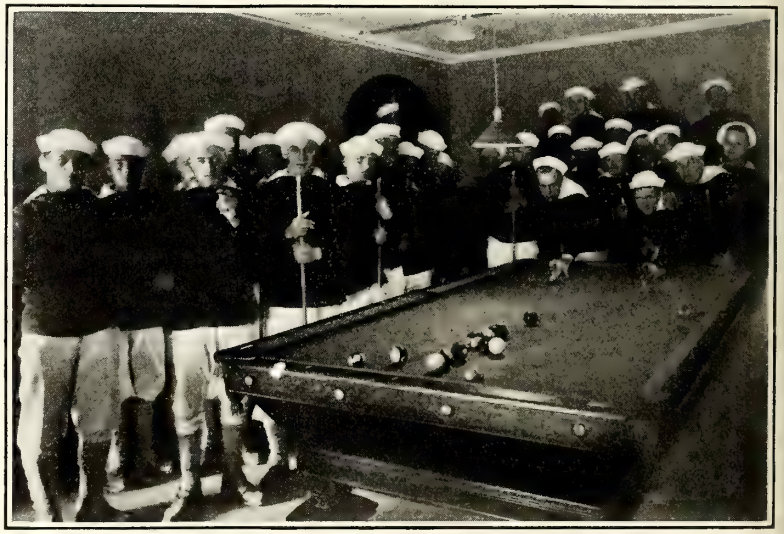
est numbers. I have been told that these soldiers are reveling in boys' books, that they are fond of just the same authors the readers of ST. NICHOLAS are fond of. You will find many a soldier with stories by Barbour, Altsheler, Walter Camp, G. A. Henty, and William Heyliger in his hands. Many of the serial stories once popular in ST. NICHOLAS are now popular in the camps. Take, for instance, John Bennett's "Master Skylark," Allen French's "The Junior Cup," Albert Bigelow Paine's "Boys' Life of Mark Twain," Howard Pyle's "Jack Ballister's Fortune," to mention only a few. Then, too, the boys of the present generation have become so expert in their understanding of the latest scientific inventions, their knowledge is so complete regarding the intricacies of the submarine, of aëroplanes, of wireless, that the books they have been reading on these topics are just the books the soldier, unfamiliar with the subjects, will eagerly seek out.



A CAMP LIBRARY TEMPORARILY HOUSED IN A Y. M. C. A. BUILDING

Strenuous, indeed, are the days before us, for our job is to make the world safe for Democracy. The same young men that you see playing basket-ball at Fort Monroe are destined, at a later date, to take their places in the trenches "somewhere in France." The sailors gathered around the billiard-table are the boys who will leave their naval training-camps and do service either on one of the dreadnaughts, or in the mosquito fleet assigned to submarine duty. But during playtime Uncle Sam does not forget for a moment the essential reasons why it has been necessary to establish these cantonments and these different training-stations. Neither does he ever forget for an instant that until this war is over he is the father of these boys; he must look out for their welfare, inasmuch as they have been selected to protect the welfare of the country. The time will come, after Germany has been awakened by force — and force has been necessary only because the military power in Germany has shown itself to be without conscience and without heart—when these men will return to their homes. Six hundred thousand were drafted, and as many more will be drafted about the time you read this article. These are the men who, when peace is declared, will return to their homes and take up their customary business of life. The business of soldiering is not the business of life. It is simply the business of the moment.

Will they have gained anything from this very great experience? It has been found that the French soldier in the midst of battle has realized the preciousness of life. He is fighting, with all the power that is in him, in order to bring a peace



THE NAVAL TRAINING CAMP BOYS ENJOY PLAYING BILLIARDS

so that it may not be possible for such a cruel war to happen again. The American soldier, when he goes to France, will fight with the same intensity of purpose. Such a war must not be allowed to happen again.

When the drafted man has been completely changed into an efficient soldier, he will be transported across the seas. Our Government will follow him there—to the first-line trenches. "We will see that you are given the proper things to read even under fire," it promises. "We will bring entertainment to you as you wait in the trenches during the long hours: never once will we refrain from trying to make you realize that even in a time made hideous through the madness of one nation, Germany, there still is beauty in the world. It is for that beauty, it is for the safety which means the harmony of nations that we are fighting."

There is not a boy or a girl who will not find a visit to one of these camps a splendid experience. Imagine a city built entirely of lumber, with roads laid out by the soldiers themselves, with trees planted by the soldiers. I went to Camp Meade a few days before Christmas. I saw thirty thousand of these men pass before Secretary of War Baker in review—a stalwart set, with their long coats and their rifles and their perfect alignment.



THE HOUSE-THAT-JACK-BUILT, NAVY Y. M. C. A. AT NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND

Earlier in the morning I had seen some of these same men coming from the woods laden with holly and evergreens. I had seen the army wagons filled with Christmas-trees, and I had gone from building to building and had seen the decorations for the season of "Peace on earth, good will toward men." There was n't a man among these thirty thousand that did n't look strong and alert; the intensive training was making them physically fit. The mechanics of warfare were being drilled into them. But at the same time they were being given something to relieve them from the strain of war.

# At the tomb of WASHINGTON

THE two addresses here reprinted were delivered at Mount Vernon just after last month's issue of ST. NICHOLAS went to press, and therefore too late to be included with the other tributes to Washington, republished in the February number.—*Editor.*



## ADDRESS OF ROBERT LANSING, SECRETARY OF STATE, ON THE OCCASION OF THE VISIT TO THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON OF THE SERBIAN MISSION, JANUARY 6, 1918.

This simple tomb before which we stand to-day is the richest shrine in all America. It is not rich in treasures of art, in costly jewels or rare gems, but it is rich, wonderfully rich, in the priceless memories of the great American whose ashes here repose. Around this modest sepulchre cluster the traditions of a patriot under whose martial leadership this Republic won its independence and took its place among the sovereign nations of the earth; of a patriot whose firm hand and wise statesmanship guided the uncertain steps of the young democracy into the path of prosperity and achievement.

We Americans do well to revere the beloved name of Washington. In his lofty patriotism, in his devotion to the noblest principles of life, in his consecration to the service of his country, posterity, the heirs to the rights which he made secure, the successors to the duties which his life made sacred, will find constant inspiration.

As a soldier, Washington's genius in the field and fortitude in the face of adversity brought victory to the American arms; and when the new day dawned and the new-born nation began its independent life he was called again from his well-earned rest to assume the arduous duties of Chief Magistrate. His splendid character and commanding personality place Washington high above all those illustrious men who have served the Republic in its hours of need.

It is especially appropriate that in these opening days of a new year which finds the whole world darkened by the tragedy of war we should assemble here to do homage to the memory of him who was "first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens." As he gave himself to the cause of liberty and democracy nearly a century and a half ago, so must we, if we be true Americans, give ourselves to-day in the same cause. Our cause in this war is the cause for which Washington fought, and, with God's help, we will triumph even as he triumphed. As America was made free from tyranny and injustice, so shall the world be made free from the sinister forces which threaten the freedom and prosperity of mankind.

United with us to-day in doing honor to the memory of our great national hero are the representatives of a brave people who have for centuries maintained their nationality in spite of Turkish oppression and the inveterate hatred of jealous neighbors. To-day the population of Serbia is a little greater than was that of the American colonies when, under the brilliant leadership of Washington, they cast off the yoke of tyranny.

The sufferings of the Serbian people in the cause of liberty, their splendid valor, and their supreme loyalty to their native land challenge the admiration of Christendom. Their enemies have overwhelmed them with numbers, they have occupied their cities and fields, they have enslaved their people, but, undaunted by disaster and undismayed by defeat, the soul of Serbia lives on. That soul is immortal; it can never die. As it has endured in the past, so will it ever endure to the end of time.

A century ago the renowned ancestor of Serbia's venerable king, after years of struggle for Serbian independence, came to his death, leaving to posterity a glorious memory. His name, like that of Washington, is written on the list of the great patriots of the earth. We honor his name to-day in honoring the name of our own illustrious dead. Both loved their countries with the same intensity and devotion; both offered their lives and fortunes that their countries might be free from oppression.

As you, our distinguished guests, do honor to the name of Washington, so do we Americans do honor to the name of Kara George.

With Americans and Serbians alike, independence has been and ever will be a passion, a glorious heritage transmitted through generations from the days when our national heroes pointed the way to victory. Let us in memory of them rededicate ourselves to the cause of liberty, assured that if we but follow in their footsteps, we shall together overcome the evil passions which have plunged Europe into this war and win for ourselves and for the future a peace which shall endure.

It is with this supreme faith in the power of the spirit of liberty that I stand to-day in this place, sacred to Americans and to all those who love freedom above life, and rejoice that we may share these hallowed memories with our brave comrades in arms, whose deeds of valor in this great war have added new luster to the Serbian name.



## ADDRESS OF DR. MOLENKO VESNITCH, CHAIRMAN OF THE SERBIAN WAR MISSION, AT THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON, MOUNT VERNON, JANUARY 6, 1918.

Happy he who eternally lives;
For him, there was a reason to be born.

This verse of our great national poet comes to my mind in the sublime moment in which I stand before the noble father of this splendid country. Thou, in thy great compassion, wilt excuse my daring, that unknown, coming from a more than distant country, I trouble thy sacred presence, but He who was thy mentor in life suffered the little children to come unto Him. We belong to a small, hardly known nation; thou wilt not refuse our reverence. And just as the poor and the persecuted have found their refuge and their asylum in our Savior, the small and persecuted peoples hope to find an undoubted friend and comforter in this great nation.

We thank you most sincerely, Mr. Secretary of State, for affording us the honor of laying this wreath upon his grave. Words are impotent to express to you, ladies and gentlemen, our gratitude for having escorted us so graciously to this national sanctuary, rapidly becoming that of humanity. Here we shall kneel to thank an ever just God for having given him to your country. Here we should like to pray the Almighty to permit him to look down upon his work and that of his companions, in joy and gladness. His soul would be uplifted, might he graciously be permitted to see how admirably this country has grown, for which he and his brethren, known and unknown, won liberty, the first condition for normal national development. The child of their hope, for whom they offered their lives, for freedom and justice, and whom they have been allowed to see with their very eyes, has it not grown in the short space of a century into a splendid youth, such as history has never seen before? That he will see these things with gratitude we are assured if we only read and ponder the words above the door of this, the last habitation of his body, "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

We all remember the message of Lafayette to Washington in sending him a souvenir, to-day of most symbolic character: "Permit me, my dear General," wrote the heroic son of noble and generous France, "to offer you a picture of the Bastille, such as it was some days after I gave orders for its demolition. I make you homage also of the principal key to this fortress of despotism. It is a tribute I owe you, as son of my adopted father, as aide-de-camp to my general, a missionary of liberty to its patriarch." And the historian tells us that "Washington received the key with reverence as a token of liberty over despotism."

The spirit of liberty, ladies and gentlemen, strengthened, if not born, on the battle-field in your country, has spread its blessed seed over the mountains and seas. As missionary of your great patriarch, Lafayette carried it with him to Europe and, thanks to the genius of immortal France, it has enlightened the Old World. No other nation has received it with a heartier alleluia than our own; no people has kept its flame alive more religiously than have our forefathers. This, alas, has brought us misfortune. The autocrats and despots surrounding us, the Teutons and the Turks, have rushed upon us and have crucified Serbia, nay more, our whole race, the Jugoslavs. We have believed in the moral and in the political gospel which Washington preached and which he confirmed by his life. We shall arise again. The argonauts whom General Pershing commands in Europe will complete the work of liberty.

Destroyed in Paris, the Bastille, as you know, was transferred to Vienna, where Metternich installed himself as the jailer of the nations, and his successors in Vienna and Berlin still hold the

key thereof, intending to imprison within it the whole human race. Associated with the allied armies, your heroic sons will wrench that key from their hands, bringing it back with them to the United States. That day the glory of Washington will spread itself over the planet as a glory to mankind.

When he left the Presidency and withdrew from public life, the House of Representatives addressed him these memorable words: "For our country's sake, and for the sake of republican liberty, it is our earnest wish that your example may be the guide of your successors, and thus, after being the ornament and safeguard of the present age, become the patrimony of our descendants."

This wish has been fulfilled. His glorious example has guided the destiny of the United States from success to success, because his successors have devotedly followed in his footsteps, President Wilson as closely as any of his dignified predecessors.

Your beloved land stands at the zenith of its grandeur, and through no fault of your own you have aroused the envy of selfish, ambitious, and Prussianized Germany. You are of the stature to face that enemy, the more so, as in this gigantic struggle you have with you the frank and the honest among the nations. Jerusalem and Mount Vernon greet each other to-day. Here have stood the representatives of nearly six hundred millions of people, and others will come. Marshal Joffre has bowed before this tomb. We do so in the name of our venerated, democratic King and his heroic son, in the name of our beloved and martyred fatherland, in the name of our decimated, but still unvanquished army, hopeful and confident of a better future. By this sign and token we shall conquer. With gratitude and with reverence we salute the memory of Washington!

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# LITTLE GEORGE WASHINGTON

BY ELLEN MANLY

Little George Washington, Mother is sure,
Was n't apt to be tardy at school.
He studied his lessons as hard as he could,
And was never found breaking a rule.
She says you can pretty well tell by his looks
That when *he* was a boy he was fond of his books.

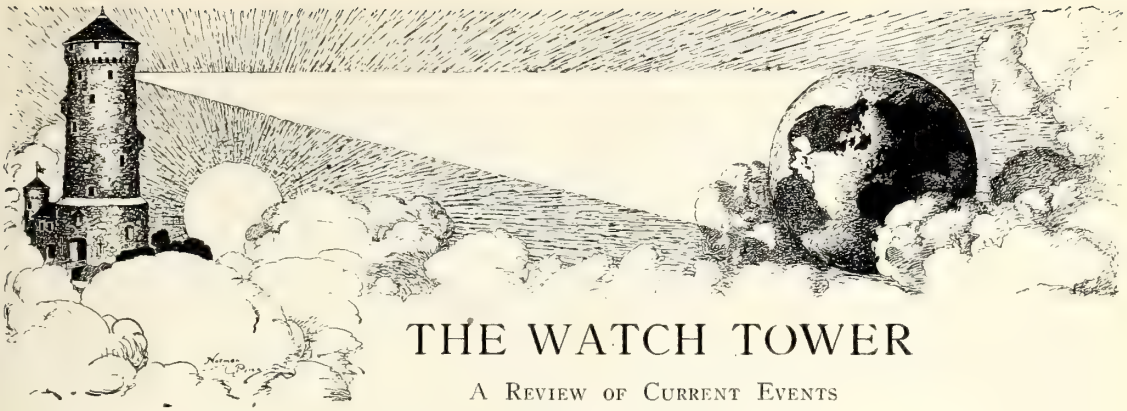
Little George Washington, Sister believes,
And Sister is sure to be right,—
Was not disobliging, or grumpy and cross,
But was willing, good tempered, polite.
She says it was probably always his way
To keep his good manners in use every day.

Little George Washington, Grandmother knows,
Was helpful, although he was small;
She thinks he was handy at doing his bit,
And did n't mind errands at all.
At all events, whether at play or at work,
She 's perfectly sure he was never a shirk.

Little George Washington, Grandfather says,
Never failed to stand square for the right,
And was true to his friends, and a generous foe
Who always played fair in a fight.
He was faithful, reliable—after this plan
Little George Washington grew to a man.

General George Washington all the world knows,
And there is n't a fellow about
Who does n't feel proud, as he cheers for the flag,
Of the story of how he won out;
But Father says he might have failed at the test
Had *Little* George Washington not done his best!





# THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

BY EDWARD N. TEALL

## "WAR AIMS" DEFINED

In his message to Congress of January 8, the President labeled and numbered the items of America's program, as follows:

1. *Secret treaties to be abolished.* This war was incubated in the dark-room of secret diplomacy. Open, honest dealings between governments will be truly dealings between nations, instead of a game in which the peoples are pawns.

2. *Freedom of navigation upon the seas, outside territorial waters.* This freedom must be "absolute," except as subject to regulation by international agreement, not national necessity or expediency. The seas were "free" until German piracy began!

3. *Trade equality; removal of economic barriers.* The President stated, later, that this does not mean that the American tariff system should be abolished and free trade adopted as a policy. He meant that there should be no declaration of boycott against German goods after the war.

4. *Reduced armaments.* The standard is to be that of police duty, domestic protection, not aggression and aggrandizement.

5. *Adjustment of colonial claims.* Here the interests of the populations concerned must have equal weight with the just claims of the Government whose title is to be determined. The qualification of these claims as equitable indicates the prominence, in President Wilson's program, of international deliberation upon affairs not internal and domestic. This is to be read between the lines all through this great document.

6. *Russia to have "unhampered and unembarrassed opportunity" for self-development.* The terms which the German negotiators at Brest-Litovsk tried to impose included a mortgage upon Russian products and industry that would have made Russia almost a vassal state.

7. *Restoration of Belgium.* Can Belgium ever be "restored"? Can the impress of the brutal conqueror's boot-heel ever be erased from Belgian soil? Every civilized person will endorse the demand for the utmost amends that can be made to the prime sufferer by Potsdam thuggery.

8. *The wrong done by Prussia to France in Alsace-Lorraine must be righted.* "Should be," the President said. The friends of justice would prefer a more emphatic word. Lloyd George declared Great Britain would "stand by the French democracy to the death" in its demand for "reconsideration" of the crime of '71. Possibly a vote of the people of Alsace-Lorraine will be taken to clear away all question of what true justice is in their case.

9. *Readjustment of Italy's frontier.* In the President's view, this can be effected with fairness only by making the boundary march as nearly as possible with the line of racial cleavage; Teutons on one side, Latins on the other.

10. *Austria-Hungary.* The component elements of the empire to be safeguarded in their opportunity for "autonomous"—or self—development. This means that Austria is to deal less tyrannically with her subject peoples, especially those over toward Asia.

11. *Balkan independence.* Rumania, Serbia and Montenegro to be evacuated; Serbia to have free access to the sea; relations of the Balkan states to one another to be determined by nationality, not by political rivalries. The Balkan states have been a constant source of international trouble; if peace brings an agreement among the great Powers whereby the "unrest" of the Balkan peoples can be checked, it will have the better prospect of being a lasting peace.

12. *Turkey and the Dardanelles.* Turkish sovereignty to be unimpaired, but the nationalities under Turkish rule to be safeguarded in their

autonomous development. The President could, here as elsewhere, have been a little more specific and emphatic, but the world will supply the reference to Armenia and the lands where the Turk has repeatedly rivaled Berlin in the art of military atrocity and matched his Hohenzollern partner in the brutalities of "frightfulness." As to the Dardanelles, the strait must be maintained as a highway of commerce open to the ships of all nations "under international guarantees."

13. *Poland.* Here again the United States means to see political and economic freedom established.

14. *Association of nations.* This paragraph is a summary of the program. Specific international covenants must be made to guard the world's peace against assault by Germany; or any other Power that may ever be tempted to follow Germany's present example.

Could there be a clearer definition of the meaning of the phrase "safe for democracy?" As to our attitude toward Germany, we declare that we wage no war of hate; that revenge is not our motive; that we seek no gain for ourselves in this war, save as the preservation of peace in the world is a gain for us; that we expect the German nation to survive in its greatness—but that the Hohenzollerns must go.

The Revolution gave us, in the Declaration of Independence, our platform of freedom. The Civil War defined for us the meaning of our unity as a nation. The Monroe Doctrine established before the world our place in the Western Hemisphere. This utterance by President Wilson, in behalf of the united American people, places clearly before the world what use the United States of America is resolved to make of its power as a member of the family of nations: a power used for right and justice the wide world over.

## THE KAISER'S ANSWER

ON January 25 Germany replied, in a speech by Chancellor Hertling in the Reichstag, to the statement of the Allies of the terms on which they would consider peace.

Where the statements of the Allies are concerned with general principles of world government, Germany professes agreement. But Germany has tried so hard and so successfully to make the world despise her, that this agreement now looks like nothing but a confession of fear of an international boycott and an admission that reluctance to deal with a nation whose rulers have trailed its honor in the dust is justified.

The majority of the items deal with the Allies' declaration of purpose to see "opportunity for self-development" granted to the "smaller nations." In the cases of Russia and Armenia, the German answer is that these questions must be left to Russia and Turkey—*and* the Central Powers. In the Balkans and on the Italian frontier, Austria must prevail. As to Poland, Germany and Austria "must decide." "There can be no talk of giving up Alsace-Lorraine." Belgium referred to peace conference. Colonies: Germany "demands reconstitution of the world's colonial possessions."

Limitation of armaments, formation of a league of nations, and similar projects are "discussable."

Germany simply goes back to her first position, back to the lust for conquest which led her to plunge the peaceful world into war. Surely nothing else could be seen here than a new warning to the nations not to trust the German rulers —not to cease fighting till they are conquered and their power for evil cut off. But the chancellor was speaking for the Kaiser; and the world waited to hear from the German people.

## UNWELCOME, BUT HELPFUL, HOLIDAYS

As in December the great event in domestic affairs was the taking over of the railroads by the Government, so in January the big thing was the act of the Fuel Administration in closing business in the eastern half of the country for the five days of January 18-22, inclusive, and each Monday thereafter up to and including March 25. Such drastic action was made necessary by the shortage of fuel due to congestion of railroad traffic, and by the need to fill the bunkers of ships waiting with cargoes of food for the Allies.



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DR. H. A. GARFIELD.

The order directed that in the distribution of fuel preference should be given in this sequence: first, the railroads; then, domestic consumers, hospitals, charitable institutions and army and

navy cantonments; next, public utilities, ships, United States Government buildings, State, county and municipal governments, and, finally, manufacturers of foodstuffs. Publication of newspapers on these days was ordered to be limited to such issues as are put out on the major holidays, and the necessary use of fuel in getting out the regular editions of periodicals was permitted. Enough fuel could be used to prevent damage to property by freezing, and some partial exemptions from the restriction were specified. Use of fuel for moving passenger-trains and street-cars was to be cut down to the normal Sunday scale.



© International Film Service
WHY THE CHICAGO TRAIN WAS LATE.

The Fuel Administrator, Dr. Garfield, urged that everything possible be done to prevent suffering by persons thrown out of employment on these days, but the means had to be left to the decision of individual employers. Millions of workers were affected by the order; many of them earning only a bare living wage, most seriously. Naturally, there was grave misgiving as to the wisdom of the act, and many protests. But the order, given under the authority of the President's executive order constituting the Fuel Administration, August 23, 1917 (itself authorized by Act of Congress conferring on the President special war-powers), was specifically commended by Mr. Wilson as a means to avoid much greater inconvenience later on, and the country accepted it with commendable patience.

To easy-going America such an exhibit of the power of a Government at war came like the shock of a plunge into icy water. We do not mean to underrate either the governmental necessity or the difficulty of compliance with so radically effective an order; but we believe it can be said without empty-pated optimism or obtuseness to hard facts that this will prove to have been the best thing that could have been done at the time and that America will stand the strain. Early in February, indeed, there were repeated intimations from Washington that the order for Monday holidays might be revoked by or before the middle of that month.



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COAL BARGES BREAKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE ICE IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

## RUSSIA

THE Bolsheviki began the new year as they ended the old one, trying to manage Russia's foreign affairs with one hand and her domestic affairs with the other. The negotiations at Brest-Litovsk seemed anything but a "peace" parley. Trotzky endeavored, apparently, to drive beyond the German negotiators at the democratic party in Germany, and the Germans seemed to be aiming at the effect they might produce upon the subjects of the Allies' Governments. After several partial suspensions of the negotiations, Germany declared January 29 to be the time limit.

Meanwhile, we had reports of the formation of a Black Sea republic, and at the end of the month the Ukraine concluded an independent peace. It began to look very much as if the great Russian Empire were about to break up into a lot of smaller states. THE WATCH TOWER, however, continued to expect sometime—far in the future, perhaps, and after a troubled history, but sometime surely—to see Russia made truly democratic in government. Perhaps the breaking up into units now will prepare the way for confederation later.

When the full platform of the Russians at Brest-Litovsk became known—several of its planks were omitted from the early German report—it was found to be in many important particulars in agreement with the statements of Prime Minister Lloyd George and President Wilson. (It included, however, restoration of Germany's colonies, and the neutralization of such artificial straits as the Suez and Panama canals, as well as the natural waterways connecting great seas.) The Bolsheviki began to be better inclined toward the Allies, and England and America wisely decided to deal, even if only informally, with Bolshevik ambassadors.



© Photograph by Pathé

THE DUMA OF THE RUSSIAN SOLDIERS IN SESSION.

Late in the month the Leninists were defeated in the voting in the Constituent Assembly which was proclaimed by the revolutionary government last March. Lenine, quitting the Assembly with his followers, declared it would not be permitted to continue, and that a new national convention would be called.

So, at the end of the first month of 1918, Russia was getting back to better terms with the Allies, but was torn by internal dissension. The one good thing in the situation was that Russia as a whole had not surrendered to the Germans.

## THE SUFFRAGE AMENDMENT

When, on January 10, the House of Representatives voted, 274-136, in favor of the woman-suffrage amendment to the Constitution of the United States, it was celebrating an anniversary of the suffrage movement, for it was on the same day, in 1878, that the "Susan B. Anthony amendment" first came before the Senate. Suffrage won in this recent vote by getting exactly the required two-thirds.

To suffragists, the House vote seemed like winning half the battle, as it would require only a similar victory in the upper house of Congress to send the amendment out to the state legislatures for ratification or rejection. But impartial observers questioned the accuracy of this conclusion, because, even with the President openly in favor of the amendment, it was bound to experience more difficulty in that chamber of the national legislature which is supposed to be less directly responsive to popular opinion.

Both prohibition and suffrage have been greatly helped by the war.

## TEACHERS OF LOYALTY

At a meeting of the Federation of Teachers' Associations, held in January, plans were made to give the teachers "special instruction in patriotism," as the first step in a campaign for better citizenship. Such a campaign is needed, especially in the cities and centers of industrial population.

The school-teachers are employed by governmental bodies. They are servants of the state. Their work is of special value to the state, for it educates the citizens of the future. The schools should be always, and now especially, active agencies of Americanism. They can do an extraordinary amount of good just at this time by training the pupils in the loyalty that leads beyond words, to deeds.

It is not enough for the teachers merely to be loyal. They must actively teach loyalty. Perhaps, if any of them are puzzled as to how and where to begin, they could not do better than to take a lesson—from the great, patriotic army of boys and girls.

# THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

Nothing human is quite perfect. One defect of democratic government is that the freedom of thought, speech, and action which its citizens possess does two things: it prevents preparedness for such an assault on the peace of the world as the German rulers have committed, and it gives opportunity for criticism tending to cripple the administrative authorities in a crisis.

It has been asserted that the Government is assuming too great powers; that the President is a dictator, and that the Federal Constitution, with its wisely devised system of "checks and balances," is in danger of being undermined. We think this is about as likely to happen as a blizzard on the Fourth of July.

Criticism has also been directed against the Government's methods of executing its policies, but in almost every instance the criticism proves to have been based on insufficient knowledge of the situation.

Spectators in the grandstand may criticize the captain's choice of plays, but the players must take the signals as they come.

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A story is told about Colonel Lewis, inventor of the Lewis machine-gun, to the effect that when questioned by the Senate Military Affairs Committee as to the motives that prompted him to offer to turn over to the Government his royalties on the invention, he said: "I was educated at the Government's expense. I have two sons. They are both with General Pershing." If the problem of supplying our troops with the guns were as simple as the problem of Colonel Lewis's motives, it would be—a good deal simpler than it is.

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Sums of money of almost inconceivable magnitude are involved in the extraordinary expenditures of these most extraordinary times; but without denying the advantages of careful economy, we have to measure the need with a special scale. The first and vital thing is to get results and it is better to pay a high price for what we must have, and have quickly, than to run any risk of failure as the result of an endeavor to cut down the expense here and there. Still, we do hope that the men who attend to paying the country's bills will not be too reckless with the funds!

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The State of North Carolina has appropriated $25,000 to promote the establishment of moving-picture show circuits in the rural regions. The State is to pay one-third of the cost, and the local governments, the rest. It is interesting to note that the enterprise is to be conducted by the State Superintendent of Public Instruction. North Carolina, at least, has settled upon its answer to the question, "Do the movies educate?"



THE CIRCUS FARM

AMID the ordinary, every-day farms of Lancaster County, Missouri, there is one that is a real wonder-land—a circus farm. It is quite as odd as its name, a big stretch of prairie-land where graze not sheep and cattle, but camels, zebras, and wonderful horses that are likely to walk on their hind legs or shake hands with you when you come into the pasture with a red apple. Elephants are as plentiful on this farm as are Jersey cows on most ranches, and you are likely to find them going through their tricks in order to keep in training. Then there are cages with lions, tigers, and bears, just about every kind of animal that you see in the traveling zoo.





In addition to the animals, this farm has a collection of vehicles. Instead of the hay-wagon and

buckboard of the average country place, you may see scattered about the barn-yards enough gilt cages, band-wagons, and ornamented floats to form a "dazzling, magnificent and colossal street parade," as the show-bills usually express it.



TRICK SHETLAND PONIES.

How would you like to be a small boy on a farm like that? There is a youngster who lives on this circus farm, and if he is like his father at that age, he must be a very happy boy. The father made up his mind, when he was quite a



THE BOY OF THE CIRCUS FARM AND HIS FATHER.

small chap, that he was going to own a circus when he grew up. Like most boys he was fascinated by the street parade, the antics of the clowns, the splendor of the ring-master and the music of the steam calliope, so he worked hard every circus-day, carrying water for the elephants to pay his way into the tent, and watching the acrobats and the lion-tamers with breathless interest.

Instead of outgrowing his ambition, he followed it as he grew older, and began in a small way to trade in wild animals, until now he buys and sells circuses as other farmers buy and sell cattle. His name is William P. Hall, and the small boy of the farm is named after his father, though everybody calls him Billy, of course. His life on the farm must be the envy of all other boys. Think of having such chores to do as feeding the lions, driving the trick Shelties to town for the mail, or going out in the pasture to bring home the elephants! C. L. Edholm.

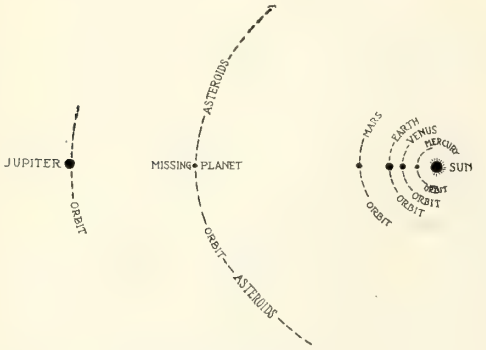
### A PLANET THAT MAY HAVE EXPLODED

At the present time we hear a great deal about war projectiles which violently explode, scattering metal fragments in every direction. But not many of us have heard about a planet in our own solar system that may have violently exploded, scattering its more or less molten fragments into the space which surrounded it. That such a planet—our earth is, of course, a planet—once existed seems certain, but we are in much doubt respecting its size and condition at the time it was destroyed. Indeed, there are two theories regarding the cause of its destruction, one of which is that it may have blown up, probably by a series of explosions. The planet itself probably blew up first, and then many of the scattered fragments exploded also.

Had that planet not been destroyed, our solar system would in all probability have possessed nine instead of the present eight larger satellites of our sun. As many of you know, these eight planets are Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. Now, this missing planet would have revolved around our sun in an orbit between Mars and Jupiter. That is, it would be placed between Mars and Jupiter, for it is in this orbit that a large number of tiny planets, or asteroids, are situated. The asteroids which have been discovered number many hundreds, and astronomers believe there are a multitude that are as yet undiscovered. All these asteroids are comparatively small, the largest of them, Ceres, being only about five hundred miles in diameter. As for the smallest of these planetoids, it cannot be more than ten or fifteen miles in diameter.

Astronomers believe that these many asteroids are the scattered remains of a destroyed planet

because, according to a certain astronomical law, there should be another planet revolving between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter,—there is too big a gap between them,—and the presence of these planetoids in what would have been the orbit of such a planet is almost absolute proof of its




THE ORBIT OF THE MISSING PLANET IN ITS RELATION TO OUR SOLAR SYSTEM.

former existence. Moreover, there are such a large number of these asteroids, that, were all those that have been discovered and all those that we believe exist, although yet undiscovered, collected into one sphere, a planet would be formed large enough to be seen, although not comparable in size with our own earth. As long ago as 1772, astronomers surmised that there was, or had been, a planet somewhere between Mars and Jupiter; but it was not until 1801 that Ceres was discovered. The discoveries of other asteroids, Pallas, Juno, Vesta, and Astræa, followed, and since 1847 every year has added to their number. In 1898 the insignificant, though remarkable, planet Eros was discovered.

If this missing planet between Mars and Jupiter had not been destroyed, there would in all probability be another solar satellite, besides Venus, Jupiter, Mars, and Saturn, easily visible to our unassisted eyesight, called, perhaps, Diana, Apollo, or some other classical name. It would certainly have appeared brighter than Uranus or Neptune, but probably not as bright as either Mars or Saturn. CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES.

## HOW BRUIN GOT THE BEEF

THIS is a true story of a big brown bear that lived in the Yellowstone Park, and lives there still, unless the events here related brought him to an untimely end. He became known through the park for his prowess, and was called the "Uncivil Engineer" because of his skill in managing, again and again, to overcome a difficult situation and also because of his very bad manners in coolly appropriating what did not belong to him.

The route through the park, as you may know, is in a circle, and it takes five days to cover the distance of one hundred and seventy-five miles, or did at the time of my story. The places where the stages stop at night are "night stations," and are large modern hotels. At noon the stops are made at "lunch stations," which were of canvas or rough boards.

The particular lunch station which was the scene of the Uncivil Engineer's depredations is situated in a dense pine forest where the trees seem to touch the sky, with no limbs up to a height of sixty or eighty feet and a diameter of from ten to twenty inches.

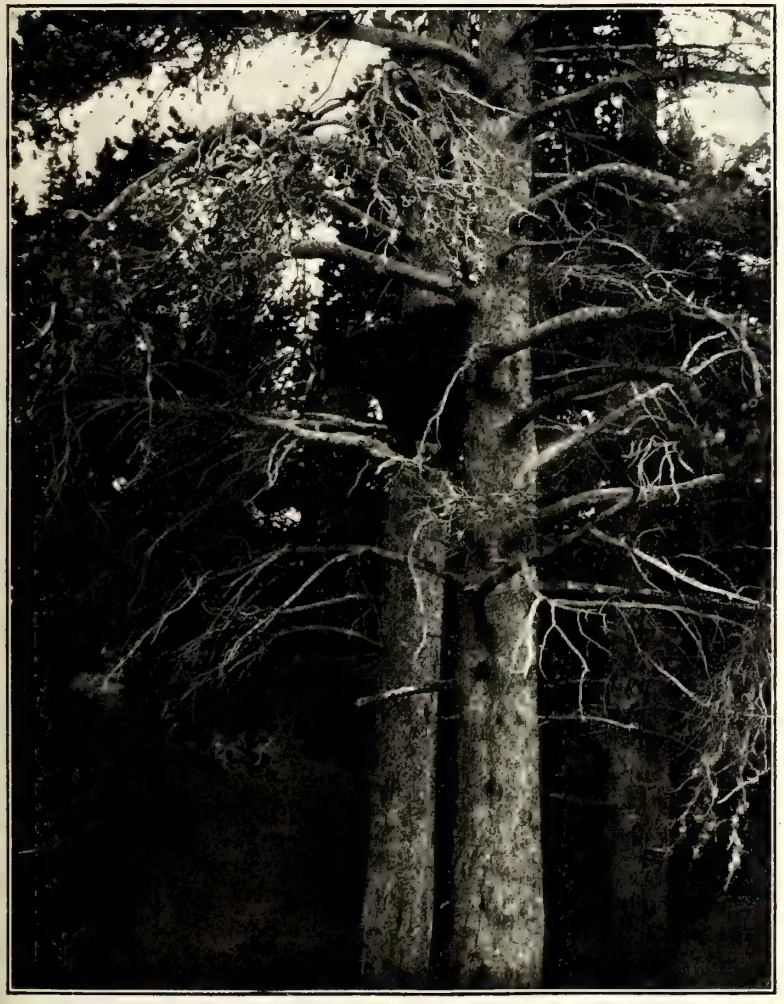
There are many kinds of bears within the precincts of the park. A friend of mine, who controlled the mail routes there, pointed out to a visitor one evening thirteen different varieties within a few rods of her. The brown or black bear, says this same friend, can be tamed, though they are at all times apt to be treacherous. The grizzly bear is ready for a fight even while a cub, and can never be petted. The wild black bear will sometimes take sugar out of one's hand. The brown and black bears can climb a tree as easily as a cat, while the grizzly cannot climb at all. Our Uncivil Engineer, who haunted this remote station, was not a garbage-pile bear, as there had been no building at this point until a few days before his remarkable feats began. As soon as the structure was completed they dropped a Chinaman at this lunch station to cook the meals, and sent down to him all sorts of provisions. A short time before Bruin's first appearance, there had come to the station a quarter of beef, with directions to "corn and pack." This Ah Sin proceeded to do, and when all was ready he put the barrel on the porch, covered it over, and went to bed, a tired Chinaman.

And here Bruin enters on the scene. Prowling around in search of food, which had been scarce of late, his keen nose soon scented out the inviting meal. No doubt it seemed specially prepared for his night feast. As such he accepted it. He must have worked with great skill and with a grace of motion we are not accustomed to associate with bears. In that forest stillness any awkward move would have caused commotion enough to arouse Ah Sin, though one of the "seven sleepers." When morning dawned, Ah Sin arranged his pigtail and went to look at his barrel of meat. But he did n't look at it. It was n't there.

After the stage came in, search was made and the empty barrel discovered some distance away in the woods. News of the theft was sent back to headquarters by the next stage, and another

relay of beef sent down. At last this was corned, so into the barrel it went and was tightly headed and put on the porch as before.

But a little extra work did not bother the Uncivil Engineer. Next morning Ah Sin came out to get some meat, but the porch was empty, and a little way off lay the upturned barrel. The beef was gone. The theory is that Bruin had issued invitations for a midnight lunch, and all his friends came.



"THE BROWN AND BLACK BEARS CAN CLIMB A TREE AS EASILY AS A CAT."

Again the theft was reported, and another quarter was sent to the station. Could nothing be done to outwit this clever bear? He must not be shot, since shooting is not allowed in the park. There seemed but one way, and that was to keep the meat in the kitchen. So the patient Ah Sin again went through the long process of curing the beef, packed it, and set it in the corner of the kitchen, securely fastening the door- and window-screens. That night the Chinaman slept with one ear open. Hearing, toward morning, a slight sound, he crept out and found Bruin with his head in the barrel. When he saw Ah Sin he lurched back and stood for a moment at bay, but with a loud howl the Chinaman hurled at the huge creature a bucket full of water, and the bear sprang through the window, tearing off the wire netting, and disappeared into the night and the woods. He had come in by the door, having neatly removed the entire screening.

When it was necessary to get the next supply of beef, this plan was tried. The barrel, carefully closed, was suspended from the end of a limb sixty feet high. Some of the officials of the park had by this time become very much interested in the game and went with Ah Sin next morning—to find the barrel gone! It was found, with pulley and tackle, not far away, empty. Sixty feet of smooth trunk Bruin had scaled, and, with the dexterity of a tight-rope walker, had reached the end of the branch and secured the booty. There were signs that he had fallen with his plunder, but the meat was gone.

As a last resort, tin cans, ten-gallon size, were cut open and nailed around the tree, overlapping downward, making a perfectly smooth surface up which it seemed no animal could climb. Once more the barrel dangled sixty feet high. Satisfied that no creature of any kind could shin up over the tin, which extended up ten feet, everybody slept in peace. In the morning the barrel was not on the pulley, but in the woods—empty.

In the end a specially constructed room outwitted the Uncivil Engineer, but he is, no doubt, still roaming the Yellowstone forests, bemoaning the old days when life was full of high adventure and rich reward, before man finally succeeded in outwitting him.

CARRIE B. CHANDLER.

### THE SUGAR-CAMP THAT PAYS

UP in New York State, in a section of the Catskills, there is a sugar-camp in a grove of some 3000 well-grown, hard maples, big enough to carry from two to four buckets apiece when sugar-making time comes. There is a big evaporating house, where the sap runs from large tubs into an evaporator, the flow automatically regulated to keep it simmering away at the right temperature.

There are big stirring-kettles and hundreds of molds, and the syrup, when it begins to sugar, is put into the kettles and stirred until it is as white as thick cream. Then it is poured into the little molds or tins, and forms the scallop-edged cakes that are to be marketed. Or if it will pay better to do so, the syrup is sold in gallon cans before being reduced to sugar.

And a farmer's boy has developed this big business from a start made when his father, like all farmers in the region, boiled enough sap in the spring to make what maple syrup the family would need through the year. A visit to New York had opened the boy's eyes as to the market for maple syrup there. He found that a poor quality, only 25 per cent. real maple, sold for more money than the best quality brought at home, and recognized a great business opportunity.

He made a bargain with his father for the rental of the sugar grove and then began the development that has reached a plant such as is described above, with an output reaching in a good season up to 10,000 gallons which bring him not less than $1.50 per gallon, and sometimes more when made into sugar. Here was a boy who had eyes that could see an opportunity at home.

FRANK FARRINGTON.

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# FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

## THE ADVENTURE OF THE BUNNY TWINS

BY HILMA LEHMANN

ONE lovely morning in spring, the twins ran out of their garden to visit their kind friend, the little lady next door.

"Good morning, my bunnies," she cried. She always called them her bunnies, but everybody else called them Pinkie and Brownie. "I have a surprise waiting for you under the apple-tree. Yesterday, when the birds gave a party, they decided to leave a remembrance for you in return for the food you have always given them. A robin told me all about it."

The twins hurried to the back of the garden. Two small baskets lay in the grass with something soft and white in them. Eagerly the twins pulled the mysterious bundle apart. They found to their great astonishment that the gifts from the birds were two little white bunny-coats, and caps with long ears fastened on them; two pink ones, and two that were tipped with brown. You can imagine how excited Pinkie and Brownie now were.

"I know a fine thing to do," exclaimed Pinkie, her eyes dancing. "Let 's make-believe we are real Easter bunnies, like those on the Easter cards. We 'll hitch Rob to the cart and get some eggs and paint 'em. Then we 'll go to see all the other children, and give 'em each a colored egg. Won't that be fun?"

"Oh, yes, let 's do that!" was Brownie's ready answer. She thought Pinkie always had such splendid ideas for any play at make-believe.

So they harnessed Rob, the terrier, to their cart, and they found six eggs in the hen-house. These they put into a little yellow basket.

"Let 's make the eggs all bright red and green!" suggested Pinkie. "I saw Daddy leave some paint in the woodshed yesterday, and some brushes."

The Bunnies gave each a big dab of red and green paint and were delighted to see how gay they looked.

Now all was ready for their great adventure.

Brownie, sitting in the cart, carefully held the precious Easter eggs, while Pinkie trotted beside her, holding the reins. The dog was used to driving the twins in this smart turnout, ever since their daddy had made a harness for him.




"BROWNIE SITTING IN THE CART WHILE PINKIE TROTTED BESIDE HER."

They let Rags, the little shaggy dog, join them this time. Usually he was not invited, because he cut too many capers. But to-day he was so glad to go that he put on his very best behavior. All would have gone along splendidly if a certain big cat that Rags particularly disliked had not whisked across their path.

Then a dreadful thing happened! Little Rags dashed after her, and this made old Rob forget all about the important work he had to do. The one idea he had at that moment was to help chase and fight the foe. He turned the cart around with a jerk, broke loose, and tore down the road, deserting his frightened playmates.

The bunnies shrieked—the cart upset—Brownie tumbled out—and the eggs—well, they had a greater fall than *Humpty-Dumpty*. Nobody could ever pick

them up again, either. So there in a topsy-turvy heap in the dust lay Brownie and the eggs, the cart and the basket.

"Oh, Brownie, Brownie, look at your bunny-coat!" exclaimed Pinkie, in alarm. "It 's all spoiled." And sure enough, the eggs had made a big yellow stain on Brownie's coat, her face and hands were scratched and dirty. Pinkie wanted to brush her off with her tiny handkerchief, so she ran to wet it in a brook near by, that rippled merrily along without even stopping to see what was the matter. In her hurry she slipped on a stone and fell into the water.

Here was a pretty howdy-do! Pinkie scrambled back to the road, trying hard




"IN THE DUST LAY BROWNIE AND THE EGGS."

not to cry. What a sight she now was, with her bunny-coat all wet and splashed with mud. Brownie's tears fell thick and fast.

"I 'm ashamed to go home!" whimpered Pinkie.

"So am I," wailed Brownie.

The unhappy twins felt as if all out-of-doors were making fun of them. Nevertheless, they bravely picked up their cart and trudged back toward their garden, hoping nobody would see them. On the way, Rob and Rags came bounding back to them. The dogs did not know what to make of it when the bunnies told them how naughty they had been to spoil their good time.



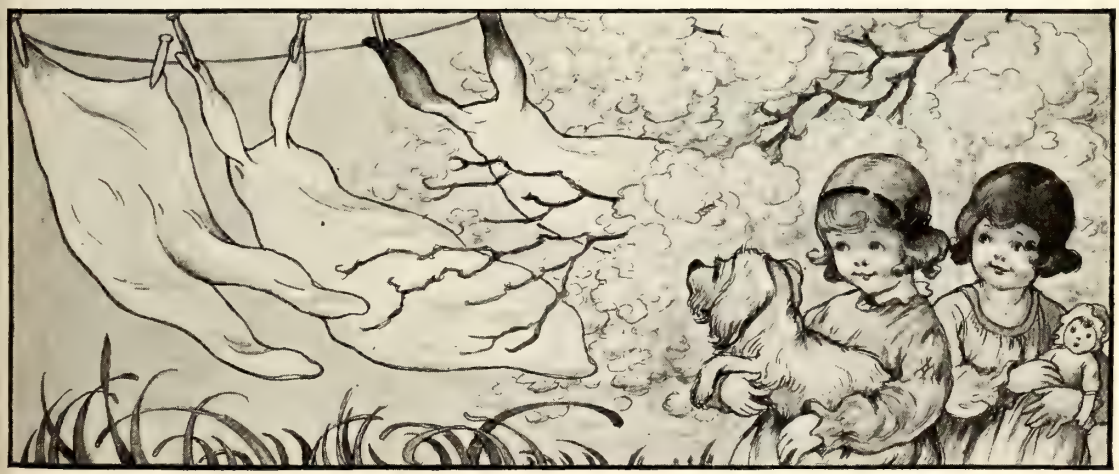
"THEY PICKED UP THEIR CART AND TRUDGED BACK."

The little lady next door happened to be at her garden gate. "Well, well, you poor bunnies, what has happened?" she asked anxiously.

Hanging their heads in shame, the twins told her all about their mishap, but they did not forget to say how very sorry they were that they had broken the eggs and spoiled their bunny-coats. They promised never again to play with eggs and dogs at the same time.

So their kind friend took off the bunny clothes, and putting them into a big tub of hot, soapy water, she rubbed and rubbed and rubbed, until they were as good as new. It did not take long before the twins saw them hanging out on the line in the sun, and fluttering in the breeze, and looking more and more like white bunny-coats every minute.

The birds saw them, too, and wondered what it meant, and why their little friends played so quietly in the garden all the rest of the day. And they noticed, also, that Rob was tied at one end of the fence and Rags at the other. It was very puzzling. The birds wished they knew what the trouble had been, but the little lady would not tell them, she and the bunnies were going to have it for a secret.



# ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

"When March Winds Blow" and "The Rescue" proved wonderfully inspiring subjects to our writers of verse. But no extra space could be allotted to them, and the pages immediately preceding and following the League would not budge. So we were confronted with the alternative of omitting four remarkable little poems by Honor Members (which all their comrades *ought* to read) or of letting these contributions overflow into the half-page usually reserved for the Introduction to the department. For once, therefore, the editor ungrudgingly yields the centre of the stage (or of this page, at least) to the four clever young poets of whose offerings we should all be proud.

### WHEN MARCH WINDS BLOW

BY BEATRICE CALDWELL (AGE 15) (*Honor Member*)

ALONE on the league-long, white sea-beach
With the wild surf running high,
With the scattered piles of brown seaweed,
And the low, grey, changing sky;

Behind fade into the mist away
Meadow and tower and town,
While the steel-blue rim of the moon-tide sweeps
Full half the world around,

With never an isle, and never a sail,
And never a gull's white wing,
Never a sound beyond the pale,
Save the song that the wild waves sing.

O heart of mine, so strangely mute,
Hast thou no voice where all things speak?
O perfect peace within my soul!
O spray-wet wind against my cheek!

Time is lost in the great uproar,
And love and pain have ceased to be;
There is only I, like a god on high,
And the sky and the wind and the sea.

### THE RESCUE

BY GWYNNE ALMON ABBOTT (AGE 17) (*Honor Member*)

THIS is the task that calls to us to-day:
To render to the future, free from stain,
All we have gathered from the plenteous past,
All of the pearls that in our lap are cast.
Freely the ages spread across our way
Their richest gifts, and now they ask again.

Gladly we drank the splendor of the years,
And wove our garlands of the fairest flowers.
To-day a chasm yawns to swallow up
The brightest jewels that have filled our cup;
And unclean hands, all armed with bristling spears,
Reach out to grasp the treasures that are ours.

With loving haste we lay each sparkling gem
In a safe casket, far from touch of shame;
Shut out their gleam forever from our sight,
And in the darkness gird us for the fight.
So after-years that come to gaze on them
Shall in their wonder pause to bless our name.

### WHEN MARCH WINDS BLOW

BY MIRIAM E. SIMONS (AGE 17) (*Honor Member*)

A STRONG young breeze, a mighty blast,
A wind so wildly whistling past,
Off with your hat,—away you fly,—
A poster land 'neath a poster sky,
With the white clouds quickly scudding by.
Hey for the trail! and away we go,
On a long, long tramp, when March winds blow!

The call of the road—and we must go,
Why or whither, neither we know,
Only, when blows the first wild gust,
Comes an urge 'neath the depths of the winter's rust—
'T is the long, long trail—away we must!
So hey for the road! Away we go,
And answer the call when the March winds blow!

### THE RESCUE—FISH OR BOY?

BY MARY CANDACE PANGBORN (AGE 10) (*Honor Member*)

Two boys went fishing once, and one
Fell in the water blue
Just as he 'd caught a nice big trout—
His line fell with him, too.
He held tight to the line and rod;
His comrade helped him out;
But, when he was thanked for it, said:
"It was to save the trout!"

## PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 217

In making awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**PROSE.** Gold badges, **Marie Mirvis** (age 17), Ohio; **Dorothea K. Smith** (age 14), Pa.
Silver badges, **E. Fairfax Whittle** (age 15), Fla.; **C. Rosalind Holmes** (age 16), N. Y.; **Marguerite Dunkak** (age 14), Mont.; **Jess Bridgwater** (age 16), Texas.

**VERSE.** Gold badges, **Beatrice Pitney** (age 13), D. C.; **Elizabeth Abell** (age 13), N. J.
Silver badges, **Beatrice Sellery** (age 12), Wis.; **Mary Lockett** (age 14), N. Y.

**DRAWINGS.** Gold badge, **Janet Warren Campbell** (age 17), N. Y.
Silver badges, **Elizabeth F. Toy** (age 14), N. J.; **Priscilla Davis** (age 15), Pa.

**PHOTOGRAPHS.** Gold badge, **Aileen Laidlaw** (age 10), Kan.
Silver badges, **Kenneth Kassler** (age 12), Col.; **Ford H. Cooper** (age 13), Conn.; **Elizabeth Hunt** (age 11), N. Y.; **Dorothy H. Bowers** (age 14), N. J.; **Elizabeth W. Starbuck** (age 12), N. Y.

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Silver badges, **Arthur D. Lionberger** (age 14), Mo.; **Helen de G. McLellan** (age 11),
**PUZZLE ANSWERS.** Silver badge, **Hazel Brower** (age 14), N. Y. [La.

## THE STORY OF A SOLDIER

BY E. FAIRFAX WHITTLE (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

THEY were great comrades, were Henri and Jacques. All through the war they had been together, and now they were in the front line at Ypres.

Henri was tall and broad, a splendid man, but Jacques was only four inches high. He was made of lead and wore a gay red-and-blue uniform. Jacques had been given to Henri on his fourth birthday. Henri had had a very lonely childhood, and often said, "Jacques is my friend. He will always stand by me."

When the great war began, Henri was one of the first to join the noble French army. "But," said he, "I cannot leave my brave Jacques at home. He, too, wishes to fight for France." So he had taken Jacques in his pocket.

Now they were awaiting the order to "go over the top" and attack the Boches. At last it came. A scramble! A rush! A barking and spitting of machine-gun! Then Henri felt a stabbing pain over his heart, and everything grew dark.

All day he lay there among piles of dead and wounded, while the shells screamed and whined over him. When night came, two stretcher-bearers crept out and took him to a dressing-station. When the surgeon examined him he found a battered lead soldier, shot to pieces in his breast pocket. After a careful examination the surgeon said, "He has been badly wounded, but he will live. This little soldier has saved his life."

"Only a toy soldier!" you say. No! A real soldier, for he "did his bit" by saving a life for the Allies and Liberty.



"WHAT I LIKE BEST." BY KENNETH KASSLER, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

## THE STORY OF A SOLDIER

BY C. ROSALIND HOLMES (AGE 16)

(*Silver Badge*)

THE war had come. For twenty-one years the boy had lived with his invalid mother in the little home town, save for the four winters at college. He had returned and started, in a small way, as the old doctor's assistant. Then, like a black cloud before the storm, came the news that war had been declared—and the draft. The boy was just of draft age, and a fine, healthy fellow. The father at his death, twenty years ago, had left widow and son well provided for. There was nothing but for the boy to go. And with the hot young blood of twenty-one, he *wanted* to go—wanted to be right in the thick of the fight. The mother was a patriot,—she loved her great free country and her starry flag,—but she was also a mother, and she loved her son.

It was a bright, crisp fall day when he left. The call had come the night before, and he was following on the very heels of his country's summons. He kissed his mother, and walked briskly out. On the pavement he turned to wave good-by. She was responding bravely. The dear white head at the front hall window of the comfortable gray home—how the boy loved it! He struggled with a sob—then, squaring his shoulders, marched bravely, even jauntily, down the street, whistling gaily, but scarcely daring to look behind him.



"WHAT I LIKE BEST." BY RUTH MORAN, AGE 13.

Left alone, the white-haired mother bowed her face in her hands and sobbed. She was a patriot, and proud of her son—but she was also a mother,—and she loved him.

## THE STORY OF A SOLDIER

BY MARGUERITE DUNKAK (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

"WHY did I join?" asked the young soldier of his civilian companion. "It 's hard to explain. What made you ask?"

"Well," answered the elder man, "you certainly did n't seem to want to go, at first."

"I guess it was the flag that did it," said the soldier, thoughtfully. "When war started, I was n't very keen about going, I 'll admit. Things were mighty peaceful out in the country, and I did n't want to change them.

"It was one day when I came to town that it happened. Some boys were leaving for 'Over There,' and I stopped to watch 'em go by. Everybody was cheering. Some women were crying. Then I happened to look at a building opposite, where there was a big flag—mighty big. Something happened to me then, I forgot to be peaceful and




"A FOOD CONSERVATION POSTER." BY JANET W. CAMPBELL, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON MARCH, 1916.)

easy-going. I wanted to fight! Why? I don't know. I guess it was the cheering, and crying, and marching, along with that sudden look at the flag.

"Don't smile that way! Some people may not think it 's glorious, but it looked that way to me that day. It looked sort of—of—protecting, too. Oh, I can't explain it—but I felt as if it had been protecting me, and now I ought to protect it!

"That 's the best explanation I can give you. I expect you don't understand. Anyway, I went and enlisted right away!"

## WHEN MARCH WINDS BLOW

BY MARTHEDITH FURNAS (AGE 13)

THE earth is brown and bare and wet;
The sky is gray, and the clouds are torn;
Cold weather is not gone, and yet
I feel the stir of a spring new-born.
And the air is keen with the melting snow,
But spring is here when the March winds blow.

And the crows, dark messengers of spring,
Have blackened that snag of an old pine-tree,
And are noisily cawing the news they bring—
News of all news most welcome to me.
For they say that the winter must surely go,
And that spring is coming when March winds blow.

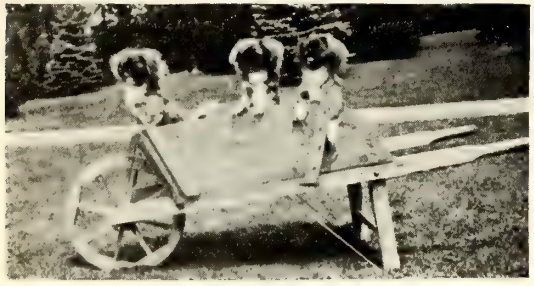
## THE STORY OF A SOLDIER

BY MARIE MIRVIS (AGE 17)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won February,* 1917)

THE locust trees that spread their branches across the narrow avenue were in bloom. A veritable locust arch through which traffic, bound toward the great white house at the terminal of the avenue, passed. The day was warm, and the breath of spring charmed the people who came within its magnetic sway. Only in the Old Dominion was spring thus. The blossoms of the old locusts had never been more fragrant than on this day—the odor they emitted was exhilarating.

At the great house there was much confusion. The master of the house was this day to depart to aid his South—his beloved South, so dear to the heart of every



"WHAT I LIKE BEST." BY ISABELLE M. CRAIG, AGE 15.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

Southerner. Late in the afternoon he came forth from his ancestral home, his fair wife walking at his side, his infant son in his arms. His horse was waiting for him; all was in readiness for his departure. He kissed his wife a fond farewell and bade her care for the precious little one. He would be gone but a few months, and there would be very few difficulties for her. Thus he consoled her, and encouraged her to be of good cheer. He believed what he said, and with a joyous, thankful heart—thankful that he was able to protect these dear ones and his State—he rode away.

The months evolved themselves into years. Hard, bitter, and struggling years for the South. The young wife cared for her son—most of the servants had departed. She bore up bravely, true woman that she was.




"A FOOD CONSERVATION POSTER." BY HELEN JOHNSON, AGE 15.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

Occasionally, word came from her soldier husband detailing the various fortunes of war. Ofttimes had he distinguished himself by his bravery and daring.

Four long years—the longest four years either the soldier or his wife ever lived. The brave soldier, however, was vanquished, and his cause was defeated. Once more the locust blossoms were in profusion and the sweet fragrance pervaded the air. Once more the mother and child stood at the end of the avenue—the child a romping, healthy youngster with the mother's soft brown eyes. The husband and father was returning to them—thank God!—uninjured, though dispirited. He appeared worn and somewhat aged, but as he glanced at his loved ones the weariness in his eyes vanished and his strength was renewed.

## WHEN MARCH WINDS BLOW

BY BEATRICE SELLERY (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

When the cool March winds are blowing,
Children's merry voices ring,
Cheeks grow rosy, pulses quicken
With the thrill of coming spring.

Little baby brooks, so chilly
From the snows of winter run
Down the gutters singing, gurgling,
Underneath the warming sun.

Children come from out the school house
Dancing, skipping, full of joy,
Suddenly they see the streamlet;
"Oh!" shouts every girl and boy.

Soon a fleet of tiny boatlets,
Floats upon that icy sea
Guided by a soaking mitten,
Worn by little Ned or Bee.

Suddenly; the gong for dinner!
"Farewell, Bobby." "Bye-bye Bee."
"We 'll come back when school's all over,
And sail boats till time for tea."

———

They disappear, the stream 's alone;
Still calmly onward flowing,
And o'er it, making ripples run,
Those same March winds are blowing.



BY JOSEPH B. HARTWELL, AGE 10.



BY CAROLINE HOUGHTON, AGE 14.



BY AILEEN LAIDLAW, AGE 10. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON, JULY, 1917.)



BY M. MARGARET CAMPBELL, AGE 16.



BY RUTH WHITE, AGE 13.



BY FORD H. COOPER, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE)



BY ALICE M. WELLES, AGE 14.



BY HELEN HATCH, AGE 12.



BY CAROLYN OLMSTED, AGE 16.

"WHAT I LIKE BEST"

### WHEN MARCH WINDS BLOW

BY BEATRICE FITNEY (AGE 13)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June*, 1917)

When March winds blow their hardest blast,
We know the winter 's nearly past,
And soon the springtime, drawing nigh,
Will chase the loitering winter by;
And flowers will bloom, and grass will grow,
Where once was only cold white snow.
Green leaves will cover bare old trees;
There 'll be a warm and welcome breeze
Instead of March winds' chilling blast,
And we 'll know winter 's o'er at last.




"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY MARGARET J. SANDERS, AGE 17.

### THE STORY OF A SOLDIER

BY DOROTHEA K. SMITH (AGE 14)

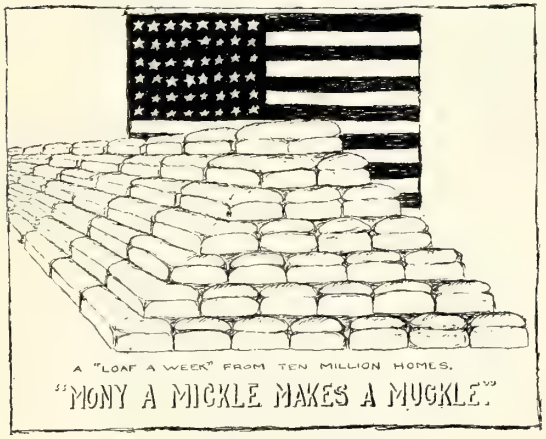
(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won October,* 1917)

"Please, Grandma, a story!" three eager voices cried in unison.

Grandma adjusted her spectacles and looked over the group before her before replying:

"Whose turn to choose?" she asked.

"Mildred chose last," Howard's voice rose pleadingly.




"A FOOD CONSERVATION POSTER." BY ELIZABETH F. TOY, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

"I was before her," said Ruth. "It 's Howard's turn."

"About a soldier, Grandma, please," said Howard, immediately.

"A soldier! Let me see."

Adjusting her glasses again, she began:

"Once upon a time, when I was about twelve years old, my chief desire was to see General Sherman. My Aunt Elizabeth was visiting us at that time, and she had filled my head with stories about him. She knew him personally. One day a division stopped at our home on their way to the capital, several miles away. One of the men came in and asked Mother if she could give the 'Gen'ral' a drink. Mother hastily got a glass of fresh milk and told me to take it out to the general. As he took it from me, he said, 'What is your name, lass?'

"'Mabelle Virginia Chamberlain,' I answered, with my prettiest curtsy.

"'Chamberlain?' he repeated, musingly, gazing at me fixedly.

"At that moment Aunt Elizabeth came out upon the veranda.

"'Why, General Sherman!' she exclaimed; 'I thought you were hundreds of miles away.'

"'Ah, Mistress Chamberlain, I thought I recognized the name,' he smiled, as he held out his hand.

"Then Aunt Elizabeth invited him to dinner, and he graciously accepted the invitation. He stayed until late that afternoon, but before he left he said to me, 'Well, Mistress Mabelle, I think you are my most devoted admirer—I hope you are, at least.'



"WHAT I LIKE BEST." BY ROSWELL S. BUCK, AGE 13.

"That is my only recollection of General Sherman. I only wish there had been more like him."

### WHEN MARCH WINDS BLOW

BY MARY LOCKETT (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

It 's a wild, wild call of the open,
When the March winds fitfully blow;
And all the small and slender trees
To the force of the winds bend low.
There 's a strange wild feeling within you
When the March winds blow.

A glorious, wonderful wind it is,
For it 's fresh and strong and free;
It races and whirls across the slopes,
And it 's calling, calling me
To the outdoor world, to realms unknown;
Through forest, woodland, and vale;
The day may be bleak, the day may be fair,
But the call is the call of the trail.

I can hear the howl of the wind in the hills,
And can see the trees bend low,
And far and near, on the wind-swept slopes,
Are silvery clouds of snow.
Along the trail through forest and field,
O'er ridges and hills I go,
For I 've answered the call of the open—
When the March winds blow.

## WHEN MARCH WINDS BLOW

BY ELIZABETH ABELL (AGE 13)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won January*, 1918)

When the sky is bathed in glory
With the setting of the sun,
When the green haze in the woodlands
Shows that springtime has begun,
Then my heart is filled with longing
For the forest, dark and still,
Where the blue sky smiles above me,
And the breezes roam at will;
Where I 'm brother to the wild things,
And I know no foe but man;
Where there 's joy with every heart-beat,
And a strength that says, "I can!"

When the giant oak-trees tremble
In the March wind's fitful blast,
When the first bluebird of springtime
Comes to grace the earth at last,
Then I know no peace, no pleasure,
Till I roam the fields again,
Where the blue-jay and the flicker
Try in vain to still the wren.
Oh! I crave the wond'rous beauty,
And my thirsty soul cries long
For the sobbing of the pine-trees
And the robins' vesper song.




"A FOOD CONSERVATION POSTER."
BY MARY LA VANCHA RUSSELL, AGE 13.

## THE STORY OF A SOLDIER

(*As told by Mammy*)

BY MADELEINE SMITH (AGE 10)

"Wa's 'at, chilluns? Yo' all wants a sojur sto'y? Well, den, how is dish yer 'un? Ahem!

"W'en me 'n' my bruddah Tom was down in G'o'gy, 'n' de Yankees was a-comin', Tom, he say ter me, sezzee, 'Magnoly, I done make up my min' ter go ter wah 'n' be a sojur, 'n' shoot some ob dem no 'count Yankee white trash.'

"'Well, den,' sez I, 'will yo' please ter tell de name ob de pusson 'at 's gwine ter stay wid me in dish yer' cab'n' ?'—he say, 'Now, Magnoly, yo' knows yo' kin get 'long fust rate 'lone.'

"'N' we kep' on argifyi.' back 'n' fo'th twell at las' Tom, he got de bes' ob me 'n' I let 'im go.

"Well, w'en he come home at de end ob de wah, one o' his legs 'uz off 'n' one o' his ahms 'uz b'oke. Den 'e began his sto'y, in dish yer' way:

"'W'en I got jes' a li'l way 'long, I met de Yankees. I jes' tuk' my s'o'd 'n' cut some ob 'em up pow'ful bad. Co'se, befo' I lef', I jes' had ter get a few partin' shots, 'n' dish hyar am de r'sult,' sezzee, p'intin' to de laig as uz off 'n' de ahm as 'uz b'oke.

"Now, chilluns, yo' done hab yo' sto'y, 'n' I speck yo' ma be callin' yo' p'itty soon, so run 'long dar."

## THE RESCUE

BY MURIEL STIEFEL (AGE 13)

Down the street, one very fine day,
Walked little Hilda Sarah May.
Upon her arm her pretty cat,
Who on a silken cushion sat.
When all at once a dog was spied,
Poor Hilda Sarah May had cried,
"Oh! who will save my kitty dear
From the dreadful dog we both do fear!"
Young Percival did heed the cry,
And to the trembling maid did fly.
He shooed the dog and held the cat,
Which on its silken cushion sat;
Then, turning to the maid, he said:
"Your kitten, Miss, is not yet dead.
May I escort you o'er the street,
Where you your dear Mamma will meet?"

## THE STORY OF A SOLDIER

BY JESS BRIDGWATER (AGE 16)

(*Silver Badge*)

On March 6, 1836, at the siege of the Alamo, one of the noblest and best of the heroes of Texas perished at the hands of the Mexicans. In all the history of the United States, in which thousands and hundreds of thousands of brave heroes have given their lives for their honor and their country, none deserves more honor than does the patriot William Barrett Travis.



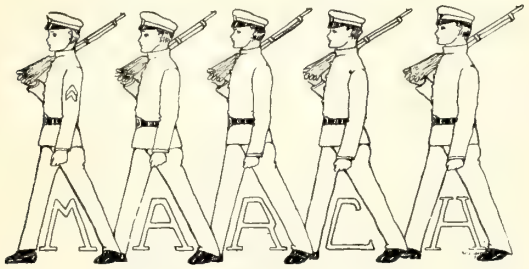
"WHAT I LIKE BEST." BY ELIZABETH HUNT, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

Early in 1836 he had been ordered to Bexar to aid Colonels Neill and Bowie. On February 23 the Mexicans suddenly came upon the town, and captured some Texas scouts. Travis prepared for the attack he knew would soon be made.

After the first day of the siege Travis appealed to his countrymen for aid. The enemy was receiving reinforcements, and he knew he could not long hold the fort against them. In his eloquent appeal he said, "If this call is neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible and die like a soldier who never forgets what is due to his own honor and that of his country—Victory or Death."

Even these inspiring words brought no response, and on March 6 the Mexicans attacked the fort from three

different directions. For a while, Travis and his men held their own, and the Mexicans were powerless before that fire of death. But they knew that the one hundred and eighty-two Texans, worn out by eleven days of constant effort, could not hold the fort against the thousands of Santa Ana's fresh troops. There was nothing left for brave Travis to do but to surrender or to die, and before night every one of the Texas heroes lay dead upon the altar of his country.




"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY AMIE H. MEDARY, AGE 14 (HONOR MEMBER.)

## THE STORY OF A SOLDIER

BY DOROTHY B. CRABTREE (AGE 11)

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE,
October 2, 1917.

DEAR MOTHER:

Yesterday I saw one of the bravest acts which I have ever witnessed.

We were busily engaged in picking off soldiers who showed themselves in the opposite trenches, when the signal for the gas-masks was heard.

As I hurried to put on mine I saw, in the opposite end of the trench, Cecil Dinson, a wounded man, fumbling weakly for his mask. He had just been



"WHAT I LIKE BEST." BY DOROTHY H. BOWERS, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

badly injured, and, having been made comfortable, was lying alone on a heap of empty sand-bags.

When at last he drew his mask out, he found that it was torn in pieces by the same piece of shell that had wounded him.

It happened that there was another soldier in that part of the trench, who, after putting on his mask, was loading his gun. When Cecil found the plight he was in, he called as loudly as his weakness would permit, but we men got there just in time to see the soldier, Bobs, as he was called,—his real name being Robinson,—snatch the mask from his own head and fasten it on Cecil's.

Bobs sank back, gasping, and we all thought that it was his last moment,—when the wind changed! He was gassed quite badly, but will recover. Have no time to write more just now, because we are going in to relieve the other fellows.

Love to all the home folks,

JOHN.

## THE STORY OF A SOLDIER

BY EDGAR W. PANGBORN (AGE 8)

"I 'M just a little lead soldier (just lead), and I 've just had the happy sensation of being bought.

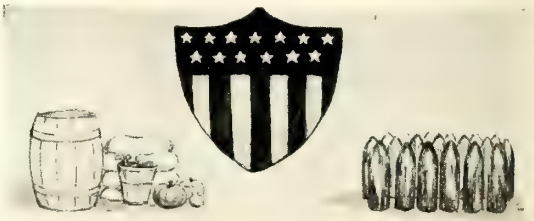
"This box is much too dark. Lemme out! I 'd like to know what Christmas *is* anyway—don't care much, though.

"Well! I 'm out o' *that* old box—at last! Why, how *very* pleasant; I 'm given to some one! Now I 'm marching—pleasant and easy work.

"Now I 'm fighting with some o' my brothers—dirty business—glad when I 'm through!

"My nice gun 's broken—*Ugh!*—so 's my *standard!*

"GOOD-BY!"



HELP YOUR COUNTRY FEED THE SOLDIERS!
EAT LESS, SAVE MORE, AND WASTE NOTHING!
LEARN THE RIGHT WAY TO CONSERVE FOOD!
PROVE THAT UNCLE SAM CAN COUNT ON YOU!

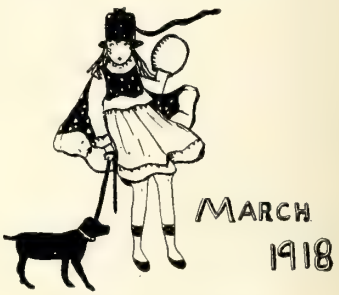
"FOOD CONSERVATION POSTER." BY CATHERINE L. SPENCER, AGE 13. (HONOR MEMBER.)

## THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

### PROSE

James Lee, Jr.
Mabel Eldridge
Silvia Wunderlich
Margaret M. Mostyn
Rutl. M. Mostyn
Katharine G. Wilson
Elizabeth Thurgood
Bennie Masserman
Louise Van Loon
Mary C. Betts
Carol Crowe
Jeannette Amzalak
Helen A. Koch
Henry Rische, Jr.
Ruth Gardner
Ann E. Sheble
Miles Jurisich
Hulda Tieberg
Fred Floyd, Jr.
Regina Stolz
Rose Spiegel
Elizabeth Stamps
Gwenfread E. Allen
George E. Eddy
North B. Longworth
Claire Hutton
Anna E. Sumner
Ethel W. White
Henri M. Esquerré
Florence F. Thompson
Dora Chambers
Emma Jones
Margaret Warrin
Ralph P. Anderson
Tanis Watson
Ruth H. Thorp
Edna Jarvis
Virginia Williams




"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY PRISCILLA DAVIS, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

Elizabeth Crump
Millicent Kleinman
Virginia Powell
Lorna H. Noyes
Carolyn Kaufman
Anna C. Roberts
A. Leslye Tuttle, Jr.
Janet MacKay
Muriel Gallagher
Althea Payson
Robert C. Mix
Joanna Sargent
Margaret Reiman
Margaret Brown




"A FOOD CONSERVATION POSTER." BY JOHN ASHER, AGE 15.

Robert Smith, Jr.
Kenneth Nunes
Samuel Cherry
Pearl Ug
Katherine Smith
Emmie L. Washington
Anna R. Lay
Morgan Vittengl
Harry S. Weinert
Lucy E. Getty
Dorothy Seymour
Sidney A. Morrill
Aleyn Burtis
Dorothy Batchelder
Jacqueline Snyder
Robert Metcalf
ElizabethDavenport
Margery E. Addoms
Ruth Dewberry
Gertrude Murphy
Eleanor D. Noble
Hope Garland
Charles Mountsier
Babette Oppenheimer
Theodora Habernal
Charlotte Becker
Loretta Bogue
Helen D. Smith
Frances C. Hamp
Claire Richardson
Martha Bigelow
Katharine Derby
Herbert O. Williams
Clayton B. Seagears
Elizabeth Hather
Ethel S. Polhemus
Frances Hill
Gwendolyn Maddocks
Leona Shaw
Edwyna R. A. Robinson

Eleanor Frost
Benjamin D. Krantzer
Frances L. Seaman

PHOTOGRAPHS

Adelaide Hathaway
Alice B. Lee
Elizabeth Endebrock
Eleanor A. Boshart
Josephine Russell
Michael Morris
Mary R. Evans
Gertrude Herrick
Katherine J. Russell
Lolita Stubblefield
Helen Furst
Robert D. Falconer
Josephine Smith
Elizabeth T. E. Brooks
Marion King
Katherine P. Thayer
Earl S. Lowe
James C. Perkins, Jr.
Mary Hopkinson
Theodosia Dennis
Helen Hartzell
Barbara Prosser
Mary Cullinan
Martha B. Marsh
Mary L. Moore
Mary K. Jacobs
McMillan Lewis
Helen Berolzheimer
Frances Spaulding
Kathleen Hayward
Elsa Mayer
Steve Detzer
Frederick R. Darrow
Evelyn R. Brooks
Emma Brown
George Shepherd, Jr.
Mary Bayard
Laurence L. Gaillard, Jr.
Eleanor Hillyer
Elizabeth Vaughn
Mary F. Washburn
Kathryn Ogilby
Henry C. Bartlett
Virginia Ehrman
Beirne Hopkins
Margaret Olmsted
Angus E. Cameron
Consuelo Miller
Otto Madlener
Emily S. Haigh
Margaret Hamilton
Katherine Dines
M. Virginia Barras
Florence Caperton
James H. Allen

VERSE

Helen L. MacLeod
Edith I. Hunt
Marjorie Hodlaw
Zita Doyle
Aina Keistinen



"WHAT I LIKE BEST." BY ELIZABETH W. STARBUCK, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

Eleanor W. Haasis
Helen E. Shumway
Gowans Smith
Dorothy Bowen
Margaret Mickle
Marguerite Field
Katherine May
Katharine H. White

DRAWINGS

Edward Bothwell
William McM. Bibbins
John D. Davis
H. Martyn Kneedler, Jr.
Martha E. Hodgson
Jane Ridgway
Mary S. Benson
Catherine Parmenter
Helen L. Rummons
Marion W. Smith
Margaret Cobb
Eleanor Slater
Kathleen Slingluff
Francis J. Creamer
Elsie Jenssen
Elizabeth Boulton
Jean F. Black
Rudolph Cook
Helen A. Titus
Marjorie B. Stoutenburgh
Ilse M. Smith
Kathryn A. Lyon
Dorothy V. A. Fuller
Laurene H. Cottman
Katherine Gauss
Gertrude Dimmick
Elizabeth Linn
Alice W. Moss
Meyer Solomon
Ruth A. Hall
William L. Ormandy

PUZZLES 1

Ruth Oviatt
Helena Shirk
Newton C. Jones
Marion Kottcamp

PUZZLES 2

Katharine Sheehan
Tillie Goldschlager
Hilda Goldberg
Henrietta Rossiter

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 221

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also occasionally cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

**Competition No. 221** will close **March 24** (for foreign members **March 29**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **July.** Badges sent one month later.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "When Drums Are Beating."

**Prose.** Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A July Story."

**Photograph.** Any size, mounted or unmounted; no prints or negatives. Subject, "Big Things."

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "The Musician," or a Heading for **July.**

**Puzzle.** Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

**Puzzle Answers.** Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of THE RIDDLE-BOX.

**Wild Creature Photography.** To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photograph" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A,* a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B,* a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C,* a gold badge. *Prize, Class D,* a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a *few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope of the proper size to hold* the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

## RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must** bear the **name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

# THE LETTER-BOX

In addition to the suggestions and directions for fuel and food-conservation printed heretofore, and also in the current issue in the department, "For Country and for Liberty," we are glad to lay before our readers this admirable summary, by a boy of ten, of the various measures for saving coal and food that should be borne in mind by grown-ups and youngsters alike, in the universal effort to help our country win the war.

To save coal, first of all we must put out all the electric signs for advertising purposes all over the country. The electric signs use up a vast amount of coal to run them. The next step will be to put out some of the street lamps, as we have more than is required. We must also put out the lamps on the road down to the country, as we had to do without them before we had them. All of this will help more than one can think, and also give us more coal for heating. People in private houses should be more careful with their electric and also gas lights.

If we want to stop the coal famine we must be more careful with our electric and also gas lights; this is the way to save coal, not to use less for heating as heating is more important than advertising.

Then we must see what we can do to save the wheat for the soldiers. This is very easy, and the way we can do it is not to bake so much white bread, and be more careful with the stale bread and not throw so much of it away, because in war times we must learn not to eat always what we like; we must think of others also.

We must think more of the men that are fighting for us and not so much of ourselves. We must learn to eat more corn bread, so that we can give the white bread to our soldiers, as they need it more than we do.

The men that are fighting for us need strengthening food so that they may feel warm, while we at home, I am sure, can do without a few things.

When we come to sugar we can very well save on that because we eat too much cake and candy. We will have to learn not to eat so much cake and candy, we must eat vegetables and things that we have enough of for everybody. We will have to be more economical or the country will go to ruin and then it will be too late for vain regrets that we did not save more when we had plenty of coal, sugar and wheat.

William Guggenheim, Jr. (age 10).

---

Richmond, Va.

Dear St. Nicholas: I have never seen a letter from Richmond in The Letter-Box, so I thought I would write and let you know that some one here loves you.

I have trouble with my eyes, and for a long time the doctor would not let me read, write, or go to school; but Mother always reads you to me.

Richmond is an interesting place, so I am going to tell you just a little about it. There is the Capitol, with its beautiful grounds and library. In the rotunda of the Capitol there is Houdon's statue of Washington, the best in the world. Many famous pictures are also there, and a museum is in the basement. Everything in Capitol Square is guarded now, and no visitors are allowed. Next in importance is St. John's Church, where Patrick Henry made his famous speech. Then there is St. Paul's, where Davis and Lee worshiped. Battle Abbey is also an interesting place. It is the Confederate Museum. In one large room the walls are painted to represent the battles during the war between the States.

I love every story you have published since I have been taking you, and I am your devoted reader,

Virginia Allen Smith (age 14).

---

Santa Barbara, Cal.

Dear St. Nicholas: My brother has taken you for quite a while, so I thought I might write to you about something interesting I had to tell. We are out here in California. Yesterday we went on a camping trip over the mountains. The rocks on top of the mountains, 4000 feet high, are full of shells, showing that years ago the mountains were covered by the sea or were thrown up by a great earthquake.

Yours truly,

Gwendolyn Roberts, (age 9).

---

## TO ST. NICHOLAS

Brighton, Eng.

"Hail! King of Magazines, all hail!"—
This tribute comes across the sea—
"Oh may your pages never fail
To please blest lands of liberty;
And may your wisdom ever stand
As honored in your native land!"

England, beloved of her sons,
This message sends to you to-day,
And thanks our Lord that, by the guns,
Our sons and yours together stay;
They fight for right 'gainst sin and vice,
And they will win through sacrifice!

Your part you 've done to make your sons
And daughters great to meet the strife;
No reader, now, his duty shuns,
Though liberty may claim his life!
Faith, patience, love, and honesty—
All these we 've learned, dear Saint, from thee.

Your sincere admirer,

Katherine M. Prime.

P.S. I only take the magazine yearly and so have not been able to join the League. Good luck, dear St. Nicholas.

---

Kennebunk, Me.

Dear St. Nicholas: We take you at our school. The children buy you. Each one of them brings one cent. There are twenty-five scholars in our school. This is the third year we have taken you. We like you very much. I liked "Under Boy Scout Colors" and "Understood Betsy." I liked "The Magic Goggles," too. You are the best magazine I have ever read.

I am in the sixth grade. I read the advertisements in you. We have a big school-yard. We play tag, and cow-boy and Indians. We go motor-boating and fishing in the summer time. We have monitors in our school, so that if we run downstairs our name is put on the board.

This is all I can think of.

Yours truly,

Rodney McBride (age 10).




## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER

CHARADE. Pil-grim-age.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "He conquers who endures."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials, Dorothy Canfield; third row, "Understood Betsy." Cross-words: 1. Drum. 2. Owns. 3. Rods. 4. Over. 5. Tire. 6. Hose. 7. Yate. 8. Crow. 9. Anon. 10. Nods. 11. Fibs. 12. Idea. 13. Etta. 14. Loss. 15. Days.

CONUNDRUM. Your breath.

A DIAMOND OF DIAMONDS. I. 1. S. 2. She. 3. Shire. 4. Ere. 5. E. II. 1. S. 2. Ope. 3. Spare. 4. Era. 5. E. III. 1. E. 2. Eve. 3. Every. 4. Err. 5. Y. IV. 1. E. 2. Abe. 3. Ebony. 4. End. 5. Y.

PICTURED ANSWERS. 1. A cork. 2. Fountain. 3. Football. 4. Candle.

ZIGZAG. St. Valentine. Cross-words: 1. Search. 2. Utopia. 3. Unveil. 4. Palace. 5. Little. 6. Puzzle. 7. Insane. 8. Castle. 9. Fringe. 10. Invest. 11. Escort.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. State. 2. Tales. 3. Alias. 4. Tease. 5. Essen, II. 1. Shame. 2. Haven. 3. Avert. 4. Merge. 5. Enter.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Initials, Louisa Alcott; third row, Meg, Jo, Beth, Amy. Cross-words: 1. Limpid. 2. Ocelot. 3. Ungird. 4. Injure. 5. Slowly. 6. Albeit. 7. Avenge. 8. Little. 9. Cohere. 10. Orange. 11. Timely. 12. Trying.

METAMORPHOSES. 1. Harp, hare, hate, late, lute. 2. Lion, Leon, lean, bean, bear. 3. Wind, wild, wile, wale, gale. 4. Soft, sort, fort, ford, lord, lard, hard. 5. Box, bog, bag. 6. Ford, word, ward, ware, wade. 7. Veal, real, reel, reef, beef. 8. Boot, soot, shot, shoe. 9. Cold, cord, word, ward, warm. 10. Meat, melt, welt, wilt, silt, silk, milk.

ANAGRAM. Herbert Hoover.

CUBE. From 1 to 2, dance; 1 to 3, David; 2 to 4, evade; 3 to 4, drive; 5 to 6, Dover; 5 to 7, dhole; 6 to 8, Rhine; 7 to 8, ensue; 1 to 5, did; 2 to 6, ear; 4 to 8, eke; 3 to 7, Dee.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers *in full*, following the plan of the above-printed answers to puzzles.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received before December 24 from Hazel Brower—Margaret Keyes McCloskey—Helen H. McIver—John H. Lewy—Barbara Beardsley—William G. Thwaits, Jr.—Florence S. Carter—"Midwood"—"Allil and Adi"—St. Gabriel's Chapter.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NUMBER were received before December 24, from Alice Poulin, 8.—Helen Adda Vance, 8—Miriam J. Stewart, 8—Clark Simmons, 8—Sydney Sullivan, 7—Mary Jacoby, 7—Gwenfread Allen, 5—Henrietta M. Mills, 4—Helen de G. McLellan, 4—Christine Baumann, 3—Newton C. Jones, 3—Dorothy E. Wedge, 2—Gertrude Brook, 2—Elizabeth Almquist, 2—Dorothy Ward, 2—Pauline A. Seely, 2—Margaret B. Lee, 2—Arthur D. Lionberger, 2—Alice L. Dent, 2—Elizabeth Booth, 2—L. McLanahan, 1—R. Mitchell, 1—R. D. Rickaby, 1—M. MacGonigle, 1—R. Thompson, 1—C. Jordan, 1—N. Clark, 1—K. E. Marshall, 1—C. Gilbert, 1—G. W. Clark, 1—M. P. Jones, 1—J. Kirby, 1—B. Hodgkins, 1—J. Phelps, 1—J. Howard, 1—A. Miller, 1—J. Alkire, 1—A. Sanders, 1—J. Close, Jr., 1—N. Reisinger, 1—N. Connard, 1—M. B. Copeland, 1—H. Wagner, 1—P. C. Schoder, 1—B. Mass, 1—W. H. Painter, 1—A. Lieberman, 1—K. K. Sheehan, 1—N. B. Longworth, 1—G. T. Beschain, Jr., 1—M. Bradley, 1—E. Westcott, 1—E. Booth, 1.

### CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE

ONE word is concealed in each couplet.

1. Why such a countenance morose?
   See here, let me prescribe a dose.
2. Join the boy scouts; their rules obey;
   Each scout does one good deed each day.
3. Their robust air, their look of cheer,
   Their wish their help to volunteer.
4. Then their vacation camps in woods;
   Safe to predict no time for moods.
5. The camp assorts to each his task,
   With all the fun a boy could ask.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a famous book, and the final letters will spell the name of its author.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Discreet. 2. To accuse. 3. A creature of the imagination. 4. Something in vogue years ago for an outer door. 5. A festive occasion, especially of years ago. 6. To gratify. 7. An evergreen tree. 8. Relations. 9. A city buried beneath the ashes of Vesuvius. 10. A recluse. 11. A small inclosure adjoining a stable. 12. A pastoral poem. 13. To hold back. 14. Solemn.

HAROLD SCHULTZ (age 13), *League Member.*

### SOME COMMON "IMPS"

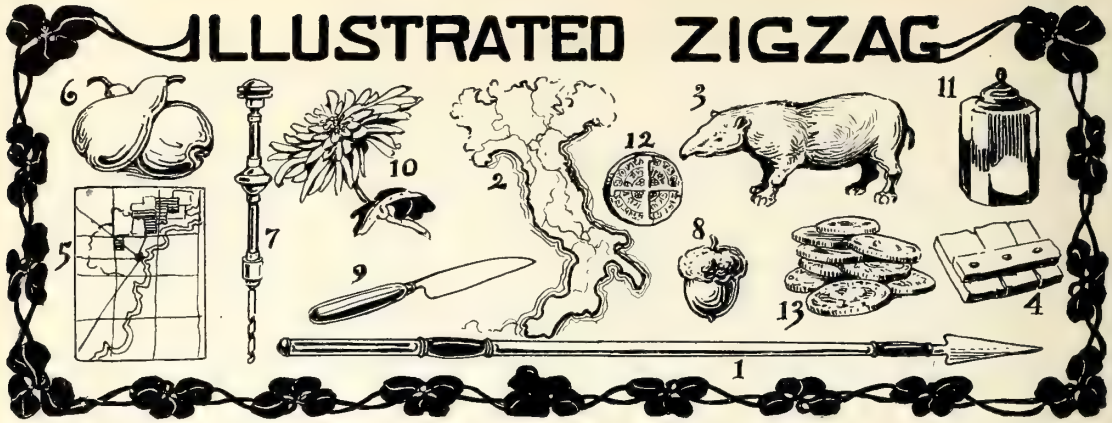
(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

EXAMPLE: What imp never does wrong? ANSWER: imp-eccable.

1. What imp cannot be accomplished?
2. What imp is indiscreet?
3. What imp is without money?
4. What imp is momentous?
5. What imp is rude?
6. What imp does not like to wait?
7. What imp is unquestioning?
8. What imp is tainted?
9. What imp is difficult to believe?
10. What imp is careless for the future?
11. What imp can never be disconcerted?
12. What imp is supreme?

HELEN DE G. MCLELLAN (age 11).

## ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG




ALL of the thirteen pictured objects may be described by words of equal length. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag (beginning at the upper left-hand letter) will spell three words often heard nowadays.

### RHYMING REPTILES

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

1. While digging in the garden fertile,
   I once unearthed a queer old ——.
2. I thought I 'd put him in the bog
   Where lives his friend the green-backed ——.
3. When crossing quickly over the road,
   I chanced to see a hopping ——.
4. I went on farther to the lake,
   When suddenly I spied a ——.
5. I walked along a little while,
   Thinking I 'd meet a ——.
6. But no; of course, I 'm not a wizard,
   For all I saw was just a ——.
7. I reached the bog a moment later,
   And never glimpsed an ——.
8. But looking down I had to squirm,
   For there I saw a wriggling ——.

ARTHUR D. LIONBERGER (age 14).

### SOME CURIOUS STATES

EACH of the following questions may be answered by the abbreviation of one of the United States:

1. Which is the father of states?
2. Which is a crowded state?
3. Which is the best for mines?
4. Which state is popular on Monday?
5. Which state is a number?
6. Which state is a young girl?
7. Which state is an exclamation?
8. Which state is quite sick?
9. Which state is a place of refuge?
10. Which is the farmers' state?
11. Which state is egotistical?
12. Which state is the best for doctors?
13. Which state is studious?

EVELYN BLEISH (age 11), *League Member.*

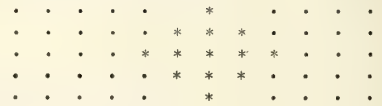
### NOVEL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will spell the name of a President of the United States, and another row will spell the name of his wife.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A variety of quartz. 2. Frightens. 3. To kill. 4. Rubbed out. 5. A place for acquiring knowledge. 6. Journals. 7. A small coin of ancient Athens. 8. Flowers in demand at Easter. 9. A curious nocturnal parrot found in New Zealand.

VIRGINIA DUNGAN (age 11), *League Member.*

### SQUARES CONNECTED BY A DIAMOND



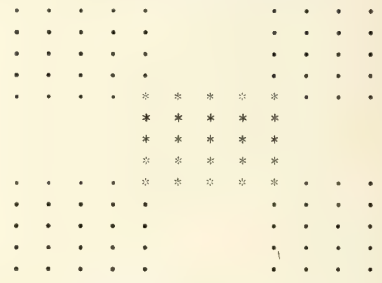
I. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. An obsolete wind instrument. 2. Domestic. 3. A catkin. 4. An old word for "girl." 5. Popular fables.

II. DIAMOND: 1. In trade. 2. An unopened flower. 3. An edible root. 4. Light moisture. 5. In trade.

III. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A twilled silk. 2. Part of the throat. 3. Report. 4. Certain plants. 5. Rough.

YVONNE MOEN (age 17), *League Member.*

### CONNECTED SQUARES



I. UPPER, LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Freight. 2. Foreign. 3. Ceremonies. 4. Certain fowls. 5. Assault.

II. UPPER, RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A runner. 2. To expiate. 3. Pieces of metallic money. 4. Weariness. 5. A substance which exudes from certain trees.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. General tendency. 2. To run away. 3. Unusual. 4. A musical drama. 5. Provision for successive relief.

IV. LOWER, LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. The point opposite the zenith. 2. To confuse. 3. Diurnal. 4. Mohammedanism. 5. To accord in sound.

V. LOWER, RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A pleasure-boat. 2. To detest. 3. To pursue. 4. The first of the "minor prophets." 5. To entertain with food or drink.

BARBARA BEARDSLEY (age 13), *League Member.*

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# PETER PONDS IN FRANCE

Peter Ponds is now in France where he has gone to drive an ambulance. This is the second series of adventures which emphasize the importance of having always within reach the indispensable remedy for cuts, bruises and sprains—**POND'S EXTRACT.**



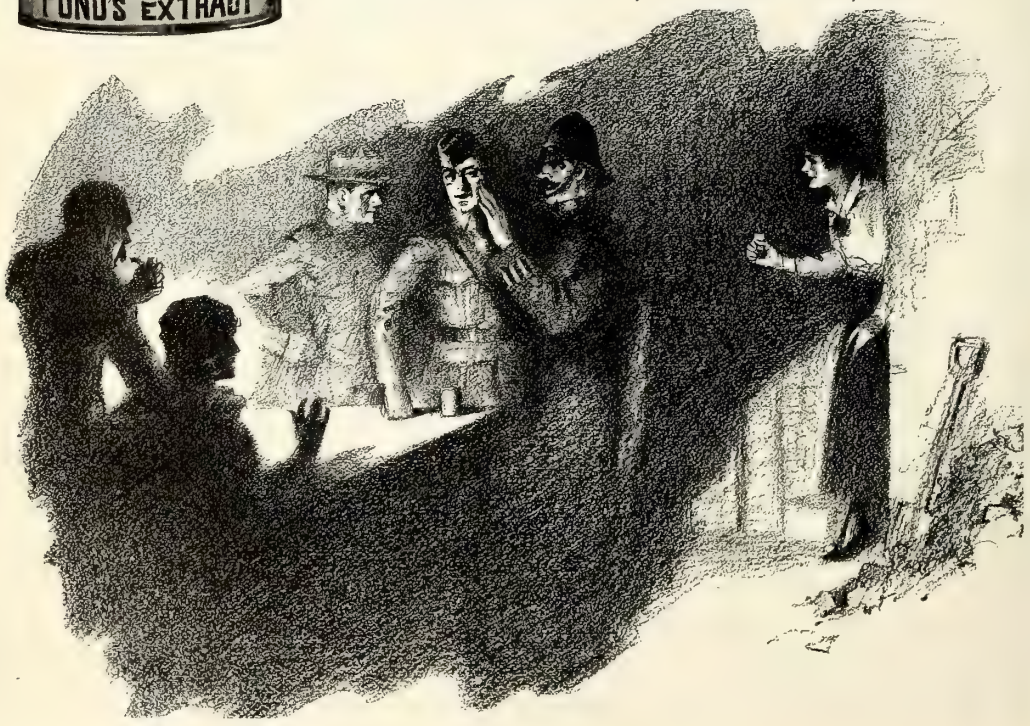

CHAPTER II

THERE was a shrill whistle at the door and immediately Polly Ponds came running upstairs two steps at a time, crying out, "Mother, here's a letter from Peter!" They read it with feverish haste. After describing the sinking of his ship and modestly referring to his part in that adventure, Peter wrote:

"After that I thought I was ready for any emergency, but I ran into another one last night which made my heart beat pretty fast for a while. I went out for a walk with Charles Chichester. We had gone not more than a couple of blocks when we heard a muffled boom and then a sound like a string of fire-crackers exploding. London is pretty dark anyway these nights, but almost immediately every light except the stars was extinguished. Then we heard several successive explosions. 'Hooray!' Chick exclaimed. 'We're going to see a Zeppelin raid.' I just *looked*. Chick spotted it first. It was almost above us. We didn't feel a bit afraid. We could hear the rattle and boom of the anti-aircraft guns in the distance. We were pretty excited, but not saying a word, when all of a sudden Chick called out 'Gee! Peter, look at your face! It's cut. Where's your POND'S EXTRACT?' At that, a Bobby (a London policeman), rode up on a bicycle and said I must have been hit by a spent bullet. He ordered us into the first doorway and we went down cellar where a whole family was gathered. When Chick asked for some POND'S EXTRACT, the daughter offered to get it from the first aid cabinet, but the policeman, taking the familiar bottle from his first aid kit, said, 'I have it here, Miss. I've had it handy since I was a lad. It's an infallible remedy for cuts, bruises, and things like that.' He wasn't telling us anything new! Thanks to POND'S EXTRACT, all I have to show for my experience is a small scar."

*(Continued in the May ST. NICHOLAS, in which Peter's experience in a runaway balloon will be described. Meantime, ST. NICHOLAS readers will use POND'S EXTRACT for all their cuts, scratches and bruises.)*

**POND'S EXTRACT CO., 131 Hudson St., New York**





# As Faithful As Your Good Old Dog

## These Tires Are Always Ready

Just like the good old dog that stands your roughest play, takes the knocks and kicks of a dog's life—yet always faithful to his master.

That's the service you get from Goodrich Bicycle Tires. They make your bike a real "pal"—always pumped solid and ready to go.

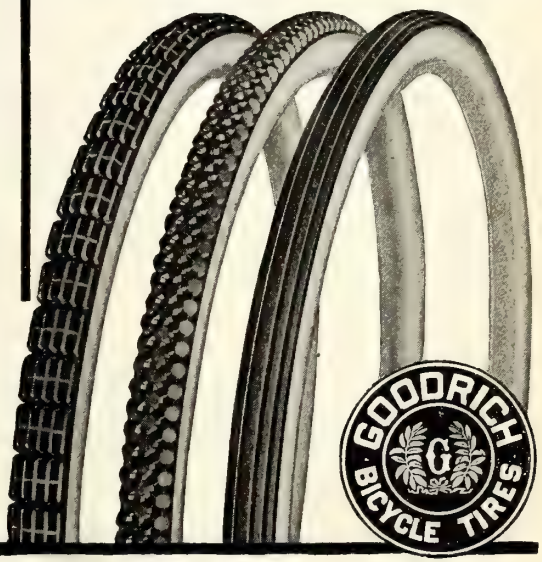
Three treads to choose from: "Safety Tread," "No. 17 Puncture Proof" and "Commander."

*ASK YOUR DEALER*

**THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY**

**Akron, Ohio** ***"The City of Goodrich"***

***You Can Pay More—***
***But You Can't Buy Better Tires***




# GOODRICH
# BICYCLE TIRES




## Everyman's Pledge

*America Shall Win This War!* Therefore, I will work, I will save, I will sacrifice, I will endure, I will fight — cheerfully, and to my utmost — as if the whole issue of the struggle depended on me alone.



# Over the Top

Uncle Sam's husky boys are bustling with patriotic pep for anything to help win the war.

And the sturdy bicycle equipped with the wonderful

**NEW DEPARTURE COASTER BRAKE**

*"The Brake that Brought the Bike Back"*

helps them most in "doing their bit."

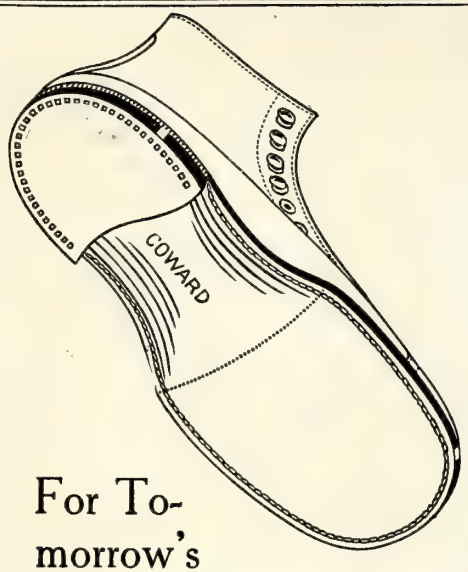
Whatever you do for your country the bike is your standby. It keeps you fit, too—makes strong muscles and red blood.

But be sure the wheel you buy or have overhauled this spring has the New Departure Coaster Brake—your protection against accidents, tired legs and slow going—the finest ever to make sure the fun of the ride.

All dealers sell New Departure equipped bicycles.

**The New Departure Mfg. Co.,**

**105 Main St.** **Bristol, Conn.**




For To-morrow's

# Men and Women

Through the growing period careful mothers give special thought to their children's feet.

Usually they choose Coward Shoes when they know of them. While children's feet are becoming formed for later life they need this liberal toe room, this helpful support of the delicate arch and in most cases, this aid to the ankle joints.

The Coward Shoe for children helps in the development of growing feet, and corrects bad walking and standing habits.

**James S. Coward**

**262-274 Greenwich St., N. Y.**

(Near Warren St.)

*Mail Orders Filled* *Sold Nowhere Else*

**The Coward Shoe**

"REG. U. S. PAT. OFF."


# THINGS TO EAT



ARE the special days for saving foods being observed in your house? Are you helping to have them observed in other homes? That is one of the best proofs of patriotism that the boys and girls of America can give right now, and a most important service which they can render. Just think of all the beef and mutton and pork that is saved for the soldiers, our own and those of our allies, when every family in the United States sits down to three meatless meals on every Tuesday. A meatless day means that no meat of any kind shall be eaten, either fresh or preserved. In many homes even the soups that are served on Tuesdays are made from vegetables. Every Wednesday, quantities of wheat may be saved, because that is wheatless day all over the country, and wheatless day means that no wheat products of any kind are to be eaten. On Saturday, which is porkless day, a great amount of fresh and salt pork, bacon, lard, and ham can be saved for shipment if every household does its share. In addition to these "days" you are asked to be satisfied with one meatless meal and one wheatless meal every day. Is n't it interesting to think that all over the country boys and girls are helping to do this big thing for the nation at the same time and in the same way—all helping to win the war by saving the food that will keep soldiers and women and children abroad, alive and well? It is wonderful to be able to do so great a work by making so small a sacrifice.

* * *

Here are some receipts for delicious dishes for the meatless days:

### Creamed Salmon Loaf

1 pound can of salmon.
1 cup of thick, white sauce.
1 cup of bread-crumbs.
½ teaspoon of salt.
¼ teaspoon of pepper.
1 egg.

Drain the fish and pick it into small bits. Beat the egg very light. Add the fish and the bread-crumbs to the white sauce and stir them together. Then add the seasonings and lastly the beaten egg.



# The Butler Serves and the Housewife Too

**The charm of the Jell-O dessert is felt in every home, and it costs only ten cents.**

Did a butler's face ever betray satisfaction more plainly than that of him who brings on the big Jell-O dessert made by his "steady" the cook? And is there a young housekeeper who hasn't experienced the pleasure of making one just as good and serving it with her own hands?

The desserts in the two pictures are equally simple, only the one above, of Cherry Jell-O, has its more expensive trimmings of whipped cream and strawberries.

The young mother in the picture below has added sliced oranges to her beautiful dish of Orange Jell-O. For a change occasionally, instead of using expensive whipped cream, she whips the Jell-O with an egg-beater just as she used to whip cream before it cost so much.

**JELL-O**

These are the delightful pure fruit flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Chocolate. Any woman can make a dozen or more varieties from each of the flavors.

The price is 10 cents everywhere.

The 1918 Jell-O Book tells about the latest things in Jell-O desserts and salads. It is a beautiful book, full of good things, and will be sent free to any woman who will send us her name and address.

**The Genesee Pure Food Company, Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Ont.**









# Make No Mistakes With Young Feet

WOULD you knowingly deform your children's feet? Then don't let them wear narrow, pointed shoes that cramp the growing bones and pave the way for corns, bunions, flat feet, ingrown nails, etc.

Get roomy, right-shaped Educators for all the family. They "let the feet grow as they should."

When you buy, look for EDUCATOR on the sole. There can be no protection stronger than this trademark, for it means that behind every part of the shoe stands a *responsible manufacturer.*

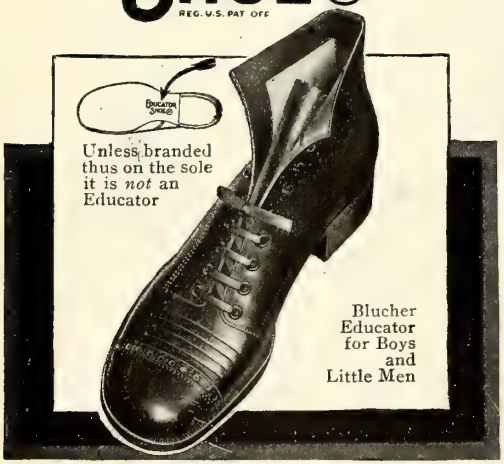
Send for "Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet," a free book of unusual information.

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc., 17 High St., Boston, Mass.

RICE & HUTCHINS

EDUCATOR SHOE (RH)

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.




# THINGS TO EAT

(*Continued from page* 30)

Put the mixture into a bread-pan, set the pan in a second one containing hot water and bake in a moderate oven until it is solid. Turn the loaf onto a hot platter and serve with white sauce, to which capers have been added.

To make the cream sauce, melt a tablespoonful of butter substitute in a saucepan, and after taking it from the stove rub in two even tablespoonfuls of flour until perfectly smooth. Add a cup of cold milk, return to the fire and cook until the mixture thickens, stirring all the time.

### Crab-Meat on Toast

1 can crab-meat.
1 tablespoon of butter or butter substitute.
1 tablespoon of celery, chopped very fine.
1 tablespoon of flour.
½ cup of cream.
Salt and pepper to taste.
As many slices of toast as there are people to be served.

Melt the butter in a saucepan and add the crab-meat and celery. Put the flour in a bowl with just enough of the cream to make a smooth paste. Then gradually add the remainder of the cream, the pepper and the salt. Add this to the ingredients already heated and simmer until thickened. Pour over thin slices of toast and serve at once. If desired, a garnishing of olives may be added.

### Corn Cutlets

1 small can of corn.
1 small green pepper.
2 hard-boiled eggs.
½ cup of sweet cream.
1 cup of soft bread-crumbs.
½ teaspoon of salt.
Pinch of pepper.

Put the corn, pepper and eggs through the meat-chopper. Then add the seasonings, the bread-crumbs and the cream. Flour the hands so the preparation will not stick to them and mold it into cutlets. When they are thoroughly cold dip them in egg, then in bread-crumbs and fry in deep fat. Serve them on water-cress.

### Eggs Lafayette

1 tablespoon of butter.
1 tablespoon of flour.
½ pint of milk.
¼ teaspoon of paprika.
4 eggs.
4 toasted rounds of bread.

Rub the butter and flour together. Add the milk. Stir over the fire until it boils. Then add the paprika. Arrange the toast on a heated platter. Put a poached egg on each piece and pour the sauce over them. The dish should go to the table at once.

* * *

A splendid way to use up the cereal left from breakfast is to put it with the eggs for supper. For a cup of cereal use two eggs and a cup of milk. Break the cereal up thoroughly, using a silver fork. Beat the eggs until very light, add the milk, and put in a frying-pan exactly as if you were going to make plain scrambled eggs. When they begin to thicken,



# One of the Joys of Living

## The Good-Night Dish of Puffed Grains

Consider how much Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice have added to children's joys. Morning, noon and night — and all day long — they are the delights of millions.

These are grain bubbles—whole grains puffed to eight times normal size. They are thin and airy, crisp and fragile. A fearful heat has given them a taste like toasted nut meats.

Puffed Grains alone—served like other cereals — make breakfast an occasion. Mixed with fruit they form a delightful blend. In bowls of milk they are toasted bubbles, ready to crush at a touch. No dairy dish was ever half so tempting.

At other times they are food confections. They are used like nut meats in candy making or as garnish on ice cream. Salted or buttered—like peanuts or popcorn—they are after-school delights.

They are ready-toasted wafers for your soups.

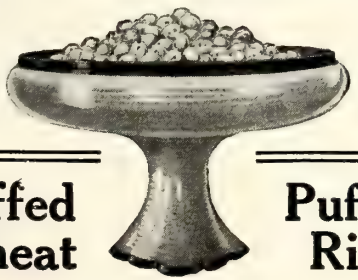
They are ideal foods, because every food cell is exploded. Every granule is fitted to digest. They do not tax the stomach, and every atom feeds.

Let them take the place of foods that are less complete, less easy to digest, less inviting. Use all three kinds, for each has its own delights.

All are prepared by Prof. Anderson's process. The grains are sealed in guns, then rolled for an hour in a fearful heat.

When all the moisture is changed to steam, the guns are shot and the steam explodes. A hundred million explosions occur in every kernel—one for every food cell.

By no other process are whole grains so fitted for food as by this.



**Puffed Wheat** **Puffed Rice**

**and Corn Puffs**

**Each 15c Except in Far West**




## "Mother, I Just Love My Comfy Slippers"

"—they keep my feet so nice and warm. I won't catch cold if I put my Comfy Slippers on when I get up, will I, Mother?

"Daddy says Sister and I are awfully quiet now when we play. We don't make any noise when we wear our Comfy Slippers."

Only Daniel Green Felt Slippers are Comfy. The Comfy label on the innersole identifies this patented slipper. Look for this label.

The best dealers everywhere sell Daniel Green products or can get them for you. If you are unable to obtain them nearby, however, send for our catalog and we will fill your order rather than have you accept a substitute.

*A postcard request brings a charming story for children, "The Adventures of Bob and Boo."*

**Daniel Green Felt Shoe Company**

*Comfy Footwear for Everybody*

**102 East 13th Street New York City**




# THINGS TO EAT

(*Continued from page 32*)

whip in the cereal with your silver fork, and keep stirring the mixture until it is thoroughly mixed, smooth, and creamy. Season with pepper and salt, and serve immediately.

* * *

And here are some receipts for the wheatless days that will make you glad to have those days come around:

### Graham Gems with Dates

½ cup of brown sugar.
½ cup of butter substitute.
2 eggs.
1 cup of sour milk.
1 teaspoon of soda.
1½ cups of graham flour.
½ pound of chopped dates.

Rub the sugar and shortening together. Add the beaten eggs and stir them all until they are very light and frothy. Now roll the dates in a little flour. Mix the soda with a little of the milk to dissolve it. Then add the remainder of the milk and stir into the other ingredients. Put in the flour and stir thoroughly, and last of all add the dates. Drop in greased gem-pans and bake in a hot oven.

### Corn-bread with Raisins

1½ cups of yellow cornmeal.
¾ of a cup of graham flour.
¾ of a cup of flour.
½ teaspoon of salt.
½ cup of molasses.
3 teaspoons of baking-powder.
¾ of a cup of seeded raisins.
Milk.

Cut the raisins in half. Put them in a mixing-bowl. Add the cornmeal, salt, graham flour and molasses. Before mixing them sift the baking-powder into the white flour and add them to the other things. Add milk to make the mixture soft, mix thoroughly and turn into a well-greased mold; cover and steam steadily for three hours. The mold should be only half-full before steaming. Serve the bread hot, cut in slices.

### Southern Spoon Bread

1 cup of cornmeal.
1 cup of milk.
2 cups of warm water.
2 eggs.
½ teaspoon of salt.
1 tablespoon of fat.

Cook the cornmeal and the water for three minutes, stirring all the time. Take from the fire and add the eggs, beaten with the milk. Then the salt and butter. Turn into a well-greased pan and bake in a hot oven for about half an hour. It should be very nice and brown. This bread should be served with a spoon from the pan in which it comes from the oven.

### Cornmeal Muffins

1 pint of cornmeal.
1 teaspoon of salt.
2 tablespoons of fat.
3 eggs.
1 teaspoon of baking-soda.
½ pint of sour milk.

Put the meal and the salt together in a bowl

# Skin Blemishes

## *How to get rid of them*

Skin specialists are tracing fewer and fewer troubles to the blood—more to bacteria and parasites that are carried into the pores of the skin with dust, soot and grime. The following local treatment will clear your skin of any blemishes caused by this most powerful and persistent enemy.

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten or fifteen minutes. Then rinse very carefully with clear, hot water, then with cold.

Use Woodbury's regularly in your daily toilet. This will make your skin so strong and active that it will resist the frequent cause of blemishes and keep your complexion free from them.



You will find that for a month or six weeks of this Woodbury treatment, together with the general use of Woodbury's, a 25c cake will be sufficient. Get a cake today. It is for sale everywhere throughout the United States and Canada.

***Write today for week's size cake***—*For 5c we will send you a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough to last for a week of any Woodbury treatment, together with the booklet, "A Skin You Love To Touch." For 12c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Address* ***The Andrew Jergens Co., 2003 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.*** *In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2003 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.*



©1917 B.N.P. Co.









# What Makes a *Dandy* School Luncheon?

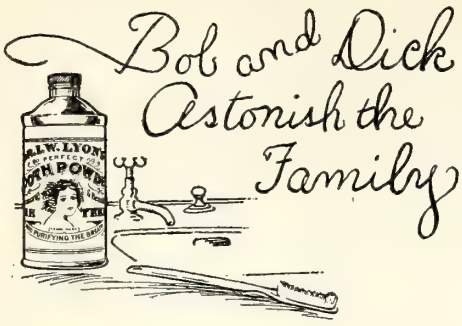
"BEECH-NUT Peanut Butter sandwiches, of course!"

They taste so good that you want some more just as soon as school is out.

Ask your mother to get you some Beech-Nut Peanut Butter today. Be sure to get *Beech-Nut.* For Beech-Nut is the peanut butter from which all the bitter little peanut hearts have been removed.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, Canajoharie, N. Y.

# Beech-Nut Peanut Butter




BOBBY'S REFORMATION

I used to hate to wash my face
Or bathe or dress up slick,
But now I like to run a race
In looks with Cousin Dick.

Because one may look a joy,
It's what lies underneath;
You cannot be a healthy boy
Unless you brush your teeth.

Betty's eyes monopolize
When we sit down to dine,
I may not be sweet as she
But, Gee! my teeth do shine!
BOBBY

**Dr. Lyon's**

*The Dentifrice that made fine teeth Fashionable*

*Powder* *Cream*

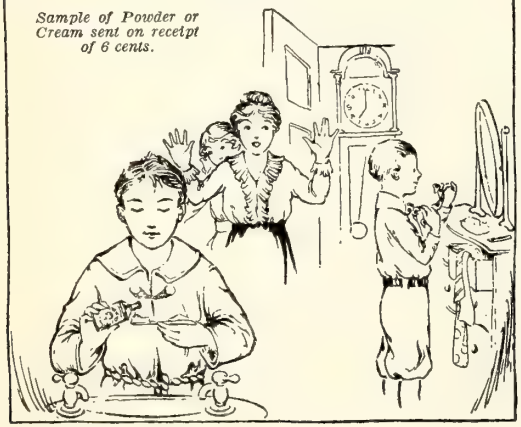
*P. W. Lyon & Sons, Incorporated*

Dear Bobby:

Keep up the good work. Remember DR. LYON'S cleans the teeth thoroughly without risk or danger. Tell all your friends to write us for a sample of DR. LYON'S.

Cordially yours,
I. W. LYON AND SONS, Inc.,
525 West 27th St., New York.

*Sample of Powder or Cream sent on receipt of 6 cents.*




# THINGS TO EAT

(*Continued from page 34*)

and add enough boiling water to make a stiff batter. Add the butter substitute, the eggs, unbeaten, and the milk, in which the soda has been allowed to dissolve. Mix them well together, put in well-greased muffin-rings and bake in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour.

* * *

For one of the days when some wheat will be eaten, you can try these:

**Wheat-and-Cornmeal Waffles**

½ a cup of cornmeal.
1½ cups of boiling water.
1½ cups of milk.
3 cups of flour.
3 tablespoons of sugar.
1½ teaspoons of salt.
3 rounded teaspoons of baking-powder.
2 eggs.
2 tablespoons of fat.

Put the cornmeal in the boiling water and cook for twenty minutes. Next add the milk, then the flour, into which has been sifted the sugar, salt, and baking-powder. Beat the yolks and whites of the eggs separately, and add the yolks to the things already blended; when they are well stirred in add the butter or butter substitute, melted, and last of all the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Cook in thoroughly greased waffle-pans.

**Deep Chicken Pie**

1 medium sized chicken. 1 small onion.
Pepper and salt.

Have the butcher send the chicken cut up as for a fricassee: clean it carefully and put it in a kettle, with the onion, which has been sliced, and cover it with a pint of water. Put over a quick fire, and as soon as the water boils set the kettle back where it will boil very slowly, until the chicken is tender. The length of time will depend on the chicken. Try it after it has been cooking half an hour and when a fork will pierce it easily the chicken is ready for the pepper and salt. Let the contents of the kettle cook slowly for ten minutes after the seasonings are added. Take from the fire and remove all the meat from the bones. Now make a batter of,

1 cup of flour.
1 cup of milk.
1 egg well beaten.
3 teaspoons of melted butter substitute.
1 teaspoon of baking powder.

Put the meat from the chicken in a deep dish that has been well-greased, pour the batter over it and bake in a pretty hot oven until the crust is slightly brown.

Make a gravy of the strained broth in which the chicken was cooked, by adding 3 teaspoonfuls of flour and 3 teaspoonfuls of butter substitute rubbed well together. When the sauce is smooth add half a cup of milk and half a teaspoonful of chopped parsley.

* * *

See to it that no celery leaves are thrown away. They should be dried and put in a glass container to be used for flavoring soups, gravies and dressings. After washing, dry them by shaking in a piece of cheese cloth, and then set them on the shelf of the range.

# "Old Town Canoes"

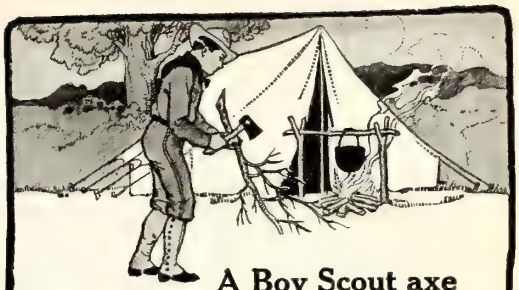
Let an Old Town Canoe carry you where the big fish lurk and where game is plentiful. For casting and trolling, an Old Town is unequalled. An Old Town offers health, sport and beauties of the great outdoors—an invitation no red-blooded sportsman can refuse. Send today for catalog which shows latest models.



OLD TOWN CANOE CO.
733 Fourth St.
Old Town, Maine

## To Those in Search of PRIVATE SCHOOLS

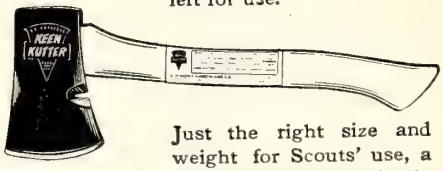
The St. Nicholas School Service Department offers its services without charge to those who desire its aid in selecting the best schools for their sons or daughters. Through many years of experience, this department has become thoroughly acquainted with the private schools. If more information is required, address any of the schools whose announcements appear on pages 21, 22 and 23, or write to The St. Nicholas School Service Dept., 353 Fourth Ave., New York.



## A Boy Scout axe that *holds* sharp edges

E. C. SIMMONS KEEN KUTTER CUTLERY TOOLS

That's because the heads of KEEN KUTTER Boy Scout Axes are *all* steel, accurately tempered. When they *do* get dull they are easily resharpened as long as there is shape enough left for use.




Just the right size and weight for Scouts' use, a patented wedge absolutely prevents the head from working loose.

*Our Boy Scout Booklet, "THE BLAZE," written by a full-blooded Indian, will be sent FREE to every Boy Scout sending us his name, address and name of Scout Troop.*

**SIMMONS HARDWARE CO.**

*"The recollection of QUALITY remains long after the PRICE is forgotten."*
Trade Mark Registered
—E. C. Simmons

# Boys! Make Big Money Sell the Kaiser's Skull!

**Send 15c. for Agent's Sample**

***The Mystery Movie That Fits Your Pocket***

You can make $5.00 to $10.00 a day by selling this astounding patented novelty—a mysterious pocket moving picture of Kaiser Bill that turns into a skull while you look. Even Sherlock Holmes would be mystified. Price 25c retail. To any agents 15c. That's 10c on each sale—and it's a cinch to sell. Send 15c for sample and 3c for postage.

**ANIMATED PICTURE PRODUCTS CO., Box 14, 19 West 27th Street, New York City**

# ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION FOR HOOPING-COUGH OR CROUP

The celebrated effectual remedy without internal medicine. For 120 years this remedy has met with continued and growing popularity. Bronchitis, Lumbago, and Rhumatism are also quickly relieved by a few applications.

W. EDWARDS & SON
157 Queen Victoria Street, London, England

*All Druggists, or* E. FOUGERA & CO., Inc.
90-92 Beekman Street, New York

# ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS




## MEXICO.

IT has been a long while since we have devoted any space to the sister Republic just south of us. Apparently it has been too long, so one of our readers writes to call our attention to the neglect. Not only that, but she sends eight new stamps, so that we may show the readers of STAMP PAGE what Mexico is doing. We wish to extend our thanks to Miss Anna M. Ker, both for the stamps which she so kindly sent us, and also for her nice letter as well. It is always a great pleasure to us, as well as a source of pride, when the readers of STAMP PAGE in foreign countries call our attention to their new stamps. Now, of late, Mexico has been especially what might be called a country of new stamps. We have seen so many types of surcharges, single surcharges, double surcharges, surcharges in black, and red, and magenta, in violet and in green inks, that it has been rather confusing. Nor have we been at all sure as to the genuineness of these various surcharges. Not only has it been confusing, but also it has been discouraging to the average collector. Too many issues, especially one about whose need there is doubt, tend to kill a collector's interest in the stamps of the offending country. But we now have reason to hope that all of this confusion is behind us. We therefore take great pleasure in illustrating the stamps sent us by Miss Ker. As will be seen by the pictures it is a "portrait issue." We show seven of the series. Nearly all of them have, just below the portrait, the name of the individual represented. The five-centavo stamp, however, does not, and in some instances the name is too indistinct for us to read. The one-centavo, dull violet, pictures Ignacio Baragoza; the two-centavo, gray green, Vacquez; the three-centavo, bistre brown, Piño Suarez; the four-centavo, carmine, Jesus Carranza, brother of the President of Mexico; the five-Centavo, ultramarine, bears no name; the ten-centavo, blue, Francisco Madero, a brother of a former President who was murdered; the twenty-centavo, rose, Domineuez.







In addition to those we illustrate there is a thirty-centavo gray, also a forty-centavo violet, with a map, one-peso blue and black, and five-peso green-and-black. The last three are of the same design as the 1915-1916, but of different color. Also, the entire set is rouletted. Three values—the one, five, and ten—are to be found both rouletted and perforated. Miss Ker also sends us another stamp which we illustrate. We had never heard of it before. Evidently it is not a postage-stamp, but a Red Cross issue, pure and simple. It was issued in commemoration of a day (October 18, 1917), set aside as the "British Red Cross Day in Mexico." We have no information at all concerning it. The stamp is a soft gray-brown color, beautiful in design, and splendidly engraved—a most attractive and artistic bit of work.




## OUR COMPETITION.

THIS last competition in many respects has been the most successful one which we have ever undertaken. The number of replies has been exceedingly gratifying. When we take into consideration the difficulties of the task, we are indeed pleased with the results, not only in the number of the answers, but in their general excellence. Our readers certainly have shown great interest in this hunt for values and great care in making out their lists. It was not until we began to look over these lists that we truly realized what a task we had set. We had no idea what a demand we were making upon bright eyes and keen wits. At this point we should say with regret that several seem not clearly to have understood our requirements, but the great majority of the lads and lassies understood exactly what we wanted, and so faithfully did they search the catalogue that it becomes rather difficult to determine which is the best list. When the idea came to us, we thought out several values which we felt would puzzle every one of our readers. We were sure that the odd values, 1/30, 1/15, 1/10 of Hanover would escape the sharpest eyes. But here they are in list after list. Then we wondered what would become of Philippine Islands, No. 62, with this queer value,—0.0625. Here our guess had bet-

(*Continued on page 40*)

# ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

IT is so named because here every ***St. Nicholas*** reader can find the names and addresses of leading stamp dealers. Selected stamps for young folks are their specialty. Mention ***St. Nicholas*** in writing them and be sure always to give your name and complete address, as well as that of parent, teacher or employer as reference. Be sure to get permission first. We are careful to accept the advertisements of only the most reliable stamp dealers, and if you have any unfair business dealings with ***St. Nicholas*** advertisers advise us promptly. We are always glad to help solve your stamp problems. Write us when you want information.

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SEE ALSO PAGE 40

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## ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

(*Continued from page 24*)

ter results. Some of the best answers did not have it; some found this teaser, but omitted more evident ones. The very high values of the Brazil officials seemed to be a stumbling-block to many. Then the 1 c. 600 m. of Spain—who would think of that? Then there were several odd values in the new Supplement, like 11½ Mozambique, No. 99, and 15½ Wurtemburg, No. 257. Curiously enough, some found one hard one, only to omit another. Heligoland, No. 10, ¾ sch., escaped a good many. After long comparison we have decided to award first prize, the Junior International Stamp Album, to Junior Bartholomew. He has a very complete, very legible, and neatly arranged list. The second prize, a packet of three hundred stamps, goes to Mary C. Ruff. She noted 5+5 United States, No. 9 B, and listed almost, if not all, of the French Colonials with peculiar values like 0.01 and 0.05 of Madagascar, 05 of New Caledonia, 02 of Nicaragua. She also commented on the double values of certain charity-stamps, as the 1905 series of Russia (No. 201-204) and Rumania (No. 351-354). The eight others named below are each awarded a copy of the 1917 supplement to the catalogue:

PRIZE WINNERS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Junior Bartholomew, Ansonia, Conn. | 179 | values |
| Mary C. Ruff, Butler, Pa. | 163 | " |
| Daniel J. Schoonmaker, Nyack, N. Y. | 163 | " |
| John Hanford Lewis, Fitchburg, Mass. | 152 | " |
| Donald M. Haydon, Louisville, Ky. | 152 | " |
| John R. Durfee, Chestnut Hill, Pa. | 149 | " |
| Karl Wood Fischer, Indianapolis, Ind. | 142 | " |
| Malcolm McLaren, Jr., Princeton, N. J. | 128 | " |
| William J. S. Harvey, Pittstown, N. J. | 123 | " |
| Donald D. Gedney, East Orange, N. J. | 93 | " |

There were other lists which were not so large, and which varied in merit as well. In order that these may not be altogether disappointed we are asking one of our advertisers to send each of them a little stamp-newspaper for a year. Finally, we thank our young friends for the interest they have shown—for the pleasure their replies have given us. Our only regret is that all should not have won the first prize.

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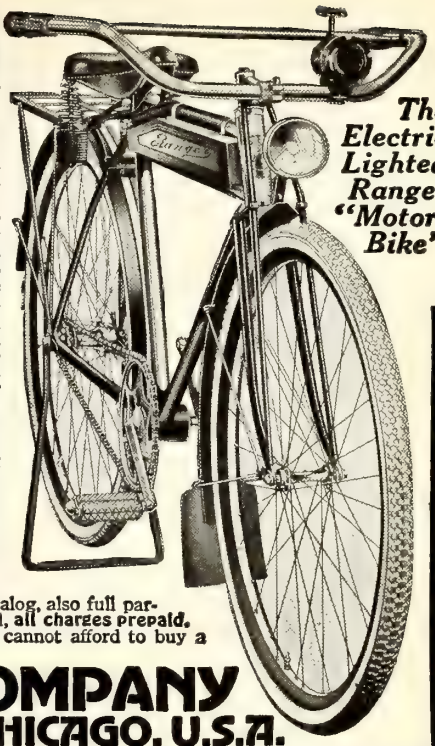
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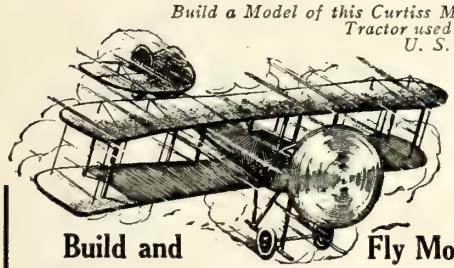
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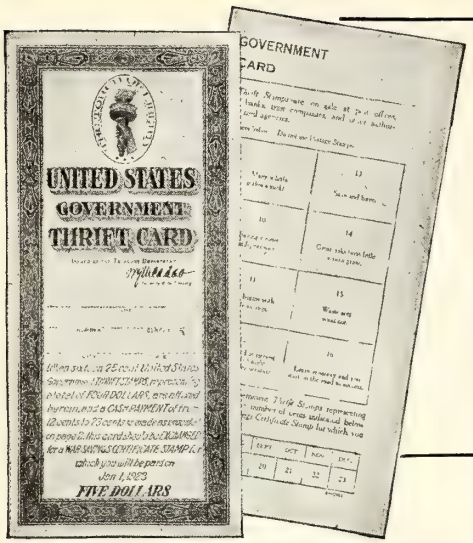
Treat desks and other office furniture the same way. The results will delight you.

3-in-One is sold at all stores—in 15c, 25c and 50c bottles and in 25c Handy Oil Cans.

**FREE** — Generous sample of 3-in-One Oil and Special Furniture Circular sent free.




**Three-in-One Oil Co.**
**165QF Broadway, New York**




# Are You a Thrift Soldier?

OUR country has its older boys in its first lines of defense, its army and its navy. But back of these is the second line of defense. If this line breaks all is lost because our boys in blue and khaki will be deprived of needed food and clothing and arms and ammunition. Boys and girls cannot go to the front on land or sea, but they can fight just as nobly by saving their nickels and dimes and quarters and dollars and lending them to our government. We are not asked to give money to our country but merely to lend it! Twenty-five cents buys a Thrift Stamp at any bank or post office. Sixteen Thrift Stamps plus fourteen cents can be exchanged this month for a War Savings Certificate. In five years the government will pay you $5 for each War Savings Certificate you possess.

# ROLL *of* HONOR

Every boy or girl whose name is listed below has signed The Thrift Loyalty Pledge and is enrolled as a member of the ST. NICHOLAS War Stamp Club. Some signatures came in too late to appear here. They will be printed next month.

Talbot Johns, N. Y.
Robert Stanley, O.
Arthur Merrill, Cal.
Wm. Merrill, Cal.
Chas. Merrill, Cal.
Anna Ehlers, N. J.
Geo. E. Farrar, Jr., N. Y.
Marion A. Greene, N. H.
Judith Greene, N. H.
Frances Priddy, Mich.
Bernard Kohn, Pa.
Josephine E. Smith, N. Y.
C. R. Cook, Ill.
Frederick Fueller, Pa.
Nancy S. Jeffers, N. Y.
Olivia Taylor, N. J.
Ruth Taylor, N. J.
Edith Showers, N. Y.
Lucy Hunt, N. Y.
Betty Hunt, N. Y.
Frederick C. Ober, Mass.
Eleanor Ober, Mass.
Alma M. Hopkins, N. J.
Anna McDowell, Ky.
Mary McDowell, Ky.
Susan McDowell, Ky.
Cornelia Hussey, N. J.
Frederick Hussey, N. J.
Jean McKenna, Pa.
Florence Davis, Vt.
Louise Lee Willing, N. Y.
Robert E. L. Johnson, Pa.
Charles A. Perera, N. Y.
Nina Perera, N. Y.
Gertrude Hatch, Conn.
Marion Hatch, Conn.
Emily Hatch, Conn.
Olive F. Penniman, N. Y.
Nat. Sherman, N. Y.
Jane Coley, Pa.
Helen Kearney, N. J.
Natalie Alcoke, N. J.
William G. Hassler, N. Y.
Marshall Harrington, N. J.
Reginald Carey, Md.
John Harrington, N. J.
David L. Clendenin, N. Y.
Robert Koehler, N. Y.
Dorrance Brown, R. I.
D. Prontu, R. I.
L. Hall, R. I.
David Monby, R. I.
Stuart Pendleton, R. I.
F. C. Almirall, R. I.
M. P. Whitaker, R. I.
L. P. Moore, R. I.
Dorothy Schlieder, N. Y.
Charles King, Pa.
Elizabeth White, Mass.
Charlotte White, Mass.
Harriet B. Westlake, N. J.
Miss J. Kay Finnemore, Conn.
Bettina Brown, Me.
W. Wirt Brown, Jr., Me.
Alice L. Brown, Me.
Jack Degen, Va.
Alice Ferrie Hoyt, Pa.
Eleanor Phinney, Mass.
Rose England, Mass.
Myra Ast, N. Y.
Betty Squire, N. Y.
Helen Ranney, O.
Robert Bottome, N. Y.
Marion Cleveland, N. Y.
Annette C. Cleveland, N.Y.
Patty Palmer, Cal.
Dorothy Schook, Ill.
Jane Schook, Ill.
Roderick Rosenfeld, N. Y.
Llewellyn Rosenfeld, N.Y.
Wm. H. Collins, N. J.
John N. Hough, N. Y.
Nancy Hough, N. Y.
Marion D. Hemphill, Pa.
George M. Coates, Jr., Pa.
Margaret Howley, Conn.
Georgette Yeomans, N. Y.
May Yeomans, N. Y.
Donald Costello, Minn.
William Johnson, Ill.
Eleanor Greer, D. C.
Walter H. Wills, D. C.
Edna May Stubbins, Ill.
F. S. Parks, Mass.
Charlotte Haynes, Mass.
Elsie Maclay Mirkil, Pa.
Lillian H. Richmond, N.Y.
Winifred S. Walz, N. Y.
Vivian Muxen, S. D.
Jean J. Roane, La.
Miriam D. Platt, N. Y.
K. Jean, Me.
Mrs. Tena Keirstead, Me.
Emily Warner, Conn.
Louise Merigold, Wis.
Eliz. E. Hubbard, Ill.
Mabel Lois Hubbard, Ill.
Donald Barnes, Kansas
Betty Blodgett, N. Y.
Josephine Young, N. Y.
Philip Young, N. Y.
Margaret O'Connor, Tenn.
Nancy O'Connor, Tenn.
Alice V. Leonhard, N. Y.
Elizabeth Pratt, N. Y.
Gretchen Mayher, Mass.
Maurice C. Butts, Okla.
Mary E. Stone, N. J.
Theo. Beck, Jr., Pa.
Laura Beck, Pa.
Eugenia Ida Bowen, N. J.
Horace Bowen, Jr., N. J.
Alice Vert, Mont.
Miles B. Hatch, Wash.
Lewis F. Hatch, Wash.
Josephine Garwood, Porto Rico
Margaret MacKoy, Ky.
Elizabeth Folsom, Wash.
Gertrude McIntyre, Me.
Porter McIntyre, Me.
Ruth Grimm, O.
Pendry Crandall, N. Y.
Harold Crandall, N. Y.
Sarah E. Cox, Ia.
Beatrice Colton, Cal.
Eleanor S. Wendell, N. J.
Mode Spackman, Del.
Thomas Spackman, Del.
Walram Browne, N. Y.
Claire Stidman, Md.
Lawrence Mayher, Mass.
Mary W. Chandler, Conn.
Olive A. Chandler, Conn.
Margery Meyers, N. Y.
Lee Oppenheim, N. Y.
Irving Hanson, Neb.
Willie Welch, Ala.
Oliver Welch, Ala.
Geo. T. Turner, Ill.
Elizabeth Turner, Ill.
Esther S. Ball, Del.
Romayne Warren, Mich.
Wharton Lowell, Mass.
Miss K. Ludurg, N. Y.
Mrs. Louise Ludurg, N. Y.
Mary C. Speir, Cal.
Elizabeth Wardlaw, Tex.
Margaret Wardlaw, Tex.
Lucian Hobbs, Va.
Bainbridge Cowell Davis, Ohio
Mary Editha Davis, O.
Edmund L. Engel, Ill.
Hilda Clausen, N. Y.
Louise Clausen, N. Y.
Barbara Merritt, N. Y.
Nelson H. Merritt, N. Y.
Elizabeth Shelton, N. C.
Grace F. Appleton, Mont.
Frank B. Fleming, Jr., Pa.
Catherine Fleming, Pa.
Miss Jean Miner Bontwell, N. Y.
Frances Adkins, N. Y.
Laura Wheelock, N. Y.
Ruth Wheelock, N. Y.
Katharine S. Miller, D. C.
Consielo Miller, D. C.
Virginia Siegman, N. Y.
Winthrop Allen, N. J.
Robert Ogden Bishop, N. Y.
J. D. P. Bishop, N. Y.
Louise Van Loon, N. Y.
Loraine Van Loon, N. Y.
Fletcher Dutton, Cal.
Miriam Reid, Cal.
Marsh. M. Mason, Va.
Julien J. Mason, Va.
Geoffrey Platt, N. Y.
John W. Cross, Jr., N. Y.
Page Cross, N. Y.
Faith Jones, Mass.
Mary Cressman, Pa.
Cynthia Fraser, N. Y.
Janet A. Fraser, N. Y.
Alice M. Blanchard, N. Y.
Arthur E. Blanchard, N. Y.
Dudley L. Moore, N. Y.
James W. Moore, N. Y.
Ilona Lustig, R. I.
Hedirg Lustig, R. I.
Katherine Hamilton, Conn.
David B. Hamilton, Conn.
Lawrence Hamilton, Conn.
John E. Walker, Mass.
Catharine Farrand, Wis.
Ruth B. Prescott, N. J.
Mildred Dewey, N. J.
Frances Smith, Ill.
Jean Smith, Ill.
Julia Scofield, Ill.
Jim Scofield, Ill.
Carl R. Fales, Ill.
William C. Ross, N. Y.
Virginia A. Spurr, Ill.
Heloise Adler, N. Y.
Eleanor Adler, N. Y.
William C. Scott, Jr.
Howard Broek, N. J.
Josephine Rogers, Ark.
Adelaide Rogers, Ark.
Monroe McLean, N. J.
Adelaide Black, O.
Robert S. Black, O.
Wilbur G. Kennedy, O.
Martha G. Kennedy, O.
Ruth E. Hallquist, Colo.
Katherine Hallquist, Colo.
Frederic Calvert, Pa.
Mary Ellen Acuff, Tenn.
Sherwood Dalzell, N. Y.
Edith P. Dalzell, N. Y.
Ethel Bloch, N. Y.
Marjery Arden Hall, D.C.
Margaret H. Kohn, N. J.
Robert Stover, Minn.
Helen Stover, Minn.
Betty Walsh, Mont.
James Abbott, Mont.




# Have You One of These?

SEVERAL hundred ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls have joined the ST. NICHOLAS War Stamp Club. Many of them have already collected a full Thrift card and have exchanged it for a War Savings Stamp, or Certificate. Some of them have several certificates! How many have you? Do not tell us now—keep it a secret! Wait till the first of July!* In the August number of ST. NICHOLAS we are going to tell all the members three things. First, how many members have one or more War Savings Stamps. Second, how many have five or more War Savings Stamps. Third, how many dollars' worth of stamps *all* the members possess. If you have not done so already, join the ST. NICHOLAS WAR STAMP CLUB by sending the little corner coupon, or copy the pledge on a postal card and mail that. Get all your friends to join too!

* Then let us know how many dollars' worth you have.

# ROLL *of* HONOR

***(Continued)***

Benj. Murray, Jr., N. J.
Frank P. Jones, Wis.
A. E. Powell, Jr., N. C.
Alice M. Jones, N. Y.
Helen B. Jones, N. Y.
Anna J. Minshall, Pa.
Charles K. Healy, Fla.
George Healy, Fla.
Helen E. McKinley, Ill.
George Vernor McKinley, Ill.
Susan G. Howland, Vt.
Emily S. Howland, Vt.
Wolcott Smith, N. Y.
Helen Sterling, Tex.
Jack Sterling, Tex.
Grace Lear, D. C.
Thomas Jones, Md.
Lauders Jones, Md.
William Jones, Md.
Edward C. Emery, Mass.
Mabel Emery, Mass.
Virginia Emery, Mass.
Gertrude Henderson, O.
Helen Henderson, O.
Ruth M. Goldberg, N. J.
Helen Arnold, O.
Horace L. Elpinstone, N.J.
Theodora Randall, Pa.
Paul W. Scheid, O.
Charles C. Flora, Mass.
Mary A. Bennett, N. J.
Edward Bennett, N. J.
Charles G. Bennett, N. J.
Susanna P. Bennett, N. J.
Katharine Boyd, N. Y.
Margaret Miracle, Mont.
Elinor Miracle, Mont.
Virginia Brand, Mo.
John Brand, Mo.
Livingston Goddard, N.Y.
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Margaret Christie, Ind.
Ann Thompson, Pa.
J. Baugh Waddell, Ark.
W. E. Waddell, Ark.
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Mary Paterson, Tex.
Jack Paterson, Tex.
James Edward Comins,
Jean P. Scrimzeour, N. Y.
Esther Tobin Comins, Conn.
Richard M. Bruner, Ind.
Lucile Stover, Tex.
Katharine Stebbins, N. Y.
Elizabeth Stebbins, N. Y.
Tracey Heckman, N. Y.
Mary Genevieve Curley, R. I.
Arietta Davis, Minn.
Elizabeth Davis, Minn.
Carolyn Russell, N. Y.
Josephine Russell, N. Y.
Dorothy M. Connett, N. Y.
Helen Farnum, Ill.
Wm. C. Horrmann, N. Y.
Josephine Horrman, N. Y.
Frances Cox, Tex.
Jack Cox, Tex.
Mary June Burton, O.
Sidney A. Pedersen, Ill.
Janet Hutchison, Va.
Effie Vaughn, Pa.
Raymond Russell, O.
Robert A. Risk, Ind.
Marian Upton, Mass.
King Upton, Mass.
Betty Squire, N. Y.
Wilhelmenia A. Warner, Ind.
Harriet F. Price, Cal.
Arthur Goodnow, Ill.
Laurence Goodnow, Ill.
Eleanor Ferguson, Tex.
Alexander M. McSurely, Ohio.
Edward Buddy, N. J.
Margaret Overington, Pa.
Claudia Overington, Pa.
William Overington, Pa.
Roger L. Putney, Mass.
Freeman L. Putney, Mass.
Elizabeth W. Martin, Pa.
Lewis Fitch Martin, Pa.
Elisabeth Morrow, N. J.
Ellen F. Black, N. Y.
Dorothy Applegate, Wash.
Katherine Applegate, "
Claire Applegate, Wash.
Alice Applegate, Wash.
Rollo Silver, N. Y.
Osman Skinner, Pa.
Wm. Skinner, Pa.
Paul Parker, Ia.
Sarah E. Boyles, Pa.
Ada Barker Wardrop, Pa.
Edmund Doman Wardrop,
Cicely C. Browne, N. C.
Ova L. Brown, Ill.
Dorrance Talbot, N. J.
John Phillips Talbot, N.J.
Mary Street, N. J.
Louis S. Peirce, O.
Josephine Peirce, N. J.
Dorothy Seymour, N. J.
Philip Walker, N. Y.
Betty Walker, N. Y.
Frances Harrison, N. C.
Charles Harrison, N. C.
Frances B. Allen, Mass.
Elizabeth M. Allen, Mass.
John D. Steele, Pa.
Corinne Chambers, N. Y.
Robert Chambers, N. Y.
Lucy K. Cobb, N. C.
John W. Cobb, N. C.
Bertha Bess Cobb, N. C.
Dorthea Owen, Mich.
Gertrude Hutchinson, Mass.
Mary Curtis, Mass.
Helen Curtis, Mass.
Miriam O. Goodridge, Mass.
Theodore Von Campen, N. J.
Edmund D. Baxter, Tenn.
Leslie Townsend, Ia.
James Fassett, Mass.
Phyllis Fassett, Mass.
Helen Hughes, O.
Morris Hughes, O.
Beatrice R. Simcox, Pa.
Rosamond Coolidge, Mass.
Helen Coolidge, Mass.
Cintra Ellis, Pa.
Ruth Hobbs White, Ind.
Lawrence Russell, Mass.
Leland Sonaltz, Pa.
Francis Sonaltz, Pa.
Amy E. Mooers, N. D.
Ruth H. Mooers, N. D.
Levering Cressman, Pa.

## Join the ST. NICHOLAS WAR STAMP CLUB

Any subscriber, reader or friend of ST. NICHOLAS may become a member by signing and mailing this statement: "I will loyally do my part to win the war by collecting Thrift Stamps and War Savings Stamps." There are no dues. As soon as possible after your postal card or coupon is received, your names will be published in ST. NICHOLAS. This shall be a sign to all the world that these ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls are serving their country in its hour of need.

**Your Country Calls To You.**
**Do Not Keep Her Waiting!**

ST. NICHOLAS WAR STAMP CLUB
353 4th Ave. New York City

I will loyally do my part to help win the war by collecting THRIFT STAMPS and WAR SAVINGS STAMPS.

City and State.....

Name .....

Street .....

Name .....

Street .....

Endorsed by .....

# The Joys of Spring



BOYS and girls: Spring is almost here and won't you be glad? The warm sun will shine again and you'll hear the little birds calling for you to come out and play.

Springtime is childhood's own part of the year. There are so many things to do which make rosy cheeks, strong muscles and bring the happy laugh of genuine fun and pleasure.

Boys: When you play Leap Frog you'll light a lot easier with a pair of "springy" Cat's Paw Rubber Heels on the shoes. You can run faster and play harder without getting tired. The Foster Friction Plug in Cat's Paws keeps you from slipping.



**CAT'S PAW**
**CUSHION**
**RUBBER HEELS**

Girls: The buoyant Cat's Paws make "skipping the rope" so much easier than when you wear hard leather heels. If you're taking dancing lessons, that's another reason why you should wear Cat's Paws—you'll dance more gracefully and almost never get tired.



Your father probably wears Cat's Paws—and mother, too. The whole family should wear them. They make walking easy and safe—the Foster Friction Plug prevents slipping and makes them wear longer. They do not mar the floors and have no holes to track mud or dirt. Ask your parents to have Cat's Paws put on all your shoes.

*Black, white or tan For men, women and children—all dealers*

**Foster Rubber Company**
**105 Federal St., Boston, Mass.**

*Originators and patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping*






# Wades Right In

Old Dutch saves work, worry, time and money in the kitchen. Cleans all utensils quickly, thoroughly, hygienically.



# MORE "AD" VENTURES of the IVORY HEROES

They swarmed upon the deck

"AVAST, ye villains," shouted Gnif, don't board this tidy boat, or you'll be butted fore and aft by Bill our buttful goat!" But naught deterred by Gnif's command, (for evil was their blood), those villains swarmed upon the deck with forty tubs of mud.

*Plump*, went the tubs with muddy thumps! *Blub*, went the mud about! *Flump*, jumped each villain in a tub with horrid scream or shout, Bemuddied, brutal beasts were they; to soil was their delight. With hunks of mud *extremely* soft they all began to fight. In swarms they charged across the deck and threw the mud so thickly that Betty and our heroes had to dodge it mighty quickly. This was too much for decency,—besides it wasn't right to soil and spoil an IVORY boat, so pure and clean and white. Therefore, with cries of righteous rage that made the rigging rattle, our heroes charged the muddy men in IVORY SOAPFUL battle.

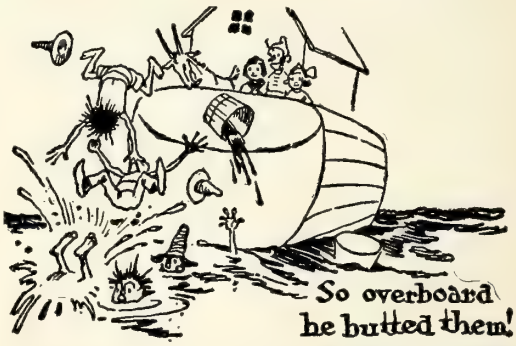
They turned the soap-suds hose upon the villains, and its stream was so effective



It made them scream.

that it made the dirty monsters scream. And Bill went butting to and fro,—(he surely was a wonder) the impact of his baleful butts made noises 'most like thunder. Bill butted all the villains flat as Benny Beaver's tail rose up and down, and down and up just like an awful flail. He whacked the monsters thoroughly; he spanked them fore and after, until our heroes nearly died with thankful, spankful laughter.

But, buttful Bill, not satisfied, refused to give them quarter, so *overboard* he butted them into the ocean water. Of course this ducking did them good which soon was plainly seen, for IVORY SOAP and drubbings made their souls and bodies clean. 'Tis truly said that they reformed; and *we* express the hope that they became as pure and white as our sweet IVORY SOAP.



So overboard he butted them!

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JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK
(THE CHILD'S MAGAZINE)

*"Yes, little friends," says Bill the Goat,*
*"Our IVORY SOAP is pure;*
*By virture of its own sweet self*
*It makes our sweetness sure."*

IVORY SOAP
IT FLOATS
99 44/100% PURE



# In The Nation's Service

America is sending its best men to fight for freedom, and in their honor the whole land is dotted with service flags carrying the stars of sacrifice.

It is a far cry from the crowded city streets, above which floats our service flag, to the telephone exchange hidden in the front-line trenches. But the actuating spirit of service here and abroad remains unchanged.

The Stars and Stripes is the emblem which unites us in war for human liberty and national honor. The service flag is the emblem which unites us in mutual sympathy for the men who give themselves and for those who give their men.

These flags should inspire all citizens to greater endeavor and greater sacrifice. As one of the agencies of preparation and military support, the Bell System is honored by the opportunity to do its share.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

*One Policy* *One System* *Universal Service*




*"Look for me in the dealer's window*

And remember I brush my teeth with Colgate's every day because I like the taste. Mother likes it too, and she says it cleans better than any other. And Father's a Doctor and *he* uses Colgate's because it's safe."

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is the favorite with boys and girls who want Good Teeth—Good Health because it cleans the teeth so well and tastes so good. You, too, should use it.

COLGATE & CO. *Established 1806* New York

# ST. NICHOLAS

## FOR · BOYS · AND · GIRLS



APRIL · 1918



Heat package of Libby's Vienna Sausage in hot water. Stir one cup rice in saucepan with two tablespoonfuls butter till browned. Add one small package of tomatoes rubbed through a sieve, two chopped onions, salt, paprika, and pepper. Simmer till rice is tender. Serve hot, with the sausage arranged on the rice. Serves six people.

**This sausage of finest flavor is also inexpensive**

For fifty years Libby have been providing savory meats for American women, and at little cost.

It is a real economy to be able to buy only the edible part—no bone, no gristle—absolutely no waste—just carefully-selected meat.

Open any package of Libby's meat and you will find it appetizing to the last mouthful and of the fine flavor that bespeaks quality. For example, take Libby's Vienna Sausage. With special pride, Libby offers this sausage as typical of what the Libby ideal means in any food.

Even if you had never heard of the Libby ideal of flavor and of the skilled Libby chefs, you would know that this sausage was made by master cooks, for the tenderness of the meat and of the skin, the delicacy of the seasoning, are noticeable the moment you taste it.

**Other tempting little-cost meats**

With the same idea of deliciousness Libby prepares Veal Loaf, Dried Beef, Chili Con Carne and many other meats—each one faithfully represents the Libby ideal of flavor.

**Libby McNeill & Libby, 259 Welfare Bldg., Chicago**

*Libby McNeill & Libby of Can., Ltd.*
*45 E. Front Street, Toronto, Ont., Can.*

# Little-Cost Meats



Heat Libby's Dried Beef in two tablespoonfuls melted butter. Arrange the tender slices on toast. Mix with the melted butter one tablespoonful flour and one cup milk. Cook until creamy. Pour over the dried beef. Garnish with minced parsley and hot hard-boiled egg. Serves four.



Heat a package of Libby's Chili Con Carne in boiling water. Boil ½ pound spaghetti 20 minutes and drain. Strain sauce off Chili, and arrange with spaghetti on hot serving plate. Pour sauce over; add an ounce of grated cheese before serving. Serves six.

Libby's









# *The Winner*

belongs to a Fisk Bicycle Club and uses Fisk *Visible Value* Bicycle Tires.

We will be glad to help you form a Fisk Club of your own. Send for FREE booklet, "*How to Form a Fisk Bicycle Club,*" which shows you how to organize your club—elect officers—arrange race meets and field days—club runs—has fine article on flag signalling (illustrated), shows you how Fisk Club members can help Uncle Sam—opens the way to more real fun and sport than you have ever had. *You want this book,* and it will be mailed free if you ask for it.

THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY

Dept. N Chicopee Falls, Mass.



# One Boy in 1918 is worth Three Boys of 1914

He is far more useful. His work is worth so much more to the country. He helps take the place of older chaps who have gone to war.

This is especially true of a boy who has bicycle or motorcycle. Put a boy awheel and he not only has more speed and promptness but more ambition and reliability.

Remember at the same time that wheel efficiency is needed. Equip your bicycle or motorcycle with United States Tires for the utmost in service and easy riding.

### Chain Tread for Bicycles

**One of the most popular of the twelve United States Bicycle Tires. A very handsome tire with white sides and black tread and extra thornproof strip. Very strong and gives long mileage.**

**Usco Tread for Motorcycles is a favorite with experienced riders.**

## United States Cycle Tires are Good Tires

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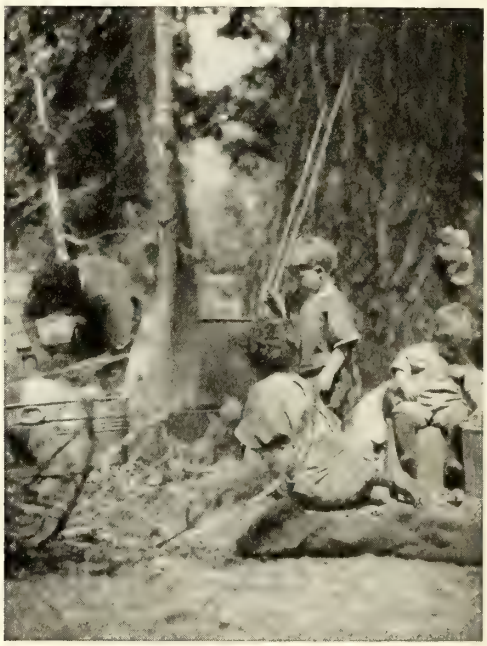
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# THE BOOK MAN

THE Century Co. has just published a delightful story that will appeal to all American boys and girls. It is called "The Blue Jays in the Sierras" ($1.25), and the author is Mrs. Maurits van Löben Sels, of Vorden Ranch in the Sacramento Valley, California, who writes under her maiden name, Helen Ellsworth.

Mrs. van Löben Sels says that the book is the outcome of a real camping trip in the mountains separating California from Nevada.



THE BLUE JAYS' WASH DAY

There are four of her children in the story. A fifth "Blue Jay," a frail little girl, was born early in the summer of 1916. A season in the hot Sacramento Valley, where her home is situated, could not be considered, and so when the baby was six weeks old, at the risk of being thought utterly crazy by everybody except a sensible doctor, the family were loaded into a big touring-car, with provisions and camping outfit, and they settled down at Highland

Lakes, 9,000 feet above sea-level, where the snow lingers in the crevasses of the mountains all the year around. The new little baby needed constant attention, and to amuse herself and the older children, Mrs. van Löben Sels, during the baby's sleeping moments, wrote out the story of the camping experiences of the previous summer, and read it aloud to the children as they returned from fishing excursions or tobogganing down the snowy hillsides. Some of the chapters were written with the baby cradled in its mother's left arm. The summer was such a success, the baby grew so "incredibly," as Mrs. van Löben Sels says, that she was induced to publish her experiences as a guide to other mothers who hesitate to take their children to a rough summer camp—and also to give boys and girls a jolly story of roughing it in the mountains.

"The Blue Jays in the Sierras" is a jolly enough book for any boy or girl. There are horseback rides and horseback tumbles, fishing expeditions, tramps and climbs and lots of nights out under the stars. And once three of the children are lost long enough to hear the coyotes and think about the bears before they are returned safe and sound to the somewhat distracted camp. What makes it so satisfactory is that the whole family are so wide-awake and the mother and father are such experienced campers that they know all the resources of the mountains and just what to do to give the "Blue Jays" the best possible time.

California is a long way to go for a vacation for a good many of my readers: but I wonder if most of them are not near enough to *some* hilly woodsy region, some region of lakes or rivers, some oasis perhaps of trees and springs, where camping is possible? The gypsies never seem to be at a loss for such a place, and they go everywhere; and why should Americans be less resourceful? Except in certain well-defined areas like the Adirondacks and the California forests they seldom think of anything so unconventional: boys do it, but not families all together. Perhaps it seems too perilous an undertaking with little children, who are usually so dependent on doctors and the milk supply and the right kind of water and other appurtenances of civilization. But mothers and fathers who read "The Blue Jays in the Sierras" will see how much of the true gypsy life can be safely indulged in for a few summer weeks at least, even with the tiniest children, and with what wholesome and happy results. It would be a sad thing were Americans to lose their ancestral love of roughing it; one could hardly imagine a better national custom to encourage than for every one to spend at least ten nights of the year sleeping out under the stars.

The Book Man




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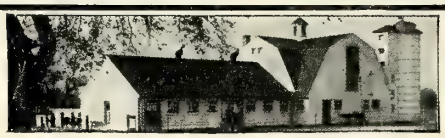


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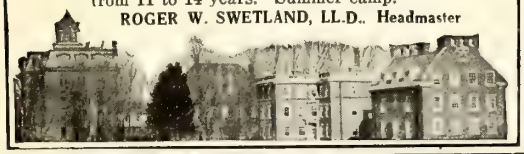
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25 miles of lake shore

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*The 26 boys in this picture are St. Nicholas readers who spent last summer at "Idlewild." They came from seven different States. Write Mr. Dick for some of their names so you may ask them about "Idlewild." Many boys who applied too late last year missed the fun. Secure your place before the Camp is filled.*

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*"The Purple Slipper"*
*Speed 20 miles an hour. 35½ feet long. 35 H. P. motor*

Seven miles of lake shore. Fleets of canoes and motor boats. Fine, big speed boat.

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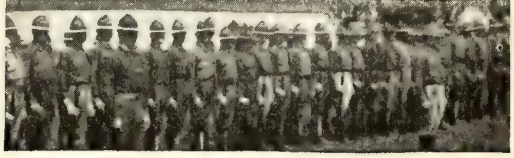
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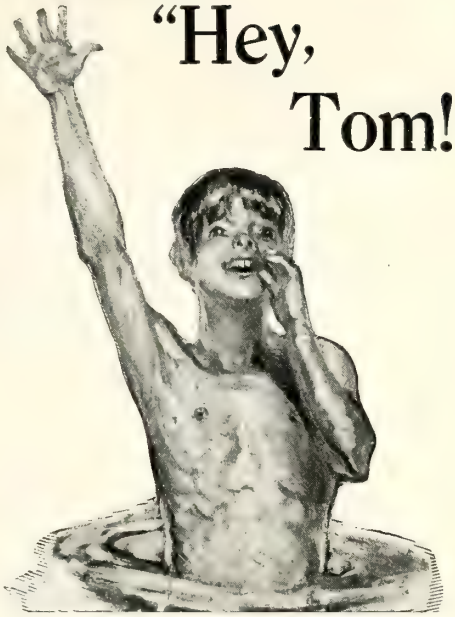
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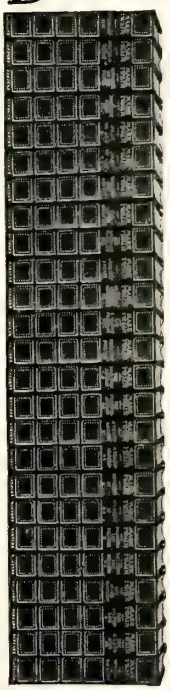
# "Hey, Tom!"



DO you remember when Tom Sawyer went swimming and had everything hidden so carefully so Aunt Polly couldn't find out? Aunt Polly had sewed up his shirt in the morning—

But Tom had re-sewed it, so he thought he was safe. But alack and alas, he used black thread instead of white.

Once more you will laugh with Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn—but you will want to cry as you laugh. For behind the joy of youth is the reality of life—the philosophy you did not see when you were a boy.



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Address .....

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SOME people think that a summer camp is merely a place where boys and girls absorb enough sunshine and laughter to last through a long and dreary winter. Good camps —such as those whose announcements appear here—plan their season so that the fortunate young folks who attend may learn interesting things and not idle away these wonderful weeks. Mr. Little tells about one of the many things they learn.

## BIRDS AND BIRD HOUSES—By H. W. LITTLE

Every year a group of campers make a special study of birds, under a councilor fitted for this work. They have been amazed to find how many different fields of nature work this door opens. Once interested in birds you naturally desire to know about their foods. This gives you a motive for animal, insect, plant, and tree study. You are gradually learning the great secrets of nature.

You learn that by the destruction of birds, insects multiply so rapidly that millions of dollars' worth of foods are destroyed each year. When you learn by first hand observation the great number of injurious insects one pair of small birds can destroy in a day, you are not only developing observation but obtaining information that will be of value to yourself and all society.

During July when birds are more in evidence than August, the camp group spends an hour a day in field observation or chart study, or listens to a talk concerning some phase of bird life, particular attention being given to identification, nests and songs. Last summer during the first three days, one camp located within a radius of one hundred yards from camp the following nests: one Phoebe, two Robins, four House Wrens, one Chipping Sparrow, five Barn Swallows, two Baltimore Orioles. During the summer the campers identified sixty-two different birds. Rainy days were spent in learning the songs and calls of birds.

In some sections very few birds build their nests, lay their eggs, hatch, and feed their young during camping season. Here the bird houses have been a real benefit, as they make possible the observation and study of the complete process from nest building to young leaving the nest.

Bird houses are an excellent project for boys to work on in the manual training shops—another rainy day occupation. A boy may use his originality and initiative, because there are so many varieties and forms of bird houses. The essential requirements which the boy must keep in mind are: size of house, size of hole, depth of bottom below the hole, and last but not least the proper placing of the nest.

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If you are interested in building bird houses, read "How to Build Bird Houses, Farmer's Bulletin", which will be sent to you free on request. Just address the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Read about it now and be ready for many pleasant days when you go to camp.

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Please have information about camps sent to me.

My age is.....Location desired.....

Large or small camp.....

Name of camp I have attended.....

*Name* .....

*Address* .....

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*Parent's Signature*.....

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It's a camp of girls and laughter,
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There are singing, dancing, playing,
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If you've ever been there once you'll say,
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Quite an unusual camp.

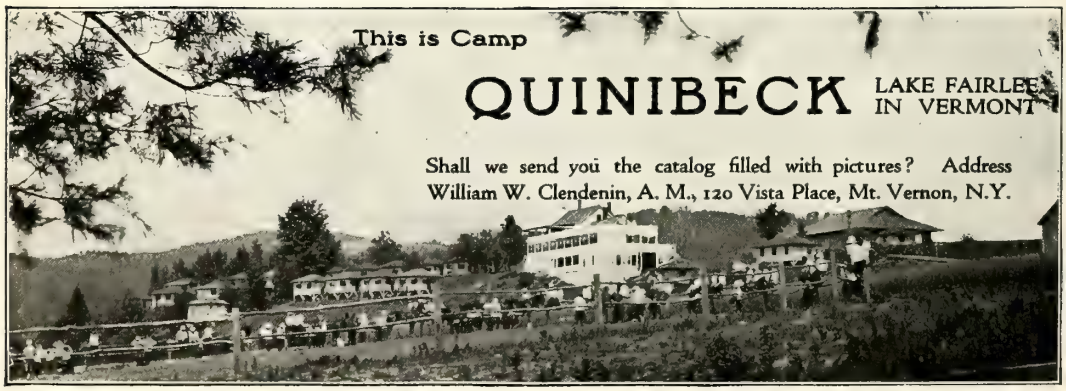
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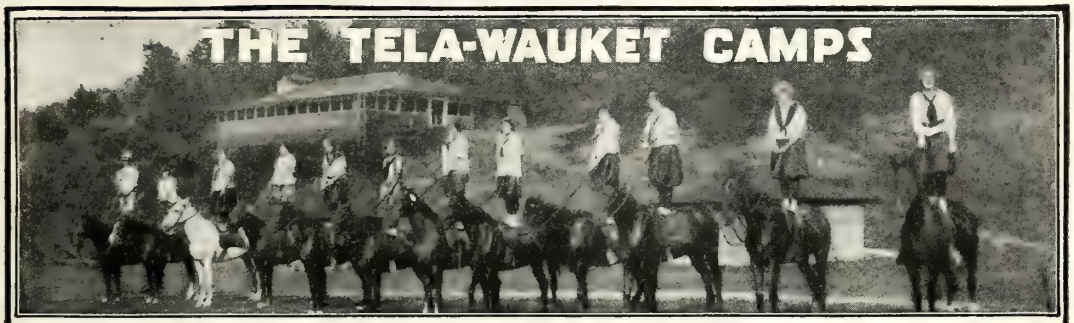
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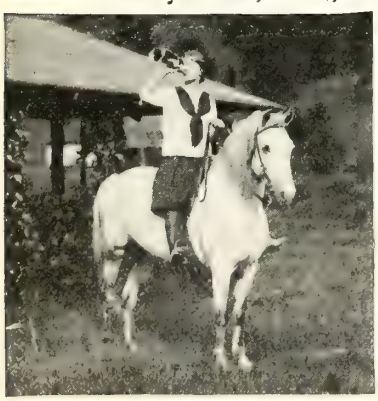
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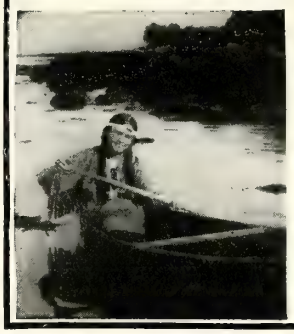


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# ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLV APRIL, 1918 No. 6

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## THE GRAND CAÑON OF ARIZONA

BY WILLIAM HASKELL SIMPSON

MANY of those who seek and love earth's greatest scenery have declared that they found it at the Grand Cañon of Arizona. Travelers flock to it from the ends of the earth, though the majority of the visitors, numbering every year about a hundred thousand, are Americans.



AN AUTOMOBILE PARTY AT THE HOTEL

The Grand Cañon of the Colorado River, in northern Arizona, is indeed a world wonder, and there is no other chasm in the world worthy to be compared with it. It is more than two hundred miles long, including Marble Cañon, is from ten to thirteen miles wide in the granite gorge section, and is more than a mile deep. It was created ages and ages ago by the erosive action of water, wind, and frost, and it is still being deepened and widened imperceptibly year by year.

The Colorado River, which drains a region of 300,000 square miles and is 2000 miles long from the rise of its principal source, is formed in southern Utah by the junction of the Grand and the Green Rivers, and, flowing through Utah and Arizona to tide-water at the Gulf of California, it dashes in headlong torrent through this titanic gorge — this dream of color, tinted like a rainbow or a sunset.

The cañon is reached by a railroad running to the rim, and may be visited any day in the year. It is unlike most other scenery, because when standing on its rim you look down instead of up. Imagine a gigantic trough, filled with bare mountains on each side and sloping to a narrow channel, which in turn is carved deeply and steeply out of solid granite. You come upon it unawares from the level, timbered, plateau country. The experience is an absolutely unique one. Only when you go down one of the trails to the bottom and look up is the view more nearly like other grand mountain vistas. The first glimpse always is from the upper edge, and, having no previous standard of measurement, you find it difficult to adjust yourself to this strange condition. The distant rim swims in a bluish haze. The nearer red rocks forming the inner cañon buttes—crowned with massive table-lands that look like temples, minarets, and battlements—reflect the sunlight in myriad hues. It seems a vast illusion rather than reality. No wonder that the

first look often awes the spectator into silence and tears!

But, before you have been here long, you will wish to know how it all happened. You will ask how the cañon was made.



Photographs by Fred Harvey.

LOOKING DOWN THE COLORADO RIVER FROM FOOT OF HERMIT TRAIL

That question was asked by a little girl of Captain John Hance, one of the pioneer guides. Hance contests with a few other early comers the distinction of being the biggest "romancer" in Arizona. He told her that he dug it all himself.

"Why, Captain Hance!" she said, in astonishment, "what did you do with all the dirt?"

He quickly replied, "I built the San Francisco Peaks off there with it!"

Just between ourselves, no one absolutely can tell just how the miracle occurred, for no human being was there at the time. But the geologist has put together, bit by bit, thousands of facts, dug from the rocks which here lie exposed like a mammoth layer-cake; and his explanation is so convincing that it must stand as at least the probable truth.

Here may be seen rocks of the four geological periods which are among the very oldest of our earth. The rocks of later periods were here once, too, making a layer more than two miles high resting on what is to-day the top, but in some remote age they were shaved off by some great natural force, perhaps a glacier.

The eating away of the rocks which formed the cañon itself is modern. Scientists say it was done, as it were, last Monday or Tuesday, for it was when the top two thirds had been "shaved off," as we have said, that the Colorado River began to cut the Grand Cañon through the rocks that formed the lower third.

While the cracking of the crust, caused by internal fires, may have helped the process of cañon-making, the result of erosion is seen everywhere. Every passing shower, every desert wind, every snowfall, changes the contour of the region imperceptibly but surely. The cañon is Nature's open book in which we may read how the earth was built.

With the coming of the railroad, when this century was yet a baby, tourists began to flock in, hotels were built, highways constructed, trails bettered, and other improvements made. To-day the traveler finds here every comfort.



SHOOTING HERMIT CREEK RAPIDS IN A STEEL ROWBOAT, 1908.

Although first glimpsed by white men in 1540, when the Spanish conquistadors appeared,—one expedition journeying from the Hopi pueblos in

Tusayan across the Painted Desert,—the big cañon remained unvisited, except for Indians and trappers, until 1858, when Lieutenant Ives, of the army engineer corps, made a brief exploration



THE GOVERNMENT MONUMENT TO MAJOR JOHN W. POWELL.

of the lower reaches of the Colorado, coming out at Cataract Creek. It was not thoroughly explored until the year 1869, when Major John W. Powell made his memorable voyage from the entrance to the mouth of the great gorge, passing down the Green and Colorado Rivers. Though he lost two boats and four men, he pushed on to the end. It is fitting that the United States Government has erected to his memory a massive monument of native rock with bronze tablets on one of the points near El Tovar Hotel.

Powell's outfit consisted of nine men and four rowboats. The distance traveled exceeded one thousand miles, from what is now Greenriver, Utah, through the series of cañons to the mouth of the Rio Virgin. In the spring of 1871 he again started with three boats and descended the river to the Crossing of the Fathers. The following summer Lee's Ferry was his point of departure and he went as far as the mouth of Kanab Wash.

Beginning with the Russell and Monett party, in 1907, several others have essayed to duplicate Powell's achievement, and successfully, too, though without adding to our scientific knowledge of the cañon. The trips are exceedingly dangerous, for the rapids conceal rocks that would wreck any boat, and the currents are treacherous. It is safer, by far, to sit at home and read Powell's story.

The average traveler spends too short a time at the cañon. He arrives in the morning and leaves in the evening. Those wise ones, who go about things in more leisurely fashion, stay from three days to a week.

There are certain things that everybody does. Simply



COMMEMORATIVE TABLET ON THE POWELL MONUMENT.

by looking through the big telescope at the "lookout," an intimate view may be had of the far-off north rim and of the river gorge five miles



Photograph by H. T. Cowling.

LOOKING ACROSS THE CHASM FROM NEAR GRAND VIEW.



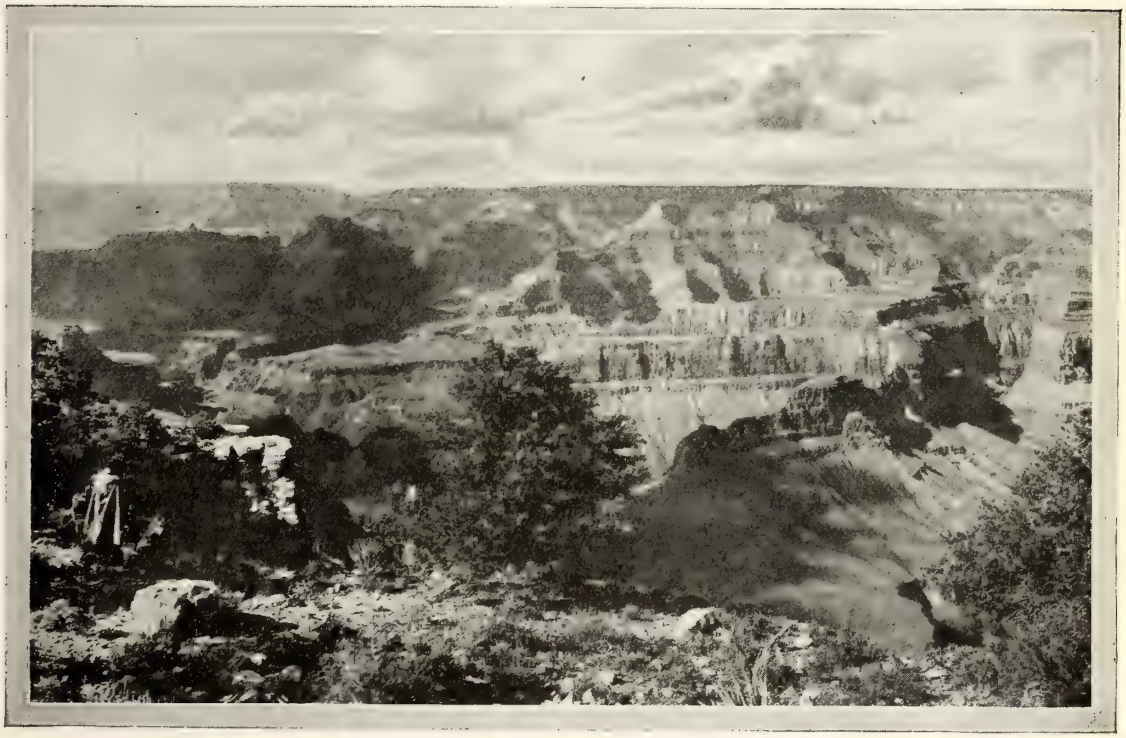
Photograph by Fred Harvey.

THE CAÑON, LOOKING NORTHWEST FROM NEAR PIMA POINT.



Photograph by F. A. Lathe.

THE CAÑON AND DESERT FROM DESERT VIEW.



Photograph by Fred Harvey.

AFTERNOON CLOUD SHADOWS IN THE GRAND CAÑON.

below in an air line. It is easier than actually going to those places, though both are accessible. The north rim, or Kaibab Plateau, is about a quarter of a mile higher than the south rim, where you are standing, and is thickly forested with giant pines. Clear streams are found here, and wild game in abundance. Mountain-lions hide in the rocks, and bobcats haunt the trees. It is the home of the bear, too; you may see two "sassy" young sample specimens outside the



Photograph by Fred Harvey.
STARTING DOWN HERMIT TRAIL.

house where the Indians stay, opposite El Tovar Hotel. The way across the cañon to the north side is not an easy one, as the Colorado must be crossed in a steel cage suspended from a cable, which stretches dizzily from bank to bank. Then follows the stiff climb up Bright Angel Creek, along a trail seldom used.

The Hopi House, where the Indians give their dances every evening for free entertainment of guests, is another attraction. It is occupied by representatives of the Snake Dance Hopis, whose home is many miles northeast across the Painted Desert. You won't see the Snake Dance, of course, but you will witness ceremonies just as interesting, participated in by men, women and children of the Hopi and Navajo tribes. The little tots, especially, are very "cute." They execute difficult steps in perfect time and with the utmost solemnity, while the drummer beats the tom-tom, and the singer chants his weird songs.

Here you may see Navajo silversmiths at work, fashioning curious ornaments from Mexican coins and turquoise, also deft weavers of blankets and baskets.

The Havasupai Reservation, in Cataract Cañon, is about sixty miles away, and Indians from that hidden place of the blue waterfalls are frequent visitors around the railway station.

All of these Indians understand the language of Uncle Sam. Many of them are Carlisle or Riverside graduates, and one young Hopi is writing a history of his tribe in university English.

Did you ever ride a mule? If not, you will learn how at the cañon, for only on muleback can travelers easily make the trip down and up the trail. Walking is all right going down, but the climb coming back will tire out the strongest hiker—hence the mule, or burro, long as to ears, long as to memory, and "sad as to his songs."

Of the visitors, fat and lean, tall and short, old and young, to each is assigned a mule of the right size and disposition, together with a khaki riding-suit, which fits more or less, all surmounted by hats that are useful rather than ornamental. It is a motley crowd that starts off in the morning, in charge of careful guides, from the roof of the world—a motley crowd, but gay and suspiciously cheerful. It is likewise a motley crowd that slowly climbs up out of the earth toward evening —but subdued and inclined still to cling to the patient mule.

"What did you see?" ask curious friends.

Quite likely they saw more mule than cañon, being concerned with the immediate views along the trail rather than the thrilling vistas unfolding at each turn. Nine out of ten of them could tell you their mule's name, yet would hesitate to say much about Zoroaster or Angel's Gate. They could identify the steep descent of the Devil's Corkscrew, for they were a part of it; the mystery of the deep gulf, stretching overhead and all around, probably did not reach them. That is the penalty one pays for being too much occupied with things close at hand.

Yet only by crawling down into the awe-full depths can the cañon be fully comprehended afterward from the upper rim.

All trail parties take lunch on the river's bank. The Colorado is about two hundred feet wide here, and lashed into foam by the rapids. Its roar is like that of a thousand express-trains. The place seems uncanny. At night, under the stars, you appear to be in another world.

No water is to be found on the south rim for one hundred miles east and west of El Tovar,



Photograph by Henry Fuerman.

HERMIT RIM ROAD, THAT PARALLELS THE CAÑON.

except what falls in the passing summer showers, and that is quickly soaked up by the dry soil. All the water used for the small army of horses and mules maintained by the transportation department, likewise for the big hotel and annex and other facilities, is hauled by rail in tank-cars from a point 125 miles distant. The vast volume of water in the Colorado River, only seven miles away, is not available. No way has yet been found to pump economically the precious fluid from a river that to-day is thirty feet deep, and to-morrow is seventy feet deep, flowing below you at the depth of over a mile.

Another curious fact is this: the drainage on the south side is away from the cañon, not into it. The ground at the edge of the abyss is higher than it is a few miles back.

During the winter of 1917 there was an unusual fall of snow, which covered the sides and bottom of the cañon down to the river. Nothing like it had been seen for a quarter of a century. Generally, what little snow falls is confined to the rim and the upper slopes. At times the immense gulf was completely filled with clouds, and then the cañon looked like an inland lake. As a rule, this part of Arizona is a land of sunshine; the high altitude means cool summers; the southerly latitude means pleasant winters.

Naturally, a place like the Grand Cañon has attracted many distinguished artists. Beginning with Thomas Moran, the veteran American landscape painter, the list is a long one.

Lecturers like Burton Holmes and Dwight Elmendorf and Frederick Monsen have included the cañon in their list of American subjects for instructive travel-talks. Moving-picture com-



JOHN BURROUGHS ON THE RIM OF THE CAÑON.

panies have staged thrilling photo-plays in these picturesque surroundings. Photographers by the

score have trained their finest batteries of lenses on rim, trail, and river, some of them getting remarkable results in natural colors.

Unmoved by this galaxy of talent, however, the Grand Cañon refuses wholly to give up its secrets. Always there will be something new for the seeker and interpreter of to-morrow.

The Grand Cañon is a forest reserve and a national monument. A bill has been introduced in Congress to make it a national park. Meanwhile, the United States Forest Service and the railway company are doing all they can to increase the facilities for visitors. A forest ranger is located near by. His force looks out for fires, and polices the Tusayan Forest district. Covering such a large area with only a few men, a system has been worked out for locating fires quickly. Fifteen minutes saved, often means victory snatched from defeat. Water is not available, for this is a waterless region except during the short rainy season, so recourse must be had to other devices, such as back-firing and smothering with dirt.

Official government names for prominent objects in the region have been substituted for most of the old-time local names. For example, your attention is invited to Yavapai Point, so called after a tribe of Indians, instead of O'Neill's Point. These American Indian words are musical and belong to the country, and the names of Spanish explorers and Aztec rulers also seem suited to the place. Thus the great cañon has been saved the fate of bearing the hackneyed or prosaic names that have been given to many places of wonderful natural beauty throughout our country. Think of a "Lover's Leap" down an abyss of several thousand feet! That atrocity, happily, has been spared us in this favored region.

This great furrow on the brow of Arizona never can be made common by the hand of man. It is too big for ordinary desecration. Always it will be the ideal Place of Silence. Let us continue to hope that the incline railway will not be established here, suitable though it may be elsewhere, nor the merry-go-round. The useful automobile is barred on the highway along the edge of the chasm, though it is permitted in other sections.

It has been my good fortune to meet at the cañon many noted artists, writers, lecturers, "movie" celebrities, singers, and preachers. The impression made upon each one of them by this titanic chasm is almost always the same. At first, outward indifference—on guard not to be overwhelmed, for they have seen much, the wide world over. Then a restrained enthusiasm, but with emotions well in check. After longer acquaintance, more enthusiasm and less restraint. At the end, full surrender to the magic spell.

Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt advises every American to see the cañon. Professor John C. Van Dyke calls it not the eighth, but the first, wonder of the world. Joaquin Miller asked if any other fifty miles of Mother Earth are as full of glory, as full of God? Charles Dudley Warner esteemed it the most sublime of all earthly spectacles. William Winter said that it was a pageant such as neither Dante nor Milton approached even in his most magnificent conceptions. Nat M. Brigham declares that its glory is like unto that of paradise. Hamlin Garland affirms that the cañon has a thousand differing moods. John Muir spoke of its wildness as cosmic and primeval.

But perhaps a little girl phrased it best of all when she said, "I 'd like to live here always, it is so very, very beautiful!"



Photograph by Fred Harvey.

A SEA OF CLOUDS IN THE CAÑON.



# WOLF

BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

THERE were three dogs on The Place—collies all. There was a long shelf in the master's study whereon shimmered and glinted a rank of silver cups of varying sizes and shapes. Two of The Place's dogs had won them all.

Above the shelf hung two huge picture-frames. In the centre of each was the small photograph of a collie. Beneath each likeness was a certified pedigree, a-bristle with the red-letter names of champions. Surrounding the pictures and pedigrees, the whole remaining space in both frames was filled with blue ribbons—the very meanest bit of silk in either was a semi-occasional purple or white "Reserve",—while strung along the tops of the frames from side to side ran a line of medals.

Cups, medals, and ribbons alike had been won by The Place's two great collies, Lad and Bruce. (Those were their "kennel names." Their official titles on the A. K. C. registry list were high-sounding and needlessly long.)

Lad was a mahogany-and-white giant of a dog, with a soul that was as big as his body and as human as his deep brown eyes. He was such a dog as one meets with once in a lifetime—and seeks for, vainly, before and after.

But now he was old, very, very old. His reign on The Place was drawing toward a benignant close. His muzzle was snow-white and his once graceful lines were beginning to blur with the oncoming heaviness of age. No longer could he hope to hold his own in form and carriage with younger collies at the dog-shows, where once he had carried all before him.

Bruce was six years younger, tawny of coat, kingly of bearing; a dog without a fault of body or of disposition; stately as the boar-hounds that the painters of old used to love to depict in their portraits of monarchs.

The Place's third dog was Wolf. But neither cup nor ribbon did Wolf have to show as an excuse for his presence on earth. Nor would he have won recognition in the smallest and least exclusive collie-show.

For Wolf was a collie only by courtesy. His breeding was as pure as was any champion's, but he was one of those luckless types to be found in nearly every litter—a throw-back to some forgotten ancestor whose points were all defective. Not even the glorious pedigree of Lad, his father, could make Wolf look like anything more than he was—a dog without a single physical trait that followed the best collie standards.

In spite of all this he was beautiful. His gold-and-white coat was almost as bright and luxuriant as any prize-winner's. He had, in a general way, the collie head and brush. But an expert, at the most casual glance, would have noted a shortness of nose and a breadth of jaw and a shape of ear and leg and shoulder that told dead against him.

The collie is supposed to be descended direct from the wolf. And Wolf looked far more like his original ancestors than like a thoroughbred

collie. From puppyhood he had been the living image, except in color, of a timber-wolf. And it was from this queer throw-back trait that he had won his name.

Lad was the mistress's dog. Bruce was the master's. Wolf belonged to the Boy, having been born on the latter's tenth birthday.

For the first six months of his life Wolf lived at The Place on sufferance. Nobody except the Boy took any special interest in him. He was kept only because all his better-formed brothers and sisters had died in early puppyhood and because the Boy, from the outset, had loved him.

At six months it was discovered that he was a natural watch-dog. Also that he never barked except to give an alarm. A collie is, perhaps, the most excitable of all large dogs. The veriest trifle will set him off into a thunderous paroxysm of barking. But Wolf, the Boy noted, never barked without strong cause.

He had the rare genius for guarding that so few of his breed possess. For not one dog in ten merits the title of watch-dog. The duties that should go with that office are far more than the mere clamorous announcement of a stranger's approach, or even the attacking of such a stranger.

The born watch-dog patrols his beat once in so often during the night. At all times he must sleep with one ear and one eye alert. By day or by night he must discriminate between the visitor whose presence is permitted and the trespasser whose presence is not. He must know what class of undesirable to scare off with a growl and what class needs stronger measures. He must also know to the inch the boundaries of his own master's land.

None of these things can be taught; all of them must be instinctive. Wolf had been born with them. Most dogs are not.

His value as a watch-dog gave Wolf a settled position of his own on The Place. Lad was growing old and a little deaf. He slept, at night, under the piano in the music-room. Bruce was worth too much money to be left at large in the night-time for any clever dog-thief to steal. So he slept in the study. Thus Wolf alone was left on guard. The piazza was his sentry-box. From this shelter he was wont to set forth three or four times a night, in all sorts of weather, to make his rounds.

The Place covered seventeen acres. It ran from the high-road, a furlong above the house, down to the lake that bordered it on two sides. On the third side was the forest. Boating-parties, late at night, had a pleasant way of trying to raid the lakeside apple-orchard. Tramps now and then strayed down the drive from the main road. Prowlers, crossing the woods, sometimes sought to use The Place's sloping lawn as a short cut to the village below.

For each and all of these intruders Wolf had an ever-ready welcome. A whirl of madly pattering feet through the dark, a snarling growl far down in the throat, a furry shape catapulting into the air and the trespasser had his choice between a scurrying retreat or a double set of white fangs in the easiest-reached part of his anatomy.

The Boy was inordinately proud of his pet's watch-dog prowess. He was prouder yet of Wolf's almost uncanny sharpness of intelligence, his quickness to learn, his knowledge of word meaning, his zest for romping, his perfect obedience, the tricks he had taught himself without human tutelage.

But none of these talents overcame the sad fact that Wolf was not a show dog and that he looked positively underbred and shabby alongside of his sire or of Bruce. Which rankled at the Boy's heart even while loyalty to his adored pet would not let him confess to himself or to any one else that Wolf was not the most flawlessly perfect dog on earth.

When this story begins, Wolf was four years old. Under-sized (for a collie), slim, graceful, fierce, affectionate, he was still the Boy's darling and the official guardian of The Place. But all his four years had brought him nothing more than this—the four years that Lad and Bruce had spent in winning prize after prize at one local dog-show after another within a radius of thirty miles.

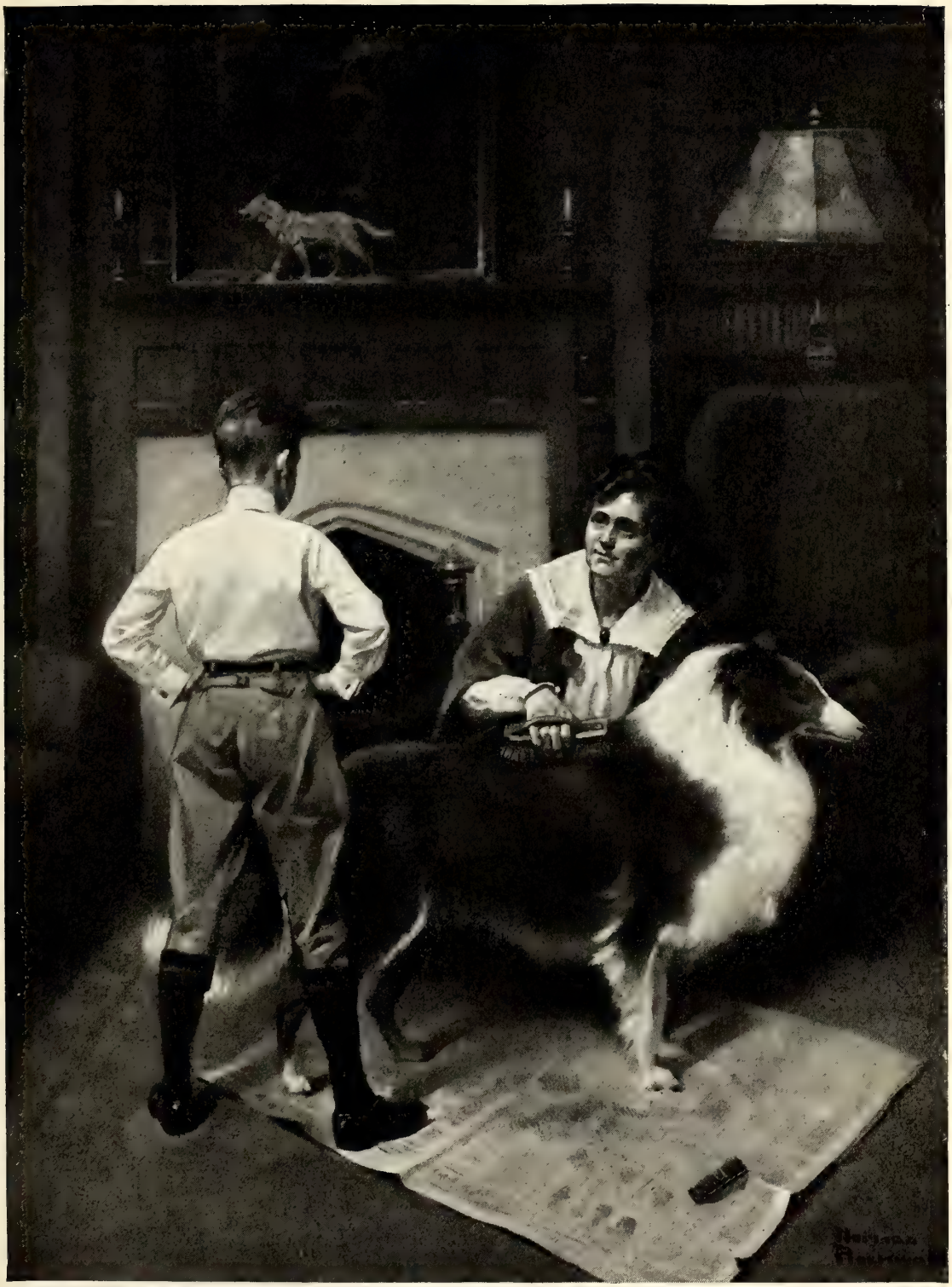
The Boy was duly enthusiastic over the winning of each trophy. But always, for days thereafter, he was more than usually attentive to Wolf, to make up for his pet's dearth of prizes.

Once or twice the Boy had hinted, in a veiled, tentative way, that Wolf might perhaps win something, too, if he were allowed to go to a show. The master, never suspecting what lay behind the cautious words, would always laugh in good-natured derision. Or else he would point in silence to Wolf's head and then to Lad's.

The Boy knew enough about collies to carry the subject no farther. For even his eyes of devotion could not fail to mark the difference in aspect between his dog and the two prize-winners.

One July morning both Lad and Bruce went through an hour of anguish. Both of them, one after the other, were plunged into a bath-tub full of warm water and soap-suds and were scrubbed right unmercifully. After which they were rubbed and curried and brushed for another hour until their coats shone resplendent. All day, at intervals, the brushing and combing were kept up.

Lad was indignant at such treatment, and he



"'WHAT 'S THE IDEA OF DOLLING UP OLD LADDIE LIKE THAT?' ASKED THE BOY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

took no pains to hide his indignation. He knew perfectly well, from the undue attention, that a dog-show was at hand. But not for a year or more had he himself been made ready for one. His lake baths and his thrice-a-week casual brushing at the mistress's hands had been, in that time, his only form of grooming. He had thought himself graduated forever from the nuisance of going to shows.

"What 's the idea of dolling up old Laddie like that?" asked the Boy, as he came in for luncheon



CAUGHT!

and found the mistress busy with comb and strap-brush over the unhappy dog.

"For the Fourth of July Red Cross Dog-Show at Ridgewood to-morrow," answered his mother, looking up, a little flushed, from her exertions.

"But I thought you and dad said last year he was too old to show any more," ventured the Boy.

"This time is different," said the mistress. "It 's a specialty show, you see. And there is a cup offered for 'the best *veteran* dog of any recognized breed.' Is n't that fine? We did n't hear of the veteran cup till Dr. Hopper telephoned to us about it this morning. So we 're getting Lad ready. There *can't* be any other veteran as splendid as he is."

"No," agreed the Boy, dully, "I suppose not."

He went into the dining-room, surreptitiously helped himself to a handful of lump-sugar, and passed on out to the veranda. Wolf was sprawled, half asleep, on the driveway lawn in the sun.

The dog's wolflike brush of tail began to thump against the shaven grass. Then, as the Boy stood on the veranda edge and snapped his fingers, Wolf got up from his soft resting-place and started toward him, treading mincingly and with a sort of swagger, his slanting eyes half shut, his mouth a-grin.

"You know I 've got sugar in my pocket as well as if you saw it," said the Boy. "Stop where you are."

Though the Boy accompanied his order with no gesture nor change of tone, the dog stopped dead short ten feet away.

"Sugar is bad for dogs," went on the Boy. "It harms their teeth and their digestions. Did n't anybody ever tell you that, Wolfie?"

The dog's grin grew wider. His slanting eyes closed to mere glittering slits. He fidgeted a little, his tail fast wagging.

"But I guess a dog 's got to have *some* kind of consolation purse when he can't go to a show," resumed the Boy. "Catch!"

As he spoke he suddenly drew a lump of sugar from his pocket, and, with the same motion, tossed it in the general direction of Wolf. Swift as was the Boy's action, Wolf's eye was still quicker. Springing high in air, the dog caught the flung cube of sugar as it flew above him and to one side. A second and a third lump were caught as deftly as the first.

Then the Boy took from his pocket the fourth and last lump. Descending the steps, he put his left hand across Wolf's eyes. With his right, he flipped the lump of sugar into a clump of shrubbery. "Find it!" he commanded, lifting the blindfold from the eyes of his pet.

Wolf darted hither and thither, stopped once or twice to sniff, then began to circle the nearer stretch of lawn, nose to ground. In less than two minutes he emerged from the shrubbery, placidly crunching the sugar-lump between his mighty jaws.

"And yet they say you are n't fit to be shown!" exclaimed the Boy, fondling the dog's ears. "Gee, but I 'd give two years' growth if you could have a cup! You deserve one, all right; if only those judges had sense enough to study a collie's brain as well as the outside of his head!"

Wolf ran his nose into his master's cupped palm and whined. From the tone underlying the words he knew the Boy was unhappy; and he wanted to be of help.

The Boy went into the house again, to find his parents sitting down to lunch. Gathering his courage in both hands, he asked:

"Is there going to be a novice class for collies, at Ridgewood, Dad?"

"Why, yes," said the master, "I suppose so. There always is."

"Do—do they give cups for the novice class?" inquired the Boy, with studied carelessness.

"Of course they don't," said the master, adding reminiscently, "though the first time we showed Lad, we put him in the novice class. And he won the blue ribbon there; so he had to go into the winners' class afterward. He got the winner's cup, you remember. So, indirectly, the novice class won him a cup."

"I see," said the Boy, not at all interested in this bit of ancient history. Then speaking very fast, he went on:

"Well, a ribbon 's better than nothing! Dad, will you do me a favor? Will you let me enter Wolfie for the novice class tomorrow? I 'll pay the fee out of my allowance. Will you, Dad?"

The master looked at his son in blank amazement. Then he threw back his head and laughed loudly. The Boy flushed crimson and bit his lips.

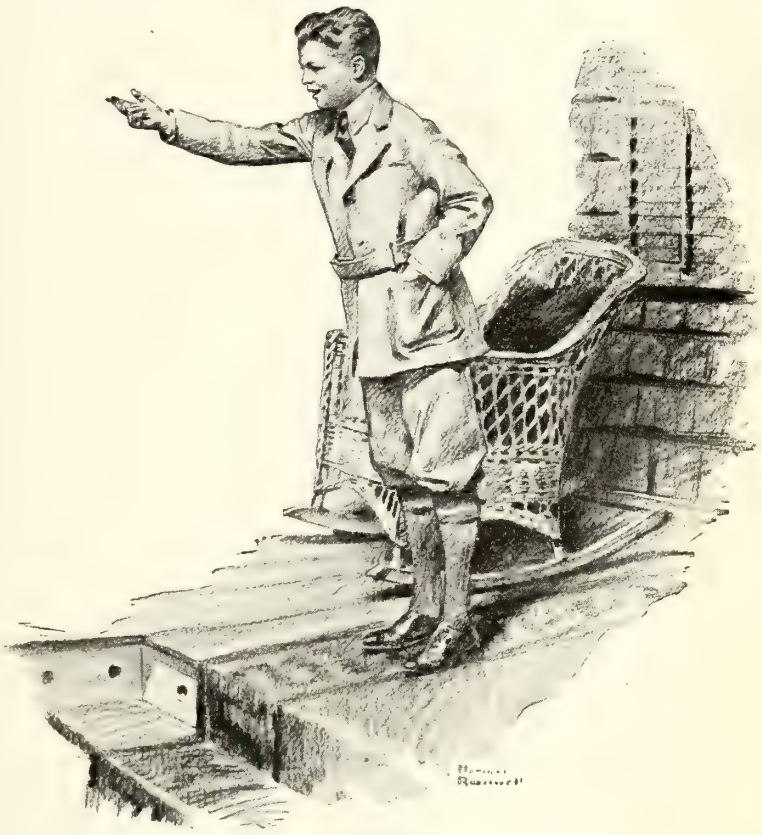
"Why, dear!" hurriedly interposed the mistress, noting her son's discomfiture. "You would n't want Wolf to go there and be beaten by a lot of dogs that have n't half his brains or prettiness! It would n't be fair or kind to Wolf. He 's so clever, he 'd know in a moment what was happening. He 'd know he was beaten; nearly all dogs do. No, it would n't be fair to him."

"There 's a 'mutt' class among the specials, Dr. Hopper says," put in the master, jocosely. "You might—"

"Wolf's *not* a mutt!" flashed the Boy, hotly. "He 's no more of a mutt than Bruce or Lad, or Grey Mist, or Southport Sample, or any of the best ones. He has as good blood as all of them. Lad 's his father, and Squire of Tytton was his grandfather, and Wishaw Clinker was his—"

"I 'm sorry, son," interposed the master, catching his wife's eye and dropping his tone of banter. "I apologize to you and to Wolf. He 's not a 'mutt.' There 's no better blood in colliedom than his, on both sides. But mother is right. You 'd only be putting him up to be beaten. And you would n't like that. He has n't a single point that is n't hopelessly bad, from a judge's view. We 've never taken a loser to a show from The Place. You don't want us to begin now, do you?"

"He has more brains than any dog alive except



"'CATCH!'"

Lad!" declared the Boy, sullenly. "That ought to count."

"It ought to," agreed the mistress, soothingly. "And I wish it did. If it did, I know he 'd win."

"It makes me sick to see a bushel of cups go to dogs that don't know enough to eat their own dinners," snorted the Boy. "I 'm not talking about Lad and Bruce, but the thoroughbreds that are brought up in kennels and that have all their sense sacrificed for points. Why, Wolf's the cleverest — best — and he 'll never even have one cup to show for it! He —"

He choked, and began to eat at top speed. The

master and the mistress looked at each other and said nothing. They understood their son's chagrin as only a dog-lover could. The mistress reached out and patted the Boy gently on the shoulder.

Next morning, directly after early breakfast, Lad and Bruce were put into the tonneau of the car. The mistress and the master and the Boy climbed in, and the twelve-mile journey to Ridgewood began.

Wolf, left to guard The Place, watched the departing show-goers until the car turned out of the gate, a furlong above. Then, with a sigh, he curled up on a porch mat, his nose between his snowy little paws, and prepared for a day of loneliness.

The Red Cross dog-show, that Fourth of July, was a triumph for The Place.

Bruce won ribbon after ribbon in the collie division, easily taking "winners" at the last, and thus adding another gorgeous silver cup to his collection. Then, when the supreme event of the day—"Best dog in the show"— was called, and the winners of each breed were led into the ring, the judges scanned and handled the group of sixteen for barely five minutes before awarding to Bruce the dark-blue rosette and the "Best Dog" cup.

The crowd around the ring's railing applauded loudly. But they applauded still more loudly a little later, when, after a brief survey of six aged thoroughbreds, the judge pointed to Lad, who was standing like a mahogany statue at one end of the ring.

These six dogs had all been famed prize-winners in their time. And above all the rest, Lad was adjudged worthy of the "veteran" cup. There was a haze of happy tears in the mistress's eyes as she led him from the ring. It seemed a beautiful climax for his grand old life. She wiped her eyes, unashamed, whispering praise the while to her stately dog.

It was a celebration evening for the two prize dogs, when they got home. But everybody was tired from the day's events, and by ten o'clock the house was dark. Wolf, on his veranda mat, alone of all The Place's denizens, was awake.

Vaguely Wolf knew the other dogs had done some praiseworthy thing. He would have known it, if for no other reason, from the remorseful hug the Boy had given him before going to bed.

Well, some must win honors and petting and the right to sleep indoors while others must plod along at the only work they were fit for, and must sleep out in thunderstorm or clear, in heat or freezing cold. That was life. Being only a dog, Wolf was too wise to complain of life, and took things as he found them, making the very best of his share.

He snoozed, now, in the warm darkness. Two hours later he got up, stretched himself lazily fore and aft, collie-fashion, and trotted forth for the night's first patrol of the grounds.

A few minutes afterward he was skirting the lake edge at the foot of the lawn, a hundred yards below the house. The night was pitch dark, except for pulses of heat-lightning, now and then, far to westward. Half a mile out on the lake two men in an anchored scow were cat-fishing.

A small skiff was slipping along very slowly, not fifty feet offshore.

Wolf did not give the skiff a second glance. Boats were no novelty to him, nor did they interest him in the least—except when they showed signs of running ashore somewhere along his beat.

This skiff was not headed for land, but was paralleling the shore. It crept along at a snail-pace and in dead silence. A man, its only occupant, sat at the oars, scarcely moving them as he kept his boat in motion.

A dog is ridiculously near-sighted, more so than almost any other beast. Keen hearing and keener scent are its chief guides. At three hundred yards' distance it cannot, by eye, recognize its master, nor tell him from a stranger. But at close quarters, even in the darkest night, a dog's vision is far more piercing and accurate than man's under like conditions.

Wolf thus saw the skiff and its occupant while he himself was still invisible. The boat was no concern of his. So he trotted on to the far end of The Place, where the forest joined the orchard.

On his return tour of the lake edge he saw the skiff again. It had shifted its direction and was now barely ten feet offshore—so near to the bank that one of the oars occasionally grated on the pebbly bottom. The oarsman was looking intently toward the house.

Wolf paused, uncertain. The average watch-dog, his attention thus attracted, would have barked. But Wolf knew the lake was public property. Boats were often rowed as close to shore as this without intent to trespass. It was not the skiff that caught Wolf's attention as he paused there on the brink, it was the man's furtive scrutiny of the house.

A pale flare of heat-lightning turned the world momentarily, from jet black to a dim sulphur-color. The boatman saw Wolf standing, alert and suspicious, among the lakeside grasses, not ten feet away. He started slightly, and a soft, throaty growl from the dog answered him.

The man seemed to take the growl as a challenge, and to accept it. He reached into his pocket and drew something out. When the next faint glow of lightning illumined the shore, the man lifted the thing he had taken from his pocket and hurled it at Wolf.

With all the incredible swiftness bred in his wolf-ancestry, the dog shrank to one side, readily dodging the missile, which struck the lawn just behind him. Teeth bared in a ferocious snarl, Wolf dashed forward through the shallow water toward the skiff.

But the man apparently had had enough of the business. He rowed off with long strokes into deep water. And once there, he kept on rowing until distance and darkness hid him.

Wolf stood, chest deep in water, listening to the far-off oar-strokes until they died away. He was not fool enough to swim in pursuit, well knowing that a swimming dog is worse than helpless against a boatman.

Moreover, the intruder had been scared away. That was all which concerned Wolf. He turned back to shore. His vigil was ended for another few hours. It was time to take up his nap where he had left it off.

Before he had taken two steps, his sensitive nostrils were full of the scent of raw meat. There, on the lawn ahead of him, lay a chunk of beef as big as a fist. This, then, was what the boatman had thrown at him.

Wolf pricked up his ears in appreciation, and his brush began to vibrate. Trespassers had once or twice tried to stone him. But this was the first time any of them had pelted him with delicious raw beef. Evidently, Lad and Bruce were not the only collies on The Place to receive prizes that day.

Wolf stooped over the meat, sniffed at it, then caught it up between his jaws.

Now, a dog is the easiest animal alive to poison, just as a cat is the hardest. For a dog will usually bolt a mouthful of poisoned meat without pausing to chew or otherwise investigate it. A cat, on the contrary, smells and tastes everything first and chews it scientifically before swallowing it. The slightest unfamiliar scent or flavor warns her to sheer off from the feast.

So the average dog would have gulped this toothsome windfall in a single swallow. But Wolf was not the average dog. No collie is. And Wolf was still more like his eccentric forefathers of the wilderness than are most collies.

He lacked the reasoning powers to make him suspicious of this rich gift from a stranger. But a queer personal trait now served him just as well.

Wolf was an epicure. He always took three times as long to empty his dinner dish as did the other dogs. For instead of gobbling his meal, as they did, he was wont to nibble affectedly at each morsel, gnawing it slowly into nothingness; and all the time showing a fussily dainty relish of it that used to delight the Boy and send guests into peals of laughter.

This odd little trait that had caused so much ridicule now saved Wolf's life.

He carried the lump of beef gingerly up to the veranda, laid it down on his mat, and prepared to revel in his chance banquet after his own deliberate fashion.

Holding the beef between his forepaws, he proceeded to devour it in mincing little squirrel-bites. About a quarter of the meat had disappeared when Wolf became aware that his tongue smarted and that his throat was sore. Also that the interior of the meat-ball had a rankly pungent odor, very different from the delicious fragrance of its outside and not at all appetizing.

He looked down at the chunk, rolled it over with his nose, surveyed it again, then got up and moved away from it in angry disgust.

Presently he forgot his disappointment in the knowledge that he was very, very ill. His tongue and throat no longer burned, but his body and brain seemed full of hot lead that weighed a ton. He felt stupid, and too weak to stir. A great drowsiness gripped him.

With a grunt of discomfort and utter fatigue, he slumped down on the veranda floor to sleep off his sick lassitude. After that, for a time, nothing mattered.

For perhaps an hour Wolf lay sprawling there, dead to his duty and to everything else. Then faintly, through the fog of dullness that enwrapped his brain, came a sound—a sound he had long ago learned to listen for. The harshly scraping noise of a boat's prow drawn up on the pebbly shore at the foot of the lawn.

Instinct tore through the poison vapors and roused the sick dog. He lifted his head. It was strangely heavy and hard to lift.

The sound was repeated as the prow was pulled farther up on the bank. Then came the crunch of a human foot on the waterside grass.

Heredity and training and lifelong fidelity took control of the lethargic dog, dragging him to his feet and down the veranda steps through no volition of his own.

Every motion tired him. He was dizzy and nauseated. He craved sleep. But as he was just a thoroughbred dog and not a wise human, he did not stop to think up good reasons why he should neglect his duty because he did not feel like performing it.

To the brow of the hill he trotted—slowly, heavily, shakily. His sharp powers of hearing told him the trespasser had left his boat and had taken one or two stealthy steps up the slope of lawn toward the house.

And now a puff of west wind brought Wolf's sense of smell into action. A dog remembers odors as humans remember faces. And the breeze bore to him the scent of the same man who had flung ashore that bit of meat which had caused all his suffering.

He had caught the man's scent an hour earlier, as he had stood sniffing at the boat ten feet away from him. The same scent had been on the meat the man had handled.

And now, having played such a cruel trick on him, the joker was actually daring to intrude on The Place!

A gust of resentful rage pierced the dullness of Wolf's brain and sent a thrill of fierce energy through him. For the moment this carried him out of his sick self and brought back all his former zest as a watch-dog.

Down the hill, like a furry whirlwind, flew Wolf, every tooth bared, his back a-bristle from neck to tail. Now he was well within sight of the intruder. He saw the man pausing to adjust something to one of his hands. Then, before this could be accomplished, Wolf saw him pause and stare through the darkness as the wild onrush of the dog's feet struck upon his hearing.

Another instant—and Wolf was near enough to spring. Out of the blackness he launched himself, straight for the trespasser's throat. The man saw the dim shape hurtling through the air toward him. He dropped what he was carrying and flung up both hands to guard his neck.



"OUT OF THE BLACKNESS WOLF LAUNCHED HIMSELF, STRAIGHT FOR THE TRESPASSER'S THROAT."

At that, he was none too soon. For just as the thief's palm reached his own throat, Wolf's teeth met in the fleshy part of the hand.

Silent, in agony, the man beat at the dog with his free hand. But an attacking collie is hard to locate in the darkness. A bulldog will secure a grip and will hang on. A collie is everywhere at once.

Wolf's snapping jaws had already deserted the robber's mangled hand and slashed the man's left shoulder to the bone. Then the dog made another furious lunge for the throat.

Down crashed the man, losing his balance under the heavy impact, Wolf atop of him. To guard his throat, the man rolled over on his face, kicking madly at the dog, and reaching back for his own hip-pocket. Half in the water and half on the bank, the two rolled and thrashed and struggled—the man panting and wheezing in mor-

tal terror; the dog growling in a hideous, snarling fashion as might a wild animal.

The thief's torn left hand found a grip on Wolf's fur-armored throat. He shoved the fiercely writhing dog backward, jammed a pistol against Wolf's head, and pulled the trigger!

The dog relaxed his grip and tumbled in a huddled heap on the brink. The man staggered, gasping, to his feet; bleeding, disheveled, his clothes torn and mud-coated.

The echoes of the shot were still reverberating among the lakeside hills. Several of the house's dark windows leaped into sudden light—then more windows in another room—and in another.

The thief swore roundly. His night's work was ruined. He turned to his skiff and shoved it into the water. Then he turned to grope for what he had dropped on the lawn when Wolf's unexpected attack had interfered with his plans.

As he did so, something seized him by the ankle. In panic terror the man screamed aloud and jumped into the water. Then, peering back, he saw what had happened.

Wolf, sprawling and unable to stand, had reached forward from where he lay and had driven his teeth for the last time into his foe.

The thief raised his pistol again and fired in the general direction of the prostrate dog. Then he clambered into his boat and rowed off with frantic speed, just as a salvo of barks told that Lad and Bruce had been released from the house. They came charging down the lawn, the master at their heels.

But already the quick oar-beats were growing distant; and the gloom had blotted out any chance of seeing or following the boat.

Wolf lay on his side, half in and half out of the water. He could not rise, as was his custom, to meet the Boy, who came running up, close behind the master and valorously grasping a target rifle. But the dog wagged his tail in feeble greeting. Then he looked out over the black lake, and snarled.

The bullet had grazed Wolf's scalp and then had passed along the foreleg, scarring and numbing it. No damage had been done that a week's good nursing would not set right.

The marks in the grass and the poisoned meat on the porch told their own tale. So did the neat kit of burglar tools and a rubber glove found near the foot of the lawn. And then the telephone was put to work.

At dawn, a man in torn and muddy clothes, called at the office of a doctor three miles away to be treated for a half-dozen dog-bites received, he said, from a pack of stray curs he had met on the turnpike. By the time his wounds were dressed, the sheriff and two deputies had arrived to take him in charge. In his pockets were a revolver, with two cartridges fired, and the mate of the rubber glove he had left on The Place's lawn.

"You—you would n't let Wolfie go to any show and win a cup for himself," half-sobbed the Boy, as the master worked over the injured dog's wound, "but he 's saved you from losing all the cups the other dogs ever won!"

Three days later the master came home from a trip to the city. He went directly to the Boy's room. There on a rug lounged the convalescent Wolf, the Boy sitting beside him, stroking the dog's bandaged head.

"Wolf," said the master, solemnly, "I 've been talking about you to some people I know. And we all agree—"

He paused.

"Agree *what?*" asked the Boy, looking up in mild curiosity.

The master cleared his throat and continued:

"We agree that the trophy-shelf in my study has n't enough cups on it. So I 've decided to add still another to the collection. Want to see it, son?"

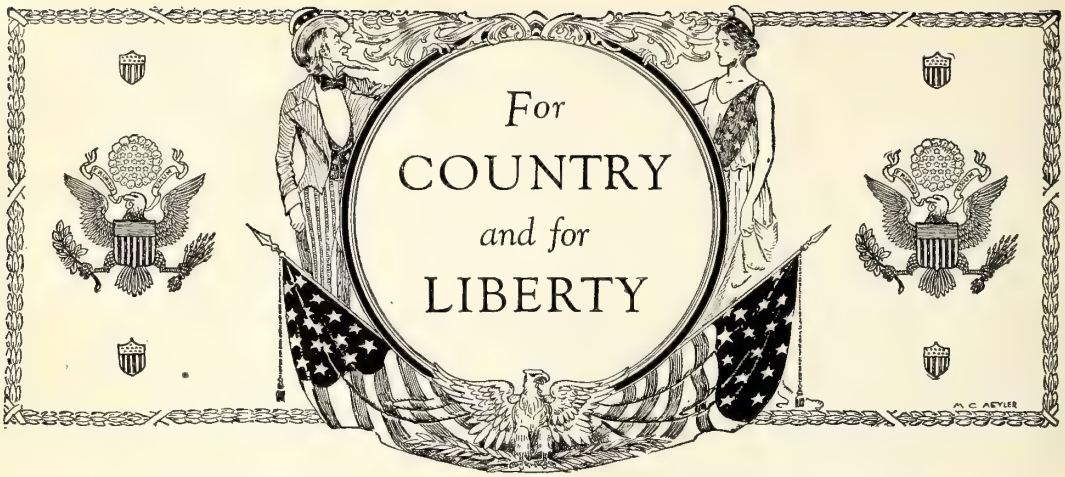
From behind his back the master produced a gleaming silver cup—one of the largest and most ornate the Boy had ever seen—larger even than Bruce's "Best Dog" cup.

The Boy took it from his father's outstretched hand.

"Who won this?" he asked. "And what for? Did n't we get all the cups that were coming to us at the shows? Is it—?"

The Boy's voice trailed away into a gurgle of bewildered rapture. He had caught sight of the lettering on the big cup. And now, his arm around Wolf, he read the inscription aloud, stammering with delight as he blurted out the words: "Hero Cup. Won by Wolf Against All Comers."






# THE PATRIOTIC LEAGUE OF THE Y. W. C. A.

BY R. LOUISE FITCH

When the war was but a few weeks old for the United States, the Young Women's Christian Association planned a Patriotic League among its members. The need for such an organization soon outgrew the boundaries of Y. W. C. A. membership, and it has been modified to include girls everywhere.

Girls have joined singly, in pairs, in groups, in clubs, until now the membership numbers more than two hundred and sixty thousand. It is one thing which appeals to all girls, regardless of religion or education or occupation. With the Patriotic League it has been possible to turn the enthusiasm of many thousands of girls into useful channels. The pledge which each one takes is really very simple, but it comprises everything that can be desired of a girl:

"I will use the best of my mind, heart, and body in acts of service for my country, my community, myself, and other girls."

This pledge to the Patriotic League specifies *service,* and here are some of the ways in which this has found expression.

There are some ninety camps of various kinds throughout the United States at present, and these provide means for service for thousands of girls. There is work to be done for the boys at camp, for the hospitals, for the families often left behind.

Down in Augusta, Georgia, there are some thirty units of the Patriotic League. Each unit works as it chooses; but twenty-two united to give a big community entertainment last winter to raise war funds. These units, which are typical in character, include a group of Y. W. C. A. workers, employees of a five-and-ten-cent store, a post-office club, a club of leisure girls, five mill clubs, fourteen organized church classes, a King's Daughters' club, a club of business-college students, and others.

At Rockford, Illinois, where Camp Grant is situated, there are fifty-four Patriotic League clubs. These have common club-rooms which each has helped to furnish, from kitchen to reception-room. On Saturday evenings and Sunday afternoons the clubs have open house for their men friends from the camp. The clubs take turns in acting as hostesses.

In one high school in Tacoma, Washington, there are seven units of the Patriotic League, numbering about seven hundred members. Each unit has a definite work. The Red Cross sewing unit makes hospital garments. The local Red Cross unit aids, where needed, the families of enlisted men. The hospital unit looks after the needs of the hospitals at Camp Lewis, providing games and amusements for convalescents. Those in the library group collect books for Camp Lewis.

In the same city another high school has enrolled almost every girl in the Patriotic League. The sewing units here are looking after garments for Belgian and French children. The miscellaneous unit in this school does the odd jobs, selling tags and tickets, ushering at entertainments, pasting books for soldiers at Camp Lewis.

In Charlotte, North Carolina, the Patriotic League has not only taken in high-school girls,

but has enrolled one hundred and forty girls in the grade schools, and these girls follow a definite program. They spend fifteen minutes at each of their weekly meetings discussing standards of dress and deportment, then forty-five minutes in working for the boys at Camp Greene, while the last thirty minutes is devoted to gymnasium work. In Charlotte, too, a department store club of girls under eighteen is making five hundred hot-water-bottle covers and as many ice-bag covers for Camp Greene hospital.

The Patriotic League was organized in New York, and there the various branches of the Y. W. C. A. have organized numerous clubs of girls which meet regularly for definite service, with a goodly amount of fun sprinkled in. At one branch several hundred girls have formed themselves into hostess-club groups, these assisting in the games on the three weekly recreation evenings for sailors and soldiers. Since early fall four thousand different boys have been entertained at this one branch. The other League clubs in New York have united to adopt enough French orphans to fill a small asylum, themselves earning the money to support the children.

These New York club girls give entertainments, plays, and glee-club concerts, provide recreation programs for soldier guests, take charge of Y. W. C. A. religious services, send fruit, candy, jam, and home papers to the boys in camp. They take lessons in cooking and food conservation, in languages, in first-aid and nursing, in dramatics and chorus singing, in canning and gardening, and in gymnasium work, including setting up drills and hikes for good health's sake. They conduct bazaars, sell tags, and make service flags, checker-bags, gun-wipers, and trench candles. They collect tin-foil and gloves and books and phonograph records; and they do surgical dressings after school or work.



MAKING TRENCH CANDLES AT A Y. W. C. A. RECREATION CENTER.



"YEOMENETTES" DOING THEIR BIT AT A Y. W. C. A. CLUB.

A number of Patriotic Leagues all over the land offer honor points for the performance of various kinds of service; and this plan holds out great possibilities for schools and town—or village—organizations.



READING AND WRITING ROOM IN THE Y. W. C. A. HOSTESS HOUSE AT BREMERTON, WASHINGTON.

For instance, in this specimen list, there are enumerated ten methods of rendering aid or coöperation, and others will easily suggest themselves to ingenious young folk or their teachers.

| | Honors |
|---|---|
| Canning two quarts of vegetables or fruits | 2 |
| Taking care of small garden one month | 2 |
| Taking care of large garden one month | 4 |
| Taking care of less than three settings of chickens one month | 2 |
| Taking care of three or more settings of chickens one month | 4 |
| Regular attendance at school one month | 2 |
| Making 100 trench candles | 1 |
| Knitting one sweater for soldier | 2 |
| Knitting one muffler for soldier | 2 |
| Making hospital scrap-book | 1 |

The young girl and the young woman have found their positions in the great war organization; and while it is not as spectacular as they would sometimes like to have it, they are realizing more and more that these things must be done and these are the things they can do, so they are doing them quietly and efficiently.

One girl not long ago was bemoaning the fact to a soldier friend that she could not put on a uniform and go to the front also. His reply was: "You are doing the greatest thing possible in helping to keep the American girl the finest ever. It gives us something to fight for and something to come back to."

This is the part the Y. W. C. A. is trying to help the young girl to play in the great war.

## NEW TRAINING FOR AN OLD TRADE

THE old way for the boy who yearned to go to sea was to shoulder his pack in the dead of night, tiptoe away from the old farm, and after years of hard knocks return—of course!—with a master's ticket in his pocket and in his head an enviable familiarity with all the strange, romantic ports of the earth.

The new way is to enlist at one of the many training-posts maintained by the United States Junior Naval Reserve, whose national headquarters is at 218 West Fifty-eighth Street, New York, receive a three-year nautical training, and at the end of that time take a third-officer's berth on one of the new ships in the new American merchant marine. Wherever this training has been conducted at inland posts, it has been largely theoretical in character; but several hundred boys have availed themselves of the practical experience offered by the Junior Naval Reserve in its camps and schools located at navigable water.

There are three of these camps: Camp Dewey, at Uncasville-on-the-Thames, Connecticut; Camp John Paul Jones, at Corpus Christi, Texas; and Camp Josephus Daniels, recently opened at West Palm Beach, Florida. This last is the biggest and best equipped camp of the three. It is an all-year-

round camp where the boys may take the complete three-year course leading to a third officer's license in the merchant marine.

Each camp is under the direction of men who have had training both in the Navy and merchant marine, and who know boys, too. The camp is equipped with tents, ship's cutters, and power-boats, and the training combines the warlike and peaceful. There are infantry drills, artillery drills, saber drills, practice marches, sham battles, and athletic work like that of Army and Navy. But there is also much active training in the handling of small craft of all kinds. Instruction in navigation and similar subjects is given in the class-room, while the little arts of the seafarer—how to tie knots, rig sails, and the like—are not neglected.

Two years of such instruction in camp and on the quiet shore-waters near camp, and then, the third, the big year—a whole year cruising aboard a training-ship! At the end of that time the novices are ready to take the government examinations.

The United States Junior Naval Reserve grew from an idea born in the brain of Major Willis J. Physioc, who now directs the organization. Major Physioc, a South Carolinian, was formerly in the Third U. S. Cavalry, then drill-master of the famous Rough Riders in the Spanish-American War, and, after that, commandant of several well-known military academies. The organization is recognized by the Government in the National Service Handbook.

The Reserve trains boys for the Navy and for the merchant marine. For those who cannot give up three years, provision is made to take them into the camps for short periods of two months or more. The fees are nominal, and the Reserve appeals to boys between the ages of fourteen and eighteen.

# A TALK WITH THE DIRECTOR OF THE JUNIOR NAVAL RESERVE

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

"If the men in Congress had been naval cadets when they were lads, or if they had had some military training along with their school tasks, the United States would not have had to begin so much of its preparation work after the war had commenced," Major Willis J. Physioc said, when I asked him to tell me of what is being done by the United States Junior Naval Reserve boys.

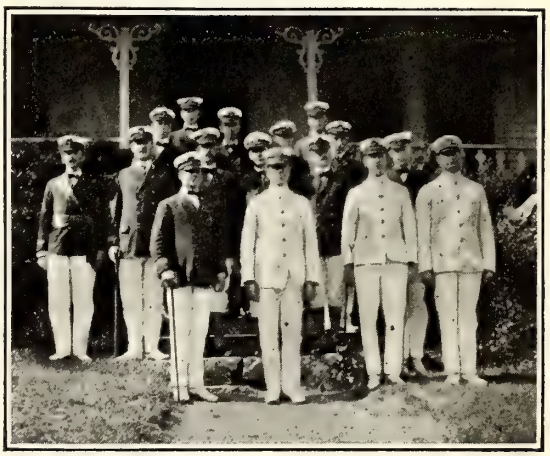
"We started in New York with about a hundred in the spring of 1916," the major began, "but now we have eight thousand enlisted boys.

"But just think how we need them! Bremen alone has fourteen merchant-marine training vessels, while in the whole of the United States there have been only two of these ships! And Bremen is still continuing her service. The United States has practically just begun; but at least we *have* begun, and the possibilities and the inevitable results are very far-reaching.

"Imagine a merchant," the major continued, "allowing another man to deliver his goods, not knowing when they would be delivered! But that is what we have been doing in the merchant-marine service, and we have spent nine hundred million dollars a year in paying to have our merchandise delivered in the foreign market. America has the opportunity now, though she really has had it for a long time, to keep most of this money within her doors—to enrich the country by furnishing the transportation for her own foreign commerce. Surely we need to make the most of the chance."

"But are n't there sixteen hundred merchant-marine ships being built?" I asked.

The major nodded. "Thus far, domestic trade has been abundantly supplied, but not so the foreign trade. And we need it and have needed



COMMANDER EDGAR T. HOFF, U. S. N. (RIGHT HAND CENTER), ON A VISIT TO MAJOR PHYSIOC (AT THE LEFT).

it to such an extent that it is difficult to understand how such a question and such a need could have been ignored.

"We must have not only the ships, but men to man our ships—and American men. That is the next step. Hitherto we have not offered real inducements to our boys to enter the merchant-marine service. When our organization started here, thousands of letters poured in, saying that American boys were used to good living and could n't stand sea life with its poor pay. Now that the war is on, the pay has improved, and it will continue at a high level after the war.



ON THE MARCH.



READY FOR ARTILLERY DRILL.

"We want boys for the Navy, and we want them for the merchant marine," the major continued, "and we put the emphasis, perhaps, on the merchant marine, as the need there is so great. We can now offer, and are providing for the boys, good living conditions and good pay.

"I saw an ocean vessel's fire-drill not long ago," the major told me, "and it took those men forty minutes to lower the boats—time enough for every one on the ship to get caught in the flames if it had been anything but a drill. They had not been properly trained. Those boats should have been lowered in a few seconds.

"In order to have a strong navy and a strong merchant-marine service, we must begin with the boy—and after all there is nobody more important! But I want all boys that have the right sort of stuff in them to be able to enter this service, not merely the sons of wealthy parents. For military schools are expensive, as a rule."

"What do you consider the right sort of stuff in a boy?" I questioned.

"The right sort of stuff," repeated the major, "is found in the boys who think physical soundness and loyalty and a genuine *love* of the sea are of great consequence. They must be well set up, and must have the right physical framework, although if they have only minor defects through lack of training, we undertake to correct such shortcomings very soon.

"Our men in authority are naval officers and officers of merchant ships, also ex-officers of the naval militia. We have all the necessary instruction and drill.

"The boy learns all the parts of a boat, how to raise and lower them, and signaling. They are fully trained to enter either the Navy or the merchant marine. In fact, to show what the Navy thinks of us, they sent a good number of apprentice seamen to us for training last year, when we had been organized only a short time.



"DOUBLE-QUICK."

"The boys in camp talk of the survival of the fittest on their long marches. They won't give in when they 're tired unless our doctors make them—for they are carefully watched and at first the exercise, occasionally, seems a bit severe. They call out to each other, laughing and tired as they often are, 'It 's the greatest life if you don't weaken.' And back comes the answer, 'Never fear, we won't weaken!'

"One of our boys home on a furlough surprised his mother by washing his own jumper sailor-suit and cap. She told him that he need n't do that on his vacation, but he replied: 'Why, Mother, it would n't be sea-goin' if I did n't!'

"All our boys know well what war means, and they don't want any one to join our organization who is a quitter. But we want to think of the future, as I have said, for in war or in peace America should have a service that will enable her to sustain the principles of liberty and freedom.



BOYS FROM CORPUS CHRISTI CAMP MET BY NEW YORK BOYS AT THE PENNSYLVANIA STATION.

"Really," the major continued with emphasis and enthusiasm, "boys should be so sea-loving in spirit that a Junior Marine Post could be started on any river or pond. In the fifty posts we now have throughout the country all the work of training is carried out as if they were on the waterside, though many of them are at inland points. Some even work with dummy boats. These posts are wonderfully effective in arousing the loyalty and enthusiasm of the boys."

"What do the mothers say to all this?" I asked.

"Ah, we have thought of that, too!" the major told me. "We have a National Women's Organization, and our President General is Mrs. Walter McLean, wife of Admiral McLean, commandant of the Norfolk Navy-yard. All her life she has understood the call of the sea and the need that that call should be answered. Then, too, she 's a particularly human person and is enthusiastically



RIFLE WORK.

telling the mothers about the sea life for their boys. 'Putting in the woman's touch'—that 's what she is doing.

"Our boys who enter the merchant-marine service should all belong to the Naval Reserve, I think," the major went on, "and now is the time to welcome them. But we must also look to the future, and this work should be kept up for—well, I don't think it 's too much to say that it should be kept up as one of the means for the salvation of the world."



CUTTER DRILL.

And I thought of the days of romance and the call of the sea, and how it can be blended now with loyalty to country, with good living, and how boys can help now in this war, and can be trained to keep their beloved land safe in times of peace that there may be no more wars.

This is the work which is being done by the United States Junior Naval Reserves.

## HOW TO ADOPT A WAR-COUSIN

AMERICA owes a peculiar debt to the fatherless children of France. It was our war from the start, although we did not realize this fact at first. And those who saved us and the rest of the world from being overrun by the common enemy were fathers—the fathers of France.

Here in America we shall not know the destruction of fathers as France has known it. Our laws expressly keep American fathers out of the ranks of the American army. But when France was attacked there was nothing else to do —all of the men of France had to go to resist the invader, the fathers with the rest. And this army of fathers, outnumbered, inferior in preparation, held through sheer determination to protect its homes and its loved ones.

The result, of course, was thousands of widows in France, tens of thousands of French orphans. As those heroic French fathers protected their own children, they also protected the children of America; for they are still holding on, giving us time to select an army of childless men.

In gratitude to those French fathers who laid down their lives, American boys and girls in comfortable homes are beginning in increasing numbers to adopt French war-cousins, orphans, furnishing small monthly or annual amounts of money to enable the French widows to raise their children in their own homes. The war-orphan learns the name of his young American benefactor and writes to him, and thus springs up a friendship which, multiplied thousands of times, will hold France and America together with unbreakable bonds.

Two societies enable young Americans to experience this joy: the American Ouvroir Fund, 20 Fifth Avenue, New York, and The Fatherless Children of France, 665 Fifth Avenue, New York. With the latter, ten cents a day or $36.50 a year keeps a French child in its own home. The Ouvroir Fund furnishes to inquirers the pictures and descriptions of French orphans, so that one can select his own cousin. Both organizations gladly send their literature upon request.

## EVERY SLICE COUNTS NOW

SAID a prominent official of the United States Food Administration to the representative of ST. NICHOLAS:

"Every slice of bread saved now is a direct gift from the saver to the soldiers on the Allied battle-front. I hope every reader of ST. NICHOLAS can feel this. We are no longer saving to build up an indefinite surplus in the future. Everything saved now goes almost immediately to Europe, where it is needed.

"On December 1 we had shipped to Europe the entire 1917 surplus of American wheat. Since then, we have been sending the wheat that patriotic Americans have denied to themselves. This country is giving a magnificent demonstration of voluntary self-denial in spite of the gloomy predictions that it could not be done. Since December first the Food Administrator has sent between twenty-five and fifty million bushels of wheat, all of it representing saving, what we have denied ourselves from the 1917 crop—nearly half a bushel apiece throughout the land!

"Every ounce of this wheat goes to soldiers fighting for us. Thus it takes that much demand off the inferior wheats of Europe, which, in turn, can go to the civilian populations of the Allied Nations. The soldiers get *white* bread, the only white bread eaten in Europe to-day.

"The greatest burden of all to suffering Europe is the lack of fats. We eat two-and-a-half times as much fat as we need, we Americans. Young children should have all the milk and butter they want, but older ones should be as saving as possible of milk fats and all other kinds.

"The food situation will grow worse, in spite of all we can do, until September first, when the new crops will begin to come in. The more intelligent people are, we have found, the quicker they realize what the food-conservation program means to humanity. America is demonstrating her intelligence by her voluntary sacrifice.

"The need for food in Europe is greater than anything we in safe America can picture. In the occupied sections of Poland every child under the age of four has died of starvation—every one of them! The death-rate in Belgium has been multiplied by five. Three and a half million people in Finland are getting through the winter on one third of a loaf of bread apiece daily, and that bread is adulterated with beech-bark and birch-buds. Norway is adding pulverized reindeer moss to make her scanty supply of flour go farther."

# The Joyous Travelers.

## Verses by Emilie Poulsson and stories by Maud Lindsay.

## The Scotch Maid.



SUCH service as the faithfulest knight
To loved king gives, as due and right,
The Aunt for many a year had known
From this Scotch Maid, who, stern as stone
In seeming, had not failed to prove
How strong and loyal was her love.

'Mid Scottish hills, her native place;
And 't was as though her rugged face
Their dark, unsmiling impress bore,
So grave the looks the Scotch Maid wore.
But when her rare, soft smile did flit
Across her sober face, it lit
Her lake-blue eyes, as sunny beam
Through highland mists sets lakes a-gleam!
Then nigh to bonny was the maid,
Though never long the bright look stayed.

Tasks done, the Scotch Maid would be found
A listener when the tales went round.
But no one dreamed that she, so stern
And short of speech, would take her turn,
Or that she knew a tale, until
Abruptly as a mountain rill
Bursts from its icy bonds, she broke
Her silence; and, half-chanting, spoke
As if an unseen harp she heard,
And to it tuned her every word.

"Daughter of Norway, Mother mine,
Now will I tell this tale of thine!
For England of such tales hath none;
Their home is 'neath thy midnight sun,
Where mists of ancient saga lore
Haunt Norway's mountains evermore!"

## Olaf of the Golden Harp.

### The Story told by the Scotch Maid.



OLAF of the Golden Harp dwelt in the king's house, and sang to the king's daughter, the while the king sailed the high seas to win fortune and glory.

Olaf the Harper was an old man. His hair was white as the hoar-frost, and his beard was like snow upon his breast. And he was of great renown. How many kings he had sung before, who can tell? There had been none to equal him when he was young, and even now that he was old, there came, ever and anon, messengers to bid him here and there. But always they returned to their lords saying: "Olaf of the Harp has turned child in his old age." For he would sing only to the daughter of the king.

The daughter of the king was like the bloom of May for loveliness. Her eyes were like the bluebells, her skin was like the snowdrop, and her hair like the cowslips in the sun. And she was young; the years of her life were but five.

Her mother, the queen, was dead, and the king, her father, sailed the seas; but Olaf the Harper was as mother and father to her. There was naught in the whole world he loved so well as the king's daughter—save one thing only, and that one thing his harp of gold.

Oh, the golden harp of Olaf! Its sound was like the singing of stars, and the music of waters. There was no other harp to equal it,—no, not in all of Norroway. And where Olaf got it, who can tell? Some said that the sea had cast it up on the shores of Snowland, whence the harper came. Some said it was the gift of a mighty troll. Some whispered that it had been fashioned by a magic, the secret of which had been long since lost. And who knew the truth?

But all knew this; better than gold, better than

praise, better than power, Olaf the Harper loved his harp. There was naught on earth he loved so well, save only the little daughter of the king.

Every day Olaf of the Golden Harp sang to the king's daughter—sang of the long night of winter, and the bright days of summer; of the trolls of darkness and the frost giants; of Fen-



"OLAF OF THE GOLDEN HARP SANG TO THE KING'S DAUGHTER."

ris the Wolf that swallows the daylight; and of the great hammer of Thor, the Thunderer, who makes such a noise in the sky. But of all the songs that he knew, the king's little daughter loved best to hear the one that told of her father, the king, who sailed the seas:

A ship is out upon the sea,
The king's ship! The king's ship!
Its purple sails spread to the gales,
Sailing home to thee.

Its sails are set for Norroway,
The king's land! The king's land!
The oarsmen spring, the oars to swing,
Hastening home to thee.

The king stands on the rolling deck—
Skaal to him! Skaal to him!
All helmed in gold, a viking bold,
Sailing home to thee.

And oh, what will the king bring,
Sailing home, sailing home?
An armlet bright, with gems bedight,
And a jeweled ring!

A treasure-chest with baubles filled—
Sail, ship! Sail, ship!
A silken gown, a cloak of down,
He 'll bring home to thee.

So sang Olaf of the Golden Harp; and it became the custom whenever he played upon the harp for the king's little daughter to say:

"Sing of the king, my father, and what he brings to me."

Olaf the Harper sang, but the king tarried; and it began to be whispered in his halls that he would come no more—that he was dead; and the whispering even reached his enemies. Whereupon they came thundering at the gates, saying, "Open to us, for this house we shall possess!"

Then those whom the king had left in his halls began to tremble. And Olaf the Harper knew that unless he saved the golden harp and the king's little daughter and himself they would fall into the hands of the king's foes.

There was a way to safety if he dared try it. In the king's house there was a little door of which none knew save Olaf and the king; and the door opened on a stair not built by man.

A fearsome stair was this one! Its steps were the gray crags that jutted out from a cliff side, and wall it had none save the cliff.

One far below the other, the crags jutted out above a narrow strip of shore where the blue sea beat; and only a man with a sure foot, a strong arm, and a steady head dared venture upon them.

Olaf had come by this stair to the king when he was in the fullness of manhood—aye, and gone down it, merrily, in the king's company more than once. But now he was old. Yet if he could slip away unnoticed in the stir, with his harp upon his back beneath his mantle, he was fain to try the way again. Hidden in a secret place at the cliff's foot was the king's boat; always he kept it there. And it would not be the first time that Olaf and his harp had traveled upon deep waters, could he but launch the boat!

Aye, but to save the king's daughter was another matter. He would have no hand to spare for her if he went down the way of the rocks. Then thought Olaf the Harper:

"What of the king's daughter upon my back and the mantle around her?"

But oh, the golden harp of Olaf with its sound like the singing of stars and the music of waters!—the harp that came from no man knew where, and which all men envied him! the strings of which no fingers but his own had ever touched! How could he leave it? The daughter of the king was the daughter of the king; but the harp was Olaf's own. And he snatched it from the wall where it hung, strapped it upon his back, and hid its gold within his mantle of red. Come what would, he must win it free.

But oh, the daughter of the king with her bluebell eyes and her snowdrop skin, and her hair like



"Open to us, for this House we shall possess."

cowslips in the sun! How could he leave her? The Golden Harp was Olaf's own; but the daughter of the king,—and her mother was dead.

"I must win her free!" said Olaf the Harper;



"HE GAINED THE DOOR UNSEEN."

and he unstrapped the harp, fastened the child in its place, and covered the gold of her hair with his mantle of red.

Then, stealing on tiptoe, by devious ways, slipping along like a shadow on the wall, he gained the door unseen. And, passing through it, he swung himself from crag to crag, till he stood in safety on the strip of shore where he had landed in the fullness of his manhood.

"A ship is out upon the sea—
The king's ship! The king's ship!
Its purple sails spread to the gales,
Sailing home to thee,"

he crooned to soothe the child on his back.

And even as he sang, he spied upon the waters before him a great ship with gilded prow and purple sails! As in a dream he saw it come like a great bird skimming over the waves.

Nearer, and nearer, and nearer it came; the dip of tarred oars sounded in his ears; a hundred bearded men crowded on the deck to greet him; and there was one among them who wore a golden helmet.

"The king has come!" cried Olaf of the Golden Harp.

"And has he brought my treasure-chest and my jeweled ring?" said the king's daughter, peeping out from 'neath the mantle.

Now how the king and his men went up the steep stair and through the little door to answer the thundering cry of the enemy at the gate; how the enemy rode away faster than they had come; and how the king brought out from his ship's hold more wonderful treasures for his little daughter than even Olaf had dreamed of; all these things Olaf made into a song, and sang it to the king's daughter as they sat, safe and happy once more, in the king's house.

And oh, the Golden Harp of Olaf, with its sound like the singing of stars and the music of waters! Never was there harp like that harp, nor days like those days!



# BETSY AND HER PATRIOTIC STAR

BY GEORGE MERRICK MULLETT

Mrs. Lane looked up to behold a small meteor launching itself through space and bearing directly upon her. There was no escaping it; in the wink of an eye it had struck her, "head on," and she found herself being quickly smothered—by the frantic embraces of her fiery-haired little daughter.

"What ho, keeper!" sang out Jack. "One of your bears has got loose. Back to your den in Rock Creek, varmint!"

"Oh, is that what it is?" laughed Mrs. Lane, "I thought it was a falling star, a meteor——"

"Or some other red-headed comet," finished Jack.

Betsy overlooked the insult in a greater interest. "Both of those things are kinds of stars, are n't they?" she asked.

"Generally speaking, yes."

"How funny!" Betsy said mysteriously.

"Why?" nibbled Jack, cautiously, fearing some "catch."

"Oh, nothing!" replied Betsy, her expression nicely calculated to arouse Jack's curiosity to the highest pitch.

"What 's all the excitement about, Carrots?" he demanded. "You 're always at fever-heat over something, but it seems, to my practised eye, that the temperature is higher than usual this evening."

"Oh, Muddy dear, the *loveliest* — you could never guess in the world!"

"Very well, then, I shall not try."

"Hand out, Reds, hand out——"

"Well, you know every one in Mrs. Stanton's club is getting to be an awful patriot."

"Oh, say not so for what would teacher say," said Jack, striking his head in horror.

"I mean, very patriotic," corrected Betsy, with a withering look. "I guess *you* don't *always* talk good grammar!"

"Correct English," murmured he, with a pained expression.

Betsy turned with pointed emphasis to her mother. "Besides knitting days, they have started to learn about how to save food from the Department of Agriculture."

"Why starve the poor Department?" teased Jack.

"And, *Muddy dear,* they are going to have a 'normous auto-truck made into a kitchen, and go around this summer and show people how to can and dry food and—and everything," she finished rather vaguely. "And besides all that, Mrs. Stanton has started a new plan, the loveliest yet, and oh, Muddy, I 'm going to be in it!"

"Of course you 're in it!" groaned Jack. "Actually, you 're so lucky that if you were shoved off the earth you 'd land on an ice-cream mountain on some other planet. Go on, strike quickly, villain, and end this terrible suspense!"

"Mrs. Stanton knows a man who writes plays, and one day she told him all about how Jo-An and I helped her to be a patriot. I guess she must have made it sound pretty nice to him, because he got very interested; and what do you think?"

"We don't think," urged Jack; "go on."

"He 's made a play out of it," Betsy squealed excitedly. "And Mrs. Stanton says it 's the *loveliest*—and that is n't all. They got to talking it over and planning, and they are going to give the play, and the money is all going to help in the war—for war hospitals, I think."

"Is n't that splendid?" said Mrs. Lane, much impressed.

"*Is n't* it? And there 's more than that! You know that ducky, Peggy Dale, we were so crazy about in the movie fairy-tales?—the play-writer knows her,—she acted something he wrote last winter,—and he has asked her to act in this. She is crazy about helping in the war, and acted for the soldiers in France last summer. He said she was in a village that was bombarded and that she was as brave as a soldier. She is going to do it—she is going to be *me* in the play," Betsy fairly radiated electric sparks in her excitement. "You know, she has r—auburn hair, like mine."

"All burn, you mean," corrected Jack, as Mrs. Lane smiled at "auburn" as applied to her daughter's red-gold fluff.

"And the most wonderful yet is——" she suddenly stopped, with face aglow. "No, I guess I won't tell it; I 'll keep it for a surprise."

"Of all the shabby tricks," protested Jack, indignantly.

"Oh, Betsy, don't make a serial out of this," said Mrs. Lane. "Jackie and I could never wait for the next number."

Betsy threw her arms around her mother. "You poor little darlin' dear, I 'm most bursting to tell; but really, it will be such a 'magnacious surprise, I can't bear to spoil it."

"Oh, go on, Bets, Muz and I don't like surprises. Let us in on it now," coaxed Jack.

Betsy shook her brilliant mop decidedly,

"Make her tell, Muz!" he begged. "She really ought to."

"Possess your soul in patience, son. Curiosity is supposed to be a purely feminine failing, so, if I can stand it, I am sure you should be able to."

"I can tell you a *tiny* bit more," said Betsy, relenting. "The play is going to be given at Mrs. Oakley's; you know, that grandiferous house at the Circle, where they say there is a really theater inside—*there!* That 'll be for society, and tickets are going to be about a thousand dollars apiece."

"Whoa, Betsy, whoa there!" said Jack, soothingly.

Betsy laughed. "Well, they will cost a lot, for Mrs. Stanton said that people would be so anxious to get tickets that they might sell them at auction. Then there will be another performance at a regular theater that will be for everybody. Is n't it too wonderful, Muddy? And just think how it started!"

"I *am* thinking, dear. It seems incredible, but just goes to show the possibilities of a good, unselfish thought. It is the mustard-grain of the parable."

In the days that followed, Betsy was a small volcano of suppressed excitement and secrecy that threatened eruption at every moment. She pored over her birthday "Joan of Arc" book with absorbed concentration, departed to keep mysterious appointments, and wore habitually what Jack called her "listening-to-the-Voices look." When the first announcements of the play "Jo-An of Ark" began to appear in the Washington papers, what had hitherto seemed to be merely one of Betsy's many "pretends" took on the aspect of reality, and the Lane family were aquiver with anticipation. Jack exhausted his diplomacy in trying to extract her secret from Betsy, Mrs. Lane declaring that he even asked her if she could n't listen at the child's bedside in the hope that it would be divulged in her sleep. As for Betsy, she was living a life of emotional extremes, at one moment exalted with joy over the play and its certain success, at another, in a bottomless pit of depression over the suffering caused by the war that she heard talked of at the club and the fear that through the failure of the play the hoped-for money for war relief would not be forthcoming.

Mrs. Lane took her in her arms at one of these times. "Dear little tempestuous daughter," she said tenderly, "Mother is afraid that life, for you, is going to be an endless series of mountain-tops and abysses. You may not always be able to stay on the peaks, but try not to descend so far, sweetheart; remember that there are broad, pleasant valleys, too."

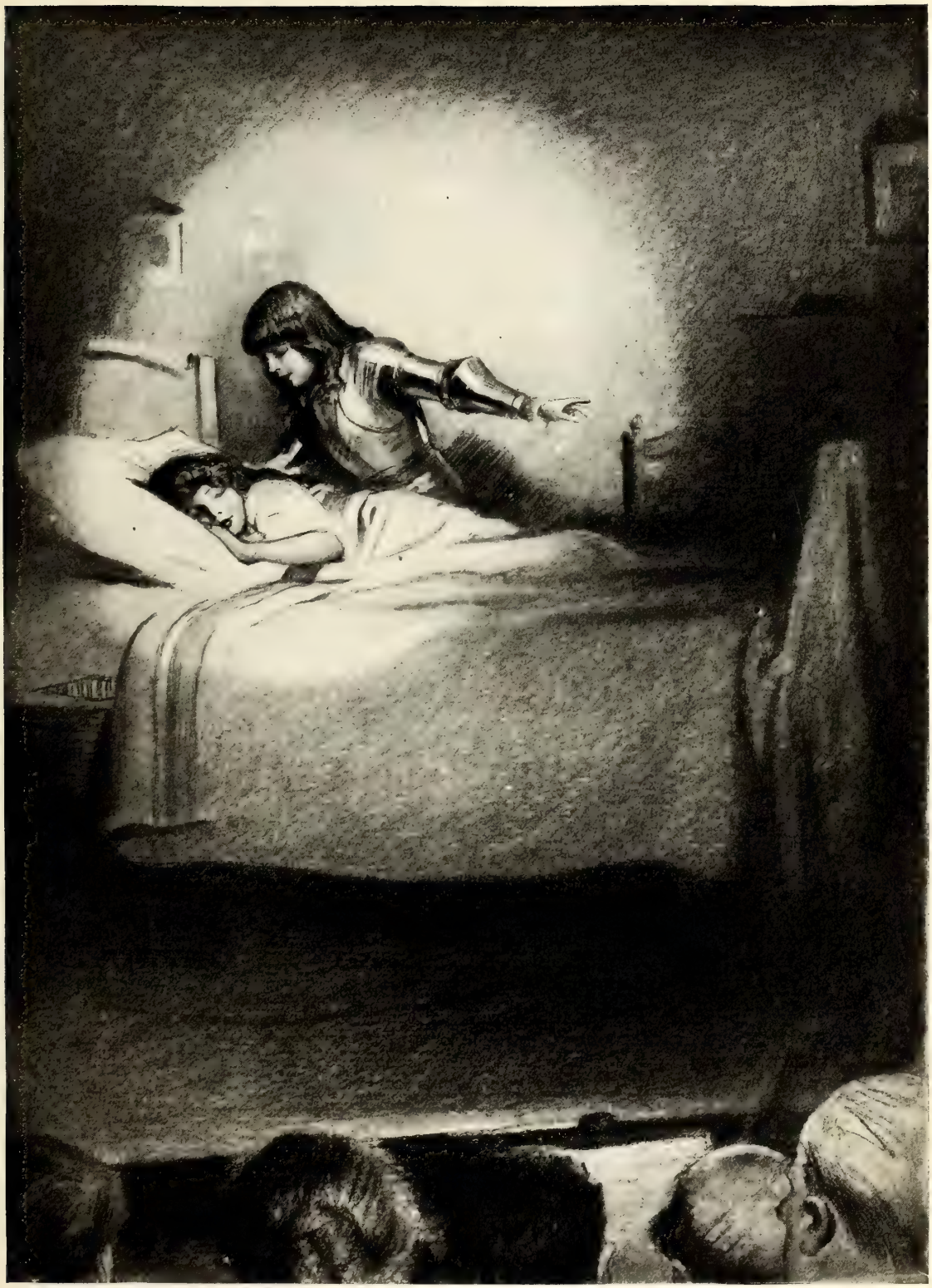
But there were no more doubts of the play's success after the never-to-be-forgotten time when Betsy met her star, who ran over from New York for the first rehearsal. The Lane family were regaled with a most minute description of Peggy Dale's slightest act and utterance made under Betsy's adoring observation—nothing else was worthy of discussion.

"Muddy dear, she is the beautifulest, and she looks and acts just like a little girl. She told me she thinks Jo-An is the dearest doll, and that she wished she had time to sit right down on the floor with me and play dolls. She has the one she used to play with when she was a little girl—ages and ages ago, she said,—and she laughed when I told her I guessed it could n't be that long or she would n't know how to act like a little girl the way she does. She is the nicest ever, Muddy, and I told her she was such a patriotic star I thought she must be the same kind that are in our flag, and she squeezed me and said that was the nicest compliment she had ever had. And the manager heard it, and he said 'That 's dandy, little one; you 've given me a ripping idea'; but he did n't say what it was."

The account of the auction of tickets for the first performance contained such astonishing figures that it was hard for the Lanes to realize that the play had been written around their "own little Betsy." Then came the first performance, when Betsy departed in Cinderella-like splendor in Mrs. Stanton's limousine. The family could get nothing from her the next morning except hectic descriptions of the Oakley mansion and the captivating charms of Peggy Dale, and she begged so earnestly that they would not read the papers, but wait until that evening for her surprise, that even the almost expiring Jack consented.

His burning impatience got them to the theater among the first, and then the sparse sprinkling of early arrivals filled him with terror lest the play be not properly patronized. It was not long, however, until the fluttering activities of the pretty society-buds, who were ushers for the evening, quite set his fears at rest, and he was able to look with comfortable complacency on a "capacity house" for Betsy's play. When the orchestra pulsed out the sweetly appealing strains of his favorite song, it seemed to him that he could actually hear the words, "Joan of Arc, Joan of Arc, do your eyes from the skies, see the foe?" and his throat tightened until it felt as if a giant hand were holding it.

Then the curtain rose, and there was the well-known "Ark!" The Lane family had no difficulty in recognizing it, even though it was slightly



"THE 'LIVE-DOLL' TIPTOED TO THE BEDSIDE OF THE SLEEPING CHILD." (SEE NEXT PAGE)

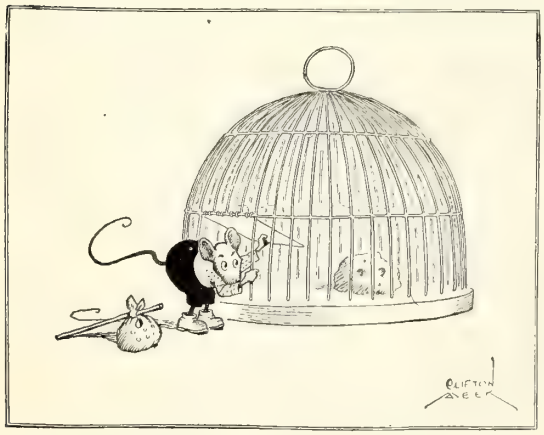
glorified. And there was a bright-haired child,—who might have been Betsy, but who was really the celebrated Peggy Dale,—while in her arms was Josephine-Annabelle—there was no mistaking *her*. About Betsy's little story had been woven a play of wonderful charm, half fairy-story and half drama of modern life, in which a little maid, fired by her book, "Joan of Arc," wishes to help her country. And here Betsy's secret lay revealed, for when the child in the play went to sleep, leaving her doll in the Joan of Arc suit of mail (as motherly Betsy would never have done), the stage became dim. Then, in a most remarkable way, Jo-An suddenly seemed to grow larger—she came to life—and Betsy herself stood before them in the character of her own Jo-An! Jack stopped breathing as the "live doll" tiptoed to the bedside of the sleeping child and seemed to be whispering to her a plan to help her country. He was stricken with the most acute stage-fright, and gave a sigh of relief when it became apparent that there were no lines to speak—and perhaps be forgotten, to the agony of young male relatives in the audience.

The play unfolded and with an ever-increasing charm. At one moment the pathos of the picture compelled tears, and then a brilliant gleam of humor turned the raindrops to sparkling diamonds. The third act showed the mother who has refused to let her son go to war, with Jo-An in her possession. Again the Lanes sat spellbound—even the soldierly Roger, who had come over from Fort Meyer—as another transformation scene took place and Betsy again appeared. In a series of beautiful tableaux, from the peasant maiden tending her father's sheep in the forest of Domremy to the inspired warrior-maiden in shining armor, were represented the dreams that the doll sends to the sleeping mother which influence her to make the supreme sacrifice and give her boy to his country's service.

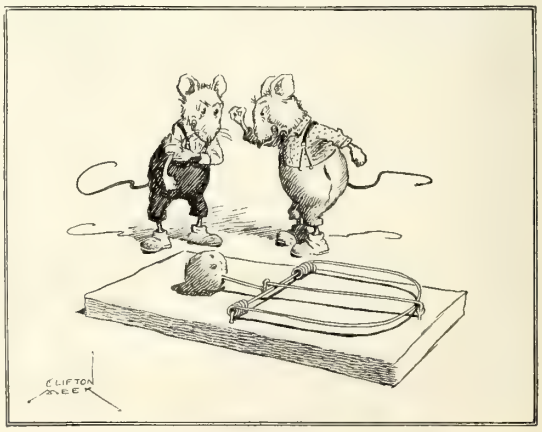
When the curtain fell on the last act, with Peggy Dale sitting on the floor, rocking back and forth with joy over the return of her beloved doll, a sigh of regret swept over the audience, and then the house fairly rocked with a tumult of applause. Some one called for the author, many voices took it up, and he responded with a happy little speech of thanks for their appreciation of his effort. He closed by saying: "The small girl who inspired this play has said that Miss Dale is such a patriotic star she must be of the same kind that are in our flag, and I 'm sure this audience will agree with her."

Then cries rang out, "The star, the star!"

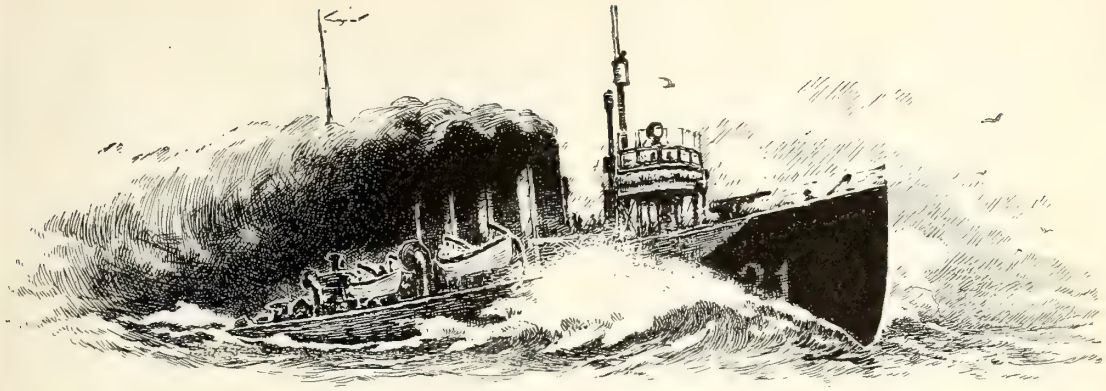
There was a moment's delay as the lights grew dim, then on the white screen was thrown a mammoth flag. Gradually, in one of the lower stars, appeared the piquant face of Peggy Dale, which, as it faded, was replaced in some wonderful way by the star in person, as the child heroine. She floated gently to the ground, and at the demand for a speech simply bobbed a quaint little curtsy and with a shy, childish smile said, "I thank you." When the applause continued she returned with Jo-An in her arms and leading the "live doll, Betsy," by the hand. The two "children" squatted on the floor for a moment arranging the doll, then, making another curtsy to the audience, they ran laughing to the wings leaving Jo-An standing with outstretched arms in the middle of the big stage.




JOHNNY MOUSE: "AH! NOBODY HOME."




"TO THE VICTOR BELONGS THE SPOILS!"



# THE CODE SIGNAL.

BY GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH

## Chapter V

### ABOARD THE TORPEDO-BOAT

The flight of the airship seaward, instead of toward the shore, was thus explained. Some patrol-boat on duty had evidently been sighted by the birdman, and he had chosen this as the quickest way to get relief to the castaway.

Carrots could not make out the character of the boat for some time; but that it was approaching at an amazing speed was apparent. In a few more minutes he raised his voice in a little cry of exultation, "It 's a torpedo-boat!"

No craft other than a swift torpedo-boat could make such a speed. With a bone in its teeth and a trail of black smoke behind, the gallant war-ship was eating up the distance with almost incredible swiftness. It grew from a small speck to a great black spot, and then to a formidable size that to Carrots seemed remarkable. Although long and low-lying for a war-ship, the hull, from his position, seemed to tower up to a mountainous height.

Carrots could see the American flag floating at the stern, and he knew instantly that it was one of the home torpedo-boats engaged in patrol duty or was a part of the invisible Atlantic fleet that hovered somewhere along the coast.

He tried to raise his voice in a cheer as the craft swept within hailing distance; but it was only a murmur that escaped his lips. He felt suddenly weak and faint, and dropped his head on the iron frame of the buoy. Everything grew dark and blurred.

Carrots had fainted. The joy of rescue had accomplished what all his danger and suffering had failed to do.

When he recovered consciousness again, Carrots was surprised to find himself lying on a bunk, with a blue-clad young naval officer bending over him. In startled surprised he looked at the man, who smiled down at him and said:

"Had quite a sleep. Feel better?"

Carrots nodded, and then asked the inevitable question of one recovering from a swoon, "Where am I?"

"On board the *Scorpion*. We picked you up in the nick of time. In another minute you would have dropped into the sea."

"I guess it was happiness that made me faint," Carrots said, smiling feebly. "I had been there so long that——"

"Don't talk now," the man interrupted. "You need rest and nourishment. You 've got a bad hand there. I took advantage of your swoon to extract the bullet."

Carrots raised his bandaged hand and looked at it. "Are you a surgeon?" he stammered.

The man nodded, and then once more cautioned: "You must n't talk now. You 're very weak. Sleep and rest, and then you can tell me how you got out there—with a bullet in your hand."

Memory rushed upon him, recalling all the events that had led up to his accident, and with feverish impatience Carrots raised himself on his elbow.

"I must tell you now. You ought to know. There was a German submarine here in the night, and they shot me."

The young surgeon eyed him with concern, and placed a cool hand on his forehead. Evidently he thought his patient was delirious.

"Never mind about the submarine now," he

soothed in a quiet voice. "Time enough later to talk about that."

"But—but I ought to tell now," persisted Carrots. "The commander should know. It may be lurking in the vicinity, and—and——"

He dropped back, a little faint and exhausted, and the surgeon added: "See, you 're very weak! Now wait until you 're stronger. Then we 'll listen to your story of how a submarine shot you."

There was a smiling twinkle in the eyes, and Carrots realized that the man was not taking him seriously. He believed that his reference to a submarine was the vagary of a delirious mind. After resting a moment, Carrots added:

"Feel of my pulse, and tell me if I have a fever."

The surgeon obeyed, and finally admitted: "You have a little temperature, but not enough—"

"— to be delirious," added Carrots, smiling grimly. "No," he went on, "I 'm as sane and wide awake as you—only a little weak and exhausted. Now I want you to send for the captain, or commander, or whoever is in charge. I must tell him my story. It 's important—very important!"

The earnestness of the speaker impressed the surgeon, for after once more testing his patient's pulse he rose slowly. "I 'll bring Lieutenant Bedlow to listen to you," he said.

During his absence Carrots dropped back and closed his eyes. He needed to conserve his strength all he could. His story was so wild and improbable that he knew he would have difficulty in making others believe it.

When Lieutenant Bedlow, in command of the *Scorpion,* stood before him, Carrots opened his eyes and smiled.

"Please don't think I 'm feverish or dotty, Lieutenant," he began, "and listen to me patiently until I 'm through. My story 's a queer one; but you must believe it. If you don't, it may—may cause trouble and disaster. There was a German submarine here last night, and it may be lurking around now to torpedo ships."

"Not much danger of torpedoing us," grimly replied the officer. "We 're always prepared for them. We 're on patrol duty." Then, smiling, he asked: "Did she torpedo your hand?"

Carrots understood the doubt implied by these words, but he merely shook his head and grinned.

"Wait until you 've heard the whole story," he said. "You can't believe it until you 've heard it all."

The officer nodded for him to proceed, standing before him with folded arms, with such patience in his mild blue eyes as the situation demanded. There was enough mystery in finding a castaway clinging to a bell-buoy, with a bullet lodged in the back of his hand, to warrant listening to the whole story.

Carrots was a little piqued by their skepticism, for the surgeon was evidently even more doubtful than the commander; so he took his time in relating the facts, dwelling rather longer than necessary upon events preceding the adventure. He told of his attempts to enlist and his disappointment at being rejected; then he described his potato-patch and his first casual encounter with the spies.

It was not until he spoke of the signal-lights on the the top of the bluff that his hearers showed interest. They pricked up their ears then as if they suspected something.

When Carrots told of following the men to the boat and smuggling himself aboard, the lieutenant unfolded his arms and dropped down on the foot of the couch. Even the surgeon began to show signs of eagerness, bending foward in a listening attitude.

Carrots' description of the submarine and the unloading of the cargo from the auxiliary powerboat brought little exclamations of surprise from the lips of the two men. The account of his discovery and the shooting followed quickly.

"And I 'd been there all night, clinging to that bell-buoy, when the aviator found me," he concluded. "I was nearly all in. I guess I 'd have dropped back into the ocean in an another hour. It really did n't seem as if I could hang on another minute."

The effect of his story on the two men was rather startling. They continued to stare at him for a full minute without speaking. Then the officer glanced up inquiringly at the surgeon, who, understanding the look, nodded and felt of Carrot's pulse and forehead again.

"He does n't seem to have any fever," he murmured. "His temperature is only slightly above normal."

Lieutenant Bedlow rose hastily from his seat and stood over the couch. "See here, Mr. Blackall—that 's your name, you say?" he began severely. "This is a serious matter. Your story sounds improbable. But it may be true. If it is, it is important. If it is n't—" He stopped and folded his arms again.

"If you 're faking this up just for a little sensation, or to cover up some personal matter of your own," he added, "it will go hard with you. This is war, and we know how to deal with those who spread false reports. You 're on a naval vessel, and the naval code and regulations apply to you. We can have you arrested and court-

martialed and then sentenced to imprisonment if you 're making up this story."

Instead of being offended at this threat and the doubt cast upon his word, Carrots merely nodded his head and murmured: "I understand, and I don't wonder you doubt me. But it 's true —every word of it!"

"You take your oath to it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Hold up your hand, and repeat it!"

Carrots took the oath solemnly, fully appreciating what it meant. His own seriousness and frankness impressed the men, and after he had finished they drew a sigh of relief.

"We believe you now," added the commander, "but it took a good deal of faith to swallow it all. Your services to your country may prove invaluable. If we can trap that submarine and capture the spies ashore, you 'll win more glory than if you had enlisted and gone abroad. We 've suspected for a long time that German submarines received supplies somewhere along the Atlantic seaboard, but we had no evidence of it. Your story makes matters plainer. If they were successful in getting supplies here once, they will repeat the operation; and we 'll be ready for them."

He turned suddenly to the ship's surgeon. "How soon will he be out of danger, Billings?"

"There 's no danger now. It 's simply weakness and exhaustion. In a day or two he 'll be all right."

Carrots sat up and interrupted. "I 'm all right now," he said. "Give me a couple of hours' sleep, and I 'll do anything you want of me to prove my story."

The two men looked frankly pleased at this remark. The lieutenant nodded his head.

"All right!" he said, "I 'll have the boat ready for you this afternoon. Eat and sleep until then. Feed him up, Billings. Time 's precious, and we want to get busy!"

## Chapter VI

### An Exciting Chase

Carrots' superb physical condition was in his favor. A few hours of sleep and rest brought a wonderful change. Late in the afternoon he woke from deep slumber, ate the hearty luncheon prepared for him, and announced that he was ready. The surgeon of the *Scorpion* examined his wounded hand again, took his temperature, and nodded his head.

"I guess you 'll do."

"Yes, I 'm fit as a fiddle," laughed Carrots. "Have you told Lieutenant Bedlow I 'm ready?"

As if an answer to his question, the commander of the torpedo-boat appeared, accompanied by an ensign. He smiled his approval when he saw their patient up and dressed.

"Mr. Martin will go ashore with you," he announced, introducing the young officer. "Show him the bluff where the signal-lights were burning. Also hunt for the boat that carried out the supplies. Anything else you find, report to him."

Then, apparently as an afterthought, he concluded: "You are to come back with Martin. That is all."

The young ensign appeared to be about the age of Carrots, clean cut, well set up, and natty and trim in his new uniform. Carrots took to him at once. On their way to the shore he repeated his remarkable story and was pleased that Martin accepted it without a trace of suspicion.

"Some adventure you had!" he remarked, smiling. "That beats anything we 've had afloat. But," a little wistfully, "we may come in for the sequel to it. Who knows?"

They landed at the fishing-dock at the foot of the road that led into Merton. Carrots pointed out his potato-patch and the high bluff overlooking the sea. Leaving the sailors in charge of the boat, Carrots and Martin made their way to the summit where the lights had been burning.

Carrots was disappointed in not finding more evidence of the work of the spies that might corroborate the details of his story, but the men had cleaned up everything on the bluff. Even the empty oil-can had disappeared. The only signs that there had been any one up there recently were a few burnt matches, the unmistakable drip of oil on a couple of trees, and the trampled grass.

There were three small trees in a row, spaced about five feet apart. Carrots concluded these had been used for holding the lights in a steady position. About five feet from the ground there were some marks on them which the two young men examined carefully.

"The bark 's been broken here by a wire," Carrots said, pointing to one of the trees. "The lanterns were wired to the trees, I 'll bet!"

"Possibly!" was the non-committal reply of the ensign. "Now we 'll go down to the cove where you found the boat anchored."

Carrots led the way down the side of the bluff. He felt a little sore that he had not been able so far to establish any direct evidence that his story was true. He knew that doubt was beginning to creep into the mind of his companion. Moreover, it was not likely that the auxiliary boat would be in the cove. The spies had ample time to escape in it.

But he was suddenly startled out of his de-

spondent mood by something that sent the blood pounding through his veins. He grasped the arm of the young officer and whispered:

"There are the spies now! Quick, don't let them see us!"

Walking ahead of them, making their way swiftly and furtively toward the cove, were the two men Carrots had ordered off his potato-patch. They were also the ones who had carried the supplies to the submarine.

Martin dropped down in the bushes to hide, Carrots tugged at his arm, but one of the spies turned that instant and saw them. The attempt to hide aroused the suspicions of the two men. They paused only an instant, and then broke into a run for the cove.

"They 've seen us!" exclaimed Martin. "Come now! if you 're a sprinter, we can overtake them!"

But the spies had a long start, and the cove was directly ahead. Turning a corner in the path, Carrots saw the slender mast of the auxiliary power-boat rising above the bushes that edged the shore. The men had sufficient start to reach the boat and escape in it before they could overtake them.

"Wait!" gasped Carrots, seizing the arm of Martin.

"Come on!" was the quick retort. "We 'll lose them! Can't you keep up with me?"

"Yes," replied Carrots, taking the lead, for he had been the champion sprinter of his class. "But we can never catch them! They 'll be off in their boat before we reach the cove."

Martin looked disgusted. It was n't his way to acknowledge defeat before the battle had half begun. He forged ahead. Carrots caught him by the arm again.

"Stop!" he shouted. "We can't do it that way! I know a better plan! Follow me!"

Without waiting to see if his companion was obeying, he turned sharply to the left and ran through the bushes, slashing his way along regardless of the briers and whipping twigs. The ensign, after a moment's indecision, followed.

Carrots plunged through the bushes and came out upon the water several hundred feet to the left of the cove. When his eyes caught a glimpse of the object he was hoping to find he exclaimed:

"There it is! We can do it now!"

Anchored to a buoy a few yards from the shore was a high-powered motor-boat, owned by Mr. Wilson, of Merton, who used it both for pleasure and business. Reaching the water, Carrots plunged in and began swimming for the craft. Martin hesitated a second, looking down at his natty uniform, then plunged after him.

There was the rhythmic chug of a motor, and they looked up to see the auxiliary heading up the coast, with the two men in it watching the shore behind them.

"Keep quiet a moment," whispered Carrots. "They don't see us."

Their trick in turning off the trail had not yet been discovered by the spies. All innocent of the trap being laid for them, they were pointing up the coast directly across the path of their pursuers. Carrots and Martin crouched down in the cockpit to examine the machinery of their motor-boat unobserved; but one of the spies caught sight of a bobbing head above the coaming. The auxiliary turned suddenly and headed for the open sea.

"Now we 've got them!" exultantly whispered Carrots. "It 's getting dark, and I was afraid they 'd land somewhere and escape. Now we 're between them and the shore. They can't escape. If we don't catch them, they 'll be seen from the torpedo-boat."

"The *Scorpion* 's gone up the coast," replied Martin, "and won't return until after dark. I had my orders to wait for her."

Carrots, who had been starting the motor, looked up in astonishment. The *Scorpion* was nowhere in sight! The auxiliary had the open sea before it.

"Then we 've got to beat them before they escape in the dark!" was the grim response.

Mr. Wilson's motor-boat was all that the owner claimed for it. It was built on racing lines, and it shot away from the shore at a tremendous speed. The water bubbled and foamed behind them in a long trail of white suds, while on either side of the bow green spray was flung.

But the craft ahead was a speedy one, too. For a time it seemed as if she could hold her own in the race, and not until they had proceeded some distance was it at all certain the motor-boat could beat her on a straight course. Even then the gain was so slight that in the gathering darkness it had an even chance to elude its pursuer.

Carrots and Martin kept their eyes strained anxiously ahead. They were mentally figuring on the possibility of closing the gap between the two boats before it was too late.

"I 'm glad we 're running them out to sea and not along the coast," the young officer said finally. "They 'd soon get away from us inshore."

"If the *Scorpion* would only appear!" murmured Carrots. "When do you expect her back?"

"Not for some time yet. I had my orders to wait for her signal. No, we can't depend upon the *Scorpion*."

They had gained several hundred yards, and

inch by inch were overhauling the auxiliary. But the dusk of early evening was falling rapidly. Within half an hour they would not be able to see anything a hundred feet ahead.

"We 've got to keep her in sight!" Martin ejaculated emphatically. "How far out from the shore are we?" he asked, turning to look back.

"There 's the bell-buoy on Turtle Reef," replied Carrots. "I see it ahead."

"Yes," nodded the ensign. "I hear it ringing."

The sight of the buoy, to which he had clung for so many hours, caused Carrots to grin. The boat ahead seemed to be heading straight for it, and for a time the two were so blended together they could not separate them. The men held a course straight for the reef; but before they reached the buoy it was almost invisible in the darkness. Then the auxiliary suddenly headed south instead of east. This queer shifting of its course, which gave the pursuers an advantage of position, surprised both Carrots and Martin.



"'DON'T SHOOT!' HE CALLED. 'I'LL SURRENDER!'"

"What are they doing that for?" queried the latter.

"You don't suppose," faltered Carrots, "the submarine 's lurking off here, and they expect to escape aboard it."

"I don't know, but— Are you armed?" asked Martin, stopping suddenly. "Here, take this. I 've another."

From a water-tight case he took two revolvers, and handed one to Carrots. Five minutes later they were so close to the auxiliary there was no danger of its escaping in the dark. They could hang on to its flanks easily. It was merely a question of time now—unless the submarine should suddenly appear and thwart them.

Ten minutes later Martin stood up in the bow and called out sharply, "Hands up, or I 'll shoot!" He had got the man at the wheel directly in line. After one nervous glance behind him, the spy obeyed. He shut off the power of the boat and raised his hands.

"Don't shoot!" he called. "I 'll surrender!"

Martin and Carrots expected they would put up a fight, but there was no evidence of it as they ran the motor-boat alongside and made her fast to the auxiliary.

"Where 's the other man?" demanded Martin, seeing only the pilot, his hands still in the air.

"What other man?" was the mumbling query. "I 'm alone."

"Oh, no, you 're not. We saw two of you start out together."

"Then he must have fallen overboard," was the grinning reply. "You can see that there 's nobody here but me."

The man they had captured was not much more than a common sailor. The other, the man of brains, had in some unaccountable way escaped. While Martin kept his prisoner covered, Carrots searched every part of the boat, even the sides and stern, to see if he were outside clinging to the rudder or a rope. But there was no sign of the man they wanted. Either he had fallen overboard or had voluntarily taken the risk of swimming back to the shore. He was certainly not on the boat.

In vain Martin coaxed and threatened the sailor, but to all questions he replied that he was alone and did n't know of any one else aboard. Disgusted and disappointed at this new development, they finally turned back with their prisoner, the captured boat in tow, and slowly made their way toward the shore.

"Could he swim from here to the coast?" Martin asked.

"I doubt it—not with his clothes on."

"He probably jumped overboard with a life-preserver. We must hunt around for him."

Carrots suddenly raised his head. "Where 's the bell-buoy on Turtle Reef?" he asked. "I don't hear it ringing. We ought to be near it. I don't want to run it down in the darkness."

"There it is on our left. I can just see it. We 're all right."

But Carrots was peering eagerly at the dim outlines of the buoy, as if recalling his experience on it the night before. "Funny we don't hear the bell in this sea!" he muttered. "I never knew it to be quiet so long."

"The wind 's carrying the sound the other way, I suppose," said Martin, indifferently.

"No, the wind 's blowing in our direction."

Martin suddenly saw the drift of his companion's thought. He started and looked inquiringly at him.

"You think he 's on it?" he asked in a whisper.

"I know somebody spent last night on it," replied Carrots, smiling, "and it saved his life."

"Bring the boat nearer. I 'll take a look."

Carrots steered the motor-boat as close to the bell-buoy as he dared. There was apparently no one on it, but still the bell did not ring.

"He 's not there!" whispered Martin.

"Wait a minute!" interrupted Carrots. "Either that bell 's out of order, or somebody 's tampering with it. Try a shot at it, and see if it rings."

Martin raised his weapon and fired. The bullet, striking the bell, caused it to ring loudly. "Another!" added Carrots.

Four shots were fired before anything happened. Then a muffled voice rose out of the darkness. "Hold on! I 'll surrender!" it said.

Carrots was less surprised than Martin when a pair of legs that had seemed a part of the framework moved, and from the under part of the big bell a body and head finally emerged. The man had been more than half concealed from view by the inverted bell, holding himself there in an awkward and uncomfortable position by straddling the iron frame below. Only the fact that the bell could not ring with the man clinging with both hands to the clapper had revealed his hiding-place.

## CHAPTER VII.

### PATRIOTIC SERVICE

WITH their two prisoners, Carrots and the young ensign started once more for the shore, still towing the big auxiliary power-boat behind them. To make doubly sure that neither of their slippery customers escaped, they bound them with ropes and took turns watching them.

They had no sooner reached the dock near Merton than twinkling lights in the distance appeared. "That 's the *Scorpion* returning," Martin said. "We must get back to her at once."

"With our prisoners?" asked Carrots.

"Yes, we 'll turn them over to Lieutenant Bedlow to deal with."

"Then we 'll go in the power-boat and leave Mr. Wilson's motor-boat where we found it," replied Carrots. "The boat will be exhibit one and the men, exhibit two. I think that will complete my case."

He grinned as he said this, for circumstances had completely corroborated his story, and young Martin smiled and nodded his head.

The prisoners must have been a little chagrined that their two captors were so young and inexperienced; but if they contemplated any trick to escape, they kept it to themselves. The ensign had trussed them up so securely that there was little chance to loosen the ropes. Then, too, Martin sat before them all the way out to the *Scorpion,* watching them intently for any hostile move, while Carrots devoted his attention to the navigation of the boat.

The lights from the torpedo-boat were in plain sight, but when the power-boat drew nearer they winked a code message to Martin, and then suddenly went out; leaving the black hull in total darkness. Carrots could just make it out, and steered straight for it.

When they climbed aboard the torpedo-boat, compelling their prisoners to go before them,

Lieutenant Bedlow met them with an expression of surprise and pleasure on his face.

"You captured them?" he exclaimed, grasping Carrots by the hand.

"Yes, sir, and their boat, too. We came out in it."

Young Martin saluted, and made his report in a few sentences, leaving the details for Carrots to tell. The group of officers surrounding him listened eagerly to the story of his second series of adventures. They knew how he had met the submarine and had escaped, spending the night on the bell-buoy; but this second adventure seemed to eclipse the other.

"This is lucky for you," the commander of the *Scorpion* said finally. "To tell you the truth, I still had some doubts about that submarine story. But I 'm convinced now. Come into my cabin."

Carrots followed him below where with Martin and several other officers, a consultation was held. Their prisoners were put in the guard-room until they could be turned over to the proper authorities.

"Now that you and Martin have succeeded so well," Lieutenant Bedlow announced finally, addressing Carrots, "I 'm going to trust you to help me carry out my plan. If the submarine got her supplies here, she 'll return later for more. We 'll keep the spies guarded so they cannot communicate with her. Then, when she returns, we 'll pounce upon her."

Carrots nodded, but he was not quite sure what the officer wanted him to do.

"My plan is this," he continued, after a moment's thought. "You go back home and in the daytime cultivate your potatoes. It 's a patriotic work," smiling, "and it will help in more ways than one. Keep an eye on the ocean and also on the bluff. See if any more spies appear in the neighborhood. If they do, report to Martin. He 'll hang around the bay in the cutter to help you if you need assistance, and will report to me after dark."

Carrots understood so far, and nodded his head.

"After dark—every night—you 're to go to the summit of the bluff," the commander went on quietly, "and repeat those signal-lights just as you saw them worked by the spies. You say there were one, two, and then three lights?"

"Yes, sir. It was one, two, three, repeated at short intervals. I saw them plainly."

"Very good. Then you must imitate them. What sort of lights were they?"

"Red lanterns, with reflectors behind them and side-blinders to keep the rays from spreading."

"We 'll provide you with the lanterns and reflectors, then. The rest is up to you. And remember," speaking slowly and impressively, "you 're serving your country, and we trust you."

Carrots felt that he had been called upon to perform a work that was even more important than anything he could do serving in the ranks. Upon his skill and ability depended the capture or destruction of the submarine, which, if allowed to operate freely along the coast, might sink any number of ships and cause great loss of life and property.

The last thing Lieutenant Bedlow said to him as he prepared to leave for home was the injunction: "Be patient. It may be days or weeks before the submarine returns. If she got all the supplies she needed, she may never return. But we must watch and wait patiently for her."

It was late in the evening when Carrots was landed near Merton, and some ten minutes later when he burst into the dining-room of his home. Dora nearly dropped the plate she was carrying. "Good gracious, Andy!" she exclaimed. "Where have you been? We 've been worried to death. What 's the matter with your hand. What 's happened?"

"Oh, a whole lot of things. But I can't tell you. I 'll just say this, Dora," he laughed. "Raising potatoes is a lot more exciting than I thought. I should n't be surprised if—if—"

"Well, what?" she asked impatiently.

"Can't tell you now," was the irritating reply. "My lips are sealed. Orders, you know."

"Orders from whom?"

"Another question I can't answer."

Dora teased to get more from him, but Andy kept his secret. A little nettled by the mystery, she visited the potato-patch several times in the following days. But Andy seemed to have nothing more important in life than to hoe potatoes, and stuck to his job faithfully morning and afternoon.

But in the evening he slipped out of the house and made his way up to the top of the bluff. For a couple of hours each night he set his signal-lights; one, two, three; one, two, three—they blinked out across the sea.

The first night he was all eagerness and excitement; but nothing happened. No answering lights blinked out to tell him that his signal had been seen. The second and third nights were the same.

By that time some of his excitement had subsided. After all, there was no assurance that the submarine would return to the same place for more supplies. She might be hundreds of miles down the coast. Then, too, there was always the possibility that his lights were not exactly the same as those displayed by the spies. The intervals between them might be too long or too short.

This bothered Carrots, and made him wonder if he had the right code signal.

Young Martin visited him occasionally, creeping up to the potato-patch unseen, to summon him into the bushes by a whistle; but there was nothing to report. There were no signs that others were in the plot to supply the submarine.

"Well, keep up the watch and signals," Martin cautioned. "That 's the order."

Carrots stuck to his post faithfully. Every night for a week he kept the signal-lights going for a couple of hours, choosing the time the spies had been on duty. Disappointed each time, he glanced seaward and wondered if the torpedo-boat was off there, waiting and watching. She was never there in the daytime, and at night it was too dark to see her, for all her lights were out or concealed.

Carrots began the second week with many misgivings. It proved a repetition of the first. Night after night he displayed the lights, and worked in the potato-patch by day. Each time Martin visited him he told him to keep it up. Carrots confided his feeling of growing disappointment to the young ensign.

"It 's no worse than sentry duty," was the smiling retort. "A sentry does n't discover an enemy once in a moon, but he has to keep awake every minute of the time."

The submarine did not appear in the second week, and by that time his work at night had become monotonous routine; but Carrots gave just as much care and attention to it as on the first night. He knew that eyes were watching his signals; and if he failed in his duty, it would be known.

Then came a night when Carrots got a shock that made his heart beat like a trip-hammer. He had been repeating the signals for over an hour and was on the point of giving it up for the night, when suddenly, far out at sea, a red light twinkled!

For a moment he could scarcely believe his eyes. Then came another light—two faint pin-points. They wavered slightly and then went out, but a moment later they reappeared.

"The submarine!" he gasped.

His hands trembled. The shock of the discovery almost made him forget his duty. Then, recalling his part in the plan, he began repeating the signals—one, two, three; one, two, three.

The answering lights twinkled back at him. He could see them plainly now. It was not an optical illusion. The submarine was off the coast, and she was talking to him. What was the code signal? Why—simply the lights—one, two, three; one, two, three!

That was all Carrots knew. The spies had not varied the signal, and all he had to do was to repeat it.

But where was the *Scorpion?* Was she on duty, or had she failed to arrive? Had she seen the answering lights, or was she too far out at sea for that?

Carrots was in a high state of excitement. He had carried out his part of the plan, and now had the *Scorpion* failed him? He remembered that the spies, after repeating the signal a certain number of times, had doused their lights and made their way down the bluff to their boat. Would n't the submarine suspect something wrong if he kept on signaling?

"This is the last time," he said finally. "If I keep it up longer, they 'll get suspicious and submerge."

Long after the men had put out their lights, the submarine had kept up hers to guide them to her. Confident that she would do this now, Carrots finally put out the lanterns and tossed them in the bushes. He had done all he could. The rest was up to the *Scorpion.*

"She 's not here," he murmured, straining his eyes seaward. "Or they don't see the submarine's lights!"

It was a moment of depression and disappointment. He wanted to signal to the *Scorpion,* if indeed she was there, but there was no way to attract her attention. The trap had been carefully set and baited, and the victim had entered it; but there was no way to spring it.

Carrots dropped down on the rocks to consider what he could do next. A sudden leap of flame out of the darkness startled him; then another and another—vivid flashes of light that seemed to cut the opaque blackness like a knife. Then came the air-splitting roar of guns, following each other so rapidly that it was impossible to count them separately.

"The *Scorpion!*" Carrots shouted, leaping to his feet.

For a few seconds longer he watched the flashes of light and listened to the roar of the guns. Then, as suddenly as the commotion had begun, it subsided, and the sea was dark and silent again.

Carrots watched and waited for a renewal of the fight. A slight feeling of uneasiness began to depress him. Had that last terrific roar been made by a torpedo? Had the submarine blown up the torpedo-boat? The thought of such an ending of the battle gave him cold chills.

Half an hour later a light suddenly appeared on the water so close inshore that Carrots knew it was from the deck of a small boat. He ran

down the hill as fast as he could, reaching the edge of the bay just as a boat bumped against the dock.

"Is that you, Mr. Martin?" he called.

"Sure it is! Who 'd you expect it was?"

Carrots breathed a sigh of relief. "What happened?" he added, grasping the bow of the boat.

"Sunk the submarine!" was the laconic reply.

"And the *Scorpion?*" anxiously.

"Was n't touched." Then, in a voice of command: "Jump aboard! Lieutenant Bedlow wants to see you."

Carrots got the few details from Martin on the way out. The *Scorpion* had steamed close up to the submarine before her presence was suspected by the men on board, and with her two main batteries at work she had riddled the fragile hull in a twinkling.

"The first shot settled her," Martin finished, "but we kept it up to make sure."

"Any one aboard the submarine saved?"

"The captain and most of the crew. We pulled them out of the sea."

Carrots breathed easier; he was glad that the crew and officers were saved. He did n't like war that killed unnecessarily. He was glad that American sailors and officers did everything to save life after the battle was finished.

Once on the deck of the *Scorpion* Lieutenant Bedlow grasped his hand and patted him on the back. "In my report to the admiral," he said,



"'YOU 'VE PROVED YOURSELF A PLUCKY PATRIOT,' SAID LIEUTENANT BEDLOW"

"I 'll give you full credit for all you 've done. You 've proved yourself a plucky patriot. If you don't want to go back to raising potatoes, I 'll see that a berth is made for you in the Navy."

Carrots hesitated a second, grinning with delight. Then his face grew sober. "I 'd hate to lose all those good potatoes," he said, "now they 're getting ripe. But—"

"Don't do it," interrupted the commander. "Go back and harvest them, and keep an eye on the coast for more spies and submarines. Sometimes the best patriots are those who stay home and do their duty."

Carrots, for the first time in his life, thought maybe there was a grain of truth in this oft-repeated expression. At any rate, he was going to stick to his potatoes until after harvest, even if nothing more exciting happened than a daily battle with potato-bugs.

THE END.

# "POSITIVELY NO SUGAR!"

BY MARGUERITE E. ALLEY

"MOTHER! Come down quick! We 've been to the post-office, and there 's a letter from Walter," called Polly Lindsley.

"Doris is bringing it, and we can't wait! Do hurry, Mother dear!" called the other twin, Patty Lindsley.

Then the front door slammed as the trio entered the house, the helter-skelter twelve-year-old twins followed by their older sister Doris in a more sedate fashion, though the excitement glowed in her cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"Coming, dearies," called down Mother's voice from somewhere upstairs.

While they waited for Mother the twins flung out of their heavy coats, mufflers, and tams and moved restlessly about the hall, watching the stairs.

Doris went into the sitting-room and sat by the sunny window without taking off her wraps, the letter from her soldier brother lying in her lap and her thoughts flying over to the "Somewhere in France" where he was.

Mrs. Lindsley came into the room quietly, the twins hanging to either arm and hopping up and down. She was a quiet little woman, Mrs. Lindsley, whose big, expressive brown eyes and tender, smiling mouth had their own charm.

"A letter from Walter, daughter?" she said, coming over to Doris, and laying a hand on the dreaming girl's shoulder.

"Is n't it splendid, Mother, to hear so soon again?" and Doris turned with a start, and caught her Mother's hand in a quick squeeze, before handing her the welcome letter.

The twins pulled up Mother's cushioned arm-chair, and took their places on the rug at her feet—whenever possible, the twins preferred the floor.

No one stirred while Mother read the letter aloud. That Walter thought often of the home folks was evident as she read:

"It seems as if one about lived on home letters out here, as if they were the only real part of it all; in all the rest one seems part of a great machine, though a necessary one. It 's a recreation half-hour now, and I 'm writing you people from up in the loft of the old barn where I sleep. It 's a good old barn, and it does n't leak so awfully much!

"I can just see you all sitting down for supper—Mother and Dad, the twins squabbling over something, as usual, and Doris in the full dignity of eighteen! Oh, Doris! I can almost taste your luscious fudge! No one ever makes such good chocolate fudge as you—yum! The last Sunday I was home we had some, you remember? Say, Doris, could n't you slip some fudge into the Christmas box? I know you dear folks are surely going to send me a box, and oh, candy is such a rare treat here! The fellows who get it about go crazy, and share their prizes with the rest of us. If I had even one piece of Doris's fudge in my Christmas stocking, I 'd feel Santa had been mighty good to me, only, of course, I could n't pass that around."

There was a moment of silence when the letter was finished, Mrs. Lindsley gazing out of the window with unseeing eyes, trying to keep her lips from trembling. Polly, the more tender-hearted of the twins, openly sobbed,—Walter was so far away, and she did n't know when she would see him again,—laying her head on her Mother's lap.

Doris broke the silence.

"Bless the boy!" she said unsteadily. "He shall have his fudge if I can get the sugar. Have n't we *any* left, Mother?"

"Nothing but a little brown sugar and the loaf-sugar Grandmother has to have for her tea. I could n't take that when her tea is such a comfort to her. Besides, even that would n't make enough for Walter to treat the others," and Mrs. Lindsley sighed and stroked Polly's curly dark hair.

"Can't we buy some?" asked Patty, with wide eyes.

"They have none at the store, Patty, and it 's the same all over the country—just about," explained Doris. "It 's been so ever since October. You see, Pats, we 're sending sugar over to the Allies and for our own troops, and we must use it sparingly, just as we do wheat, to help win the war. That 's why we have johnny-cake and bran muffins and graham bread so often, and——"

"And 'lasses on our cereal every morning?" put in Pats. "Why, I thought it was because we were poor! I 'm glad it 's for the war; it makes it lots more int'resting—just as if it were the Revolutionary War and we were going without things for the soldiers. Don't you like it, Polly?" nudging her twin.

Polly sat up, and wiped her eyes, a joyful idea dawning.

"You have to put butter in the fudge, Doris, don't you? And butter is dreadfully high now, is n't it? So why can't Patty and I go without butter on our bread and give our share for Walter's fudge? We 'd love to do it, would n't we, Pats? Please let us, Mother!" and Polly clasped her mother's knees.

"Well, dears," smiled Mother, "I think Walter

has some dear, unselfish sisters. You may give up your butter if you wish, and we 'll hope that Doris can get some sugar. The papers say the shortage will be over soon. When must we send the Christmas box, Doris?"

"A week from this Thursday. Oh, I can't bear to have Walter disappointed! It seems as if I *must* get that sugar somewhere. I 'll try every one I know in town and see if they won't sell me some. Maybe Mrs. Crosby would. I 'll call her up right now!"




"NO ONE STIRRED WHILE MOTHER READ THE LETTER ALOUD."

But Mrs. Crosby had none to spare; she was so sorry; maybe Mrs. Fuller might have some. Mrs. Fuller had a son in the army herself, she reminded Doris, though only at one of the training-camps, but she wanted to keep him well supplied. Another lady had just used hers for mince-meat; some, like themselves, had none at all. One crochetty old lady had some, to be sure, but refused, saying she guessed the soldiers ought to get along with the necessities and not clamor for candy—it was too childish! *she* never ate candy from one year to the next and—but here Doris indignantly hung up the receiver.

The days sped by and it began to look as if Doris would have to give up the fudge for Walter's box, and content herself with a war candy made of syrup. The twins continued to go without butter, however, and felt hopeful that some way would be found to get the sugar—sister always did what she set out to do! But Doris herself was n't so confident. She had her moments of down-heartedness, feeling she had failed Walter, who, just two years hers senior, had always been her pal.

All the family had had a share in getting ready the contents for the Christmas box. Doris was making a sweater with sleeves — because the young soldier had specially wanted the sleeves, —and it was nearly finished; Dad contributed an electric torch, a new fountain-pen, and the spiral leggings Walter had asked for; Mother had made a cake,—a war cake that tasted like the most delicious of fruit-cakes and would still be fresh and eatable when it reached the boy, —besides heavy gloves and a muffler; Grandmother had knitted a pair of long wristlets. There were, besides, a great many things given by friends; knitted wash-cloths, Khaki handkerchiefs and towels, games and letters galore. Doris had made a snapshot of all the members of the family, down to Pip the cat, each in a characteristic pose; and to these she added others of all old friends and "landmarks,"

as she laughingly called them—all taken with her own little camera. Even the twins had found ways to earn money for purchasing their gifts—Patty buying a package of the new ink-tablets, and a box of writing-paper; while Polly with her earnings had bought some marvelous scented soap, Walter said he wanted some, the stronger the better,—and Polly adored anything in the way of perfumes. And now the box was ready to pack except for the sweater and the fudge.

"Red Cross meeting this afternoon, Doris," remarked Mrs. Lindsley, one Friday," had n't you better stop knitting and get ready to go? It 's nearly two o'clock."

"I don't believe I 'll go, Mother," began Doris, languidly." I want to finish this sweater for Walter to-day, and what 's the use in going when it 's such a freezing day and so icy underfoot? There 'll be hardly any one there, I 'm sure, and they won't do much of anything. They never do when Mrs. Elliott is away."

Doris spoke almost crossly. Mrs. Lindsley looked at her daughter silently. What was the matter with Doris? The sunny head was bent over the sweater with a listless air and—yes, it was a sober, unsmiling Doris who glanced up at the clock with a puckered brow and gloom in her gray eyes.

"What is it, dear?" asked her mother, tenderly. "Worrying about Walter's Christmas candy? My dear little girl, you must n't do that. What would Walter think if he knew his message had had such a result? Any home candy will please him,—the war candy you made for Father's birthday—with the cocoanut and syrup. Won't that do?"

Doris shook her head.

"I 've just set my heart on sending Walter the fudge, and it seems as if I could n't bear to disappoint him."

"I know how you feel, dear, that nothing should be denied him, even if we go without. But I feel that, if it is for the best, we shall get the sugar before it is too late. They have promised you at the store to let you have some of the first that comes in. Don't worry any more, daughter. I really want you to go to the Red Cross now. You know, when they made you secretary, I said you might accept if you would be faithful in your attendance. It will do you good to get out of doors awhile and have to think about something else."

Doris slowly rolled up her work, and put it away in the gay knitting-bag that hung on the arm of the chair. Before she left the room, she went over to her mother and kissed her.

"I 'm a cross old thing, Mummy dear, but I do *so* want Walter to have his fudge."

"That 's my own little daughter!" said her mother, fondly. "Don't worry, dear, but believe we shall be given what is best for us."

Doris, brushing her curly mop of light hair before the little mirror in her cold bedroom, wondered if it would be wrong to pray for some sugar. It was certainly a temporal thing,—and only the Sunday before the minister warned them against praying for temporal things. But she wanted it so much! She started to leave the room, hesitated, then came back and, kneeling by the snowy bed, put into simple words the wish that was in her heart.

There were few workers at the Red Cross meeting, Doris herself being the only young person present. She was kept so busy running the sewing-machine, stitching pajamas and other garments that, as her mother had foreseen, she had no time to worry over the scarcity of sugar.

About half an hour before the close of the meeting another lady arrived. Mrs. Morrison, a young and childless widow, who lived in one of the loveliest old places in the town, with her mother and a retinue of servants. She had given up her usual winter trip to the South and was devoting herself to Red Cross work. Though she entertained a great deal in her big house, she nevertheless found time to keep in touch with all the local activities in this town that had been her husband's birthplace.

Drawn into the busy group that was basting garments, Mrs. Morrison joined in the chat, in the course of which she spoke of a luncheon which she was to give on the following Wednesday to some friends from New York.

"And at the Grange Fair I saw some really adorable little baskets for salted nuts, made of tatting—simply charming! I would give anything to know who exhibited them so that I could buy them for my luncheon," she said.

"Why, Doris Lindsley made them, and has them yet, I guess," said Mrs. Winthrop, trying to thread her needle in the fading light. "Doris!" raising her voice.

But Doris, whirring the machine, had not heard the conversation and did not hear the call. So, her seams basted, Mrs. Morrison went over to Doris to tell her about the nut-baskets, and how she had coveted them since the day of the fair.

"I 'm so glad you liked my baskets," said Doris, with a flush of pleasure, "but I made them for Aunt Marian and sent them to her Thanksgiving Day."

"Oh dear!" said Mrs. Morrison "and I had quite set my heart on them. You don't suppose" —impulsively, "I hesitate to ask you—but if only you 'd be willing to make me a duplicate set by

next Wednesday, I 'd be ever so grateful. And would you think five dollars enough for them?"

Doris hesitated. Five dollars was a large sum to earn at once, and it would work wonders with her Christmas list; but it would take hours to make the baskets, and—why had n't she thought of that before?—the baskets had to be stiffened with a syrup made of sugar and water—and she had no sugar.

When she told Mrs. Morrison of the latter difficulty Mrs. Morrison laughed gaily:

"No sugar? Oh, but I have! Lots of it. You see, I bought my usual supply this spring, but I have been away so much this summer that we have n't used much. So if that 's the only difficulty, Miss Lindsley, why bring the baskets to my house when they 're made, and I 'll have everything ready for you to make the syrup and dip them. And thank you so much!"

Doris walked home in a daze. To think that Mrs. Morrison had "lots" of sugar on hand! It seemed unbelievable.

When she told the family what she had promised to do, there were many comments.

"How lovely to earn five dollars!" sighed Patty.

"What are you going to buy for Walter?" from Polly.

To her mother alone did she speak of the sugar.

"Do you suppose she would pay me some of the five dollars in sugar, Mother?" she asked eagerly. "Dare I ask her? She was kind as could be, but I feel so shy and awkward in talking with her."

"I would n't feel that,—she 's really just like every one else, except for her wider opportunities. Just be yourself with her, and I 'm sure she will be glad to let you have the sugar."

Doris started her baskets that night, and by three o'clock on Tuesday she had them finished and was on her way to Mrs. Morrison's. The maid who admitted her said that Mrs. Morrison was busy at the moment, but had left word that if Miss Lindsley came, she was to be shown to the kitchen, where everything was ready for her.

The maid took her coat and hat, and led the



" 'YOU SEE,' SHE WENT ON HURRIEDLY, 'IT 'S FOR MY BROTHER IN FRANCE.' " (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

way to the immense and immaculate kitchen. The syrup was soon made, and the baskets dipped and placed to stiffen near the giant range.

They were scarcely dried when the maid came to say that Mrs. Morrison wanted Doris to bring the baskets up to her room if they were ready; so Doris followed up the broad stairs to Mrs. Morrison's door.

The mistress of the house was sitting on the seat of a long casement window, among a nest of blue-and-gold pillows. The blue silk negligée, and the pretty golden hair hanging in two heavy braids made her look surprisingly girlish. The room itself was all blue-and-gold, and Doris's beauty-loving eye rested with delight on all the pretty details, from the dainty toilet articles on the dressing-table to the canary singing in his golden cage in the sunshine.

"It looks like the room of the Princess in the "Blue-and-Gold Fairy-book!" she cried impulsively. Mrs. Morrison smiled and drew the girl down beside her on the window-seat.

"These baskets are exquisite, Doris—may I call you Doris? It was dear of you to help me out! I know my friends will think them just as lovely as I do. You are a wonder with the shuttle. I never could get beyond the first steps of tatting—too stupid to learn, I suppose, or not enough perseverance to keep trying. I don't really feel that five dollars is enough for all the skill and patience these represent."

The time had come!

"It 's more than enough," Doris began, her right hand clutching her brother's letter, which she had slipped into the pocket of her dress to give her courage for the interview; "but I 've been wondering if you would mind paying me partly in sugar. You see," she went on hurriedly, seeing the surprise in Mrs. Morrison's face, "it 's for my brother in France. We have n't any white sugar left, except a little for Grandmother's tea, and Walter, my brother, does n't know about the scarcity of sugar here, of course, and in his last letter he begged me to make him some of his favorite fudge, and send it in his Christmas box—he 's longed so for some, and they do miss such sweets out there. We are getting the box ready, and it must surely leave by day after to-morrow, and we 've tried everywhere, and we can't buy any white sugar. And —and I 'd be willing to do almost anything to get Walter his fudge, poor boy, over in that terrible place where the fighting is!"

There were tears in Doris's eyes when she finished,—and she had to bite her lip and stare hard down at the clenched hand lying in her lap to keep the tears from falling. But even then, two big salty tears fell just as Mrs. Morrison laid her left hand over Doris's.

"Dear child!" and Doris was thrilled by the sweetness of her voice, "of course you may have sugar! All you want! I had no idea there was such a shortage and that people were actually going without. I have been very thoughtless. I must see what I can do about it to-morrow.

"And I am so glad to have a share in gratifying your brother's wish. You see, I have no one to go to the war,—my brother would have gone if he had lived, and my husband—they would have felt the call and gone to help brave France. I have been working over helmets and sweaters to send to our boys,—but oh, how I 've envied the people who could send a soldier. I would go myself as a worker if it was n't for leaving Mother; she is so dependent, and I am all she has."

Then Doris drew out Walter's letter and read it aloud, sure of a sympathetic listener; and she told all about the Christmas box and its contents.

Doris did n't walk home that night—she flew, in spite of the fact that her arms were loaded with bundles—or rather because of that fact.

"Oh, people!" she cried." I 'm so thrilled! What do you suppose?" Talking excitedly, the family gathered about her; she tore open one package after another—all for Walter's box. Foremost of all was the bag containing five pounds of the precious white sugar—all she would allow Mrs. Morrison to give her.

"And, Mother, four pounds will be quite enough to make fudge for Walter to treat all the boys, and I want to take the fifth pound down to old Mrs. Peabody,—she 'll think the angels in heaven sent it to her, it 'll be so welcome! She has n't had any for weeks." And Doris laughed.

"Oh, it 's too wonderful to be true," said Polly, dancing about the room and clapping her hands.

"And to think she gave you that gold piece, too, in that dear little box!" murmured Patty. "But do open the other bundles, Doris."

Such fun to open them! There was a helmet Mrs. Morrison had knitted, as well as a sleeveless sweater that Walter was to pass on to some less fortunate lad, four pairs of knitted socks, another muffler, and packages of dates, figs, and preserved goodies,—all for their soldier boy at the front.

"Was n't she wonderful, Mother?" cried Doris. "I 'll make the fudge to-night, and we 'll pack the box and send if off to-morrow—a whole day ahead of time! Is n't it glorious, Dad? Oh, just suppose I had n't gone to the Red Cross last Friday when you wanted me to, Mother?"

"I told you to trust, dear, and you did," said her mother, smiling at the radiant girl, "now come and eat your supper."

# LOST ISLAND

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR AND H. P. HOLT

## Chapter XII.

### LOST ISLAND!

Followed by Jim, they scrambled into their boat, and shot the sails up; and in a few minutes the *Nautilus* was bobbing her way out of Shavay Bay on a course almost due southeast, her bows being in a straight line for Fanning Island. From the latter place Tempest intended to take his bearings, and then veer slightly to the south in the direction of the island Joe Flagg had indicated on the chart.

"I 'll tell you what, Tempest," the boy said when the sails were bellying and the waves were flopping against the boat's nose, "if we do happen to have made a mistake in judging Mr. Flagg, and he 's only gone to pay a visit to some one, he will think us a queer lot to have bolted like this."

"*If!*" commented Tempest, grimly. "I 've got a good deal of faith in human nature, my lad, but I 'd rather believe our friend was 'way back in his precious Dogtooth City than where he is at this minute. Foxy old rascal! He 'd have given his ears for a breeze like this during the day. As it is, I don't believe he can be much more than two or three hours' sailing in front of us. Who would have thought of him sneaking off like that? I don't know whether he expected we should smell a rat and come after him quickly, but he reckoned on getting a full day's lead of us anyhow."

"It will be an interesting moment when we do meet him," Dave said with a smile.

"He will be polite, even under those circumstances, and try to work in a few funny stories. I 've met his kind before."

"By the way," said Dave, seriously, "does it occur to you to wonder what will happen if Flagg does happen to get there first and collar the platinum?"

"It does n't," replied Tempest. "I know. It is a case of 'finding 's keeping.' The first party to grab that treasure has just as much right to it, legally, as he has to his own bank balance. That is why we are not going to stop to gather daisies on the way. As a matter of fact, if only we can find our way without wasting too much time, Mr. Flagg won't have had a chance to do much by the time we arrive on the scene; and then there is likely to be some fun."

"*Fun!*" Dave exclaimed.

"Well," said Tempest, "as the heads of nations put it, we shall have severed diplomatic relations. In other words, if we find Joe Flagg picking the bones of the old *Hatteras,* the fat will be in the fire."

"It was a mean trick," Dave commented, gloomily.

"Oh, cheer up!" Tempest laughed. "It 's all in the game. If you will come treasure-hunting, you must be prepared to hit a snag or two, or a head or two if necessary. I rather look forward to hearing what he has to say on the subject."

A little wisp of spray shot over the side as the *Nautilus* plunged before the wind, which was increasing as the night wore on.

"That 's right, blow!" said Tempest, hanging on to the tiller and gripping the stem of his pipe hard with his teeth. "I 'd hate a dead calm just now."

"It looks like a dirty night," said Dave.

"Well, we can't wash it," the other replied, grinning. "It 's 'neck or nothing' now. There is no turning back for us, and I give you my word it will have to be a lot dirtier than this before Flagg shortens sail or tries to take shelter. He has a pretty fair idea now that the hounds are at his heels. Is n't she a peach in a strong wind, eh?"

The *Nautilus* was certainly acquitting herself most creditably. She careened over under the pressure of wind, but shipped nothing except flying spume.

"I only hope that mast is n't rotten," Tempest said, glancing upward. "We should be properly in the soup if that snapped."

"Are you thinking of taking in a reef?"

"Take in nothing! We 'll nail our colors to the mast, so to speak, Dave. If the thing goes bust we go bust too, so far as getting anywhere is concerned. All the same, I 'm glad those halyards are of fairly new manila."

Jim, who did not know precisely what this new game Dave and Tempest were playing was, sat steadying the boat and staring hour after hour over the black expanse of water. He knew they were bound for an island, and that the pair were looking for a wreck; but beyond that he was not concerned. They had all been distressed mariners together, and therefore had a bond of sympathy between them. Moreover, he had nowhere else to go, and might just as well be on the *Nautilus* as anywhere else.

"Grr," he muttered suddenly about midnight, peering almost straight ahead. "Him light over there."

The others looked but could see nothing.

"Sure?" asked Tempest.

"Him light not there now. Him gone," said the Kanaka.

"That 's strange," said Dave. "What do you make of it, Tempest? It could n't have been the *Firefly*, could it?"

"Can't say. These Kanakas have wonderful sight, but the *Firefly* must be a long way off."

"But they won't be carrying regulation lights, any more than we are."

"That's true, but I expect they have some sort of a lamp on board like ours, to keep an eye on the compass, and one of them may have been holding it up at that minute. All the same, we have to take our hats off to Jim if he really did see it."

Although the wind continued to blow moderately hard that night, it was steady, and therefore caused no particular anxiety. The *Nautilus* was eating up the knots like a racer, and Tempest awaited dawn anxiously, in the hope of sighting Fanning Island.

"Keep your eyes skinned for land, Jim," he said.

Jim merely nodded. The sky was growing fairly light when he pointed with a brown forefinger away on the starboard bow.

"Him land!" he declared.

"Rubbish!" commented Tempest. "That 's a bit of a cloud on the horizon."

Dave was leveling the binoculars in the direction.

"He 's right, Tempest," he said.

"Gee, but that 's fine!" said Tempest. "I hardly expected to hit it off quite as near as that, not knowing anything about the currents. Allow me to remark, Dave, that that was some feat of seamanship on my part. Jim, you bottle-nosed squab, glue your eyes to these glasses and tell me if you see anything of a sailing boat in the offing. There 's a friend of mine in it, and I particularly want to say 'good morning' to him."

Jim obeyed instructions, and searched in every direction without success.

"I guess they 've taken a short cut," Tempest observed. "Flagg did n't have to make Fanning Island first. Well, well, that's a point in his favor. It puts him another hour, or maybe two, ahead. I hope one of his sails splits, and that 's the most charitable thing I can say for him."

As the breeze remained steady and there was no indication of any change in the weather, Tempest gave the tiller to Dave during the morning, and snatched a couple of hours' sleep, curled up in the bottom of the boat. It was afternoon when the boy aroused him. He would not have done so then, but for the unexpected happening. Within the space of twenty minutes the wind developed a chilly tang, and ominous clouds gathered overhead.

The weather-wise Kanaka constantly glanced upwards, but made no comment until a sudden rain squall hit them.

"We 'll have um sea get up pretty soon," he said then, without any change of expression.

"You 're right, I believe, Jim," Dave agreed. "This is where we rouse the skipper, I guess."

Tempest frowned as he took the tiller again. He did not like the look of things. They had taken a chance in a small open boat, and if a real storm broke they would be entirely at its mercy, for they were many miles from the nearest shelter.

Three minutes later the wind dropped to a dead calm and the sails hung limp, while a curious yellow tinge developed in the northern sky.

"Now we 're in for it!" Tempest muttered. "Here, Jim, you hang on to this rudder. Dave, the mainsail, quick," he added, letting go the sheet. "That 's right. Now the jib—stop! It 's too late. Hang on for your life. Here she comes."

A furious blast struck the *Nautilus* on the starboard quarter. The little craft quivered and then wallowed in a welter of seething water. The jib gave a crack like a mighty whip, one rope tore away, and the canvas flapped madly as it hung over the side. Tempest gave one glance at it, decided nothing could be done to make it secure in such an emergency, and crawled to the Kanaka's side. At all costs they had to keep the boat running before the wind. She was slewing round desperately, spun by the corkscrew action of the growing waves. In an incredibly short space of time the whole surface of the ocean had become a smother of white, boiling crests, with yawning valleys of water between them. At one moment the trim little *Nautilus* was buried down, down, with great swirling walls on every side. Then she climbed, stern first, up the side of an endless hill of green, pausing dizzily at the crest and careening over perilously under the pressure of wind.

Instead of moderating, the gale grew steadily worse, and both Dave and Tempest thought their end was approaching. There seemed no possible hope of the *Nautilus* keeping afloat. A dozen times she was on the verge of being swamped, but always struggled bravely to right herself.

"It 's my fault, lad," Tempest said, gripping the boy's hand. "I ought to have had more sense."

Dave's face was white. He looked a little older at that fearful moment. It was terribly

hard to have to lie there, braced up against a seat, and do nothing but wait.

"Nobody could have known this was coming," he said quietly.

For about half an hour the storm lashed the surface of the sea with unbridled fury, and then, with startling suddenness, the wind dropped. Tempest did not trust this latest antic of the gale. There was something majestic and awe-inspiring about the turbulent water without a breath of wind blowing. He cast an eye at the jib, which now swung like a pendulum as the *Nautilus* rocked. At any minute the storm might smash down on them again.

"You stop there," he said to the boy; and made his way for'ard to save the sail while the chance lasted. He had barely accomplished this when the treacherous wind struck the *Nautilus* once more. It seemed, however, to have spent most of its energy. Warily Tempest made his way to a locker and began fumbling in it for a sea-anchor which he remembered was there.

"We may win out yet," he said to Dave, with a return of his old optimism, as he attached a few yards of rope to the canvas bag and heaved it over the bows. The steadying effect of the dragging bag was noticeable immediately, keeping the craft head on with its resistance.

After that there remained nothing to do but let the gale wear itself out. It was impossible to get anything to eat or drink, for the little craft never stopped dancing crazily. It was very near sunset when there came a marked moderation of the wind.

"Put um sail up bimeby," commented Jim.

"You 've said it," agreed Tempest. "The worst is over, and it 's getting better all the time. This is where we thank our lucky stars, if we have any. I don't mind admitting now that I did n't expect to be alive by night. What do you say, Jim?"

Jim shrugged his shoulders. Whatever his feelings were, he was not in the habit of exhibiting them.

"We have some grub now, eh?" he said.

With this practical suggestion the others heartily agreed. Now that immediate danger was past they felt half starved.

During the day Tempest had constantly kept an eye on his compass, and he calculated that they must have been blown a dozen or more miles off their course. The first thing to do was to take a reef in the mainsail and get back in the proper direction. A tremendous ground-swell was running, but the water was no longer broken. The *Nautilus* bumped and thudded her way through it heavily, shaking her occupants like peas in a pan; but Tempest was able to keep her running until dawn, by which time he believed they must be arriving somewhere near their destination. Two islands loomed up during the forenoon, and after a careful consultation of the chart it was decided that these probably lay to the north of the one which they were seeking.

Tempest bent his course south accordingly, and was greatly elated a few hours later to pick up the outline of land.

## Chapter XIII

### Shots from the Beach

It was Jim, as usual, who first caught sight of it, and Dave looked at it for a long time through the binoculars, full of wonder and hope. Either they were doomed to disappointment, or this was the mysterious place that they had struggled so persistently to reach.

"I 'd give something to know just what happened to the *Firefly* in that gale," he said, turning to Tempest.

"So would I," was the reply. "They had their full share of it, you may be certain, but, as we weathered it, it 's most likely that they did the same unless an unlucky wave flopped on board and foundered them."

"If that is Lost Island, I suppose we shall soon have a fair idea of what happened to Joe Flagg," said Dave.

"You can wager your last cent on that. If they have n't got ashore there by now, they never will step ashore anywhere on this earth. It 'll be a comical situation, anyway, to meet them. I can almost hear Flagg already saying: 'Dear me, what a surprise! Now, when I was in Dogtooth City—' "

Another hour brought the *Nautilus* so close that it was possible to get a fair notion of the island's appearance through the glasses. Both Dave and Tempest were filled with suppressed excitement. There certainly was a prominent hill there, which might have been cast up by volcanic action, but from where they lay it bore no resemblance either to a camel or any other animal.

Dave spoke of that fact in disappointed tones.

"Shucks! What of it?" said Tempest, encouragingly. "You don't know where the lagoon is yet, if there is one there. Probably you can't see the resemblance except from that side. Patience, sonny. It is early yet to give up hope. Wait till we get closer in and then we will make a little trip right round the place on the lookout for zoölogical specimens like camels."

There were many dangerous rocks, some of them only half submerged, when they got within a mile of the coast, making navigation a hazard-

ous business. Tempest placed Jim in the bows on the lookout for snags, and decided to beat his way round the northern point of the island. More than once a warning shout from the Kanaka only just saved them from tearing out the bottom of the *Nautilus* on a jagged peak; and it was a relief when they got round to the western side to find the water there clear of such death-traps.

All the time Dave's eyes were glued on the crag-strewn hill, on which he sought feverishly to distinguish something remotely resembling a camel.

"Gee," exclaimed Tempest at last, "if there is n't a lagoon down there, I 'll eat my hat! We shall be able to make sure on that point soon, anyway."

"The camel, Tempest! The camel!" Dave shouted a few minutes later as they got farther to the south. "Don't you see it?"

"It 's a funny sort of camel," the other commented with a dry smile. "Wait till we get a bit down the coast. It may show up a little clearer then."

"It *is* the camel, Tempest. Look! Look!" Dave cried, as the formation of the hill gradually resolved itself into the shape he was looking for. The resemblance was by no means perfect. Its most noticeable feature was the hump in the middle. Farther behind there was a rising sweep which might roughly be spoken of as the hind quarters of the animal. The shoulders were fairly distinct, and also the rise of the neck, but there was no head.

"Great guns and little fishes, Dave, but you're right! We 're there at last. Now, where the dickens is the entrance to this lagoon? We don't want to smash up now after all our trouble. Jim, you tinted heathen, how do you reckon we can get in?"

The Kanaka stood up and surveyed the reef of rocks which formed the lagoon.

"Maybe p'raps over there," he said, pointing. "Go easy."

The islander's instinct proved right. He directed Tempest to the only channel leading into the calm water beyond the reef.

"You 've never seen this place before, I suppose; have you, Jim?" Tempest asked.




"'THE CAMEL, TEMPEST! THE CAMEL!' DAVE SHOUTED."

The Kanaka nodded, but without taking his eyes from the channel ahead of them. "Never been on him, though. He called Tai-o-Vai. Used to sail past sometimes long time ago."

"Tai-o-Vai, eh?" said Dave. "Why did n't you tell us so before?"

"You did n't ask him, idiot," laughed Tempest. "Probably he 's never seen a camel in his life, so it 's no use pulling off that stunt. Jiminy! but is n't this one pretty lagoon?"

Dave did not answer. They were just rounding a bend, and the boy put one hand on Tempest's shoulder, pointing with the other.

"As I live," Tempest exclaimed, "it 's the remains of the old *Hatteras* after all!"

The wreck lay embedded in the sand, just as the ancient mariner had described it in Brooklyn so long ago. She was not in an excellent state of preservation, but the mere sight of her gladdened the hearts of the adventurers.

Tempest pulled the tiller over and turned the nose of the *Nautilus* straight toward the remains of the old bark. They were within about four hundred yards of her when the sharp crack of a rifle echoed over the water, and a bullet skimmed the surface uncomfortably near.

"Somebody is at home!" said Tempest, with a puzzled expression. "I suppose that is just to show us how pleased they are to see us."

He jibed the boat, which then lay with her sails flapping.

"It 's Flagg," Dave suggested.

"Dear old Joe Flagg, late of Dogtooth City," Tempest muttered. "And he sent that bullet as a present. The old villain was n't drowned in that gale, Dave."

"What are you going to do now?" the boy asked. "We 're not going to turn tail at this stage."

"If Mr. Flagg imagines that one shot from a pop-gun is going to keep us off, he never made a bigger mistake in his life," Tempest said. "But as it is a question of life and death when people are throwing lead around, we 'd better come to an understanding. I know you 're no coward, Dave, but I don't want to take chances without you agreeing. What do you say?"

"I 'm game for anything," said the boy. "Perhaps he only intended to frighten us off. He would hardly be likely to shoot us in cold blood when we get near, would he?"

"Jim, your skin is as precious to you as ours is to us," Tempest said. "Are you agreeable to running the risk of looking like a sieve?"

"Sieve?" the Kanaka repeated without understanding.

"There 's a kindly disposed gentleman over there who wants to make little holes in us with a gun, and he may do so if we go much nearer. But we particularly do want to go nearer. Do you mind?"

Jim shrugged his shoulders.

"Good enough," said Tempest. "Now, Joe Flagg, we 'll just see a little further into this matter. I 'll have a word with you if it kills me."

He brought the boat round and she moved once more toward the wreck. There was no sign of any human being ashore. The *Nautilus* ran another hundred yards without interruption before the crack of another shot rang out, and there was a splash sixty feet ahead of them.

"Keep your heads ducked well down, boys," said Tempest. "He could n't shoot a haystack in a passage. If only we can get ashore we may be all right."

They were twenty yards from the beach when a bullet crashed through the side of the *Nautilus* just above her water-line, and grazed Jim's leg.

At the same moment the form of Joe Flagg emerged from the trees. Holding his rifle up menacingly, he advanced to meet the incoming boat.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Flagg," greeted Tempest. "You 're looking very well. Pretty scenery about here, is n't it?"

"If you come any nearer, I 'll shoot the lot of you," snarled the fat man. There was nothing urbane about his manner. The mask was off now.

"You 're not feeling very well, Mr. Flagg," said Tempest. "Perhaps you had a bad night's rest. I 'm afraid you 've had a long journey and you must be tired."

"This island is private property," snapped Flagg. "It 's mine, see? And I don't allow any trespassing. Keep off, or there 'll be a quick funeral."

"You 've bought it in a mighty hurry," replied Tempest. "You don't happen to have the title-deeds about you, do you? Now, don't try to be funny," he added sharply. "We 're a long way from civilization, but even in the middle of the Pacific you can't kill people with impunity. There 's a law against it, you know, Mr. Flagg."

"Dead men don't tell tales," Flagg snapped, "and I warn you you 'll be as dead as mutton if you land here. It 's my island, and I won't have any one on it."

"I hate to argue with you under the circumstances," said Tempest, "but I 'm afraid I don't believe that yarn. Now, listen, I 'll make you a little business proposition."

"What is it?" asked Flagg.

"We will assume that we are all here for the same purpose."

"I 'm not here for my health," said Flagg ungraciously.

"Precisely. You came after our treasure."

"That 's my business."

"And it is mine, too, Mr. Flagg," said Tempest.

"If I had a gun, I should n't feel inclined to be so amiable about it, either. However, I 'll make you a sporting offer, to save further unpleasantness. You 've been very good to us at your home, even if you did finish up with a sneaking trick by trying to steal a march on us. Look here, I 'll agree to give you a third of anything we may find."

"Nothing doing," replied Flagg, without a moment's hesitation. He was perfectly aware that he held the trump card in his hand, and moreover he was not in the mood to accept anything less than the lot.

"Now be reasonable," Tempest urged. "We may have an awful lot of trouble before we get it, anyway, even if we ever do get it, and so we might just as well be friends instead of enemies. Because you don't think we 're going to slip away quietly and leave you in possession of the field, do you?"

"I neither know nor care. Clear out."

"But I told you we were not going to clear out."

"That's up to you," said Flagg, in level tones. "I 'm tired of this. If you like getting shot, that 's your own affair."

Without further warning he pulled the trigger again, and a splinter jumped into the air from the gunwale of the *Nautilus*.

"You murderous old crook!" shouted Dave.

"That 's nothing. I 'm only finding the range," Flagg said with a mirthless laugh as the rifle spoke once more.

"It 's no use committing suicide," muttered Tempest, swinging the boat round. "Good afternoon, Mr. Flagg. I hope you will take great care of your health until I see you again. I 'm afraid you 're not exactly in training, so I shall anticipate the pleasure of giving you the biggest walloping you ever had when I wade into you."

Flagg's reply, as the *Nautilus* began to gather speed, was another shot which ricochetted past.

"All right," Tempest shouted back over his shoulder. "You 're only storing up trouble for yourself."

"Is n't he a nice, kind-hearted gentleman?" commented Dave. "Let 's try to land somewhere on the other side of the island."

"We can try," said Tempest, "but to tell you the truth I don't think we shall stand a dog's chance. That brute does n't mean to stop at anything. I believe he would polish off the lot of us without the slightest scruple. There was nothing playful about the way he handled that gun of his, you must remember. And I do hate being shot on a Tuesday. This is Tuesday, is n't it? The blooming island is so small that he can dodge round as fast as we can. However, we 'll fool him if we can. Here goes."

Tempest ran the boat straight out to sea until the sun dipped under the horizon. It was far from dark, for the stars were aggravatingly bright, and a full moon was soon due to appear on the scene.

"It 's a chance," Tempest said, as he headed once more for Tai-o-Vai, "but an extremely rotten chance. We 'll see what we can do at the back of the island now. But I doubt whether we could make a landing there, anyhow, because of the surf."

A slight haze partly obscured the moon when it rose, but there was far too much light to please Dave and Tempest, who would have liked a coal-black night for such work as they had on hand. Trusting to memory to avoid the dangerous patch of rocks through which they had threaded their way earlier in the day, they made a wide detour, and then headed straight for the surf. The thunderous roar of it reached them when they were still a quarter of a mile off.

"That sounds lively, does n't it?" Dave commented. "There 's no earthly hope of making the beach in that without smashing up the *Nautilus*, and probably ourselves, too."

"Jim," said Tempest, "you can see like a cat in the dark. Can you tell us how we 're going to get ashore?"

The Kanaka shook his head. This was a problem beyond him.

"Maybe p'raps there 's a li'le cove somewhere along here," he suggested. "Try bit furth' down."

"All right," said Tempest. "It 's rocky along there, and we can't see where we are going, so don't be surprised if we have to swim for it all of a sudden."

More by good fortune than by good management they escaped piling the boat up, and, sure enough, Jim piloted them to a sheltered cove.

"'Pon my word, I believe we 've caught him napping, Dave," Tempest said as they approached the beach.

"There 's no sign of anybody," agreed the boy, eagerly scanning the shore.

They were within fifty yards—forty—thirty.

Crack! A little spurt of light flashed out and a bullet sang its way over their heads.

Tempest ground his teeth. Had he been alone he would have made a dash for it. Reluctantly he put the helm over and swung the boat away again.

"That is one extra thump in the ribs he will get from me when we do meet," he said bitterly. "Hang me if I know what we are going to do now! We can't mess about like this indefinitely."

"He certainly has got us in a corner," said the boy.

"It is a corner we have got to wriggle out of, somehow," observed Tempest. "I think I 've got a scheme that will work, though. It seems to me the only way. Desperate situations demand desperate measures. Dave, I want you to stop in the *Nautilus,* whatever happens, until I tell you to come ashore. I 'm going to swim to the beach."

"And what then?"

"I 'll deal with Flagg once I get on dry land with him. We 'll go round to the lagoon, where the wreck is. That is the best place."

"But he 'll shoot you the moment he sets eyes on you."

"He 'll probably try to, but I 'm going to take the risk. I may be able to take him off his guard."

"Um rain pretty soon, pretty hard," said the Kanaka, sniffing the air as they ran round to the lagoon. Clouds were already gathering.

"Tempest, let 's wait a while and see exactly what is going to happen. I 've got an idea that we might be able to land after all, without your running an almost certain chance of getting hit with a bullet."



"THE FORM OF JOE FLAGG EMERGED FROM THE TREES."

A few heavy drops were beginning to fall, and the light was failing.

"If a regular tropical shower does come down, that will work the trick," Tempest said.

Almost as he spoke, the patter of the raindrops increased. They got through the channel into the lagoon just in time before the shower became a drenching storm, blotting everything out of sight.

"Now for it!" said Tempest. "Not a sound, boys!"

*(To be continued)*

# BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

## THE CRITICISM CONTEST—"CRANFORD"

My readers have sent in many interesting papers on "Cranford,"—good studies of the book, with skill in writing down the impression it produced. Some were remarkably good, considering the age of the writers. Naturally, "Cranford" is not the book for children of eight or ten to appreciate in its entirety. The fact that they have found it delightful and have written their ideas concerning it is a proof that it is good to have of the book's universal appeal. I would gladly publish their papers if I could, for they are singularly pleasing. One, especially, by Prioleau Duane, only eight, is so clever and amusing and naïve, reveals such interest and such application, that I laid it aside with regret. Its opening sentence, "I think the Cranford ladies are very polite," awakens your interest; and "I wonder what Mr. Peter told about India," "I think the ladies in Cranford were very good housekeepers," and "I wonder why the ladies did n't marry very much," show Prioleau read the story attentively and felt its reality. But it is the older writers who must get the honors in a competition of this kind.

I am giving first place to Marjorie Seligman, of Cambridge, England, because of the style of her offering as well as its keen perception of the values of the book under discussion. The second prize goes to Gwynne Almon Abbott, of New Haven, Connecticut, for her excellent contribution, showing clearly the particular impression produced on herself by reading the story, as well as giving a first-rate summing up of the book's general appeal, its style and quality. The third prize is allotted to Eleanor Hebblethwaite, of São Paulo, Brazil, for her charming little study.

Now come the honorable mentions, crowding very close on the prize-winners, as always: first I will put the paper by Dorothy V. A. Fuller, age 14, of Phoenix, Arizona, written so naturally, with no constraint at all, fluent and interesting. Also, Dorothy shows the most engaging appreciation of the humor of the book. Next comes the criticism of Helen M. Knubel, age 16, of New York City, beginning with a quotation from Charlotte Brontë on Mrs. Gaskell, and amplifying on this theme most successfully. These two, and the two that follow, one by Virginia Louise Hurlbut, age 17, of Montclair, New Jersey, the other by M. Louise Dallet, age 15, of Cheney, Pennsylvania, are on a par. Katherine Greenleaf, of San José, California, not yet fifteen years old, emphasizes the fact that the characters of "Cranford" really belong to all time. Josephine W. Focht, age 13, of Lansdown, Pennsylvania, gives us a real feeling for the intimate charm of the story; Dorothy Eddy, only twelve, of Berkeley, California, writes a remarkable appreciation for her age; and a clever paper by Agnes MacDonald, of New Rochelle, New York, expresses the affection that the story aroused in her, the feeling it gives that this world is a pretty fine sort of place, after all.

And there I shall have to stop. But, children, you write altogether too well! Choosing the best among the lot of your papers is a difficult job, and ruling so many of you out of the count is the hardest part of all, for there is not one paper that is not worth notice, that has not its own excellence.

### "CRANFORD"

BY MARJORIE SELIGMAN (AGE 17)

*First Prize*

How often have I wished that I were a great author, with such a flow of words at my command that I could paint everything which appeals to me most, so that others would enjoy and appreciate it, too!

And what is more deserving of admiration than "Cranford"? Dear, delightful book, what hours of pleasure you have given me!

Quaint little *Miss Matty,* how I love you and all your old-fashioned ways! How surprised you would be if you knew what a charming character you were, and how you would blush and say, "Oh, no, my dear! my sister, Miss Jenkins, was a much better woman!" Who will ever forget that austere dame, and her admiration of Johnson's works? Little *Miss Matty* believed her perfect in all respects; and how the other inhabitants of Cranford looked up to her!

What an amusing group of old-fashioned ladies they were: *Miss Pole,* agog with curiosity and eager for gossip; *Miss Barker,* famed for her flannel-coated Alderney; haughty *Mrs. Jamieson;* kindly *Lady Glenmire,* who later became *Mrs. Hoggins;* faithful *Martha;* and *Mary Smith,* who tells the tale.

*Mary* seems to have been a most attractive girl, with such winning ways that everybody is glad when she comes on a visit. We know her to be sensible, affectionate and kind-hearted, for it is through her exertions that *Miss Matty's* future happiness is forever assured.

We are told that Cranford was essentially a town of ladies—one can imagine the stir caused by the arrival of *Captain Brown.* What a charming man he was, and how popular he made himself! We all feel his death deeply—even that was glorious, for he gave his life to save another's.

Who, I wonder, can read the story of *Miss Matty* and *Thomas Holbrook* without the print growing dim before their eyes? What fond hopes and expectations

lie buried with the little white gown, destined never to be worn? That is the beauty of "Cranford"; it mingles the bitter with the sweet, and tells so simply, yet truly, all the little incidents of a quiet country town that we seem to experience them, too.

Gossip was rife—but never ill-natured; any change, however slight, was hailed as a great excitement. How the village was thrilled when *Peter Jenkins,* who went away as a bright and merry lad, returned as a brighter and merrier old gentleman! What wonderful stories he told of his experiences abroad, and how the dear ladies hung on each word! He was always a sad tease, was *Peter!*

We read the last chapter with a smile in our hearts and on our lips. The book is finished. With a start we realize we are not in that past,—full of as fragrant memories as an old-world garden,—but living in the grim reality of the present, and a sigh escapes us as the book is laid down.

## "CRANFORD"

BY GWYNNE ALMON ABBOTT (AGE 17)

*Second Prize*

Our first feeling toward "Cranford" is one of disappointment. We take up a book which we believe is going to be an interesting story, and find that it is all about a community of spinsters. The author, however, is quite frank about her intention. She gives us the theme of the book in the first sentence. She is so determined to tell us about Cranford that we begin to think there must be something interesting about it, after all. So we decide to go on reading.

I think that the chief charm of "Cranford" is its extreme simplicity, its utter lack of any pretense. The author is not trying to hold our interest by a complicated and impossible story, or to arouse our amusement by anything the least bit unnatural or grotesque. She means only to give us a picture of Cranford as she sees it and knows it and loves it; and it is her success in this that makes the success of the book. The picture is truly a work of art, the exquisite detail of which takes nothing from the main design, but adds a wonderful finish by a quantity of delicate touches. It is these that make the drawing so extraordinarily vivid. The author is so well acquainted with the Cranford ladies that she can enter sympathetically into their feelings, while retaining all the humor of the outsider's viewpoint. She is herself so intensely interested in everything she sees that she interests us in spite of ourselves. We realize that we have all known our Cranfords, places which seemed dull to us when we were in them, but which now, as we look back, we find were really overflowing with interest. How stupid we were not to notice it before!

We wish that the author would not be so persistent in reminding us of our own failings. It is not only the foibles of Cranford, but ours as well, that she lays before us so unmercifully. Yet her humor is never bitter, but always combined with a strong faith in the good qualities of humanity, which are sure to respond whenever they are really called for.

"Cranford" is by no means concerned only with the sunny side of life. It tells us also of the great tragedies, lived out in quiet places, which have filled so many hearts with suffering, yet which must pass forever unnoticed by the great heedless world. The author's message to us is above all to keep our eyes always open to the things about us, which, however simple they may seem, are full of a deeper and more intense interest than can be found in the wildest romance.

## "CRANFORD"

BY ELEANOR HEBBLETHWAITE (AGE 16)

*Third Prize*

When I close this book I feel as though I had been staying in a real village; and I sigh with regret that my visit has come to an end. For "Cranford" is such a lovable book. The story flows along spontaneously, with no effort or studied effect, so that the characters are as real as personal friends.

I believe that one reason "Cranford" appeals to every one is that it is so natural. The situations are those which often happen in real life; and there are no impossible characters. Which of us does not know some dear, sweet old lady, just like one of the Cranfordites? Whoever she is, we all love to visit her, or to have letters from her; and that is why "Cranford" is always a joy.

There is no book more quaintly humorous than this. In fact, the whole book breathes an atmosphere of quaintness; it makes one think of dried lavender, of old-fashioned gowns and elaborate caps. Its humor is not the broad farce of Dickens or Mark Twain, but the unconscious drollery of old-fashioned folk. Who could help smiling at the "elegant economy" of the Cranford ladies at *Miss Barker's* prim tea-party, or at *Miss Matty's* longing for a sea-green turban? Each character has a humor of its own which is well defined. First comes *Miss Matty,* with her old-fashioned little ways and her entire reliance on her sister. Then there is *Miss Jenkins* the strong-minded, so devoted to high-flown language that she despises *Captain Brown* for admiring "Pickwick." Nothing could be more amusing than the letter in which she refers to the call the *Honourable Mrs. Jamieson* has received from "her revered husband's quondam friend, Lord Mauleverer," who "shares the Brunonian meals." Then there are bluff *Captain Brown, Miss Pole,* always ready for gossip, the *Honourable Mrs. Jamieson,* with her crushing manners, and all the rest of the Cranford society.

But pathos is never far from humor; sometimes the smiles and tears are so mingled that it is hard to separate them. Take, for instance, *Miss Matty's* visit to the milliner after the death of *Mr. Holbrook,* her former lover. She asks to have her caps made "something like Mrs. Jamieson's"—

"But she wears widows' caps, ma'am?"

"Oh! I only meant something in that style; not widows', of course, but rather like Mrs. Jamieson's."

One cannot help smiling at the quaint fancy; but the little incident is so pathetic that I am half angry with myself for being so unkind as to find amusement in it, just as if I, and not *Mary Smith,* were standing there with *Miss Matty.*

## HONORABLE MENTION

Dorothy V. A. Fuller (14), Helen M. Knubel (16), Virginia Louise Hurlbut (17), M. Louise Dallett (15), Katherine Greenleaf (14), Josephine W. Focht (13), Dorothy Eddy (12), Ruth McVay (12), Agnes MacDonald (15), Helen Garrison (17), Edna E. Taylor (16).

# GUNS THAT FIRE THEMSELVES

BY A. RUSSELL BOND

Author of "With Men Who Do Things," "On the Battle-front of Engineering," etc.

MANY years ago a boy tried his hand at firing a U. S. Army service rifle. It was a heavy rifle of the Civil War period, and the lad did not know just how to hold it. He let the butt of the gun rest uncertainly against him, instead of pressing it firmly to his shoulder, and, as a consequence, when the gun went off he received a powerful kick. That kick made a deep impression on the young lad, not only on his flesh, but on his mind as well. It gave him a good conception of the power of a rifle cartridge.

Years afterward, when he had moved to England, the memory of that kick was still with him. It was a useless prank of the gun, he thought—a waste of good energy. Why could not that energy be put to use? And so he set himself the task of harnessing the kick of the gun.

A very busy program he worked out for that kick to perform. He planned to have the gun use up its exuberant energy in loading and firing itself. So he arranged the cartridges on a belt and fed the belt into the gun. On firing the gun the recoil would unlock the breech, take out the empty case of the cartridge just fired, select a fresh cartridge from the belt and cock the main spring; then the mechanism would return, throwing the empty cartridge-case out of the gun, pushing the new cartridge into the barrel, closing the breech, and finally pulling the trigger. All this was to be done by the energy of a single kick in about one-tenth of a second, and the gun would keep on repeating the operation as long as the supply of cartridges was fed to it. The new gun proved so successful that the inventor was knighted, and became Sir Hiram Maxim.

### A DOCTOR'S TEN-BARRELED GUN

BUT Maxim's was by no means the first machine-gun. During the Civil War a Chicago physician brought out a very ingenious ten-barreled gun, the barrels being fired one after the other by the turning of a hand-crank. Although Dr. Gatling was a graduate of a medical school, he was far more fond of tinkering with machinery than doling out pills. He invented a number of clever mechanisms, but the one that made him really famous was that machine-gun. At first our Government did not take the invention seriously. It was tried out in the war, but whenever it went into battle it was fired not by soldiers, but by a representative of Dr. Gatling's company, who went into the army to demonstrate the worth of the invention. Not until long after was the Gatling gun officially adopted by our army. Then it was taken up by many of the European armies as well.

Although many other machine-guns were invented, the Gatling was easily the best and most serviceable, until the Maxim invention made its appearance, and even then it held its own for many years; but eventually it had to succumb. The Maxim did not have to be cranked—it fired itself, which was a distinct advantage; and then, instead of being a bundle of guns all bound up into a single machine, Maxim's was a single-barreled gun and hence was much lighter and could be handled much more easily.

### A GUN AS A GAS ENGINE

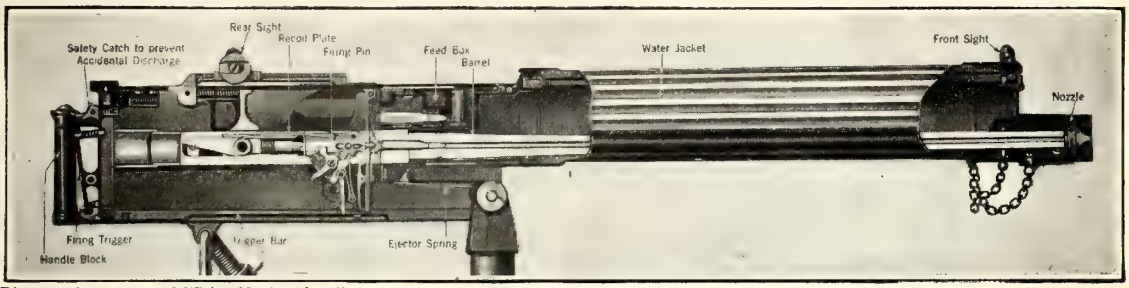
ANOTHER big step was made by a third American, Mr. John M. Browning, who is responsible for the Colt gun. It was not a kick that set Browning to thinking. He looked upon a gun as an engine of the same order as an automobile engine, and really the resemblance is very close. The barrel of the gun is the cylinder of the engine; the bullet is the piston; and for fuel, gunpowder is used in place of gasolene. As in the automobile engine, the charge is fired by a spark; but in the case of the gun the spark is produced by a blow of the trigger upon a bit of fulminate of mercury in the end of the cartridge.

Explosion is the same thing as burning. The only way that the explosion of gunpowder differs from the burning of a stick of wood is that the latter is very slow, while the former goes like a flash. In both cases the fuel turns into great volumes of gas. In the case of the gun the gas is formed almost instantly and in such quantity that it has to drive the bullet out of the barrel to make room for itself. In the cartridge that our army uses, only about a tenth of an ounce of smokeless powder is used, but it builds up such a heavy pressure of gas that the bullet is sent speeding out of the gun at a rate of half a mile a second. It travels so fast that it will plow through four feet of solid wood before coming to a stop.

Now it occurred to Browning that it would n't really be stealing to take a little of that gas-power and use it to work the mechanism of his machine-gun. It was ever so little he wanted, and the bullet would never miss it. The danger

was not that he might take too much. His problem was to take any power without getting more than his mechanism could stand. What he did was to bore a hole through the side of the gun-barrel. When the gun was fired, nothing happened until the bullet passed this hole; then some of the gas that was pushing the bullet before it would blow out through the hole. But this would be a very small amount indeed, for the instant that the bullet passed out of the barrel the gases would rush out after it, the pressure in the gun would drop, and the gas would stop blowing through the hole. With the bullet traveling at the rate of around half a mile in a second, imagine how short a space of time elapses after the bullet passes the hole before it emerges from the muzzle, and what a small amount of gas can pass through the hole in that brief interval!

The gas that Browning got in this way he led into a second cylinder, fitted with a piston. This piston was given a shove, and that gave a lever a kick which set the mechanism going which extracts the empty cartridge-case, inserts a fresh cartridge and fires it. The details of the Colt gun are shown in Fig. 2.




Diagrams by courtesy of "Scientific American"

FIG. 1. THE MAXIM GUN, OPERATED BY THE ENERGY OF THE RECOIL.

### GETTING RID OF HEAT

THE resemblance of a machine-gun to a gasolene engine can be carried still further. One of the most important parts of an automobile engine is the cooling system. The gasolene burning in the cylinders would soon make them red-hot, were not some means provided to carry off the heat. The same is true of a machine-gun. In fact, the heat is one of the biggest problems that has to be dealt with. In a gasolene engine the heat is carried off in one of three ways: (1) by passing water around the cylinders; (2) by building flanges around the cylinders to carry the heat off into the air; and (3) by using a fan to blow cool air against the cylinders. All of these schemes are used in the machine-gun. In Dr. Gatling's gun the cooling problem was very simple. Having ten barrels, one could be cooling while the rest were taking their turn in the firing. In other words, each barrel received only a tenth of the heat that the whole gun was producing; and yet Gatling found it advisable to surround the barrels for about half their length with a water-jacket.

In the Maxim gun a water-jacket is used that extends the full length of the barrel, and into this water-jacket seven and a half pints of water are poured. Yet in a minute and a half of steady firing at a moderate rate, or before six hundred rounds are discharged, the water will be boiling. After that, with every thousand rounds of continuous fire a pint and a half of water will be evaporated. Now the water and the water-jacket add a great deal of weight to the gun, and this Browning decided to do away with in his machine-gun. Instead of water he used air to carry off the heat. The more surface the air touches, the more heat will it carry away; and so the Colt gun was at first made with a very thick-walled barrel. But the modern Colt is formed with flanges, like the flanges on a motor-cycle engine, so as to increase the surface of the barrel. Of course, air-

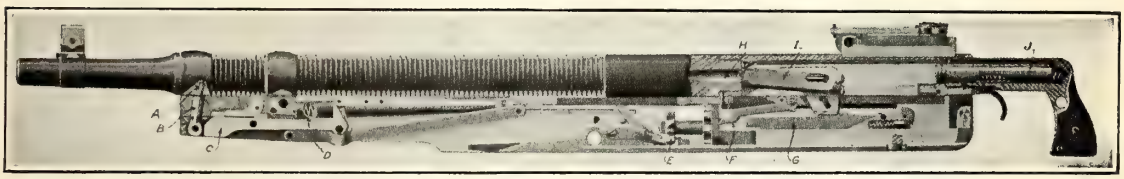



FIG. 2. COLT MACHINE-GUN PARTLY BROKEN AWAY TO SHOW THE OPERATING MECHANISM.
Gas from port A pushes down piston B, rocking lever C, which compresses coil-spring D. The cartridge, fed into the gun by wheel E, is extracted by F, raised by G to breech H, and rammed in by bolt I. J, piston firing-hammer.

cooling is not as effective as water-cooling, but it is claimed for this gun, and for other machine-guns of the same class, that the barrel is sufficiently cooled for ordinary service. Although a French army. It is a gas-operated gun, something like the Colt, and it is air-cooled. It was found in tests of the Hotchkiss gun that in from three to four minutes of firing the barrel was

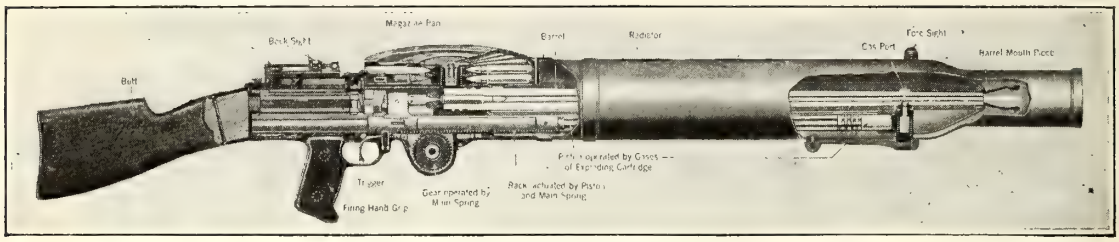



FIG. 3. THE LEWIS GUN, OPERATED BY GAS.

machine-gun may be capable of firing many hundred shots per minute, it is seldom that such a rate is kept up very long in battle. Usually, only a few rounds are fired at a time and then there is a pause, and there is plenty of time for the barrel to cool. Once in a while, however, the gun has to be fired continuously for several minutes, and then the barrel grows exceedingly hot.

### EFFECT OF OVERHEATING

BUT what if it does become hot? The real trouble is not that the cartridge will explode prematurely, but that the barrel will expand as it grows hot, so that there will be too loose a fit of the bullet in the bore. Inside the barrel the bore is rifled, that is, there are spiral grooves in it, as probably every boy knows, which give a twist to the bullet as it passes through, setting it spinning like a top. The spin of the bullet keeps its nose pointing forward. If it were not for the rifling, the bullet would tumble over and over, every which way, and it could not go very far through the air, to say nothing of penetrating steel armor.

expanded so much that the shots began to be a little uncertain. In seven minutes of continuous firing the barrel had grown so large that the rifling failed to grip the bullets at all. The gun was no better than an old-fashioned smooth-bore. The bullets would not travel more than three hundred yards. It is because of this danger of overheating that the Colt and the Hotchkiss guns are always furnished with a spare barrel. As soon as a barrel gets hot, it is uncoupled and the spare one is inserted in its place. Our men are trained to change the barrel of a Colt in the dark in a quarter of a minute.

But a gun that has to have a spare barrel and that has to have its barrel changed in the midst of a hot engagement is not an ideal weapon by any means. And this brings us to still another invention, that, too, by an American. Col. I. N. Lewis, of the U. S. Army conceived of a machine-gun that would be cooled, not by still air, but by air in motion. This would do away with all the bother of water-jackets. It would keep the gun light so that it could be operated by a single man,

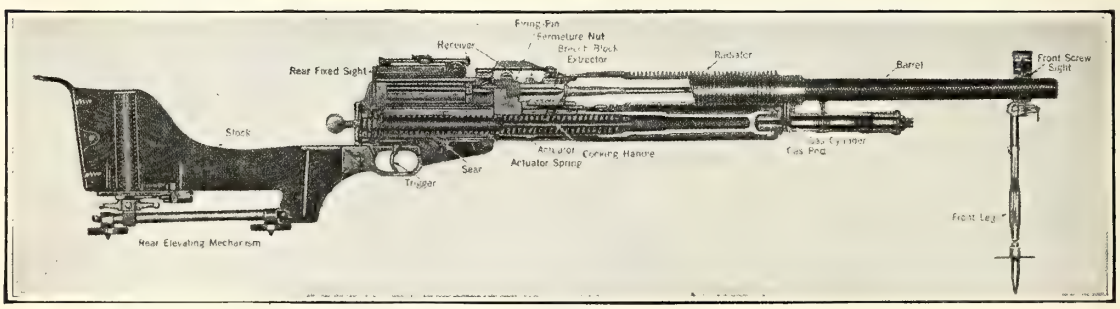



FIG. 4. THE BENET-MERCIER GUN, OPERATED BY GAS.

To make the bullet spin, it must fit into the barrel snugly enough to squeeze into the spiral grooves. Now there is another American machine-gun known as the Hotchkiss, which is used by the

and yet it would not have to be supplied with a spare barrel. Like the Colt and the Hotchkiss, the Lewis gun takes its power from the gas that comes through a small port in the barrel, near the

muzzle. In Fig. 3 the port may be seen leading into a cylinder that lies under the barrel. It takes about one ten-thousandth part of a second for the bullet to pass out of the barrel after clearing the port, but in that brief interval there is a puff of gas in the cylinder which drives back a piston. This piston has teeth on it which engage a small gear connected with a main spring. When the piston moves back, it winds the spring, and it is this spring that operates the mechanism of the gun. Instead of taking the cartridges from a belt or a clip they are taken from a magazine that is round and flat. There are forty-seven cartridges in the magazine and they are arranged like the spokes of a wheel, but in two layers. As soon as forty-seven rounds have been fired, the shooting must stop while a new magazine is inserted. But this takes only a couple of seconds.

### USING THE BULLET TO FAN THE GUN

The most ingenious part of the Lewis gun is the cooling system. On the barrel of the gun are sixteen flanges, or fins. These, instead of running around the gun, run lengthwise of the barrel. They are very light fins, being made of aluminum, and they are surrounded by a casing of the same metal. The casing is open at each end so that the air can flow through it, but it extends beyond the muzzle of the barrel, and there it is narrowed down. At the end of the barrel there is a mouthpiece so shaped that as the bullet flies through, it sucks a lot of air in its wake, making a strong current flow through the sixteen channels formed between the fins inside the casing. This air flows at the rate of about seventy miles per hour, which is enough to carry off all the heat that is generated by the firing of the cartridges. The gun may be regulated to fire between 350 and 750 rounds per minute, and the total weight of the gun is only twenty-five and a half pounds.

America can justly claim the honor of inventing and developing the machine-gun, although Hiram Maxim did give up his American citizenship and become a British subject. By the way, he is not to be confused with his younger brother, Hudson Maxim, the inventor of high explosives, who has always been an American to the core. Of course we must not get the impression that



LEWIS MACHINE-GUNS IN ACTION AT THE FRONT.

only Americans have invented machine-guns. There have been others in various countries of Europe and even in Japan. Our own army has been using a gun known as the Benet-Mercier, which is something like the Hotchkiss. Just now we are waiting most anxiously for some word about another new gun. We are told that Mr. Browning has developed one which has been considered so good by our War Department that the equipment of our army has been delayed until it can be manufactured. Unfortunately, nothing can be said of the new gun until one of them actually falls into the hands of the enemy and its secret

is let out in that way. We hope that may never occur. In the meantime we must be satisfied with the statement, made on nearly all sides, that the new Browning is "the best yet."

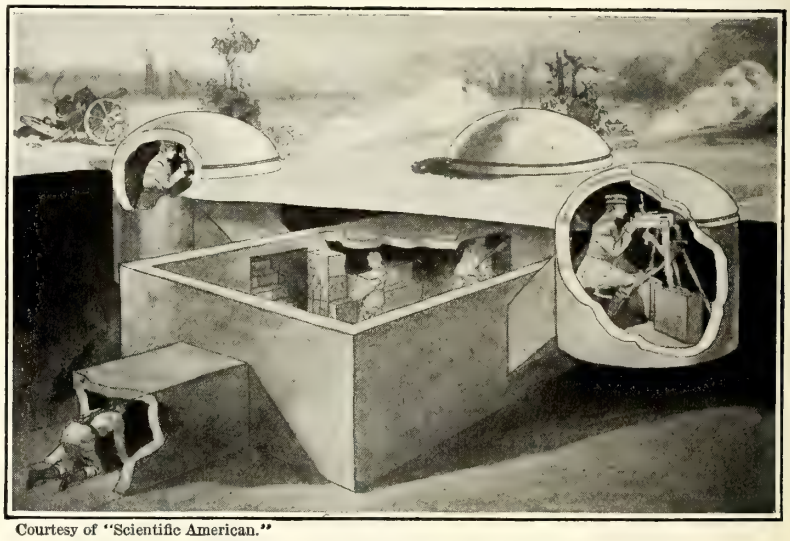
### THE MACHINE-GUN IN SERVICE

Although the machine-gun has been used ever since the Civil War it has not been a vital factor until the present great conflict. Army officials have been very slow to take it up, because they have not understood it. They used to think of it as an inferior piece of light artillery, instead of a superior rifle. The Gatling was so heavy that it had to be mounted on wheels, and naturally it was thought of as a cannon. In the Franco-Prussian War the French had a machine-gun upon which they set great store. It was called a *mitrailleuse,* or a gun for firing grape-shot. It was something like the Gatling. The French counted on this machine to surprise and overwhelm the Germans. But they made the mistake of considering it a piece of artillery and fired it from long range, so that it did not have a chance to show its worth. Only on one or two occasions was it used at close range, and then it did a frightful amount of execution. However, it was a very unsatisfactory machine and kept getting out of order. It earned the contempt of the Germans, and later when the Maxim gun was offered to the German army they would have none of it. They did not want to bother with "a toy cannon." It really was not until the war between Russia and Japan that military men began to realize the value of the machine-gun. As the war went on, both the Russians and the Japanese bought up all the machine-guns they could get hold of. They learned what could be done with the aid of barbed wire (by the way, that is another American invention) to retard the enemy while the machine-guns mowed them down as they were trying to get through.

A man with a machine-gun is worth a hundred men with rifles—such is the military estimate of the weapon. The gun fires so fast that after hitting a man it will hit him again ten times while he is falling to the ground. And so it does not pay to fire the gun continuously in one direction, unless there is a dense mass of troops charging upon it. Usually the machine-gun is swept from side to side so as to cover as wide a range as possible. It is played upon the enemy as you would play the hose upon the lawn, scattering a shower of lead among the advancing hosts.

### MACHINE-GUN FORTS

It used to be thought that the Belgian forts of armored steel and concrete, almost completely buried in the ground, would hold out against any artillery. But when the Germans brought up their great howitzers and hurled undreamed-of quantities of high explosives on these forts, they broke and crumbled to pieces. Then it was predicted that the day of the fort was over. But the machine-gun has developed a new type of warfare. Instead of great forts mounting huge guns, we now have little machine-gun forts, and they are far more troublesome than the big fellows. To the Germans belongs the credit for this type of fort, which consists of a small concrete structure, hidden from view as far as possible, but commanding some important part of the front. "Pill-boxes" the British call them, because the first ones they ran across were round in shape and something like a pill-box in appearance. These pill-boxes are just large enough to house a few men and a couple of machine-guns. Concealment is of the utmost importance; their safety depends upon it. Airplanes are particularly feared, because a machine-gun emplacement is recognized to be so important that a whole battery of artillery would be turned upon a suspected pill-box. It is claimed that some pill-boxes are built with turrets that rise out of the ground. Normally they are



Courtesy of "Scientific American."
SOME OF THE GERMAN MACHINE-GUN FORTS ARE VERY ELABORATE.

completely buried and covered with turf so that no one would suspect their existence. During the bombardment preceding a charge they would remain hidden, and only a chance shot could put them out of business. When the charge took place the elevating mechanism would be operated, and out of the ground would rise the miniature fort, ready to halt the advancing soldiers.

Some of the German machine-gun forts are very elaborate, consisting of spacious underground chambers where a large garrison of gunners can live. These forts are known as *Mebus*, a word made from the initials of *"Maschinengewehr Eisen-Bettungs UnterStand,"* meaning a machine-gun iron-bedded foundation.

It is the machine-gun that is responsible for the enormous expenditure of ammunition in this war. Before a body of troops dares to make a charge, the ground has to be thoroughly searched by the big guns for any machine-gun nests. Unless they are found and destroyed by shell fire, the only way that remains to get the best of them is to crush them down with tanks. It is really the machine-gun that has driven armies into trenches and under the ground.

But a machine-gun does not have to be housed in a fort, particularly a light gun of the Lewis type. To be sure, the Lewis gun is a little heavy for use as a rifle, but it can easily be managed with a rest for the muzzle in the crotch of a tree, and a strong man can actually fire the piece from the shoulder. The light machine-gun can go right along with a charging body of troops and do very efficient service, particularly in fighting in a town or village, but it must be kept moving or it will be a target for the artillery. In a recent village fight a machine-gunner kept changing his position. He would fire for a few minutes from one spot and then shift over to some other building. He did this no less than six times, never staying more than five minutes at a time in the same spot. But each one of the houses was shelled within fifteen minutes of the time he opened fire in it, which shows the importance that the Germans attach to machine-gun fire.

The need of the future is a machine-gun that is as light or nearly as light as a rifle. The Lewis gun comes nearer to this than any other automatic piece; but a still lighter gun is bound to come and very likely it will be an American invention.

It must certainly be admitted that for a peace-loving people we have contributed a lot to the machinery of war. The submarine was our invention; it carried the war into the sea. The airplane was an American invention; it carried the war into the sky. We invented the machine-gun; it has carried the war into the ground.

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# "A-FEARED OF HIS SHADOW"

## BY FLORENCE PARTELLO STUART

Author of "The Adventures of Piang, the Moro Jungle Boy"

"I DON'T know what you brought that boy 'Chuck' along fer; he ain't no account. What we need is kids that can keep us in game while we work at the logs. That Chuck—he 's a-feared of his own shadow!"

"Chuck" overheard this conversation; he was piling wood outside the shack and the door was partly open.

The boy's face flamed with anger. He was on the point of confronting the boss and demanding his week's pay. Then he remembered his widowed mother, who was depending on his wages to keep her warm that winter. Tossing the last piece of wood down, Chuck straightened himself to his full height and shook his fist at the shack.

"A-feared of my shadow, am I! Well, I 'll show you?" he exclaimed, under his breath, and indignantly walked away. He was fifteen years old, a slim, tan-colored youth, not used to the hard life in the open, and the demands of the camp fell none too gently on his young shoulders. Because he could read books, recite poetry, and taught a class in the village Sunday-school, he was spurned by the ignorant woodsmen and their sons as a "softy." The lad had had little experience in hunting, and that seemed to be part of the work expected of him. The other hired boys were well seasoned, and there was not one among them who had not bagged his full quota of game, although none of them had ever brought down a moose.

The first few weeks in the camp went along regularly enough. Rabbits and partridges were plentiful and kept them well satisfied. When the big bridge fell with a crash one day, cutting off their supplies from the town, no one worried very much at first; but gradually game in the

vicinity became scarce, and hunger threatened. Real consternation was on the face of the boss when he discovered one morning that his small store of hay had been rifled. His horses would soon be in need, and without them it would be impossible to make the thirty miles detour to reach the town. The tracks around the hay were those of a moose, and work was knocked off for the day, so that everybody might go in pursuit.

Joyfully the hunt began. The food was badly needed, and a moose would supply their demands for a long time. But that night one after another came in, the same story written on all faces—failure. There were still two boys out. Maybe they had been successful, and the hungry lumbermen waited. But they were heard squabbling and fussing, long before they reached camp.

"I tell you it was your fault," yelled the one called "Nip."

"You air prevaricatin', Sam George," replied his companion, "I seen you run!"

The two boys had cornered the moose, but both had lacked the courage to close in on the animal at bay. Disgrace and dismissal were declared to be what they deserved; but that did not help the general hunger.

That night Chuck was awakened by a noise. Stealthily he pushed open the big wooden shutter. There in the bright moonlight, stood the largest animal Chuck had ever seen.

"It must be the moose we have been hunting," he thought, and was about to give the alarm. Then he remembered the insult he had overheard.

"A-feared of my shadow!" he whispered.

He must have startled the moose, for it went tearing off through the bushes, and Chuck wondered why the others did not wake. Without disturbing any one, the boy silently slipped into his clothes, putting on all he owned, for he knew it was to be a long chase. Stuffing some dried meat and crackers into his pockets, and gathering up snow-shoes and gun, he unbolted the clumsy door. There was a deep snow, but the light crust held the boy up, and finding the tracks of his game, he shambled off into the woods. He did not start in hot pursuit, but slipped along on his snow-shoes, always watching the deep tracks in the snow. The air was frosty and clear. Morning broke, but Chuck was still plodding along after his game. That he would finally bring the animal to bay, he never doubted. After that? Well, he just did n't know. One thing he was sure of—that moose was his! All through the day he tried to remember the tales related by old hunters around the camp-fires. They had said that a moose does not circle as foxes and other game do, when pursued. They run straight, and if the snow is deep, and you keep after them long enough, you can outrun them.

Chuck had made himself a regular schedule. Ten minutes on the move, one minute's rest, and at the end of every hour he threw himself on the ground for five precious minutes. Hiking with the Boy Scouts had taught him that precaution. Instead of growing weary at once, he seemed to stand the chase better during the first day but, as night came on, he felt the need of sleep. But the moose would have to rest, too, he thought. Fortunately, the weather had moderated, so, finding a sheltered spot and setting his mind on an hour's sleep, he dozed off.

When the camp awoke, every one wondered why the fires were not built. It was Chuck's week to start them, and he was nowhere to be found. His bunk was searched, and when all his trappings were reported missing, there was a general sneer.

"Deserted, by gosh!" exclaimed the boss. "I told you that kid had water in his veins."

Every one chuckled. The boy could not find shelter, and he would surely come creeping back by night. But he did n't. And next morning the tracks near the bushes were discovered.

"By thunder, boys, that kid is chasin' a moose!"

There was a general exclamation of surprise and shame. Work was again knocked off, and a search for the boy begun. The horses were hungry, but one was hitched to the drag, and the tracks of the animal and the snow-shoes were followed.

Had Chuck known that friendly assistance was hastening to him, he might have managed a little better that third morning. It had grown bitterly cold, and a thick snow was falling. The tracks would soon be obliterated, and the boy's courage was waning. He chided himself for a fool, starting out on his wild hunt alone after the fiercest of northern game. If he did corner it now, the chances were that the animal would get him. His small store of food was exhausted. He had not intended to go so far, but every time he started to turn back, the sting of the insult brought him new strength, and he pushed on. He had thought that snow would quench his thirst, but the little that melted in his mouth only increased his craving for water, and he watched eagerly for a stream.

The moose had luckily turned into a thick wood, and its tracks were protected from the new snow. On, on sped the boy, and his faltering steps at last brought him to a tiny creek. Sinking down at the edge, he started to break the ice, when he noticed a hole farther down. Half




"HIS ONLY IDEA WAS TO KEEP THE TREE BETWEEN HIM AND THE INFURIATED BEAST." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

crawling, half dragging his tired limbs, he stooped to slake his thirst. Too wise to dip his hands in the icy flow, he pursed his lips and sucked a welcome draught. Lying on his back, he pondered on his predicament. During his whole journey he had not seen a trace of human life. Chuck knew he could not last through another night in that cold, and tears welled into his eyes at the thought of his mother. Stupidly he looked at the hole in the ice. Why—it had begun to freeze already! Suddenly he wondered what made the hole, and he found he was sitting right in the moose tracks. The animal had broken the ice only a few moments before Chuck arrived, and it must be near.

A last flicker of courage made the boy stumble to his feet. His prize was waiting for him, and he had only a little distance to go. By its tracks, Chuck saw it was traveling slowly, and he might find it sleeping. He moved very cautiously now. Luckily, the wind was blowing from the direction which the moose had taken. What he could do with the animal if he killed it, Chuck did not stop to consider. He had started after it, and his weakened condition was no excuse, in the boy's mind, to pause on the brink of success.

Silently he slipped along. Yes, the tracks were fresher than they had ever been; and just as he turned a curve, he saw his prey sleeping in a small clump of bushes. Chuck was more afraid, than anything else. Unless he killed the moose with the first shot, there would be small chance for him. He knew enough to select a large tree and, resting his exhausted body against it, took careful aim. That is, he tried to, but several times he rested his gun on the ground, hoping the trembling of his arm would cease. The moose stirred. Quickly Chuck aimed and fired.

In a daze he saw the creature spring to its feet, head lowered, and dash forward in his direction. It certainly looked as if it was all up for Chuck. Throwing one arm around the trunk, to keep from falling, he fired again; but the bullet only stung the moose in the flank, and it rushed at him. Chuck forgot his gun, forgot everything. His only idea was to keep the tree between him and the infuriated beast. Snorting and bellowing, it plunged at him, striking its cruel horns against the trunk as Chuck dodged. Its breath was hot as it flew past him. Quickly the moose wheeled and charged again. This time Chuck was not prepared, and his clumsy snowshoes hindered his movements. He heard his clothing tear, as the antlers reached him. But the moose could not free its horns, and then the boy felt himself raised and flung into the bushes.

Towering above him was the body of the animal, as it stamped and struggled to free itself, but only entangling its horns in the bushes. One moment the animal paused; but in that moment Chuck remembered the forgotten rifle that he still clutched in his hand. He was not trembling now. Placing the muzzle almost against the animal's breast, Chuck shut his eyes and fired. The great creature shuddered, tottered to one side, and fell crashing in the bushes.

THE rescue party were irritated by the long run, and furious with the boy for his foolhardiness. The horse was winded and the men in need of food. If they did not find Chuck within the hour, they had agreed to turn back.

"Looks like moose-birds, over thar," said one of the group, at last, pointing to a flock of greyish birds, a little larger than robins. Over a certain spot in the woods the birds chirped and hovered. Wherever there is a kill, these creatures are sure to be waiting their share, and the woodsmen discussed the situation.

"If that kid has bagged the moose, I 'll forgit this long tramp," one remarked.

"If the kid and the moose has met, there 'll be only one answer—a funeral," replied the boss.

Rounding the same turn that Chuck had, they saw the fallen moose, and overhead the impatient moose-birds waiting. Cautiously they approached, for the moose often fights most savagely when wounded, and the men were too old at the game to be caught napping.

"I guess we 'll have moose for our next meal," said the boss, and raised his gun to give the big beast another slug for safety.

"Look out, the kid is there!"

Amazed, they all paused. Finally, assured that the moose was dead, they hastened to Chuck. There, curled up, as if in the great creature's embrace, lay the pale, motionless boy. The warmth of the moose had kept him from freezing. Stunned by the fall, he had remained where he lay, sleeping the sleep of exhaustion.

They did not disturb Chuck at first, but presently he opened his eyes and gazed stupidly at the men.

"I guess I ain't a-feared of my own shadow, am I?" There was still defiance in the drowsy, pathetic voice.

"No, sonny. You 're all right!" and there was the suspicion of a tremble in the big bass voice, as the boss gently picked the boy up and laid him on the drag.



A TENNESSEE "FOUR-H" GIRL WON A REGISTERED JERSEY HEIFER. (SEE PAGE 552)

# THE WONDERFUL "FOUR-H" CLUBS

BY TALBOT WORTHINGTON

Not many of us know that of every three workers in this country—laborers for money—one is a farmer. The Department of Agriculture ever since its establishment has shown a paternal interest in the farmer, giving him seeds and sending out pamphlets which would teach him how to grow bigger crops and so make his work more profitable.

And yet a great majority of the nearly seven million farmers showed little disposition to profit by these opportunities; they preferred to follow the methods of their fathers before them, and the Department was at its wits' end how to overcome this indifference, when it was discovered that the boys of the farms were much more ready than their elders to take up and apply new ideas.

So the Department sent out trained workers, or "demonstrators," into the rural communities, who met with groups of these boys, teaching and advising them, with the result that these young folks gave practical demonstration of what science applied to farming could accomplish. Their astonishing success brought home to the old-fashioned, unprogressive farmer, as nothing else could, the value of the advice that the Department of Agriculture had been so freely offering them for many years. Agricultural colleges and other schools throughout the country had been doing much to spread the knowledge of scientific farming among the young people of their communities, so when in 1907, with the first government corn-club, came the idea of organizing these young people, all these independent activities quickly coalesced into a big, country-wide organization that has already enlisted thousands of young folk between the ages of ten and eighteen and is still growing, like the young giant that it is. The "Four-H Clubs" they are called—a general name that now covers the activities of corn-clubs, tomato-clubs, canning-clubs, mother-and-daughter clubs, potato-clubs, pig-clubs, poultry-clubs, and all the rest.

A four-leaf clover is the emblem of the organization. In each of the four petals is the letter H, which, being interpreted, stands for a thinking "Head," a kind "Heart," skilful "Hands," good "Health"; and over all is the club motto, "To make the best better."

These Four-H youngsters constitute an immense school, and under the direction of the United States Department of Agriculture have become miracle-makers of wealth, a tremendous vitalizing force in rural life.

Let us see what their achievement has been in the Southern States, for it was in Mississippi that the first organization for coöperative club work between the States and the Department of Agriculture was perfected, and where the now famous "Four-H" boy was first heard of, as the champion corn-grower, while the "Four-H" girl came

forward in South Carolina in 1910, as the champion tomato-grower and canner, three years later.

The southern farmer for many years had found his cotton crop so readily marketable that, as the phrase was, "Cotton was King," an autocrat who wanted the throne entirely to himself. Food crops were neglected, and the farmers had to buy such supplies from other States. Then the corn-club boys got to work, and what happened?

Since 1870 the highest average yield of corn per acre in Mississippi for any ten-year period had never exceeded 15.4 bushels. Three years after the leaven of the first county corn-club began to work, the average yield rose to 20.5 bushels! A little more than five bushels had been added to every one of the more than two million acres planted. In the four years since 1910 the state average has never fallen below 18.3 bushels per acre—for fifty years before the corn-club boy it had never been within three bushels of this figure. Using this conservative three bushels for the 3,150,000 acres planted in 1913 and the price of corn throughout the country on December first of that year—69.1 cents per bushel, and simple multiplication will give $6,529,950 increase in corn wealth to this one State in which the



JERRY MOORE AND HIS CORN CROP.

"Four-H" boys were spreading among their elders the propaganda of scientific farming. Nothing like this had happened for fifty years before 1910, but it has been happening ever since.

But there are other facts even more impressive. The highest nation-wide average yield per acre for corn ever recorded by the Government was 30.8 bushels in 1872. In 1915 the nearly 3000 corn-club boys of Georgia averaged 58 bushels to the acre, while the adults averaged around 15 bushels. The boys were listening and learning; the patriarchs were going along in the same archaic way. If Georgia's four million acres had been cultivated by boys, the State would have been richer by more than $150,000,000, instead of the $50,000,000 that year's crop was worth!

The highest honor that can be bestowed upon the American farmer's boy is that of "World-champion Boy Corn-grower," a title first given in 1910 to Jerry Moore, of South Carolina. His crop that year measured 228.75 bushels from his one acre. No one can say exactly what this fifteen-year-old boy was worth to the nation. They believe in Washington and in the South that his value should be computed in millions. He expended over ninety dollars in fertilizers, and when his accounts were audited by the Department of Agriculture he had cleaned up a profit of ninety-one dollars. If you were to advise a farmer who intended to plant a hundred acres of corn to invest nine thousand dollars in fertilizers, he would say you were crazy! No one took that view of young Jerry Moore! South Carolina appreciated him so far as to vote a unanimous legislative resolution awarding him a special diploma and a free education in the State's agricultural college. Everybody wanted to use him for advertising purposes—railroads, farming-implement makers, real-estate people, and to fertilizer manufacturers his name was as valuable as an opera star's endorsement for cold cream.

But Jerry's achievement was a wonderful incentive to his "Four-H" brethren in the other Southern States. Within four years the corn-clubs of the South had "discovered" 1751 boys who reached the one-hundred-bushels-an-acre mark. The year when Jerry Moore was world champion there were 171 of these boys; the next year, in 1911, there were 327, and in 1912 there were 493! Then in 1913 Jerry's record was surpassed by an Alabama boy, Walker Lee Dunson, of Alexandria, whose one-acre crop measured 232.7 bushels.

The Government is very particular regarding these honors. They have a rigid system of verification. The accredited demonstrator of the Department of Agriculture and expert farmers of the locality carefully measure the acre's crop and take a solemn oath to its correctness. And there is also a marking system. Economy of culture is as important as quantity. The "corn-club boy" not only is given careful teaching, but must make a daily record of his work. Jerry Moore's crop cost him 42 cents a bushel,—but Walker Lee Dunson's cost more than fifty per cent less—19.9

cents a bushel. His profit was double that of his predecessor.

The price of corn the year of Walker Lee Dunson's crop averaged 69.1 cents a bushel, so under normal conditions he made a profit of almost fifty cents for each of the 232 bushels raised. He really made a great deal more than that, however, since his crop possessed a high value as seed. Indeed, some of the winning boys have received as high as five dollars a bushel for their corn.



WALKER LEE DUNSON AND HIS FAMOUS ACRE.

Another factor in the Government's reckoning is the quality of the required report. "How I Raised My Crop," Jerry Moore's crop history, was published in a pamphlet by an enterprising southern newspaper, and the demand was sufficient to exhaust the edition. The points, as they count with the Government in corn-club competition, are these:

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. Greatest yield per acre | 30 |
| 2. Best showing of profit on investment | 30 |
| 3. Best exhibit of ten ears | 20 |
| 4. Best-written history, or account, entitled: "How I Made My Crop" | 20 |
| | 100 |

Then the Department of Agriculture decided that all the States—the thirty-three other States—should have the advantage of the "Four-H" boy. There was a general call for him—and there was need of him in other agricultural activities besides corn. Wherever he appeared, ploughing a deeper furrow in the earth, unloosing from the soil the golden flood that the Government had been vainly striving to get from his father, the community in which he lived showed a lively appreciation for him. A champion "Four-H" boy became an important asset to his State.

What use to endeavor to bring back to the land those who had already abandoned it for work in the cities when this great boy-and-girl movement was proving strong enough to hold the rising generation to the farms? The rolls of the colleges, state universities, and other schools were being swelled by students of the "Four-H" brand — most of them paying their own expenses. Boards of trade in county-seats and large cities, who knew that increased production meant bigger bank deposits, offered valuable prizes, some of them as much as five hundred dollars in gold, to the state champion. Money was subscribed to send the boys to Washington and New York, and in Ohio the business men paid to send the entire 1200 boys of the corn-clubs of that State. The Government gave no money rewards, and viewed with anxiety some of these gifts. They have suggested that the best gift is a free scholarship and expenses in the state agricultural college, now coöperating with the Government in the extension of this juvenile wonder-working. And this wise suggestion, both for boys and girls, is now being very generally accepted.

One would naturally expect that the county of Aroostook, Maine, would furnish the champion boy potato-grower of the world, but he appeared first in the West and has remained there ever since. In Utah, in 1913, Merle Hyer, of Lewiston, Cache County, on one half an acre produced a crop weighing 22,920 pounds and measuring 382 bushels, equivalent to 764 bushels on a full acre. His profit, after paying all expenses, was $199.20, and he received the prize of five hundred dollars in gold offered by the Copper National Bank of Salt Lake City.

In the annals of the Agricultural Department there had never been a record like this. Then, in 1915, the championship of the world went to Washington State, to Gilbert B. Finnigan, of

Snohomish. This boy's yield was 871 bushels to the acre, at a cost of $77.51, and with a net profit of $314.43. This boy did not, however, make the greatest profit. Charles Lambertson,



G. W. ANDERSON AND HIS PRIZE POTATOES.

of Hudson, Wyoming, with a crop of 640 bushels to the acre, made a profit of $672.00!

The results in corn culture were interesting in their teaching that "hundred-bushel boys" are possible outside the South, even in the "abandoned-farm belt" of New England. Hoyt Quimby, of New Hampshire, raised 124 bushels; John E. DeVine, of Massachusetts, 117 bushels; Robert Mack and Ormsby Scudder, of New Jersey, 103 and 102 bushels respectively; Roy Friedersdorf, of Indiana, 128 bushels; Frank Rimel, of Pennsylvania, 148 bushels; Earl Zeller, of Iowa, 139 bushels, all showing that the "Four-H" boy will display his genius wherever he may be.

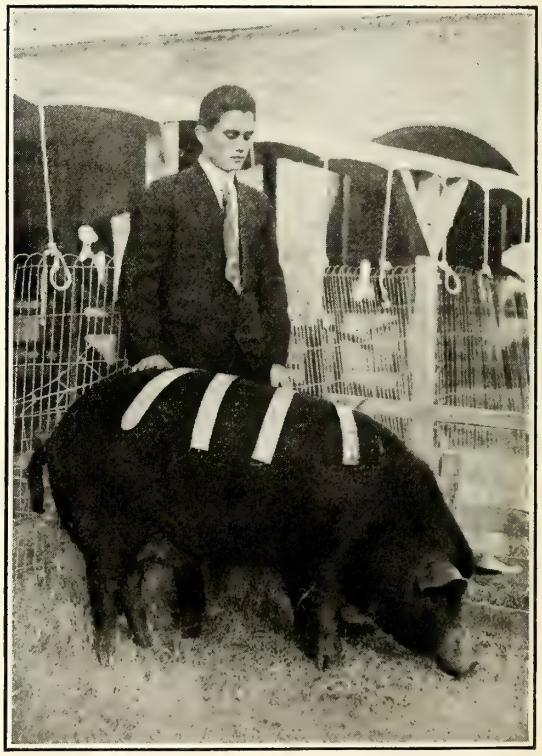
Mr. O. H. Benson, who has charge of the work in these States, believes the city boy is the most to be pitied, because the field for the exercise of his brain and muscle is so artificial. He accordingly planned something for him in the way of little plots of ground, found idle everywhere in big cities like New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia, and so the back-yard and market-gardening clubs were established.

In the manufacturing cities of Massachusetts these little gardens of one twentieth of an acre aided in putting the old Commonwealth at the head of the roll of States in 1915, with the immense enrollment of 69,381 boys and girls! The Massachusetts College of Agriculture, working with the Government, includes almost every variety of these clubs, and there is hardly a village in the State without representation. "At a very conservative estimate," the Government report from this State says, "these young people converted their spare moments into value amounting to over $300,000 in 1915."

The market-garden clubs have been a real blessing to the manufacturing cities. In Brockton alone there were over 2500 of them, supervised by several expert agriculturists. One boy who could not be controlled at home or at school was so interested in his garden that he forgot to be bad. He made over twelve dollars from the sale of his products—and has not been troublesome since!

The national champion market-garden boy for 1915 came from Brockton,—Gust W. Anderson, aged 17 years. The products of his one-twentieth of an acre yielded $94.78. in money at a cost of only $14.94. He accomplished nearly everything possible from that little patch of ground. What he could not sell fresh, he canned, making $27.42, and received $12.50 prize money. Anderson's choicest trophy is the state sweepstakes prize of a silver cup for the best exhibit of potatoes at the State fair—scoring 96 points. He won the third prize as a member of the canning and market-gardening club, and a fourth prize for his half-acre of potatoes.

Willard Buckler, age 12, of Pittsfield, is the state-champion pig-club boy. He raised two pigs,



CLARENCE MARTIN WITH HIS PRIZE-WINNER.

making a daily gain, for the competition period, of 2.28 pounds a day at a cost of 6.6 cents a pound. Buckler's pigs were pronounced "the best in the State," and he scored 96 points. The



HELEN DURHAM AND HER 99 VARIETIES.

poultry-club champion was J. Harold Merrick, of Wilbraham. His flock of ten hens gave him 822 eggs in 100 days, and he made a dollar and a half from each hen during that period. The cost for the whole period was $5.59, or 68/100 of a cent per egg. F. Earl Williams, age 13, of Sunderland, was the corn champion for 1915, with a record of 98 bushels on one acre.

The first pig club taught a very important lesson to the elders in its opening year—a lesson which will mean the saving of millions to the people of the Southern States. In Georgia the pig-club boys endeavor to cut in half an expenditure of over thirty million dollars a year for pork products formerly brought into the State, and which they believe should be raised on its farms.

Orange McGee, of this first pig club, started matters. A neighboring farmer of the patriarchal type rather laughed at the idea that a little book from Washington could make more out of a pig than the old "rooting" method. So the two took litter mates and started in competition, each agreeing to take them to the State fair at Shreveport. When fair-time came, the boy's pig weighed 520 pounds and the neighbor's 65 pounds. McGee, by careful accounting, confessed to an expenditure of $15.54, while the elder had wasted five dollars on his. The pig of the old school and the pig of the new school attracted much attention, and one of the Southern railroads felt it was "good business" to buy both and send them on a tour of instruction all through the South. The price paid Orange McGee was $58, and the other received $8.

Two years later the United States wanted pig clubs everywhere and began putting them into the States as fast as funds and demonstrators could be found. The interest in this enterprise is greater than in any of the other clubs. All over the Southern States, banks, commercial clubs, and individual business men are lending the boys money on notes, with the boy's signature as the only security. One commercial organization set aside a thousand dollars for the use of the boys in 1915, the owners of young pigs sold pure-blood stock to these boys for fifty per cent. less than the market price, and there are similar movements in Texas, Arkansas, and Louisiana.

How well the "Four-H" boys respond to this interest in their behalf may be judged from their part in the Louisiana State Fair of 1914. They



A MOTHER-DAUGHTER CLUB EXHIBIT.

came with nearly 200 exhibits, the railroads took them for nothing, and the state-fair people paid

all the other expenses. They entered the lists with the experts from the adjoining States. The "Four-H" crowd captured ten of the prizes, including a championship and a reserve grand championship! Clarence Martin of Crowley, Louisiana, won the title of "Champion boy pig-grower of the world," taking his pig home with four ribbons on her back.

The Department of Agriculture is training the boys and girls in Georgia to unite both corn- and pig-club activities, and it is not sufficient to raise a very fat pig, but they must cure their own ham and bacon. The boys of Georgia cut down the pork bill of their State $200,000 the first year.

And the "Four-H" girl has done wonderful things, too, since the first "Girls' County Tomato-club" of forty-six members was formed at Aiken, South Carolina, and Katie Gunter of Aiken County made a net profit of $78 from one-tenth of an acre—the unit of cultivation that has been adopted for girls throughout the nation. The Government at once took up the tomato-club idea, and now "Household Economy Clubs" are established in every one of our States. In them the tomato, its cultivation and canning, holds the first place, but once the canning lesson is learned, the girl can branch out and preserve everything preservable that grows. The agricultural side broadens out, too. Some of the clubs plant plots of wheat, following it from its sowing until loaves of bread of the members' own raising and making are placed on the family supper-tables; and the "pig-club girl" has distinguished herself, even in competition with the "pig-club boy."

Four years after the first tomato-club was organized the girls of the fifteen Southern States preserved over 6,000,000 pounds of tomatoes at an estimated profit of $200,000 and the next year their output was valued at $355,588.

Katie Gunter's $78 profit has grown small in comparison with the rapidly increasing earning capacity of these girls. Each succeeding "world tomato-champion" has excelled her predecessor, her profits mounting steadily to over one hundred, two hundred, and even three hundred dollars, while the weight of tomatoes raised by state champions has run from 1851 pounds in Oklahoma to 7037 pounds in Alabama.

A Florida state champion, whose father cultivated large tracts of tomatoes, raised one-fourth of the whole yield of the farm from her little plot of ground. Her profits from this excursion into agriculture, besides the produce of the soil, included two prizes of $50, in gold, while a Tennessee champion, besides the profit of $107 from her produce, received prize money, a registered Jersey heifer, and various household articles. Two years ago her live stock numbered three, a cow and two heifers—the beginning of a herd. A Utah girl, Miss Helen Durham, of Bountiful, preserved 92 varieties of fruits and vegetables, and 7 meats, exhibiting them at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. This record, however, has been beaten in Tennessee, where two sisters, twins, preserved 126 varieties of food-stuffs.

The United States Government, in seeking out the boy and girl of the farm, surprised itself in two ways: in finding an effective instructor for the adult farmer, and in the value of the young people to the nation, amounting certainly to many millions of dollars.

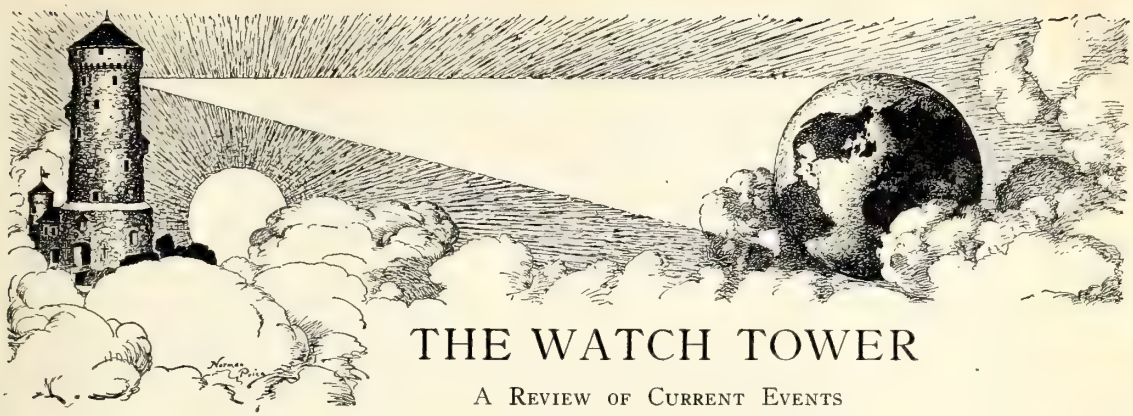
In 1914 the enrollment was a little short of 250,000, but this year, they will tell you in Washington, this industrious, enthusiastic army numbers over 850,000.

But now the ambition of the boy on the farm has been set ablaze, the Government does not wish to lose him when reaching his eighteenth year automatically graduates him from the fraternity of the four H's. So there has been established another degree, another leaf,—and a fifth "H," which means "Hustle," — and the "All Star" club boy becomes a permanent friend of his country. All 100-bushel boys and boys who have become state champions in any of these activities are "all stars" for the rest of their lives. Some of them will become salaried agents—indeed, have already become so—of the "Four-H" service. And very many of them will remain on the farm and get ten dollars from the home acres where their fathers gained one.

Of course there are "all-star" girls as well as "all-star" boys, but with them the fifth H stands for "Home."

In three decades, up to the time of the "Four-H" boy, the country had been obliged to hand over one quarter of its youth to the cities. Is the "Four-H" boy going to be able to stem the tide? There is every evidence that he will.

The Smith-Lever Act, passed by Congress in 1914, gave a perpetual endowment to the thousands of boy and girl pupils of this school of the fields, and after 1923 there will be given every year to the forty-eight States $4,580,000, a good share of which is to be devoted to the boys and girls. And in 1916 Congress still further recognized this great boy-and-girl movement by making a special appropriation of $15,000 for an exhibit of club work at the National Dairy Show at Springfield, Massachusetts, October 12-21, 1916. This consisted of exhibits of products, demonstrations, and judging contests by teams of boys and girls from ten North Atlantic States.



# THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

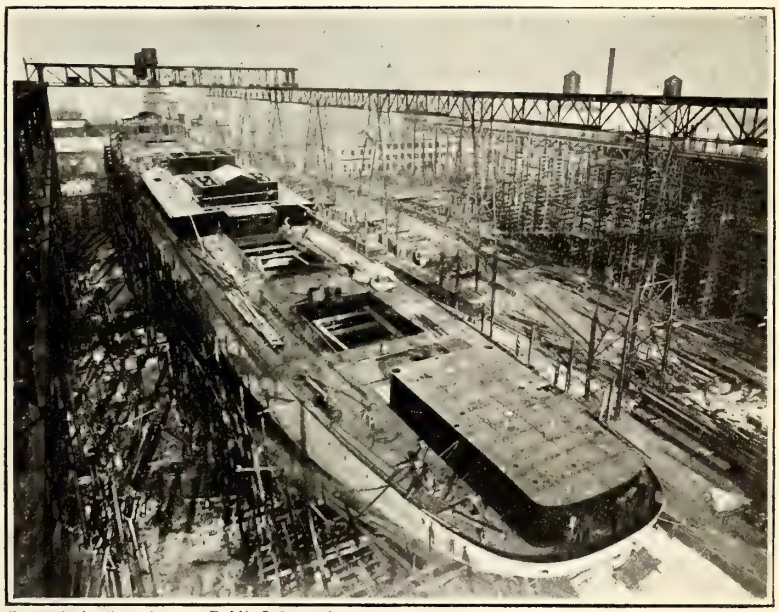
BY EDWARD N. TEALL

## OUR FIRST WAR ANNIVERSARY

On the sixth day of April, 1917, President Wilson signed the Act of Congress declaring the existence of a state of war between the United States and the German Imperial Government. In reviewing the events of the year that has passed since then, we find that the record is one of organization leading up steadily, and as rapidly as could be expected, to full realization of the best hopes of Americans for an active and decisive part in the operations on European battle-fields.

In April the Committee on Public Information began its important work of placing before the people the purposes and plans of the Government in the war. German and Austrian ships interned in American ports were seized, and the first appropriation of war funds was made by Congress. In May the first Liberty Loan was started; it raised two billion dollars by popular subscription. The Espionage Bill was passed, the Selective Military Conscription Bill was signed by the President, and the Bureau of War Risk Insurance was established.

In June the first American troops, those of General Pershing's expeditionary force, landed in France.



Copyright by Committee on Public Information

ONE OF THE HUNDREDS OF SHIPS NOW BEING BUILT HERE.

In July the President placed fuel and various foods under Government control; contracts were let for the building of 348 wooden ships and 77 steel ships; Secretary Baker drew the first number from the box in the draft; $640,000,000 was appropriated for the construction of aircraft, and the War Industries Board was created, as a part of the Council of National Defense. At the end of July 558,858 men had enlisted voluntarily in the military and naval services.

In August the Government fixed prices on wheat and coal, an embargo was placed on shipments of food and goods needed for national defense, and the Food Administration formed the wheat corporation; new ship-building yards were contracted for, to cost thirty-five million dollars; the President rejected the Pope's plea for peace; the National Guard, 300,000 strong,

was mustered in, and the men in the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps reached a total of 943,141.



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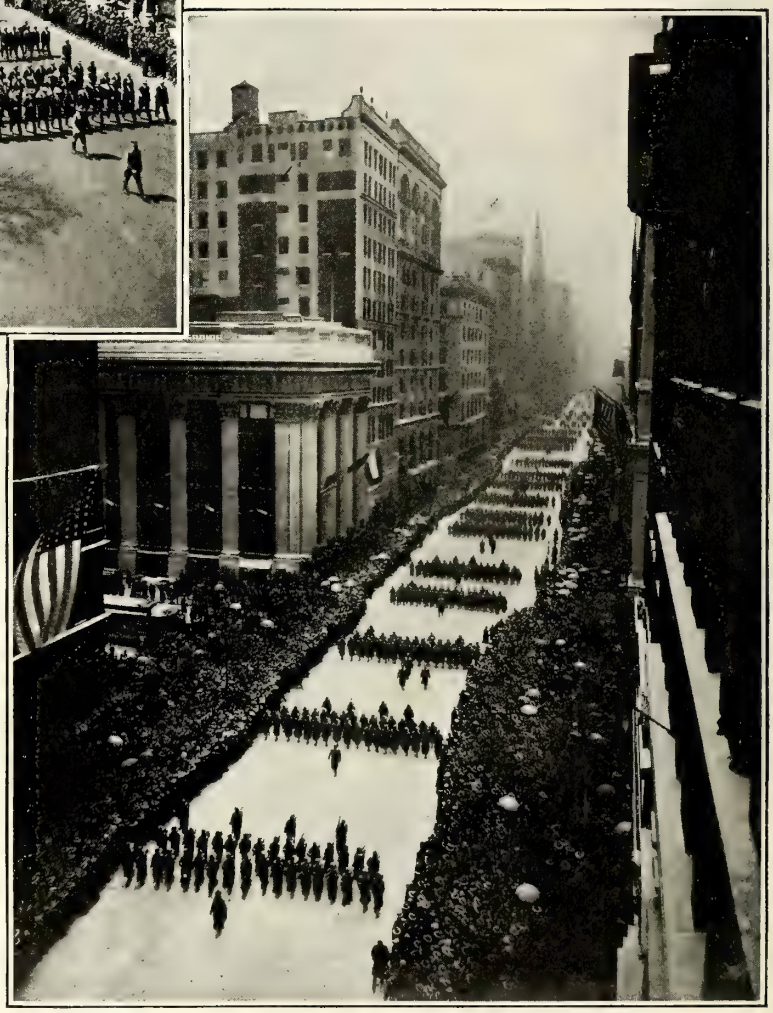
SEPTEMBER—CITIZEN SOLDIERS GOING TO THE CAMPS.

September found the citizen soldiers going to the camps. In this month Congress passed a war bill appropriating eleven billions of dollars; the President placed an embargo on exports of gold; the Liberty motor was perfected for our aëroplanes; and Secretary Lansing and Viscount Ishii concluded a friendly agreement between their Governments.

The second Liberty Loan is the great event in October; more than nine million subscribers take nearly five billion dollars' worth of bonds. The War Trade Board is established, and the case of the first shell fired by American soldiers in France is sent to the President.

In November, food distributors are put under government license; the United States Shipbuilding Board fixes wage scales for the Pacific Coast shipyards; a million families enroll under the Food Administration; Colonel House represents the United States at the war conference of the Allies in Paris, and the registration of enemy aliens is begun. The graves of the first American soldiers to fall in battle are marked, "Here lie the first soldiers of the great Republic of the United States who died on the soil of France, November 3, 1917."

In December we began eating "war bread" and buying War Savings Stamps. The Government took over the entire railroad system of the country, and the Fuel Administration ordered a series of "heatless Mondays." After the closest kind of a congressional investigation of the War Department, certain administrative reforms were made that gave the country every assurance that its war affairs would be handled in the most efficient way.



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FEBRUARY 22—PARADE OF CITIZEN SOLDIERS IN NEW YORK CITY.

In the early part of 1918 Russia held the center of the stage—and acted very badly! The Allies, in several instances, stated their peace terms most plainly, while Germany continued to play fast and loose, gaining time by a discussion in which she had no serious intention of reaching a settlement. In America there were contests of power between the executive and legislative branches of the Government, the War Department effected a better organization, and President Wilson made it clear that while labor would not be permitted to hold up the national work, everything reasonable would be done to assure fair treatment of the workman.



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CROWD CLOSING IN AFTER THE BRITISH TANK, THE FINAL FEATURE OF THE NEW YORK CITY PARADE ON FEBRUARY 22, 1918.

In looking back over this crowded year, we see Uncle Sam performing prodigies of organization, and moving steadily and rapidly toward full exertion of his mighty strength. The anniversary finds the soldiers of Uncle Sam doing their full part in the titanic struggle, and fighting bravely and effectively in the beginning of what we hope will be the final phase of the effort to "make the world safe for democracy."

## ANOTHER MONTH IN THE LONG RECORD OF THE WAR

In February, American troops in France engaged in heavy fighting, and acquitted themselves as Uncle Sam's soldiers are expected to. At home, a new contingent of 72,000 men went into the camps, bringing the total of the National Army to 685,000.

There was a "shake-up" in the War Department, which resulted in much desirable cutting of red tape. President Wilson addressed another message to Congress, reaffirming America's purpose never to turn back from her great task. The Senate voted to limit control of the railroads by the Federal Government to a period ending eighteen months after the close of the war. The Fuel Administration rescinded its "heatless Monday" order, subject to final action by the Weather Man.

The Allied Governments covenanted to give full power to the Supreme War Council, and to handle their armies as one under its direction. This resulted in the retirement of General Robertson as British Chief of Staff. It fits exactly, however, with our Administration's idea of proper handling of the military measures of the Allies.

Italy continued fighting bravely and successfully against the invading armies of Austria. The Greek army was mobilized, and fought gallantly on the Macedonian front. Greece had been supplied with munitions by the Allies.

In the east chaos ruled. The Bolshevik troops took Kief, Odessa, and Orenburg. The Ruma-

nians occupied Kishinef. The Ukraine made a separate peace with Germany. The Bolsheviki, in their rather unconventional way, declared Russia out of the war and ordered demobilization of



GENERAL SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

their forces. Germany, putting no faith in these assurances, sent troops into Russia, and finally the Bolshevik "rulers" surrendered—officially. At the end of the month the German troops were pushing ahead in Russian territory, Austrian troops were attacking in the Ukraine, and Japan was preparing to invade Siberia.

The situation on the eastern line gave good promise of continuing to divert a part of Berlin's attention and strength from the great spring movement promised on the western front. It also, unfortunately, assured Germany of valuable supplies of munitions.

The Bolsheviki, agreeing to give up to the enemies of civilization a large area of territory, to pay a huge indemnity, and turn over to their conquerors Russia's commercial future, stand before the world as a warning of the consequences of government by theory.

This marks the end of another epoch in the Great War. Russia is out of it. There remains the mass of population, a helpless giant, unused to freedom, unable to defend itself without leadership. It will impose upon the Germans the difficult and distracting task of keeping order, and will serve to divert some of Berlin's attention, and a good many men, from the western front.

The Bolsheviki sowed the wind, and will reap the whirlwind. The shame of Russia is complete. When the nations that love peace and honor have conquered the imperial house that despises honor and hates peace, Russia will be raised from the mire into which Lenine and Trotzky, friends of error and folly, have thrown her.

## SOLDIERS' INSURANCE BETTER THAN PENSIONS

There is one matter of public policy for America at war about which there seems to be no disagreement and no inclination to debate; and that is the decision to protect soldiers and their dependents against suffering resulting from sickness or injuries incurred in military service by means of insurance rather than pensions. The old pension system was expensive and in many ways unsatisfactory. The new system is very much more businesslike, and will work far better both for the Government and for the soldiers and their families.

On June 30, 1916, there were on the roll of the Pension Office 235,536 names of widows of Civil War veterans. The total number of pensioners of the Government at that time was 709,572.

The total amounts paid to pensioners of our various wars have been as follows: Revolutionary War, seventy million dollars; War of 1812, forty-five millions; Indian wars, thirteen millions; the Mexican War, fifty millions; the Civil War, up to 1917, $4,765,075,020; and the Spanish War and the Philippine insurrection, fifty-three millions. Thus about five billion dollars has been paid out in pensions for military service.

Amounts paid in some single years have been as follows: 1910, $123,173,717; 1912, $135,591,956; 1914, $139,682,186; and 1916, $155,029,426.

These pensions, graded according to the soldiers' age and the service rendered, have run from $13 a month to $30 a month.

When the United States took up arms in defense of the peace of the world in this greatest of all wars, it was apparent that a better system must be devised and put into early operation. In October of 1917 a law was passed by Congress and approved by the President by which $141,000,000 was appropriated for military and naval family allowance, $12,150,000 for compensation for disabling injuries, and $23,000,000 for life insurance. The care of the soldier's dependents is now assured by process of law, and full provision is made for the care of soldiers rendered helpless by sickness or wounds. And the soldier may buy $5,000 worth of insurance at $3.25 a month if he is 21, $3.45 a month if he is 30, and

at corresponding rates for other ages. He may, if he so desires, take out a policy as high as $10,000. A five-thousand-dollar policy yields a monthly payment to the beneficiary of $28.75, almost equal to the highest amount that used to be paid in a pension to the relative of a private soldier.

General Pershing's army in France took out policies aggregating at least $900,000,000. The men in service at home also took advantage of the opportunity to insure their lives; at Camp Dix 98 per cent. of the officers and men took out policies. A newspaper report said: "All the features of this new insurance plan are highly praised by officers of the Allies' armies, many of whom think that it will solve the pension problem better than anything heretofore proposed. It is believed that some modification of this insurance plan will be adopted by the other armies."

## THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

THE Bolshevik idea of government was illustrated for us Americans, to whom it is a very strange idea indeed, when the Russian ship *Shilka* called at the port of Seattle. She brought a cargo of goods, and expected to take back a load of hides and rails that had been ordered by the Kerensky Government. As our Government had not officially recognized the Bolshevik Government, the supplies could not be delivered to the ship. But she was offered a cargo of steel to be carried to Japan. Did the question go to the captain of the ship for decision? Not at all! A vote was taken by the crew as a managing committee! Actually, the captain of the ship was elected to his office in the same way.

IF suggestions made in its report to the British Ministry of Munitions by Lord Haldane's committee on fuel conservation bear fruit, the conduct of industry in England will be revolutionized. The committee suggested that all power for the great industries be distributed from a small number of generating plants. By such a distribution of electric power, it is estimated, Great Britain can save more than half the coal now used for that purpose. The boys who are now studying engineering are going to do some wonderful things in the years after the war.

THE United States Geological Survey reports that in 1916 350,000 tons of copper, 96,300 tons of lead, and 115,000 tons of zinc after being used were melted again, and so made available for further use. Twenty million dollars' worth of the precious metals, gold and silver, was saved from the scrap-heap. There is conservation of resources for you!

EVERYBODY who raised one potato, or cabbage, or ear of corn, or turnip last year will be expected this year to make two of them grow where that one did. For the amateur farmer there is nothing, we suppose, quite equal to the bean for ease of cultivation, for percentage of return on the investment, and for all-round usefulness when harvested. It takes a pretty good farmer to raise a good crop of potatoes, but beans will grow for anybody. Try a planting this spring!

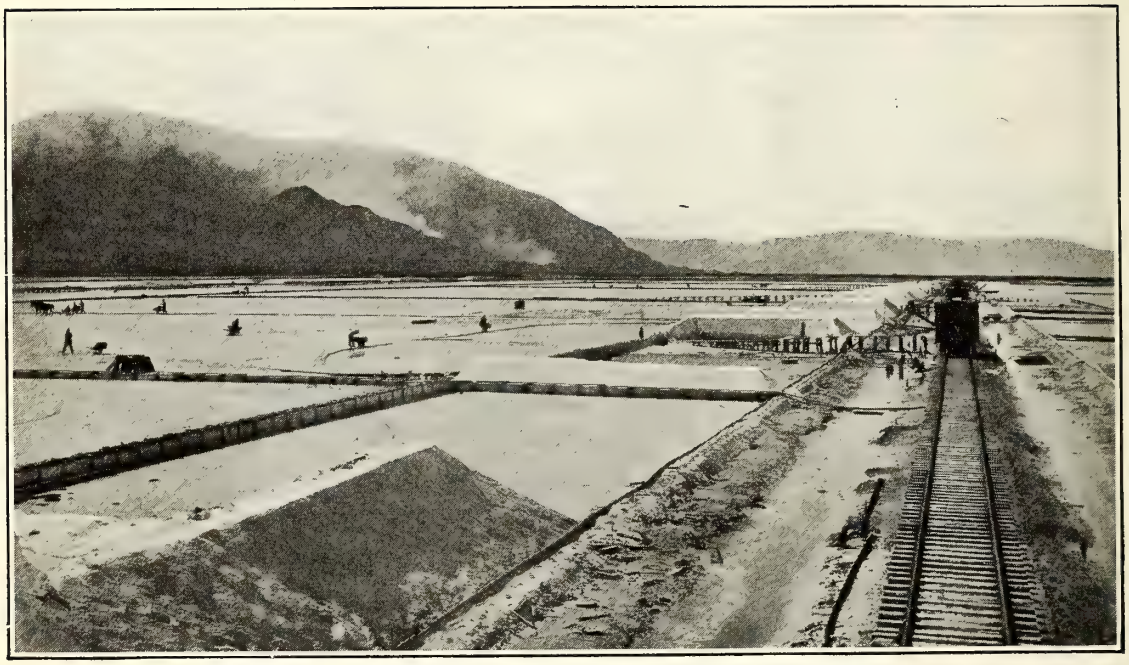
A YOUNG man who graduated from college last June, and is now with the army in France, writing to a friend at home about how long the war is going to last, said: "A French officer, when asked that question, replied, 'When the war broke out I thought it was good for about two years; then when the English began bringing over troops they rented the land they needed for camps for a term of three years, so I decided that was how long the war would last. Now the Americans come along, and instead of renting the land they buy it outright—I don't know what to think now!'" At any rate, the French officer can hardly doubt that we mean to "see it through."

IN the calendar year 1917 the United States exported $6,226,255,654 worth of merchandise, $371,883,884 worth of gold, and $84,130,876 worth of silver. In the same twelve months our imports were: merchandise, $2,952,465,955; gold, $537,854,374; silver, $53,340,832. The total of exports exceeded that of imports by $3,138,609,253. The value of imports, as well as that of exports, was higher last year than the year before.

AFTER a winter like that of 1917-18, it seems strange to be threatened with an ice famine. But the ammonia used in making artificial ice is needed for war supplies.

IT is one thing to say that the Junior Red Cross membership drive was made between February 12 and February 22—and another, and more attractive one, to say that it began on Lincoln's birthday and ended on Washington's.

As representative of Japan in America, Viscount Ishii will be welcomed by no one more heartily than by the WATCH TOWER'S Young Americans. With a will—Banzai!



GATHERING SALT FROM THE EVAPORATING BASINS AT GREAT SALT LAKE.

### MADE IN AMERICA—PERHAPS A MILLION YEARS AGO

On the edge of the Great Salt Lake, in Utah, three or four hundred acres of land are dyked off, leveled, and cleaned. Then the water (of which every four tablespoonfuls contain one of salt) is pumped from the lake into great reservoirs and allowed to stand for evaporation.

It is finally pumped into the harvesting pond to a depth of six inches, which depth is maintained against the rapid evaporation by constantly adding more of the water. Toward the end of the summer, there are four or more inches of solid salt on that bed, and then the water remaining is allowed entirely to evaporate.

Clean planks are thrown down and men with wheelbarrows gather the salt and pile it in heaps of about two thousand tons each. After a short period, in which it is thoroughly drained, it is either shipped out as it is, for the use of cattle and sheep, or goes into the refinery, where grinding and sifting and packing in cartons prepare it for household use. Its purity has been tested by state authorities and declared to be almost perfect.

When the waters of what had been, in prehistoric times, a great inland lake receded to the eastern side of the Oquirrh Mountains and formed the Great Salt Lake, it left behind it, a hundred miles west of Salt Lake City, on the new line of the Western Pacific, a gigantic bed of solid salt, sixty miles long, twelve to twenty miles wide, and from sixteen to twenty feet deep. State engineers say that the amount of salt in that old lake-bed is not less than thirty billion tons, which would require 36,750,000 trains, of twenty cars each, to ship out.

That is a large figure—too large for ordinary people clearly to comprehend. If that number of freight-cars were parked close together in the State of Rhode Island, they would occupy every square foot and then overlap into Massachusetts and Connecticut.

This salt is over ninety-eight per cent. pure, and is so solidly packed that when the railroad went through, power-drills drove small holes four feet deep, and then dynamite was used to enlarge those holes to take in the telegraph-poles.

Up to the time that Teddy Tetzlaff broke all speed records in his automobile dash across that

bed, it was little known, even in the Intermountain Region. Now the advent of the railroad has brought it within reach of commercial operations, and grooving-machines, hauled by six-ton motor-trucks, are crossing and recrossing it, quarrying out blocks of salt which, when split out, have to be sawed by power into merchantable shape.

Much of this salt is shipped out just as it is quarried, to supply the large demand for it from the great ore-reduction plants and for the millions of sheep and cattle which still herd on the immense open ranges of the vast strip between the Rockies and the Sierras, the Mexican border and the Canadian line.

But a certain proportion goes through the same refining process that is followed at Salt Lake, and analysis by state chemists have shown the refined salt to be almost absolutely pure.

Kit Carson always asserted that this great tract—then a part of the Great American Desert, but now specially designated as Salduro—was the only true desert in America. Across its entire extent not one atom of animal or vegetable life has ever been found.

It is appalling in its mysteries and deceptions. A man a mile away assumes gigantic proportions. An automobile traveling rapidly appears to be in the air, for there is nothing beneath it or to one side of it that gives the slightest indication of the earth. Twenty miles out on that dazzling salt-bed there is nothing with which to estimate sizes or distances. Not a single twig of sagebrush or greasewood or cactus greets the eye. The mountains, fifty miles away, seem to be within easy strolling distance. And the silence is weirdly oppressive. Even the wind has to put forth a good effort to be heard, for there is not a twig or a stone to break that wind and cause any sound. But, curiously enough, the beat of a horse's hoofs on that salt can be heard for miles A watch laid down on it ticks like a great hall-clock.



A GROOVING-MACHINE ON THE GREAT SALT-BED AT SALDURO.

It is always white, glaring white, for the faintest breeze clears away any dust which may have blown over from the sagebrush in the east or the greasewood on the Nevada border. Unless some distant mountains stand out, no horizon is perceptible. The sky and the ground merge into one so completely that there is no visible line.

Sunrise and sunset have seldom the delightful shadings seen on the great prairies or the ocean. As the edge of the sun comes up out of the sea of salt, a gorgeous, barbaric sheet of flame spreads fanlike across the bed, increasing in width and fierceness every moment. This appearance is duplicated at sunset. If there has been no change in the atmosphere, you cannot tell the morning from the evening sun.

GEORGE FREDERICK STRATTON.

## THE SURFACE OF LIQUIDS

THE surface of a liquid is peculiar. It behaves as if it were a tough, elastic membrane stretched over the rest of the liquid. If you would like to prove this, take a tumbler of clean water and a sewing-needle, and, holding the needle horizontally between the thumb and forefinger, lay it carefully upon the surface of the water. The needle will float. This is remarkable, because steel is eight times as dense as water. If the needle breaks through the surface, however, it will immediately sink.

The reason for this is simple. Every particle of water in the glass attracts every other particle. The particles below the surface are attracted on every side, hence the attraction is not apparent; but the particles on the surface are pulled down by those beneath them, while there are no particles above to counteract this effect. This produces what is known as surface tension—the tendency which all liquids have to contract as much as possible. You have seen a soap-bubble, suspended from the pipe when you were not blowing it, get smaller and smaller and finally disappear. The bubble is almost entirely surface and well illustrates this tendency.

The smallest area which a certain volume can occupy is a sphere, and liquids, we find, will assume this form if nothing interferes.

A small quantity of mercury thrown upon a

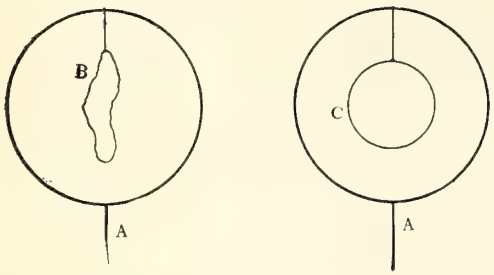
table breaks up into little balls. Water will not do so, however, because the attraction of the table for the water pulls it out of shape. The mercury particles attract each other with a force greater than that of the table, while the water particles do not. If in any way you could remove the attraction of the table, the water would become spherical just as the mercury does. This may be done by letting the water fall upon a greasy or dusty surface. The dew on the leaves of certain plants, as the nasturtium, beautifully illustrates this.

In the making of shot, advantage is taken of this tendency of liquids to contract. The molten lead is dropped from a high tower through a sieve-like arrangement into water. As it falls, the drops contract into the smallest area possible, thereby forming perfect little spheres. Raindrops, also, are spherical for the same reason.

The surface of a liquid seems to possess a peculiar toughness, as shown by the fact that certain insects are able to run over the surface of water, their feet making tiny depressions in it. And during a storm at sea oil is sometimes poured over the water to lessen the force of the waves. Oil has a tougher surface than water and acts as a great blanket thrown over it.

A small piece of camphor placed upon water flies around in a lively manner. This is due to the fact that the camphor weakens the tension of the water wherever it touches it, and the stretched surface, readjusting itself, draws the camphor in different directions.

If you would like to try a very interesting and simple experiment to illustrate surface tension, take a piece of coarse wire and bend it into a ring with a handle, A, and to the edge of the ring tie a loop of fine thread, B (see diagram). Now

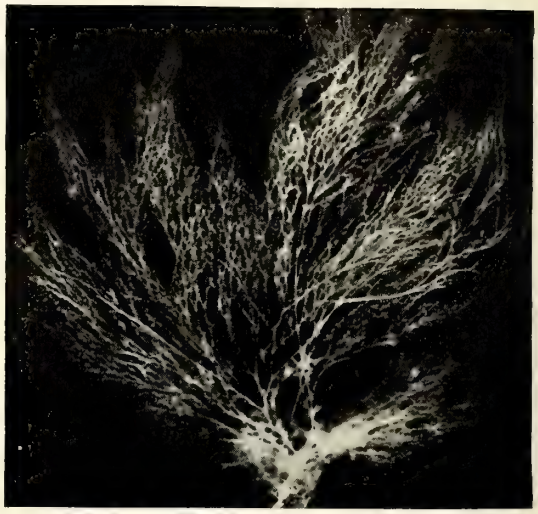



dip the ring into a very strong soap solution; then touch the film inside of the loop with a piece of blotting-paper or with a hot wire, and the loop instantly springs out into a circle, C, since, when the film is broken at the point the blotter touches, the rest of it immediately contracts into the smallest area possible.

L. G. WINSTON.

## LUMINOUS PLANTS

ON an exceptionally hot June night Christine, the daughter of the great naturalist Linnæus, was walking in the garden when she noticed that the garden nasturtium (*Tropæolum*) was giving out flashes of light. At once she directed the attention of her father to the happening, and he, in company with other scientists, observed the phe-



A TYPICAL LUMINOUS RED SEAWEED (*FLORIDEÆ*)

nomenon several evenings. The light was particularly bright when the air was dry and electrical disturbances of the atmosphere were about to take place. This led to the conclusion that the flashes were probably electrical in origin, and such seems to have been the opinion of most students who have inquired into the matter in recent times. It is curious that plants with orange flowers seem more likely to become luminous than those of another color. Linnæus considered that it was always worth while watching the marigold (*Calendula*), the African marigold (*Tagetes*), the Martagon lily (*Lilium martagon*), and the sunflower (*Helianthus*) when the weather was sultry. Canon Russell, writing to "Science Gossip" in 1891, describes how he watched some flowers of the double marigold and saw "mimic lightnings" playing over the petals. He says: "Thinking that I might be the victim of an ocular illusion, I brought out other members of the household and asked them to report exactly what they saw. Some perceived the flashes regularly enough, but others only slowly and after patient observation, all eyes not being equally sensitive to such rapid vibrations of light."

Coming to the flowerless plants, we meet with a large number of cases of luminosity. In most

of these instances the phenomenon is probably not electrical in origin. In the case of the green plants (such as mosses and seaweeds) the luminosity is probably a means of increasing the scanty light in the situations where the plants grow. Some kinds of moss grow in caves; the luminous moss (*Schistotega osmundacea*) is a good example. The little plant must have light in order to carry on the absorption of carbonic acid from the air. The branching threads of this moss bear strange little globes; each of these has the power of concentrating the scanty light of the cavern. As a result, these globes glisten like bright disks. In the case of many of the red seaweeds (*Florideæ*) which, we must remember, in spite of their color are really green plants, the luminosity is probably helpful to the plant in



SOME SPECIES OF FUNGI GLOW FROM THE UNDER SIDE OF THEIR CAPS.

the same way. These red seaweeds grow at a greater depth than any other marine plants and the light is very scanty; hence the power of concentrating the few rays that there are is very useful.

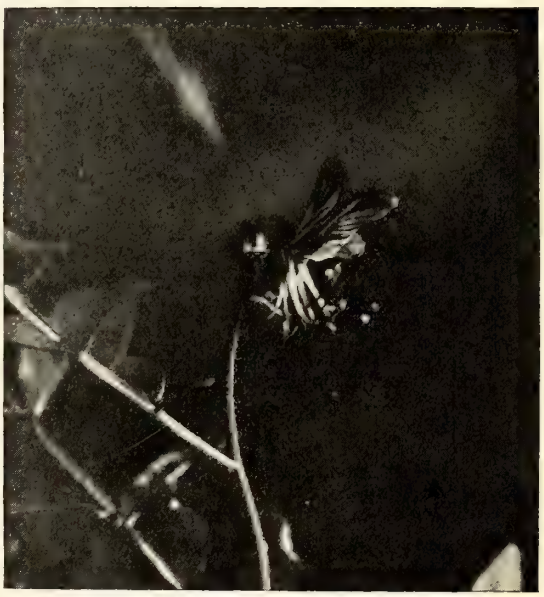
In the case of the fungi there seems to be small doubt that the light quite often to be observed is phosphorescent. In the south of France a species common on olive-trees (*Agaricus olearius*) glow brightly at certain times. In many tropical forests the fungi shine with an astonishingly powerful light. Even in temperate regions the strange thread-like processes (mycelia) from which the toadstools arise are strongly phosphorescent. These are often present in bits of rotting wood, and any one staying in the country may chance upon some interesting specimens. Just what benefit the fungi derive from their luminosity is not very clear. Kerner has suggested that the plants shine in order to direct the attention of fungus flies and beetles, which deposit



THE DITTANY BY DAY.

their eggs in the fungi, and, during their visits, help in the distribution of the spores.

One plant which may be classed with the luminous kinds is the dittany (*Dictamnus*), a native of western Asia, sometimes grown in gardens. This plant secretes an essential oil in abundance;



"A CRACKLING RED FLAME SHOOTS UPWARD."

in warm weather the oil becomes volatile, and it is then highly inflammable. If a light is brought near to the flower-stalk, a crackling red flame shoots upward, and the effect is very singular.

The dittany is commonly called the burning-bush, and it is rather strange that the plant grows in the district where it is generally considered that the incident of Moses and the burning bush occurred.

S. Leonard Bastin.

### A MID-AIR FIGHT WITH BALKAN EAGLES

Captain Mortureux, a pilot in the French aviation corps, recently arrived in Paris on furlough from Salonica, where he was attached to the Army of the Orient. He brought with him two stuffed eagles which he shot down with his machine-gun when they attacked him during a flight he made over the Bulgarian lines in Macedonia.

This is the first authentic case on record in the annals of European aviation when a bird has attacked an aëroplane.

The aërial battle between Captain Mortureux and the two giant birds was witnessed by British and French troops in the advanced trenches over which the contest was fought. The bodies of the eagles were later picked up by soldiers. One eagle is a male and the other—the larger one—a female. They measure nearly ten feet from wing-tip to wing-tip, and stood more than four feet in height.

Captain Mortureux's own account was as follows:

"I was making a patrol over the Bulgarian lines early one morning when I saw the two eagles. They flew straight toward me, and although my machine was faster than they were, they kept hovering near me, since I had to swing back and forth along a certain length of front.

"One of the birds darted toward me just as I was turning. The roar of the motor and the flashing propeller blades did n't scare him a bit. I was afraid he might get his talons into one of my wings and tear the canvas, so I cruised across to a position over our lines.

"The birds followed right after me, so I decided to attack one of them, just to see what it would do. I 'banked' to slow down and waited until the eagles were directly above and in front of me.

"Then I pointed the nose of the machine up and started to climb right toward them at tremendous speed. I pulled the trigger, and the machine-gun began to chatter. Twenty-five rounds got both of them. They fell screaming and flapping to earth.

"Later, back in the city, I had a Greek taxidermist mount them. We captured a German aviator down there some time ago who told us that an eagle had raided one of their mess-camps one day and carried off a side of beef. The Balkan eagles are very voracious."

Captain Mortureux intends to present one of the eagles to a Paris museum and will keep the other as a trophy.

Working in an airplane-manufacturing plant just outside of Paris is Jules Vedrines. When he came back from the Paris-Madrid air-race before the war he had a sensational story to tell of having been set upon by eagles when crossing the Pyrenees. He now laughs at the yarn. But he was one of the first to congratulate Captain Mortureux, who brought "the goods" with him.

Henry G. Wales,
(*International News Service.*)

### THE REDWOOD TREE THAT WOULDN'T DIE

One of the giant redwoods in Mendocino County, California, has shown that in spite of its combined foes, the wind and the forest fire, it has made up its mind to keep right on living in the same spot where it has stood for years and years. During a terrible storm on the mountain the top of this big tree was broken off, and later the trunk was nearly destroyed by a forest fire; yet enough vitality remained for a young tree to rise from the roots of the older one and to grow up within the wide trunk, which serves as a protection against the wind. The original tree was a magnificent specimen more than eleven feet in diameter, towering high in the air, and its youthful successor should be of goodly size when the old stump is ready to fall away.



Photograph by S. V. Bunnell

YOUNG TREE GROWING FROM THE ROOTS OF THE OLDER ONE

George F. Paul.

# FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

## POLLY'S SLEEPY STORY

BY JOSEPHINE SCRIBNER GATES.

Author of the "Live Dolls" stories



"'WELL,' SAID GRANDMOTHER, 'LET'S SIT HERE.'"

"POLLY says she is n't sleepy, and she *should* have a nap," said Mother to Grandmother one day.

"Oh, well," said Grandmother, "she does n't need to take a nap, I 'spose. How would you like a story, Polly?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Polly, clasping her two hands in rapture.

"Well," said Grandmother, "let 's sit here at the head of the bed. I can tell this story much easier when I can lean back. Here 's your cunning blue pillow, and here 's my big one. What 's this book?"

"Oh, Grandmother, it 's just full of picture dolls—all sorts of dolls. Can't you put them in a story?"

"Why, yes, I believe they would like to be in a story," said Grandmother, and began:

"Once upon a time a little girl owned every doll in this book.

"One afternoon the door-bell rang, and there in front was a coach with four gray ponies, and the footman blew a bugle and cried, 'Come out! come out! bring all the dolls and we'll go to ride.'

"This little girl's name was Polly, too. and she hurried to get on all the dolls' coats and bonnets.

"Mother helped, and presently they were all stowed away in the coach.

"The bugle sounded its gay tune, and away they went, far out into the country. Such a beautiful ride they had, till by and by it began to grow dark.

"Then Polly saw, far ahead, a beautiful castle. In every window twinkled colored lights. They drove straight to the door, the driver helped them out, then cried: 'Welcome to our Playhouse!'

"The big door slowly opened. They hurried in. and such wonderful things did they find!

"Rooms and rooms just full of toys. In one, many-colored balloons were floating and tumbling about over one another.

"In the next room were all sorts of kites waiting to fly.

"Another was filled with toy furniture, and next to that was a room full of

dolls, such wonderful dolls! From this room they passed on to one filled with wee tables all set with doll dishes.

"'Sit down—sit down, and we will sup!' cried the jolly driver.

"This was joyful news, and Polly and the dolls sat down and ate the best supper you ever saw; and then, as they left the table, they all began to feel so sleepy they just longed to go to bed.

"'Here!' cried the driver, 'come in here! It's just for sleepy ones,' and he led them to a room full of cunning little white beds.

"'Oh!' exclaimed Polly, 'how lovely!' and at once she put each doll to bed,



"THERE WAS A COACH WITH FOUR GRAY PONIES."

then crept into the last one. In a moment, drowsy eyelids drooped, and soon all were sound asleep.

"The birds peeped into the windows at the sleeping dolls and sleeping Polly, and then flew back to their nests. Their chirps grew fainter and more faint, till presently *they,* too, were sound asleep.

"A little white kitten crept softly into the room. She pattered over to each bed, stood for a moment by each sleeper, listened to the gentle breathing, then walked over to the hearth, where the fire crackled gently. There, curled up in a little white heap, she closed her eyes, and soon *she* was sound asleep.

"Then there came a little white dog with a blue ribbon around his neck. On

this ribbon was a weenty bell, and, as he trotted about, the little bell jingled. He walked over to each bed, stood on his hind legs for a second staring at the sleepers, then went over to the kitten all curled up and stared at her, and then decided that he, too, would take a nap; and so, wagging his tail, he cuddled up in the



"POLLY AND THE DOLLS SAT DOWN AND ATE THE BEST SUPPER YOU EVER SAW."

other hearth-corner, and the warm breath of the fire soon made his eyelids droop, and-in-a-moment-the-little-white-dog-was-f-a-s-t-asleep."

*And,* will you believe it? as Polly listened to this dear little drowsy tale, her eyelids drooped and she, too, was soon fast asleep.

Not only Polly's, but dear Grandmother's eyes soon began to droop, and presently, when Mother peeped in, she smiled to herself and gently closed the door.



# ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE




"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY ELEANOR C. GIBBONS, AGE 15.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON MAY, 1916.)

MANY of our older readers will remember the name of Mary Graham Bonner as one of the Honor Members in 1906 and 1907, and will recall with pleasure her contributions to the LEAGUE pages. In one of the February issues of the "New York Evening Sun" Miss Bonner was hailed as the writer of two thousand stories for children during the past ten years. When asked by the interviewer, "How did you become interested in the children's field?" she replied as follows:

"When I was a child I won the various prizes for compositions, stories in the ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE contests. I was almost heartbroken when I became too old to compete for the prizes; but the literary training which had been developed by ST. NICHOLAS encouraged me to write other stories."

Another name is thus added to the ever-growing list of recognized writers who began their literary career as members of the League and who remember with gratitude the stimulus and inspiration they received from it. Miss Bonner has published several books and has repeatedly contributed to ST. NICHOLAS—including an article this month on the Junior Naval Reserve, printed in the department, "For Country and for Liberty."

To the tribute which she offered to the magazine and the LEAGUE may be added here a message received recently from the mother of another Honor Member:

"Perhaps this is a good time to say what a really fine thing I think the ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is. I know it is a great source of inspiration to my own small girl, and am sure it is the same help to hundreds of others. ST. NICHOLAS has long been a loved addition to our household."

Wherefore let us all rejoice in the achievements of our LEAGUE members, past, present, and to come. The verse and prose, drawings and photographs here printed are quite worthy to be compared with any that have preceded them; and from the dainty and charming "Heading for April" on this page, to the very amusing one on page 573, we are proud of all the contributions in text or picture that adorn these LEAGUE pages for the "sunny-showery" month of April.

## PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 218

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**PROSE.** Gold badge, **Ellen J. Sheehan** (age 16), New York. Silver badges, **Dorothy Eddy** (age 12), California; **Reitza Dine** (age 13), Ohio; **Frances Miller** (age 12), California.

**VERSE.** Gold badge, **Barbara Burks** (age 14), California. Silver badges, **Anna Ware Barker, 3rd** (age 16), Massachusetts; **Carol Perrin** (age 16), New York; **Virginia Boswell Smith** (age 12), Kentucky; **Margaret Harland** (age 12), Massachusetts.

**DRAWINGS.** Gold badge, **Eleanor C. Gibbons** (age 15), New York. Silver badges, **Charles St. Clair** (age 14), Texas; **Claire Richardson** (age 14), New York.

**PHOTOGRAPHS.** Gold badges, **Alice Campbell Good** (age 13), New York; **Michael Morris** (age 13), Pennsylvania. Silver badges, **Wendell Keeney** (age 14), New York; **Harry B. Milner** (age 13), Massachusetts; **Betty Purviance** (age 14), Pennsylvania; **Augusta Talcott Parker** (age 13), California; **Caroline Houghton** (age 14), New York. = **PUZZLE-MAKING.** Gold badge, **Emily Pendleton** (age 15), Maine. Silver badge, **Richard L. Purdy** (age 13), New York.



BY WENDELL KEENEY, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY J. EDWARD MAYER, AGE 13.

"ALONG THE WAY."

## THE BREAK O' DAWN

BY BARBARA BURKS (AGE 14)

*(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won March, 1916)*

All through the long dark night the two sat watching
The sleeping baby in her tiny bed.
They hoped, and feared, and prayed, and mutely suffered,
And gazed through tears upon her curly head.

Her breath came short; her cheeks were flushed with fever;
They feared her little journey's end was nigh.
Death glided through the room in ghostly silence,
Unheeding the poor mother's anguished cry.

The father's face was tense; he was so helpless—
So near, and yet alone, his baby lay
To fight with hovering Death and cross the river.
He prayed to God to let his darling stay.

Then life came dancing through the velvet darkness
To kiss the sleeping child, and Death was gone.
The stars grew pale and flickered into grayness;
The baby lived—and smiled—at break o' dawn.

## A RAILROAD STORY

BY JAMES GOODWIN WOODWORTH (AGE 17)

*(Honor Member)*

Phil Lawson, the operator at Sandy Siding, Arizona, was bending over the key, the only tie between him and civilization.

It was early afternoon and the heat was intense. A shimmering mass of burning sand, broken with cactus, stretched out in every direction to meet the sky. Phil gazed thoughtfully through the open window along the parallel bands of steel, till they merged into one and were swallowed up in the far distance.

He had been "fired" four weeks before from Phoenix for disobeying orders. He pulled out his watch—one-fifty-five. Five minutes later the rails began humming.

"The Sunset Limited," he muttered, "and she 's two hours late." A moment, and with a roar and a flash it had rushed by, disappearing into the film of haze on the far horizon.

No other train was due till the California Limited, westbound, at five o'clock. After his midday meal Phil sank back in his chair.

A jarring sensation broke his sleep. In a moment he was on his feet. A sand-storm, with all its fury, was howling across the desert. In the frightful din Phil suddenly distinguished the faint clicking of the telegraph. He placed his ear to the sounder. "S m calling. A runaway locomotive, eastbound, has just —" The rest was lost.

"S m" was the operator at Phoenix, ten miles west of Sandy Siding. In a flash Phil was outside, stumbling on through the cutting sand toward the siding. With his remaining strength he turned the switch. A second—and the runaway took the siding.

From the east loomed the headlight of the California Limited, and a minute later it had drawn up by the water-tank. Engineer Adams jumped down from the cab and cried, as he recognized Lawson: "Great stuff, boy! I 'll sure tell Phoenix you 're O. K. at Sandy Siding."



"ALONG THE WAY." BY HARRY B. MILNER, AGE 13 (SILVER BADGE.)



"ALONG THE WAY." BY CHARLOTTE ALTER, AGE 15

## A RAILROAD STORY

BY DOROTHY F. PATTON (AGE 16)

*(A True Story)*

I was born on the day the battle of Manila Bay was fought, and so was named Manila. I am an old horse now, but I can never forget the novel ride I had from western New York to California. My master, a kind old gentleman, had decided to take the trip, and of course I, his chum, had to go also.

On the eventful day I was led to my car, feeling "blue" at the thought of the lonely ride ahead. Great was my surprise when my master, instead of leaving me, settled himself as though he were going to stay. I looked around. There, at one end of the car, was my stall, and at the other end was a small oil-stove and various other household articles. This convinced me that he was to accompany me on my ride.

Sure enough! The train started, and *we* were off! What a relief to have him with me! The journey would not be such a lonely one, after all.

My rations were in bags, one for each day; my drinking water was in tubs placed along the sides of the car. My master had brought his food, also, for rarely would he be able to get off, as freight-cars do not move on schedule time.

At Chicago we changed to another road, bought fresh food, filled the tubs anew, and began the last stage of our long journey. On pleasant days the door of the car was blocked open, and I could look over the shoulder of my master, as he sat in his easy-chair, and watch the forest and fields glide by.

After two weeks of rumble and roar we arrived at Los Angeles. Our long trip was ended, and I think my companion was as glad as I to feel the solid earth beneath our feet.

## THE BREAK O' DAWN

BY AGNES LAW (AGE 16)

*(Honor Member)*

MORNING! And all is misty-gray and silent;
Far in the east, a first dim streak of light;
A few pale stars grow faint, and ever fainter,
And wanly gleam, last relics of the night.
The huddled pines loom darkly in the background;
A muffled waterfall behind the hill
Sounds on and ever on, with endless echo,
And seems to make the stillness yet more still.

Dawn! And the glowing eastern light grows brighter.
Fair banners, rose and gold, mount up on high;
While, like a sentinel, on yon hill to eastward
A lone pine stands outlined against the sky.
The birds, awakening, begin their chirping,
And cheerily they call from tree to tree;
Yet, as the flaming pennons flash still brighter,
They cease. The whole world waits expectantly.

Sunrise! Yon snow-capped mountain crest is gleaming,
Clear in the shimmering, dancing, golden light,
The tree-tops all are lit with sudden splendor;
A million sparkling dewdrops glisten bright.
The birds, as though their hearts must burst with gladness,
Pour out a sweet, full-throated melody;
The miracle has once more been accomplished—
The world from darkness once again set free!

## A RAILROAD STORY

BY ELLEN J. SHEEHAN (AGE 16)

*(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won September, 1917)*

"I 'M an educated 'bo. I 've bummed my way from 'York to 'Frisco, and from there to the Yukon country. Even the gold could n't hold me, though, so I 'hired' an elaborately furnished box-car to carry me to New Orleans. My motto is, 'See America first, and without cost.' Consequently I know a good deal about railroads.

"I 've been a happy 'bo on the whole. The high cost of living has never touched me, and I 've never had a



"ALONG THE WAY." BY ALICE C. GOOD, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON SEPTEMBER, 1916.)

collapse from overwork. But this big war plays havoc with my profession. I miss my old pals of the railroad; and then they turn up in Chicago, or elsewhere, togged out in khaki or blue. They ask me why I don't join them,—but me for the railroad!

"I 've always felt queer about railroads. Whenever I 'm alone in a box-car, I don't feel absolutely friendless. At least, I 'm with my old stand-by, the railroad. And when a burly cop tells me to fly, when I feel and know that I have n't a human pal, I hike for the railroad. The railroad has always treated me O. K. till now. Since the war began, things are changed.

"When I discovered that war had been declared and the Government was going to nab every man, I turned up my coat-collar, pulled down my hat, and departed—for the railroad. When, however, I attempted to step independently into one of my hitherto 'private cars,' I found it guarded by soldiers.



"ALONG THE WAY." BY BETTY PURVIANCE, AGE 14, (SILVER BADGE.)

"Between you and me, I 've a hunch that my old friend, the railroad, has gone back on me! When I feel that mysterious gnawing at my big, hobo heart, the railroad does n't seem to console me. Because now, all over the cars, I see signs demanding that I should 'Join the Navy' or 'Enlist To-day.' On an old box-car I saw, 'Your Country Needs You!'

"'Your country needs you.' No one ever needed me. Say! I 'm tired of riding the bumpers. I 've seen a lot of this country. It 's a big one. It 's mine. It 's well worth fighting for.

"'My country needs me!' I 'm going to enlist!"

## THE BREAK O' DAWN

BY ANNA WARE BARKER, 3RD (AGE 16)

*(Silver Badge)*

A ROLLING field of frosted, stubbly grass;
Before, twined trees half screen a fence's rails.
Fir-trees show dark before a bank of mist;
Above, a gold balloon, the bright sun sails.

So is our view in these dark years of war.
The field 's the world, the fir-trees are our foe;
The mist 's no denser than our ignorance;
The sun above, the faith that makes us glow.

The faith that lights us through a night of doubt;
The faith that cheers us through a day of care;
The faith that thrills us all to do our work
That leads us on, to hope, to do, to dare.

This faith that lifts us far above our work
Tells us we battle for humanity.
Therefore, O Father, guide us through each day,
For all we do is only done for Thee!

A field of mist and fear; a moment more,
And then the sun's rays struggle through their shroud,
And flood the field with freshly brilliant light,
Driving away distrust, and gloom, and cloud.



BY WINIFRED M. GRINDLEY, AGE 13.



BY AUGUSTA T. PARKER, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY ELEANOR U. HESSELTINE, AGE 15.



BY O. LINDSAY CLARKSON, AGE 16.



BY MARY CULLINAN, AGE 16.



BY ALICITA BURKE, AGE 14.



BY MICHAEL MORRIS, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON OCT. 1917.)



BY CAROLINE HOUGHTON, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

## "ALONG THE WAY."

## THE BREAK O' DAWN

BY CAROL PERRIN (AGE 16)

(*Silver Badge*)

SURE the surf it pounds as steadily,
As I stand on the wind-lashed cliff,
As that morn when we watched together, lad,
Makin' up for our little tiff.
Ye said, "Ye 're right, lass. I 'll gae to war."
I, "Nay, laddie, bide a wee."
But ye marched awa' with the rest, and, lad,
Dawn 's ne'er been the same to me.

Sure, the sky it turns to opal,
And the opal melts in gold
As softly above the ragin' sea
As ever it did of old.
The rollers break on the rugged shore,
And flash in the sun in glee;
But, lad, my heart's nigh breakin',
And all for the sight o' thee.



"ALONG THE WAY." BY ANNA S. LARNER, AGE 14.

## A RAILROAD STORY

BY DOROTHY EDDY (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

LITTLE Tommy Jones, aged five, was traveling from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara with his mother. It was the first time Tommy had ever been on a train. How wonderful it was to go flying off so quickly and see the houses dash by so fast it made one dizzy!

The train stopped at a little station. Tommy was busily engaged in watching the people through the window. When the train started again he heard a screeching voice say, "Polly wants a cracker, Polly wants a cracker! Nice Polly!"

Tommy turned quickly around in his seat. Across the aisle sat an elderly lady, and in a cage by her side sat the most gorgeous parrot Tommy had ever seen!

"Oh, Mamma," he cried, "look at that beautiful Polly!"

He sat gazing at the parrot with dreamy eyes. His uncle was a sea captain. He had told Tommy of parrots that the sailors had taught to swear.

"Well, keel-haul me blooming skippers if that boy's head ain't on fire—water, water!" screamed Polly, cocking his head toward a man with red hair.

Little Tommy sat awe-stricken. Would it speak again? Then Tommy heard his mother say, "Wake up, Tommy, wake up!"

Tommy opened his eyes. Across the aisle sat the parrot contentedly eating his supper.

"Oh, Mamma, I dreamed that that parrot talked just as Uncle Bill said they talked on ships! But he does n't at all," said Tommy, sorrowfully.

"Santa Barbara!" called the porter, sticking his head in the doorway.

The train's whistle shrieked as it rounded the bend. When the train stopped, a very disappointed little Tommy got off into his gramma's arms.

## A RAILROAD STORY

BY REITZA DINE (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

"DEBORAH, hast heard the news?" asked Friend Owen, coming into the house hurriedly.

It was in the year 1831. Friend Owen and his wife were well known in the quiet little town of Leesburg. Indeed, Friend Owen was at the head of most of the village affairs; and never was there a bit of gossip but Mistress Owen was the first to be consulted and to pass it along.

"Prithee, Simon, what hath chanced?" asked Mistress Owen, anxiously.

"Oh, such a wondrous thing! Indeed, 't is passing marvelous, this new invention! 'T is said by Deacon Huggins that never hath there been such excitement, save when war was declared. Thou knowest that idling Jasper Pettens, Deborah. He hath e'en—"

"But prithee, Simon, what hath happened? 'T will e'en make a rare piece of news to tell Peggy Barom."

"'T is a railroad. A piece of folly, I call it! Here is what the 'Pittsburg Gazette' sayeth:

'Jan. 28, 1831. Forsooth, another marvel! The South Carolina Railroad has been established. 'T is said to be in running order, though a man might walk as fast. The first trial was made last fortnight. Those who ventured were, Mr. Cruise, Mr. Crab, and Mr. Travers.'

"What folly," cried Mistress Owen.

"That is all about the railroad," said Mr. Owen. "Who is knocking? Friend Pettens, welcome."

"Saw you this new marvel, mayhap?"

"Ay! I saw it. 'T is a clumsy affair—naught but a locomotive and a string of coaches. It goes very fast—"



"A PATRIOTIC PICTURE." BY CHARLES ST. CLAIR, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

"Mercy!"

"And my friend Mr. Cruise says it is right fascinating. He told me he made his will before he ventured. But there, 't is time for lunch, and I shall be late. Dr. Franklin said, 'Be not late if thou canst avoid it.' Good morrow, friends!

"Wilt tell us more about its First Day. Yes!! Thank thee! Good morrow!"

## THE BREAK O' DAWN

BY VIRGINIA BOSWELL SMITH (AGE 12)

*(Silver Badge)*

When night's long watch is ended, and war and conflict cease.
When hosts of battle vanish, then comes the dawn of peace.
Then man, by trials strengthened, looks up with reverent eyes;
In all its wondrous glory the star of Hope doth rise.
His body rent with suffering, his faith in God renewed,
Man stands before his Maker, both chastened and subdued.
The bloody struggle ended, the fears of warfare cease.
And in the wake of battle come victory and peace.



"ALONG THE WAY." BY JAMES HOUGHTON, AGE 16.

## A RAILROAD STORY

BY CAROL CROWE (AGE 11)

*(Honor Member)*

"Yes," said Mr. Chandler, "I have climbed from the bottom rung of the ladder to the presidency of the Western Railway."

"I suppose you have had many interesting experiencies?" said his listener.

"The most exciting one I ever had," replied Mr. Chandler, "occurred when I was agent at Cibilo Switch.

"One night I had orders to hold the south-bound freight, Number Forty-three, for passenger Number Seven, which was running late. I was by myself, and I turned to my books, as was my custom, during the many lonely hours I spent in this out-of-the-way place. I don't know how long I read, but suddenly I realized that Number Forty-three was flying past. The horror of the situation seemed at first to paralyze me. Something must be done to avert the coming disaster. Act I must, and that at once.

"After what seemed an age of indecision, I formulated a plan. It was at this point that the train started its spiral ascent of the mountain that forms a part of the divide. I decided that the only thing to do was to run up the mountain to a place where I might head the train off. I grabbed my lantern in a frenzy, and climbed up, now clutching tufts of grass, and now swinging to small bushes. I stumbled over rocks, and seemed to fall back as fast as I climbed. I could see the train, but there was one more gully to cross. I reached the track and ran along it, when suddenly I found I was on a bridge. I stumbled, and my foot caught between the ties. There I was held fast, with the train rushing toward me. I could feel the hot breath of the engine—a moment, and the crash would come! The crash did come.

"With a dull and sickening thud I fell from my chair. I had awakened just in time to flag Number Forty-three."

## THE BREAK O' DAWN

BY MARY B. BOYNTON (AGE 14)

When the first touch of fair Aurora's wings
In the dim east its rosy promise flings,
    Up springs a gentle, fluttering breeze,
    That hardly stirs the sleepy trees,
Yet wakens every springtide bird that sings.

The points of light creep up the blue on high,
Touching the pale star-beams until they die;
    When from a thousand tiny throats
    Up from the waking orchard floats
A joyous welcome to the dappled sky.

Sing on, ye feathered heralds of the dawn,
That welcome day ere yet 'tis fully born;
    And let your mellow music be
    Like echoes from eternity,
Praising unseen the coming of the morn.

## A RAILROAD STORY

BY FRANCES MILLER (AGE 12)

*(Silver Badge)*

"Oh, dad! won't you please give me a set of railroad tracks for my birthday to go with my electric train? I won't ask for another thing if you 'll only give it to me!"

"No, my son, I told you once before I could not afford it, so don't tease me any more," replied his father, who was trying to read the newspaper.



"A PATRIOTIC PICTURE." BY CLAIRE RICHARDSON, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

At this, John's eyes filled with tears, as his hopes had now been shattered to pieces. He felt his way to the door, put on his coat, and ran outside, hoping to

forget his sorrow in the bustle of the busy thoroughfare. Moodily he walked along, looking steadfastly at the sidewalk, when to his great surprise he saw a roll of bills. Stooping down, he picked them up with great care, thinking they would vanish into thin air any minute. Counting the money, he found there was fifty dollars! At this, John gasped, and he had a vision of ten sets of railroad tracks. "Oh!" he cried, "I can get my tracks after—"

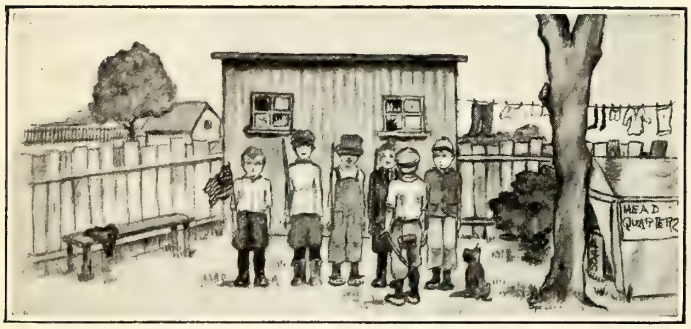
"Little boy, have you seen a roll of bills?" asked a tall lady, making her way up to him through the crowd. "I lost one, and it counted up to fifty dollars."

John was astonished. Again his hopes had fallen. But an evil spirit whispered in his ear, "Lie—say you have n't seen it!" Yet another little spirit whispered to him even louder, "It 's a sin to lie; give her the roll, even if you can't have your cherished railroad." John heeded the good spirit.

"Yes, I found it; here it is," replied John, as he handed it to her.

"Thank you very much," said the lady, smiling, "here 's five dollars to buy anything you want."

And she walked away, leaving a very happy boy.




"A PATRIOTIC PICTURE." BY CATHERINE L. SPENCER, AGE 13. (HONOR MEMBER.)

## A RAILROAD STORY

BY BEATRICE DUNHAM (AGE 11).

Igiwishtoo, Saturn.

Dearest Anita:

I had such a charming afternoon yesterday, that I must tell you about it. I was invited to afternoon tea on Mars by a dear friend who lives there. I went in my Universal Transfer; it is slower than most, going only at the rate of a million miles a minute, but it is safer, perhaps.

It was a lovely day, and I got there in a few minutes. My friend was very kind to me, and invited me at once to her house.

While I was there she told me such a very interesting experience of hers. Here it is:

Last week when she visited Earth, she saw an old, old building; it had been the capitol of the United States of America, an ancient country of long ago. That was in the days when Earth was split up into different parts, and each part, they say, ruled itself, instead of having a President of Earth! What do you think of that?

In this old building she also saw a thing of warfare used by the ancients of those times. It went on water, and was called a "ship"—a "battle-ship"! And what do you think? *It was run by an engine!!* Of course, it was almost in fragments, but it is preserved carefully. They say it was used in an ancient war—a great war when nearly the whole Earth was fighting. How different is this from that new device that runs through the universe by light. At night they manage by canning some of the sunlight, my friend says. Of course you must have heard of it—it was invented by a man of Saturn.

Well, I must stop now, as I must go and make some calls on Venus and Neptune.

Your friend,

SARNIA.

## THE BREAK O' DAWN

BY MARGARET HARLAND (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

A wounded soldier, lying
In a hospital, one night,
Saw, along the far horizon,
One long, pearly streak of light.

Was it shell, or bomb, or rocket?
Was it from some burning town?
Street of some celestial city
With the angels coming down?

"No," the nurse said, by his bed-side
Watching, waiting, through the night,
"'T is the coming of the morning,
That long, lonely streak of light."

Then the soldier smiled and answered,
"I have done my bit to bring
The dawning of the day of peace—
The peace of the Great King."

## THE BREAK O' DAWN

BY JEAN F. BLACK (AGE 17)

(*Honor Member*)

WHEN the stars grow dim and vanish
In the clouds of misty gray,
And the eastern sky is tinted
By the sun's faint, early ray,
Oh, 't is then my heart is singing,
All my cares and troubles gone,
Oh, 't is then that I am happy—
At the breakin' o' the dawn!

As I gaze in admiration,
All about is calm and still—
Not a murmur in the valley,
Not a stir upon the hill.
And the sun mounts higher, higher,
Till the mist of gray is gone,
And I stand, enthralled and silent,
In the glory o' the dawn.

## THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

| DRAWINGS | | |
|---|---|---|
| | Florence Schoenthal | Undine Hodgson |
| | Harry W. Gordon | Betty Goss |
| John W. Schmidt | Irving Freedway | Leona Shaw |
| Caroline M. Smith | Janet Van D. O'Hara | Julia Dietsch |
| Roger N. Plum | Evert Bensen | Arthur Brand |
| Lois Wilde | J. Alexander Bliedung | Dorothy Dayton |
| Marjorie D. Taylor | | Miriam J. Stewart |
| Seymour A. Ball | Kenneth M. Jones | Jean Melville |
| Paul Bates | Robert Smith | Gertrude Hoffman |
| Virginia Birch | Cary Lee Weston | Isabelle Midgley |
| Mary C. Hamilton | Florence Munger | Dorothy Stieff |

Elizabeth Marrian
Gertrude F. Jones
Virginia S. Tate
Lucile E. Wall
Edith Wall
Sarah McFadden
Mary D. H. Field
Hope Garland
Martha H. Funk
Morgan Vitlengl
Babette Oppenheimer
Mae Wilzin
Edith D. Steinmetz
Elsie M. Hearst
Virginia Berresford
Paul C. Hutton, Jr.
Barbara Jenkins
Henry A. Rusch, Jr.
Mary Luellen
Jeanne V. Hugo
Star Wilson
Wallace J. Reid
Louis Ferstadt

Josephine Dunham
George Oppenheimer, Jr.
Miriam Shepard
Margaret Stanley
Catherine Jordan
Constance Reynolds
Corlies Earnshaw

Silvia Wunderlich
Marie Mirvis
Anna K. Minard
Elizabeth C. Gay
Noël Halsey
Marion Cleveland
Mildred Augustine
Louis S. Pierce




"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY HERBERT H. SEAMAN, JR., AGE 14.

### VERSE

Eunice W. Thompson
Constance V. De Pinna
Beatrice Sellery
Margaret Mackpran
Jean Harper
Alice M. Hearst
Cecil Bull
Sarah Hiller
Alicia du Pont
Rezia Rowley
Hollis Hedberg
Ruth Hayward
Mary C. Pangborn
Katharine Brooks
Mary S. Benson
Catherine Parmenter
Juana Albraum
C. Rosalind Holmes
Eugenia Boross
Veronica Parker
Frances L. Seamen
Elizabeth F. Oppenheim
Sarah S. Johnson
Ruth P. Fuller

Marion West
Sylvia Gottesfeld
Clarita Ortiz
Janet L. Bullitt
Rudolph Cook
Emily F. Drum
Dorothy M. Phipps
Delano McKelvey

Meyer Lisbanoff
S. Kathryn Meck
Henri Esquerri
Ruth Siegman
Content Miner
Stella Fenn
Marian Winteringham
Anna Landsman
Rose Spiegel
Benjamin D. Krantzor
Katherine de Witt
Ruby E. Merrill
Carolyn Kaufman
Madelyn Eby
Jeanette Amzalak
Ruth Gardner
Dorothy Dewey
Evelyn Bleich
William H. Painter

### PROSE

Margaret Buell
Harriet W. Felsenthal
Henry Rische, Jr.
Agnes MacDonald
Helen Garrison



"ALONG THE WAY." BY DAVID BAKER, AGE 16.

### PHOTOGRAPHS

Medora Hostetter
Theodosia Dennis
Anna C. Ehlers
Annabelle Knapp
Mildred Natwick
Margaret Olmsted
Helen Furst
Katharine H. White
Matt Jones, Jr.
Muriel Gallagher
Carolyn Olmsted
Oliver Evans
Ellis Spear
Mary Hopkinson
Ruth Mitchell
Theresa E. Clarkson
Vera Conrad
Edith Showers
Margaret Barrett
Philip Dater
Alice McLean
Richard C. Berresford
Barbara Cooke
Martha A. Carter
Asa Dickinson
Elizabeth Vaughn
Elizabeth Pillsbury
Esther Cottingham
Mary H. Jones
Fred Floyd, Jr.
Mary Lockett
Jean Hallett

Grace Hays
Edith Vernon M. Simmonds II
Emily M. Kellogg
Dorothy Brainerd
Claire Stidman
Jack Steiss
Barbara Hodgkins
Marion W. Smith
Elizabeth Boulton
Constance Klugh

Ellen M. Faint
Louise Davies
Ralph P. Anderson
Henry Lindstrom
Elizabeth Crosby
Lois Andrews
John W. Chase
Aleck Fried
Roslyn Thalheimer
H. Hastings Blake
Barry Bingham

Katherine May
Ellenor L. Inglis
Charles N. Loveland, Jr.
Charles E. Baldwin, Jr.
Susanne McKinney
Winfield Wagener

### PUZZLES, 1

Anker Winther
Alexander B. Hawes
Janet Scott
Elizabeth V. Freeland
Richard S. Angell

Virginia Sargent
Paul McCloskey
Loraine Leeson
George H. Greenwood
Agnes Packard
Dorothy Wood
Mary Dutro

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 222

The St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also occasionally cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

**Competition No. 222** will close **April 24** (for foreign members **April 29**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in St. Nicholas for **August.** Badges sent one month later.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Sun and Shadow."

**Prose.** Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Red Cross Story," or "Helping to Win."

**Photograph.** Any size, mounted or unmounted; no prints or negatives. Subject, "My Best Negative."

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Just Arrived," or a Heading for **August.**

**Puzzle.** Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

**Puzzle Answers.** Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of St. Nicholas. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of The Riddle-Box.

**Wild Creature Photography.** To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photograph" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A,* a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B,* a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C,* a gold badge. *Prize, Class D,* a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a *few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope of the proper size to hold* the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

## RULES

Any reader of St. Nicholas, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, **must** bear the **name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.**

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

# THE LETTER-BOX

A good friend of St. Nicholas, Mr. Gardner Hazen, calls our attention to the fact that the photograph published on page 364 of the February number, "Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives," was printed over an incorrect title. For this view of the city was really taken from a point on the road to Jaffa, and therefore on the opposite side of the city from the Mount of Olives, which is on the highway from Jerusalem to Jericho.

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Lompoc, Cal.

Dear St. Nicholas: I thought some of the other children might like to hear about the playhouse my brother and I built on our ranch in Southern California.

It is in a grove of soft maples just below our house. It has a gabled roof and is high enough for a tall man to stand upright in. It is built of wood and sacks, and is about eight feet long and five feet wide.

There are trees all around it, and two long, moss-covered logs form two sides of the fence. We have made a stone-bordered path leading to the house, while another goes around the garden, and a third leads to our outdoor dining-room, for which my brother has made a table and some chairs.

In the house is a bed which my brother has also made. The piece of cloth at the head of the bed hides a window. Pictures are hung on the walls, and a table is decorated with sea-shells, butterflies, and birds' eggs.

We have made a little cement pool that is filled with water. On the gate is carved "Welcome," for we like people to come and see us.

I have a garden in one corner, with wire covering it to keep the chickens out, and one year I planted flowers in it; but they were not a success, because it is so shady and because it is so much trouble to carry water to them.

I enjoy reading the other children's letters so much and I hope they will like mine.

Yours sincerely,
Betty Cooper (age 10).

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Tsinanfu, China.

Dear St. Nicholas: If some one gave me my choice of all the magazines in the whole world, I would take you.

The Chinese dress very queer up here, especially the women. The elderly women put a little cap over the knot on their head, and this cap comes out in a queer little point, which makes them look conspicuous.

The girls wear their hair a certain way on their head, so that when they grow older you can nearly always tell whether they are married or not by the way they wear their hair. Almost all of the girls and women have their feet bound, so that they are not much larger than the feet of a child three years old.

The better class men wear gowns, but some of the students wear the same kind of clothes as the western men wear. The poorer class wear just trousers and jackets, and in the summer most of the "coolies" or rather, the poorer class, only wear trousers and shoes.

Men do the work and not machines. Where we are now there are seventy springs, and in the biggest one there is enough water to supply the whole city. The Chinese think that if we stir the water, the water-spirits will come out, and so they won't let us touch the water; whereas if they did, we could have beautiful fountains. There is also a large lake here that is in the heart of the city.

They say some magazines improve, but you can 't improve.

Your interested reader,
Evy Shields (age 11).

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Trenton, N. J.

Dear St. Nicholas: I have just been reading you and thought I should like to tell you how much I enjoy you. It seems so long to have to wait a whole month for you, but I feel that it is really worth waiting for. I have taken you for two years now and surely have enjoyed every month's edition. The story I enjoyed most was "The Girl Next Door."

I have read the letters from a number of different cities and felt that Trenton too should be represented. I know that in expressing my admiration for you I am voicing the sentiment of a great many young people of our city.

Trenton is a very busy place, situated, as it is, between New York City and Philadelphia. We have manufacturing concerns which represent almost everything possible that can be made. The new Westinghouse lamp factory has just opened here, and expects to complete fifty thousand lamps daily. I am also very proud to live in such a historical city, because there are many places which were used by the British or by Washington's men when the Battle of Trenton was fought. They are all marked now. In some places where the old buildings have been torn down and new buildings put in their places tablets have been placed, telling just what happened there.

Your interested reader,
Virginia Applegate.

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Hamilton, Ont.

Dear St. Nicholas: This is the first letter I have written you, although I have been taking your interesting magazine for over six years. The City of Hamilton lies in a sort of valley; there being two escarpments on either side. To the east of the city is Lake Ontario.

I sure do enjoy reading St. Nicholas and the letters written by the boys and girls. Camp Borden, the great training-camp, is not far from us. Aëroplanes from the Seaside Aviation Camp, near Toronto, come up to Hamilton about every two days. Toronto is about forty miles away, and the aëroplanes coming up the lake take forty minutes to get here. I am very much interested in model aëroplanes and electricity, having made six models already. Every one of the schools in Hamilton have a cadet corps each, and I am platoon commander of B Company, No. 1 Battalion. I like the U. S. A. Scouts better than the Canadian ones, because they have more uniformity of dress. This summer I was in Chicago while the 48th Highlanders were there.

I suppose it was a sight out of the ordinary for American boys and girls to see, but it was not uncommon for me, as the 173rd Highland Battalion was recruited in Hamilton.

Yours truly,
Leslie Thompson.




## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Roses. 2. Outdo. 3. Stair. 4. Edict 5. Sorts.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials, "Pickwick Papers": finals, Charles Dickens. Cross-words: 1. Politic. 2. Impeach. 3. Chimera. 4. Knocker. 5. Wassail. 6. Indulge. 7. Cypress. 8. Kindred. 9. Pompeii. 10. Ascetic. 11. Paddock. 12. Eclogue. 13. Refrain. 14. Serious.

SOME COMMON "IMPS." 1. Impossible. 2. Imprudent. 3. Impecunious. 4. Important. 5. Impertinent. 6. Impatient. 7. Implicit. 8. Impure. 9. Improbable. 10. Improvident. 11. Imperturbable. 12. Imperial.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG. St. Patrick's Day. Cross-words: 1. Spear. 2. Italy. 3. Tapir. 4. Cleat. 5. Chart. 6. Pears. 7. Drill. 8. Acorn. 9. Knife. 10. Aster. 11. Caddy. 12. Groat. 13. Money.

RHYMING REPTILES. 1. Turtle. 2. Frog. 3. Toad. 4. Snake. 5. Crocodile. 6. Lizard. 7. Alligator. 8. Worm.

SOME CURIOUS STATES. 1. Pa. 2. Mass. 3. Ore. 4. Wash. 5. Tenn. 6. Miss. 7. O. 8. Ill. 9. Ark. 10. Mo. 11. Me. 12. Md. 13. Conn.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Initials, James Polk; third row, Sarah Polk. Cross-words: 1. Jasper. 2. Alarms. 3. Murder. 4. Erased. 5. School. 6. Papers. 7. Obolus. 8. Lilies. 9. Kakapo.

SQUARES CONNECTED BY A DIAMOND. I. 1. Shawn. 2. Homey. 3. Ament. 4. Wench. 5. Myths. II. 1. T. 2. Bud. 3. Tuber. 4. Dew. 5. R. III. 1. Surah. 2. Uvula. 3. Rumor. 4. Aloes. 5. Harsh.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Cargo. 2. Alien. 3. Rites. 4. Geese. 5. Onset. II. 1. Racer. 2. Atone. 3. Coins. 4. Ennui. 5. Resin. III. 1. Tenor. 2. Elope. 3. Novel. 4. Opera. 5. Relay. IV. 1. Nadir. 2. Abash. 3. Daily. 4. Islam. 5. Rhyme. V. 1. Yacht. 2. Abhor. 3. Chase. 4. Hosea. 5. Treat.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers *in full*, following the plan of the above-printed answers to puzzles. TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received before January 24 from Florence S. Carter—"Allil and Adi."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received before January 24 from Barbara Beardsley, 9—"Midwood" 9—Helen A. Moulton, 8—William George Thwaits, Jr., 8—Julia C. Clements, 7—St. Gabriel's Chapter, 7—Billie H. Collins, 7—Mary F. Wilkinson, 7—Frances M. Burrage, 6—Flory Koenigsberger, 5—Louise Keener, 5—Gwenfread E. Allen, 5—Florence Noble, 5—Helen McLellan, 4—Jessie O. Bickmore, 4—Mildred V. Dorset, 4—Rosamond Castle, 2—Margaret Martin, 1—Annette Allen, 1—Cynthia Hussein, 1—Marshall Skadden, 1—Mary Owen, 1—Alicita P. Burke, 1—Mary Virginia Patterson, 1—Eleanor M. Greer, 1—Margaret B. Morris, 1—Louise Clark, 1—Agnes H. Barnard, 1—Rosetta E. Burrows, 1—Marian McGrath, 1—Lucy K. Cobb, 1—Dorothy Stieff, 1.

### DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won November, 1917*)

THIS cross-word enigma is to be answered by the names of two states. The first letter of each state is to be found in "daytime," the second letter of each state may be found in "hearing," and so on.

My firsts are in daytime, but not in night;
My seconds, in hearing, but not in sight;
My thirds, in allure, but not in invite;
My fourths are in any, but not in some;
My fifths are in worthless, but not in scum;
My sixths, in banana, but not in plum;
My sevenths, in journey, but not in way;
My eighths are in bluebird, but not in jay.
My whole are two states of the U. S. A.

EMILY PENDLETON (age 15).

### WORD-SQUARE

1. A MONTH. 2. Cerulean. 3. Rustic. 4. To move slowly on hands and knees. 5. A common word of salutation. FLORENCE WHITE (age 12), *League Member.*

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of seventy-three letters and form a quotation from the writings of George Washington.

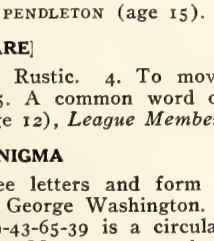
My 17 is a pronoun. My 29-43-65-39 is a circular band. My 53-69-8-48 is similar. My 44-33-13-24 is a row. My 58-20-51-61-10-63 is wound. My 27-23-5-4-2-35 is the neck. My 11-30-32-47-7-56 is want of color. My 72-59-50-6-1-37 are domestic quadrupeds. My 15-40-60-36-70-19 is the space inclosed between ranges of hills. My 68-46-66-28-73-22 is the middle. My 3-25-67-42-9-34 is a common contrivance made of woven splints. My 16-71-31-55-45-62 is to allure. My 41-21-38-49-14-52 and my 54-26-12-18-64-57 each name a country of Europe.

VIOLET BLANCHARD (age 16), *League Member.*

### PI

Het twifs si heweling dan emlaging,
Het swodo rea gebinning ot grin,
Arin romf het clodu si tramesing;
Heret, wereh eht wob thod glinc,
Mermus si glinsim rafa fof, veor eht holdruse fo grispn.

### A DIAMOND OF DIAMONDS



I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In decide. 2. A sweet cake. 3. The son of Venus. 4. To pinch. 5. In decide.

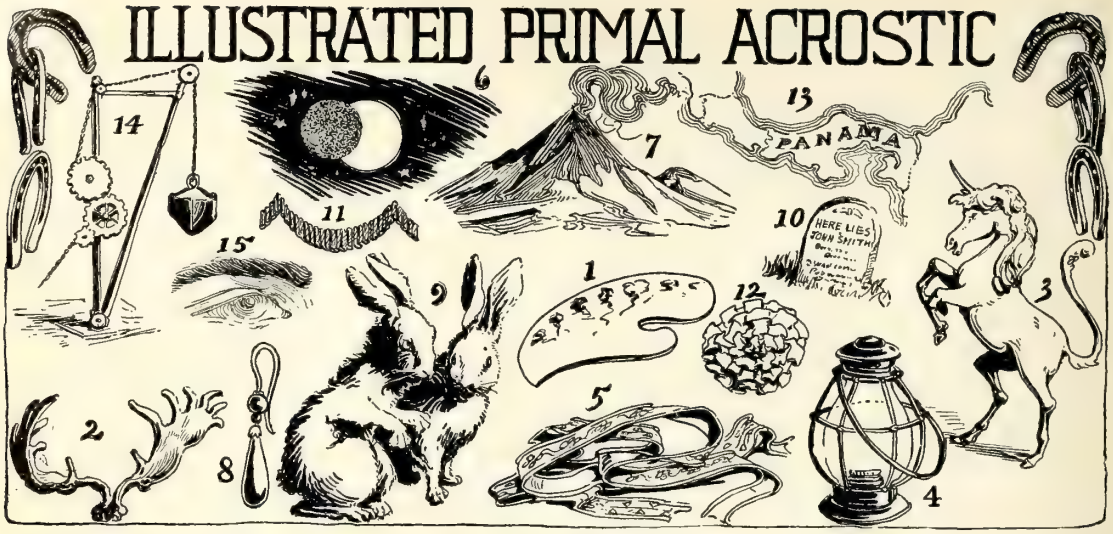
II. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In decide. 2. To winnow. 3. Confined. 4. A snare. 5. In decide.

III. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In decide. 2. To fasten. 3. Ate a hearty meal. 4. A masculine nickname. 5. In decide.

IV. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In decide. 2. A color. 3. Ventured. 4. The beak of a bird. 5. In decide.

DAISY LAWTON (age 14), *League Member.*

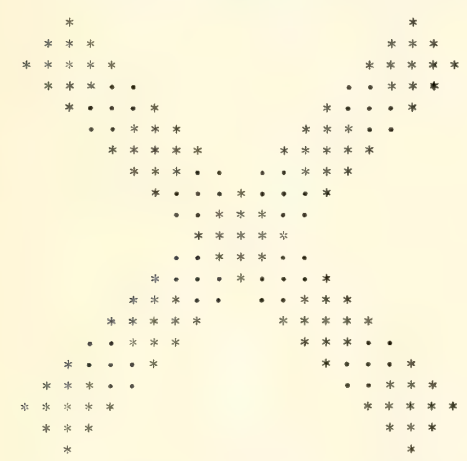
# ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC




All of the fifteen objects shown in the above picture may be described by words of the same length. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will name a patriotic act performed in April, many years ago.

### OBLIQUE LINES AND DIAMONDS

(*Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition*)



When the following words have been rightly guessed, the words will not only read across, but the nine diamonds, indicated by asterisks, will each be complete in itself.

From the upper left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter: 1. In handling. 2. Before. 3. An old English coin. 4. In good season. 5. A fish. 6. A twig. 7. A small wax candle. 8. To long. 9. Mad. 10. A person under age. 11. Pertaining to the Dorians. 12. Inflexible. 13. A grove of small growth. 14. To comprehend. 15. To attempt. 16. A jury. 17. A pleasure boat. 18. To move suddenly. 19. A union of three. 20. A color. 21. In handling.

From the upper right-hand letter to the lower left-hand letter: 1. In handling. 2. Fortune. 3. To hang fluttering in the air. 4. Frequently. 5. A mechanical power. 6. Malediction. 7. Clear. 8. Wan. 9. A wood nymph. 10. Pertaining to ancient Scandinavia. 11. Pertaining to the Dorians. 12. A small shoot. 13. A garment worn by the ancient Romans. 14. A bird. 15. Sign. 16. An Asiatic country. 17. A harbor. 18. A precious stone carved in relief. 19. A nut. 20. Encountered. 21. In handling.

RICHARD L. PURDY (age 13).

### CONCEALED NAMES

In each of the following sentences a feminine name is concealed. When these names have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell a name that is honored throughout the world.

1. Caesar, a high-tempered collie, was stupid, despite his name.

2. He lent his brother money to buy a coat.

3. Is the man native to this place?

4. His greedy brother Jack ate all the candy.

5. The exquisite emblem, made in America, will soon be received.

6. James likes us and our friends as well.

7. Billy's papa, melancholy and dejected, would not listen to us.

8. When she went west, her niece went with her.

9. William, a Belgian boy, has been adopted by my uncle.

10. Mrs. Flynn will scrub your floor for you.

11. She sewed narrow ribbons on the lamp shade.

ELEANOR PELHAM KORTHEUER (age 14), *League Member.*

### GEOGRAPHICAL ZIGZAG

All the names described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag, beginning at the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, left-hand letter, will spell the name of a British colony.

Cross-words: 1. A city of Japan. 2. A city of France. 3, 4, and 5 each name one of the United States. 6. A name given to part of the coast region of western Africa. 7. A river of Ohio. 8. An Eastern country. 9. One of the Philippine Islands.

ANKER WINTHER (age 11), *League Member.*

THE CAREY PRINTING CO. INC.
NEW YORK



# Which Do Boys Like Better?

## *Puffed Rice or Flour Foods?—Ask Them*

You know the need for whole-grain foods, with their minerals and vitamines. But do you daily practice the ideal way to serve them?

Graham muffins and rice croquettes are nearly whole-grain foods. But note how they differ from Puffed Grains.

In Puffed Rice and Wheat every food cell is exploded. Every granule is fitted to digest. So the body gets from Puffed Grains all that Nature stored there.

Puffed Grains are like bubbles—airy, thin and flaky. Their flimsy crispness makes them most enticing. They taste like nut confections. You can serve them morning, noon and night. Children never get enough. And they never tax the stomach.

Puffed Grains supply whole-grain food all day long, and in many forms. At breakfast one eats them with sugar and cream, or mixed with any fruit. For luncheon or supper they are floated in bowls of milk. Between meals children eat them dry like peanuts. They are used in candy making, as wafers in soups, as garnish for ice cream.

So users of Puffed Grains may get whole-grain food in plenty. And in a form where every atom feeds.

**Puffed Rice** **Corn Puffs** **Puffed Wheat**

**Each 15c Except in Far West**

These are not mere tidbits. They are Prof. Anderson's scientific grain foods. The grains get an hour of fearful heat, then they are shot from guns. A hundred million steam explosions occur in every kernel. Every food cell is blasted, so digestion can instantly act.

No other form of wheat, rice or corn compares with Puffed Grains as hygienic food. Serve all of them in plenty.



# Children's Holeproof Stockings Thrift's Best Ally

HOLEPROOF'S double strength is mother's greatest aid to hosiery economy—her children's inspiration to a tidy appearance.

Marvels of strength, Holeproof Stockings eliminate many tedious darning hours and effect a money-saving that conforms to the thrift spirit of the day.

## Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

*For your protection, be sure that this mark of excellence is on every pair. None genuine without it.*

Be sure you get the genuine. Look for the trade-mark. It identifies long wear. "As good as Holeproof" does not exist.

Get Holeproofs now for the little folks and soon this famous make will be the standard hosiery for all the family.

***Children's and Women's, 40c and up***
***Men's, 35c and up***

Most stores can supply you. If you fail to find the genuine close by, we will ship direct, charges paid. Ask for interesting booklet and prices. Free to all who send name and address.

**HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN**
HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, LONDON, CANADA
HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, 10 CHURCH ALLEY, LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND



# Whipcracker

Gee! You've got to run fast and watch out. If you slip — bingo — you're the "cracker" all right.

Boys and girls: In all the games you play, you'll have a lot more fun—without getting tired—if your papa and mama will let you wear

## CAT'S PAW
### CUSHION
### RUBBER HEELS

The whole family should wear them. Cat's Paws are so comfortable. And safe, too — the Foster Friction Plug prevents slipping.

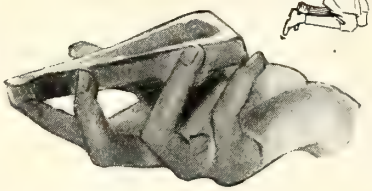
No holes to track mud or dirt. No heel marks on polished floors. Cat's Paws help to make little boys and girls graceful dancers. They cost no more than ordinary heels and wear longer.

*Black, white or tan. For men, women and children—all dealers*

**FOSTER RUBBER COMPANY**
105 Federal Street - Boston, Mass.

*Originators and patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping*





# "Better Than Marbles"

YOU bet! We'll stop the game anywhere for bread spread with Beech-Nut Peanut Butter!

Most boys and girls like Beech-Nut Peanut Butter better than sweets. And it's good for them—contains high food value—four times as much as eggs.

Ask your mother to get you a jar today. Be sure it's *Beech-Nut* brand, because Beech-Nut is the kind that tastes so good.

*Booklet of 101 New Recipes on Request*

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, NEW YORK

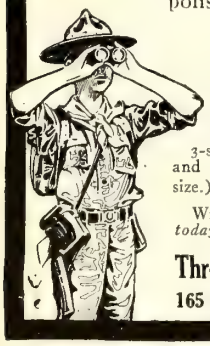
## Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

# BOY SCOUTS—ALL BOYS —TRY 3 IN ONE FREE

*"Attention!"* We want every Boy Scout and every other boy in America to give 3-in-One a good hard test, *absolutely free.*

Write *today* for a generous free sample and the valuable free 3-in-One Dictionary. 3-in-One has been for over 23 years the leading bicycle oil. It makes all bearings run much easier and prevents wear—cuts out all dirt and never gums or clogs. It cleans and polishes, prevents rust on all metal parts.

3-in-One is also the best gun oil. It oils exactly right—trigger, hammer, break joint —cleans and polishes barrels, inside and out; polishes the stock like new, too.



Always use 3-in-One on your ice and roller skates, fishing reels, scroll saws, golf clubs, cameras and every tool you own. A few drops do the work. 3-in-One will keep your catcher's gloves soft and lasting, also prevents rust on your catcher's mask.

3-size bottles at all good stores: 15c, 25c and 50c. (The 50c size is the *economical* size.)

Write for the free sample *today.*

**Three-in-One Oil Co.**
**165 QB. Bdway., New York**

3 IN ONE — REGISTERED TRADE-MARK



**Are you, too, looking for the best school?**
**Turn to pages 9-10-11**



# The right way to shampoo

*How this treatment helps your hair*

To keep your hair lovely and abundant you must, by the proper treatment, keep your *scalp* healthy and vigorous.

***Try this famous shampoo***

Before shampooing, rub the scalp thoroughly with the tips of the fingers making the scalp itself move in little circles. This loosens the dead particles of dust and dandruff that clog up the pores.

Now scrub the scalp with a stiff toothbrush lathered with Woodbury's Facial Soap. Rub the lather in well, then rinse it out. Next apply a thick, hot lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap, and leave it on for two or three minutes. Clear off with fresh, warm water, finishing with cold water. Dry very thoroughly. You will see the improvement in your hair at once—how much richer and softer it is.

For ten or twelve shampoos, you will find



the 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap sufficient, or for a month or six weeks' general cleansing use. Get a cake today. Woodbury's is for sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters everywhere.

Send 5 cents and we will send you a trial size cake, together with a booklet of the famous Woodbury face and scalp treatments. For 12c we will send you, in addition to these, samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 2004 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

*If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2004 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario*



**"Whiz"**

***The speed king goes by—***

# Skudder Car

*no-dead-center*

**EVERY youngster looks with longing eyes upon the boy or girl who owns a Skudder Car. It is the very essence of fun, and a muscle builder besides. High speed, 10 to 12 miles an hour. Double ratchet direct drive operated by shifting the weight from one foot to the other. Strong, rugged construction—all steel frame—12 and 10-inch, rubber tired, wire wheels. Ball-bearing. See it at your dealer's, or write us.**

**JANESVILLE PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 411 Janesville, Wisconsin**

**Children**
**Old Folks**
**Mother**
**Father**
**You**

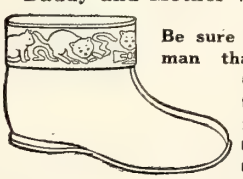
All Wear Daniel Green

# Comfy Slippers

They are fine to put on when you come home from school; you don't make so much noise when you play if you wear Comfy Slippers. And listen:—

## *They Save Your Shoes*

Daddy and Mother will be glad of that.



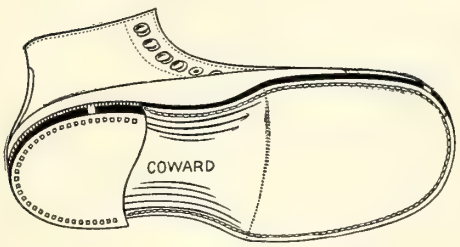
**Be sure to tell the shoe store man that you want the COMFY SLIPPERS that Daniel Green makes. Only Daniel Green Felt Slippers are COMFY.**

*Send for "The Adventures of Bob and Boo"*

**DANIEL GREEN FELT SHOE CO.**

**102 East 13th St., New York**

# Straight Back, Firm Ankles, Useful Feet




THE boy or girl who just trudges along when he should run probably is wearing wrong shoes. No wise mother ignores this.

The Coward Shoe for children allows space for the toes to flex as they should at each step. It aids and guides the delicate bones of the arch through the formative period. It lends strength when needed to weak ankles. It permits normal growth to back muscles.

We are experienced in fitting by mail.

**JAMES S. COWARD**

**262-274 Greenwich St. New York**
**(Near Warren St.)**
**Mail Orders Filled Sold Nowhere Else**

**The Coward Shoe**

"REG. U. S. PAT. OFF."


# THINGS TO EAT



One of the most interesting things about helping the Food Administration is that we are all learning a good deal about many of the substitutes that can be used for the things we have been in the habit of thinking we could not get along without. We are getting to like the variety, too, and find the new dishes no more difficult to prepare than the old ones; in fact some of them are prepared more easily.

There are the flours, for instance. Since we have been saving wheat flour we have found that very good things may be made from rice flour, potato flour, corn flour, barley meal, and a meal made from the soy-bean. The United States Food Administration recommends all of the flours named and has prepared recipes in which they may be used.

You have eaten barley in soups, so perhaps you will like to try some muffins in which barley meal is used. The receipt given below saves one cup of wheat flour, as you will see.

**Muffins with Barley Meal**

1 cup of flour.
1 cup of barley meal.
¼ teaspoon of salt.
2 teaspoons of baking-powder.
½ teaspoon of soda.
1 and ¼ cups of sour milk.
1 egg.
2 tablespoons of fat.

Sift the flours, salt, and baking-powder well together. Dissolve the soda in a little cold water and add the sour milk. Combine the dry and wet mixtures, and when smooth add the beaten egg and the melted fat. Put into greased muffin-tins and bake in a moderate oven.

**Griddle-cakes of Corn Flour**

1 and ½ cups of corn flour.
½ teaspoon of soda.
½ teaspoon of salt.
1 cup of sour milk.
1 egg.

Sift the flour, soda, and salt together, and add the milk and the beaten egg. Mix them well. The batter should be very thin. Cook on a hot griddle.

**Cup-cakes with Soy-bean Meal**

¾ cup of soy-bean meal.
¾ cup of flour.
2 and ½ teaspoons of baking-powder.
¼ cup of fat.
½ cup of sugar.
1 egg
½ cup of milk.

*(Continued on page* **36)**

# Rider Agents Wanted



**BOYS!** Here's the Ranger Motorbike, just the bicycle you have dreamed of and hoped for. Turn over the pedals and see the wheels spin on well-oiled bearings. Kick up the motorcycle stand, jump on and race away—wouldn't you like to? Well, you can if you become one of our Rider Agents. We have thousands all over the country, indeed all over the world! Every one of them has a handsome Ranger bicycle to ride and they all make money taking orders from friends and neighbors.

Just mail the coupon and we will tell you all about it.

**BOYS!** Here is your chance to get a Ranger Motorbike and become our Rider Agent in your town. Send for our new 1918 Catalog and select any of the 44 styles, colors and sizes in the famous Ranger Line of Bicycles, which are accurately pictured in natural colors and completely described. While you ride and enjoy your Ranger you can make money by taking orders from your friends. Every boy wants a Ranger. We make it easy for you to get one. Send immediately for our Catalog, Factory-to-Rider Terms, also full details of our Rider Agent proposition.

**Delivered to You Free** The Ranger Motorbike fully equipped (or your choice of any other model in the famous Mead Line of Ranger Bicycles) will be sent to you with all delivery charges prepaid.

Just picture yourself mounting the Ranger Motorbike and riding away like the wind. No bicycle ever built is so staunch and sturdy and so completely equipped as the Motorbike Model. Study the illustration. See the commodious tool box with full set of tools, electric battery box and electric light, double re-enforced front fork and Motorbike frame, automobile style Horn, parcel carrier behind seat, Samson Red Velvet guaranteed tires, quick detachable featherweight steel mud guards, quick-action Motorbike stand which snaps up on the tail of mud guard when riding, braced motorcycle hand bars—these are features that make the Ranger Motorbike the pride of every boy's heart.

**30 Days Free Trial** We pay freight to your town for thirty days USE to let you get acquainted with the bicycle fully before you decide to keep it. We pay the return charges if you decide not to keep it and make no charge for use and wear while you are trying it. In other words, the 30 Days' Free Trial is all at our expense. A $5,000.00 cash bond deposited with the First National Bank of Chicago backs this offer.

**Factory to Rider** Back of your Ranger is the oldest and most successful bicycle concern in the world, with a Service Department that cares for the needs of more than a million riders. Because we ship direct from our factory to you—have no salesmen, no rent for branch houses, no local managers, no jobbers or distributors—we can give you a better bicycle at less money. All the savings effected by our factory-direct-to-rider selling plan we pass on to our customers in LOW FACTORY PRICES.

**Big Bicycle Book FREE!** All the "Ranger" models are shown in natural colors. Here also is an interesting history of the development of the bicycle, with pictures of early models. In this book the "Hurry Cycle," a new patented delivery bicycle, with which a live lad can make a lot of money, is fully illustrated and described. You can't afford to buy a bicycle, tires or sundries until you see this big book.

**Tires, Lamps, Horns, Etc.** Ready-to-use front and rear wheels, inner tubes, coaster brakes, tool kits, parts and repairs. All these are pictured, described and priced in the Sundry pages of the big new Bicycle Book and Catalog of the Mead Cycle Co. Here you will find all the latest American and imported novelties in equipment and attachments at prices so low they will astonish you.

**Write Today** If you want a Ranger bicycle delivered to you free for thirty days' trial, if you want to be our Rider Agent in your neighborhood, fill out and mail the coupon immediately. We will send Free our new 1918 Bicycle Book and Catalog with direct-from-factory prices and terms, also full particulars of our Rider Agents' proposition whereby you can make money with your Ranger Bicycle taking orders from your admiring friends.

**MEAD CYCLE COMPANY**
**DEPT. B-15, CHICAGO, U.S.A.**

**Sign and Mail this Coupon NOW**

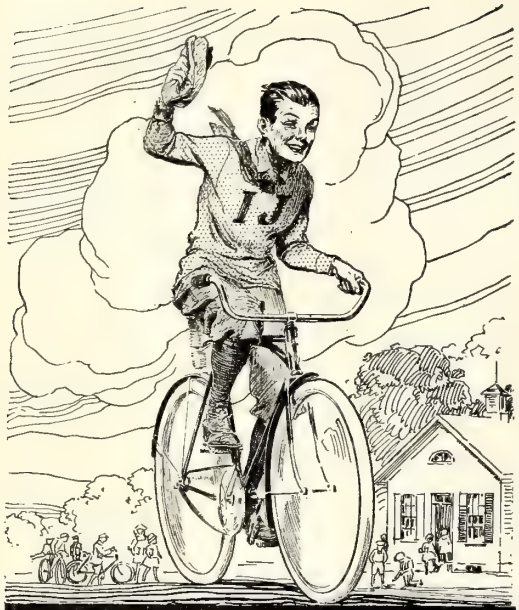
**Mead Cycle Co., Dept. B-15, Chicago, U. S. A.**

**Gentlemen:** Send me (free) the new Ranger Catalog. With same send special **Factory-to-Rider prices**, and full particulars of your **30-Day Free Trial** offer and terms. Also send Rider Agent plan. I am under no obligation to buy a bicyle or bicycle supplies because of this request.

Name.....

P. O. Box, R. F. D. or Street No.....

Town..... State.....




# Ride to School and Ride to Health

The boy who rides to school on an Iver Johnson Bicycle has it all over the boy who walks. He gulps down more bracing ozone; his wits are sharpened; he is **ready** for school and is at school on time. Why don't **you** be this boy?

You deserve the best bicycle built; why not get the king of bicycles—the Iver Johnson? For speed, handsome appearance, strength, easy riding, and long wearing qualities they have no equal. Six Juvenile models, $22.50 to $27.50. Adults, $37.50 to $55.

**Send for FREE Book—"B"**

**Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works**
**358 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.**
New York: 99 Chambers St. San Francisco: 717 Market St.

# THINGS TO EAT

(*Continued from page 34*)

Sift the meal, the flour, and the baking-powder together. Cream the fat and the sugar until perfectly smooth, then add first some of the dry ingredients, then some milk, until all are used. Put in small gem-tin, which has been well greased, and bake in a medium oven.

### Pie Crust with Rye and Rice Flours

1 and ¼ cups of rye flour.
¾ cup of rice flour.
½ teaspoon of salt.
½ teaspoon of baking-powder.
1/3 cup of fat.
1/3 cup of cold water.

Sift the flours, salt, and baking-powder together. Cut the fat into this dry mixture with a silver knife. Add the water, mixing and handling as little as possible. The crust should be prepared an hour or so before you want to make your pie, and should be set in a cool place until you are ready for it.

* * *

There is no better substitute for meat than fish, and nowadays we can get packed fish that is equal in flavor to that in the markets which is kept for several days on ice. Very often canned fish is better than the so-called "fresh" fish. Codfish is one of the best varieties and may be prepared in a great many ways to make substantial and delicious dishes. For lunch some day try

### Codfish Baked with Cheese

2 cups of flaked fish.
1 cup of lightly mashed potatoes.
2 eggs.
3 cups of milk.
½ cup of fat.
¼ cup of grated cheese.
2 rolled crackers.

Set the cheese, the cracker-dust and one egg aside. Mix the other ingredients together and put in a baking-dish. Make a crust of the second egg, well beaten, a little extra milk, and the cracker-dust, spread it over the fish-and-potato mixture, and sprinkle the grated cheese over all. Bake about half an hour in a steady medium oven.

* * *

Almost any kind of cold fish left from one day's dinner may be used for another day's lunch by making it into soufflé. The foundation is a white sauce which is easy to make and is nourishing. To make the white sauce, or cream sauce, as it is sometimes called, take two tablespoonfuls of butter and two tablespoonfuls of flour and cream them together until they are perfectly smooth. The creaming should be done in a saucepan. When the mixture is thoroughly blended, set over the fire and heat until it bubbles, being careful not to let it brown, and stirring all the time. When it bubbles, add slowly a cup and a half of cold milk. Stir constantly until it boils, then season with salt and pepper. The sauce will not need straining if you stir it carefully all the time, and it will be rich enough for almost any

(*Continued on page 38*)

**Will carry 1500 lbs.**

Drop Forged Auto Steering Knuckles, Steel Back Axle, Roller Bearing Wheels, Hardwood Removable Top, and Steel Brake. Size 16 x 26 inches.

**Price $8.00.**

# Fun and Health and Exercise!

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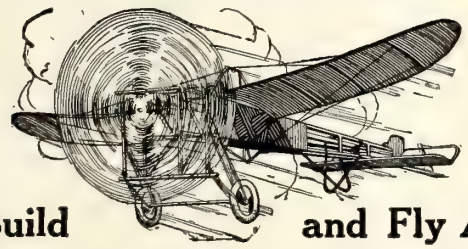

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It consists of big and little wagons for big and little boys and girls. If the store does not sell "DAN PATCHES" write to us and we will tell you where you can buy just the one you want.

**DAN PATCH CO.**
**Connersville, Indiana**

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**Nieuport Monoplane**
**Taube Monoplane**

**25c EACH**
**8 for $1.75**

**Wright Biplane**
**Curtiss Hydroplane**
**Curtiss Flying Boat**
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# Baby Midget

Lisle *Velvet Grip* Silk

**10 CENTS HOSE SUPPORTER 15 CENTS**

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RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

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* * *

**1** Cleans the teeth thoroughly without injurious chemicals.

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**3** Corrects an acid condition of the mouth.

**4** Retards the growth of decay germs.

**5** Delights by its delicious flavor —(a "medicine" taste does not necessarily mean efficiency).

**6** Leaves the mouth wholesome and the breath pure.

* * *

**COLGATE & CO.**
**Dept. 60, 199 Fulton Street, New York**




*You can get a regular-sized tube at the store, or if you want a trial tube we will send you one for 6 cts. in stamps.*

# THINGS TO EAT

(*Continued from page 36*)

soufflé. If you desire a very rich foundation you can make the sauce with half milk and half cream. Another delicious variation is the use of white stock, such as the water in which a chicken has been boiled, instead of the milk. It should always be poured onto the flour mixture cold. When the sauce is ready add a dash of cayenne, a very little grated onion, and some finely chopped parsley. Stir in the fish which has been picked up into medium-sized pieces, add the well-beaten yolks of two eggs, and then fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Put the mixture into a baking-dish and bake in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes. You can ascertain when it is done by trying the center with a silver knife. If it is firm and no moisture drops from the knife, the dish is ready. It should be served at once, as nothing is so easily ruined by standing.

* * *

Do you like finnan-haddie? A St. Nicholas housekeeper has given us a fine recipe for preparing it and we are going to pass it on to you.

**Finnan-haddie Scallop**

1 pound of finnan-haddie.
½ tablespoon of fat.
½ tablespoon of flour.
2 hard-boiled eggs.
¼ teaspoon of salt.
Dash of pepper.
1/3 cup of milk.

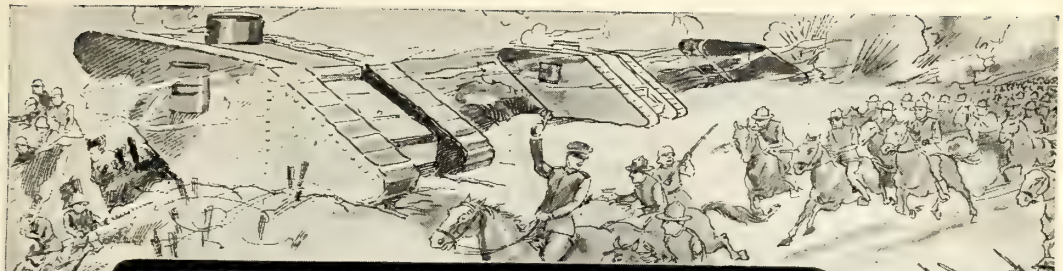
Wash the fish, cover with boiling water, and simmer for ten minutes. Make a sauce of the flour, fat, salt, pepper, and milk. Pour the water from the fish, skin it, and flake it into small bits. Grease a baking-dish and put in a layer of the fish, then about half the sauce and one of the eggs, chopped, another layer of the fish, and so on. Sprinkle with fine, dry bread-crumbs mixed with a little melted butter, and cook in the oven for half an hour.

**Shrimps and Celery on Toast**

1 can of shrimps.
½ cup of celery cut in pieces.
1 and ½ cups of milk.
3 tablespoons of flour.
½ cup of the liquor in which the celery has been cooked.
3 tablespoons of fat.
Salt and pepper.

Cook the celery an hour or so before you begin to cook the finished dish, so the liquor will get quite cold.

Drain the juice from the shrimps and freshen them by letting the cold water run through the sieve into which they have been turned from the can. Make a sauce of the fat, flour, salt, pepper, milk, and celery liquor. Add the shrimps and the pieces of celery, heat thoroughly, and serve on slices of buttered toast.



# The Boys behind the Army

Scouts of the U. S. A.—speeding from place to place on their trusty bikes—boosting the Red Cross, W. S. S., Liberty Loans—earning money to buy Thrift Stamps—are all helping to put the "punch" into America's soldiers in France.

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**The New Departure Mfg. Co.**

**105 Main Street, Bristol, Conn.**

# ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

## NEW ISSUES




THIS month we make this article rather short, because of a longer one on Belgium. We have in past months shown pictures of the little folk of Switzerland on their charity stamps. This month brings us a new series of these, but this time they are all girls—and, as before, are attired in the characteristic dress of the different cantonments. In addition to these charity stamps, Switzerland sends two new values of the regular series. They are the 2½ and 7½ values. They are of the well-known and popular "Tell" variety—the boy with the cross-bow and apple. Through the apple is seen the famous historic arrow.




## "LE SOU DU MUTILÉ."

THE present war is responsible for many and varied issues of stamps. Some of these are postage-stamps, pure and simple—stamps with a recognized and legitimate reason for their existence as postage-stamps. Another series includes those issued more for war-tax purposes. Still another class includes those where postage and charitable contributions to the Red Cross are combined. So many countries have issued these that their use is almost universal, Great Britain and the United States being the conspicuous examples of restraint. Belgium, which, with the exception of Serbia, has been the principal sufferer from the war, has issued several series of these Red Cross stamps. Recently we have seen the current set surcharged with Red Cross and added value. This value in each instance is the full postal value of the stamp. Thus the one-centime stamp now becomes 1 + 1, the ten-centimes 10 + 10, the one-franc becomes 1 fr. + 1 fr., and so through the entire series from one centime to ten francs. These stamps are an authorized governmental issue, and as such have some excuse for being. Probably few are used for postage, but nevertheless they are really issued by Belgium and so are recognized as postage-stamps by all collectors. Then, also, there comes a wonderfully beautiful little set of stamps—not postage-stamps at all; simply Charity Stamps and nothing else. It is a set issued by the Belgian Relief Fund for the benefit of wounded soldiers. Several of the leading stamp-dealers of New York are helping this Fund by selling this set of stamps. And the stamps are so pretty that we cannot refrain from illustrating and describing them. Indeed we have put a set of them into our own stamp-collection, even though we know they are not in any sense to be regarded as postage-stamps. But they are perforated and look like stamps; they are attractive indeed, and keenly associated with all the events which since 1914 have endeared Belgium to the world. The stamps are mounted on a card, bordered with the national colors of Belgium, black, yellow and red. At the top of the card are the words "Le Sou du Mutilé" ("For the Maimed Soldiers"); at the bottom is the word "Belgium." Each of the stamps is very neatly engraved and has inscriptions both in French and in Flemish. Each also has a cost price, 5 centimes. The first is maroon in color




and shows at the top a picture of His Eminence Cardinal Mercier, whose name has appeared so frequently in these past years of suffering. The second stamp (black, upon buff paper) represents the burning of Louvain. The third stamp (brown on blue) has a portrait at the top—"Ad Max" and the letters S. P. Q. B., while below is a building and the word "Justitia." The fourth stamp (green, upon greenish paper) shows a soldier beside a flooded stream with willow-trees, and is labeled "Yser." The fifth stamp (rose, upon rose paper) has a portrait of General Leman, and below a view of the city of Liége. The sixth and last of the series (blue, on violet) represents the people cheering King Albert, while behind him rises the Sun of Hope. The entire series forms a most interesting set, and we only regret that they are not really truly postage-stamps, for they deserve to be perpetuated in every stamp-collection.

## SUGGESTIONS FOR BEGINNERS

TALKING recently with one of our advertisers, we were surprised to learn the number of new collectors—boys who are just beginning to be interested in stamps. This is shown by sales of the cheaper packets, by the sales of albums and catalogues. To these beginners I would say a few words. Experience has taught us that more collectors get discouraged through carelessness than anything else. Therefore take care of your collection from the very beginning. Take pride in it. See that no stamp is put into it unless it is worthy of a place there. Se-

(*Continued on page* 42)

# ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

**IT is so named because here every *St. Nicholas* reader can find the names and addresses of leading stamp dealers. Selected stamps for young folks are their specialty. Mention *St. Nicholas* in writing them and be sure always to give your name and complete address, as well as that of parent, teacher or employer as reference. Be sure to get permission first. We are careful to accept the advertisements of only the most reliable stamp dealers, and if you have any unfair business dealings with *St. Nicholas* advertisers advise us promptly. We are always glad to help solve your stamp problems. Write us when you want information.**

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Send us the name of your father or some other responsible person and we will send you some approval sheets free. These sheets contain many stamps which you may not have.

If you see any stamps you want, take them off and return the approval sheets along with the correct amount for the stamps you take.

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SEE ALSO PAGE 42

## STAMP DIRECTORY—Continued

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(*Continued from page 40*)

lect the specimens carefully. Have them well centered, that is, the perforations equally distant from the design on all four sides. See that they are lightly canceled. Buy no torn or damaged stamps, no matter how low the price. This care in selection will make your collection a thing of which you may always be proud. Next in importance is this: Don't paste in your stamps. Use "hinges", and get a good quality of the best "peelable" hinges. It will pay you in the end. Don't fasten in unused stamps with their own gum. Don't trim the perforations from your stamps. Don't cut your envelop-stamps round; cut them square, with very generous margins. And another thing—this for the boys more than for the girls: Don't handle your stamps without washing your hands first. Of course, our readers always have clean hands, but a little extra care pays in the looks of one's album. But don't throw away a stamp because it looks dirty. Often a bath in benzine and water will freshen up wonderfully a rare stamp that is soiled. It is hard for the beginner to realize how necessary it is that he should take such care of his stamps. The result of this too often is that as he grows in experience and realizes that he has been indifferent as to the condition of his stamps, he loses interest in the pursuit because what he has already done does not look well. So use all the care you can in selecting your stamps. Later you will be glad you did so.

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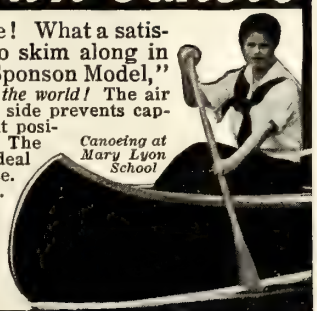
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**MONEY** IN YOUR ATTIC IN THE FORM OF OLD MAGAZINES? Send for list of magazines we buy.
WILSON, 967 University Avenue, New York City

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# "Old Town Canoes"

THIS is the life! What a satisfaction it is to skim along in an Old Town "Sponson Model," *the safest canoe in the world!* The air chamber on either side prevents capsizing and makes it positively unsinkable. The "Sponson" is the ideal canoe for family use. Many other models. Write for catalog.



*Canoeing at Mary Lyon School*

**OLD TOWN CANOE CO.**
**734 Fourth St.**
**Old Town, Maine**

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# Decide *Now* the Future of Your Children's Feet

DON'T, in the name of "fashion," let them wear pointed, foot-cramping shoes—shoes that will force them to suffer the discomfort of corns, bunions, fallen arches, ingrown nails.

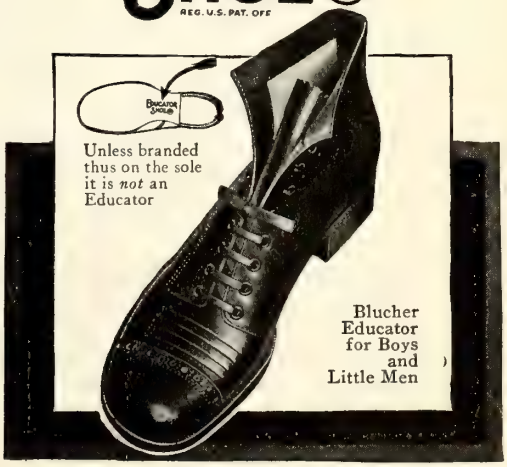
Decide for straight-boned, healthy feet. Decide on sensible, broadtoed Educators, the shoes that "let the feet grow as they should."

Made for all—men, women, children. When you buy, look for the name EDUCATOR on the sole. There can be no protection stronger than this trademark, for it means that behind every part of the shoe stands a *responsible manufacturer.*

Send for "Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet," a free book about the feet.

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc., 17 High St., Boston, Mass.

RICE & HUTCHINS
**EDUCATOR SHOE** ®
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF





# As Faithful As Your Good Old Dog

## These Tires Are Always Ready

Just like the good old dog that stands your roughest play, takes the knocks and kicks of a dog's life—yet always faithful to his master.

That's the service you get from Goodrich Bicycle Tires. They make your bike a real "pal"—always pumped solid and ready to go.

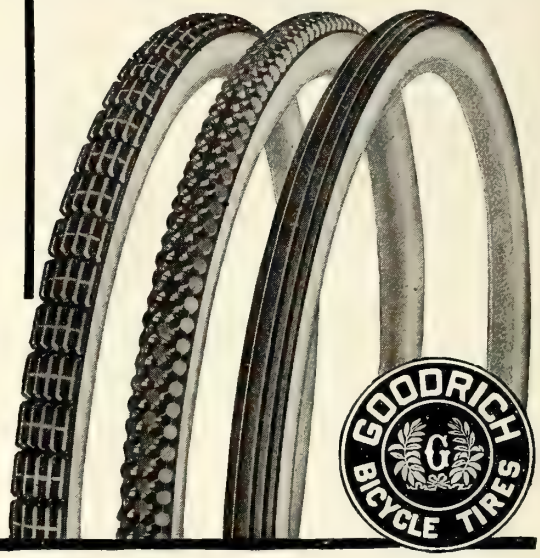
Three treads to choose from: "Safety Tread," "No. 17 Puncture Proof" and "Commander."

*ASK YOUR DEALER*

**THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY**

**Akron, Ohio** *"The City of Goodrich"*

***You Can Pay More— But You Can't Buy Better Tire***




# GOODRICH BICYCLE TIRES



# *Prove it—*
## *with a Kodak*

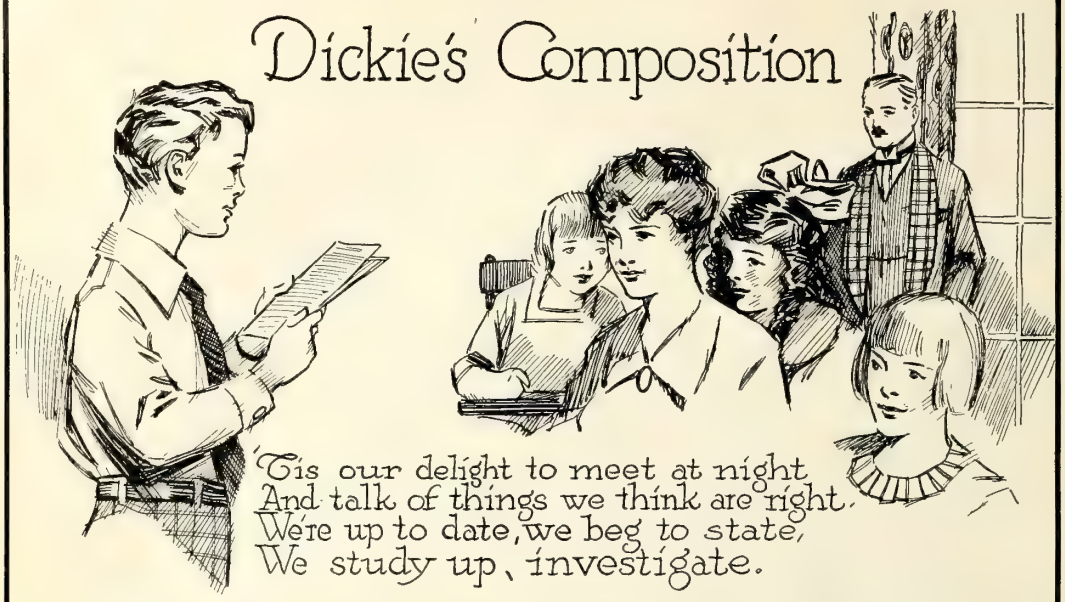
Every kind of fun is more fun when there's a Kodak to keep the picture story. Every negative can carry the date and title, made on the film at the time. It's all very simple by the Kodak system.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY

*Kodak catalog, free at your dealer's or by mail*

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

# Dickie's Composition




**MOTHER AND FATHER USUALLY JOIN THE YOUNG FOLKS AT THEIR "HOUSEHOLD TALK" GATHERINGS.**

**Dickie's composition on "The Care of Teeth" says:**

If you want good health you better keep your teeth clean. Everybody who uses DR. LYON'S knows how pleasant it is. It's the Perfect Tooth Powder.

It was the *first* good dentifrice and has *always* been the *best there is.*

My dentist says that DR. LYON was the first one to advise people to consult their dentist twice a year and always use DR. LYON'S twice a day to keep the teeth clean.

To get your teeth really and truly clean, you've got to rub and scrub them some. DR. LYON'S Powder takes hold just right to surely and safely cleanse and polish the teeth. The enamel must be cleaned and also polished in order to surely prevent decay.

DR. LYON'S (Powder and Cream both) is delightful, because it does a good job of cleaning, and makes your breath smell good at the same time.




# Dr. Lyon's

*The Dentifrice that made fine teeth Fashionable*

*Powder* *Cream*




DEAR YOUNG LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

We think your "Household Talk" is a good idea. By inquiring of your parents and your family dentist you will learn many reasons why keeping your teeth clean makes you finer in every way, keeps you healthy and makes you look well.

We hope other homes will follow your example.

Very truly yours,
I. W. LYON & SONS, INC.,
525 West 27th St., N. Y.

*Sample of either Powder or Cream sent on receipt of 6c.*



## Make Your Old Wheel Ride Like New

These famous tires make riding so pleasant and so free from tire-troubles that you won't be happy unless you spend more happy hours than ever in the saddle. The smooth, fleet, resilience of Vitalic Bicycle Tires puts the keenest joy into riding.

If your bicycle is growing old, don't you care. Vitalics give old wheels new life.

# VITALIC
## BicycleTires

Our Vitalic De Luxe is the safest, longest-mileage, non-skid bicycle tire we know how to build. Its tough resistance to wear is known wherever bicycle tires are ridden. It contains the choice of the world's best rubber and two-ply fabric of triply-twisted thread. It is built by skilled tire makers of years of experience in their trade.

The Vitalic line embraces single tube, racer, and clincher types. All are real Vitalics from core to tread. All are leaders in their fields.

Make a date with dad to look them over today at your dealer's.

*SEND TODAY*

for free Vitalic testing section and booklet, "Tougher Than Elephant Hide." Please give name and address of your bicycle tire dealer.

**Continental Rubber Works, Erie, Pa.**

# MORE "AD" VENTURES *of the* IVORY HEROES



THE IVORY Houseboat sped away and left a wake of bubbles, as life seemed good and glorious, devoid of spoilsome troubles. Miss Betty, always amiable, sat close to Bill the Goat, as others wandered dreamily about our IVORY boat. Bill Goat was deeply plunged in thought and gave a vague impression that he was trying rather hard to shake a grim depression. "Dear Bill," said Betty sociably, "I want to ask a question. Are you in love, or have your butts affected your digestion? Pray don't be hurt. Forgive me if my question is too leading. You know the 'blues' are often caused by food or foodless feeding."




"Ah me!" sighed Bill, "life's shattered dreams have made my spirits stutter. Whence cometh *what*,—wherefore the *which* —what meaneth ME, the butter? I've butted fore, I've butted aft, I've butted here and there, Miss. Wherefore the butts that butt me not into the Anywhere, Miss?"

"Quite true, dear sir," Miss Betty cried, "I understand completely, and you've expressed the case, dear Bill, most simply, Sir, and neatly. Your trouble is quite common, Bill; your views of life unhopeful prove that your outlook is not clear or purely IVORY SOAP-ful. All those who start their day's work right with water by the tubful and use abundant IVORY SOAP with actions duly scrubful are sure to look on life with joy and take their troubles lightly, for IVORY SOAP makes hands and hearts go forth both clean and brightly."

"*Scrub me*," cried Bill. So Betty scrubbed and all our jolly crew gave forth a shout as each one saw how sprightly Billy grew. Old Bill's depression disappeared and with this, Billy's coat turned pearly pure, and there he stood, a snow-white Billy Goat. "Good work!" cried Bill with goatful glee and proudly strutted struts. "My life will hold less '*IFS*' for me, but more effective BUTTS! It's plain to see that IVORY removes depression tragic and fixes up *life's Ifs and Butts* as if it were by magic."



Reprinted by special permission
JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK
(THE CHILD'S MAGAZINE)

*Dear little friends, I know that you*
*Would really want to see*
*That even gloomy Billy Goats*
*Approve of IVORY.*

IVORY SOAP
IT FLOATS
99 44/100% PURE



# The CHILDREN'S ARMY

There's a riddle here in hiding.
And it tells you clear and bright

How the children of the Nation
All may help the Nation fight.

Rich and poor, you all are needed,
And your Country calls to you,

In her danger hour, "My children,
There is something you can do.

Faithful children, you can help me;
Like an army you can be,

Till the foe is foiled and vanquished
And the world at last is free!"

Send the tidings to the soldier
And the sailor over there

That Columbia's loving children
Rally now to do their share.

All will do their bit for Freedom,
Every loyal girl and boy;

Minted silver is the weapon
That the little ones employ.

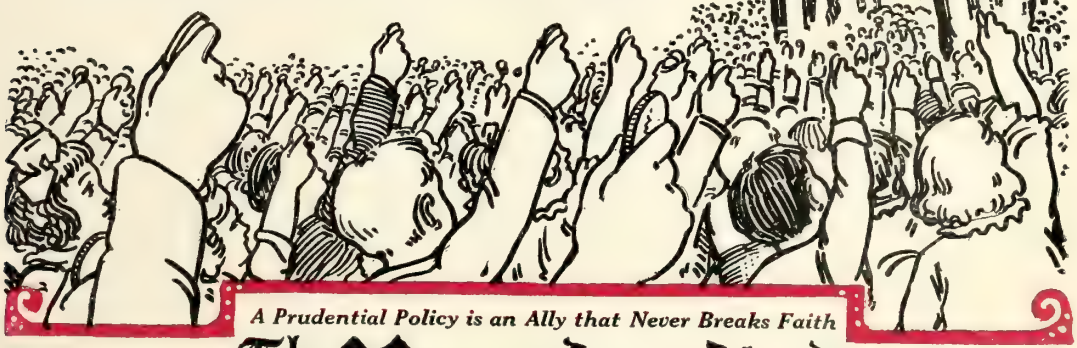
Proud they are to lend their savings
For the saving of the land,

Stanch they stand, the Children's Army,
At America's command!

LEONARD H. ROBBINS




*Every little 25c piece saved means a Thrift Stamp for you and a big help for Uncle Sam. Save your quarters and help yourself and your own United States*



*A Prudential Policy is an Ally that Never Breaks Faith*

The Prudential
Insurance Company of America
Incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey
Forrest F. Dryden, *President* Home Office, Newark, N. J.



## RICE MUFFINS

1 cup milk
½ cup corn meal
1 tablespoon shortening
2 tablespoons sugar or corn syrup
½ cup cooked rice
⅓ cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 egg

Scald the milk and pour over the corn meal; add the shortening and sugar or syrup. When cool, add the rice, and the flour, salt and baking powder which have been sifted together; add beaten egg. Beat well and bake in greased muffin tins in moderate oven 20 minutes.



## CORN MEAL BISCUITS

1 cup white flour
1 cup corn meal
¾ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons shortening
¾ cup scalded milk
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder

Save ¼ cup measured flour for board. Pour milk over corn meal, add shortening and salt. When cold, add sifted flour and baking powder. Roll out lightly on floured board. Cut with biscuit cutter and bake in greased pan in hot oven fifteen to twenty minutes.



## OATMEAL BREAD

1 cup flour
1½ cups corn meal
1 teaspoon salt
5 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
2 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons shortening
1 cup milk
1½ cups cooked oatmeal or rolled oats
1 egg

Sift together flour, corn meal, salt, baking powder and sugar; add oatmeal. Add beaten egg, melted shortening and milk, mix well and bake in greased shallow pan in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes.



## PRUNE CAKE

⅓ cup shortening
1⅓ cups brown sugar or 1 cup corn syrup
½ cup milk
NO EGGS
1 cup rye flour
¾ cup white flour
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ lb. prunes (washed, stoned and cut into pieces)

Cream shortening, add sugar or syrup and milk. Mix well and add the flour which has been sifted with the spices and baking powder. Add the prunes and mix well. Put into greased loaf pan and bake in hot oven 30 to 35 minutes.




# *Good Things to Eat Which Save the Wheat*

These recipes show how war-time foods, which effect a large saving in wheat flour, can be made delicious and appetizing with the aid of Royal Baking Powder.

They also economize in eggs, butter and sugar.

Many similar recipes are contained in the red, white and blue book, of "Best War-Time Recipes." Sent Free. Write for it to

## Royal Baking Powder Co.

157 William Street, New York

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